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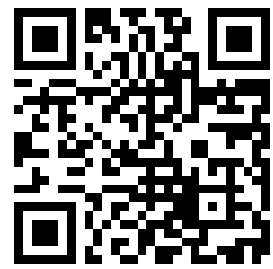

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Keratol	Dark Blue
Calf 50	Tan
Sheep	Light Brown
Fabrikoid	Med. Brown
Lby. Buck	Dark Brown
Art Canvas	Light Green
Art Vellum	Olive
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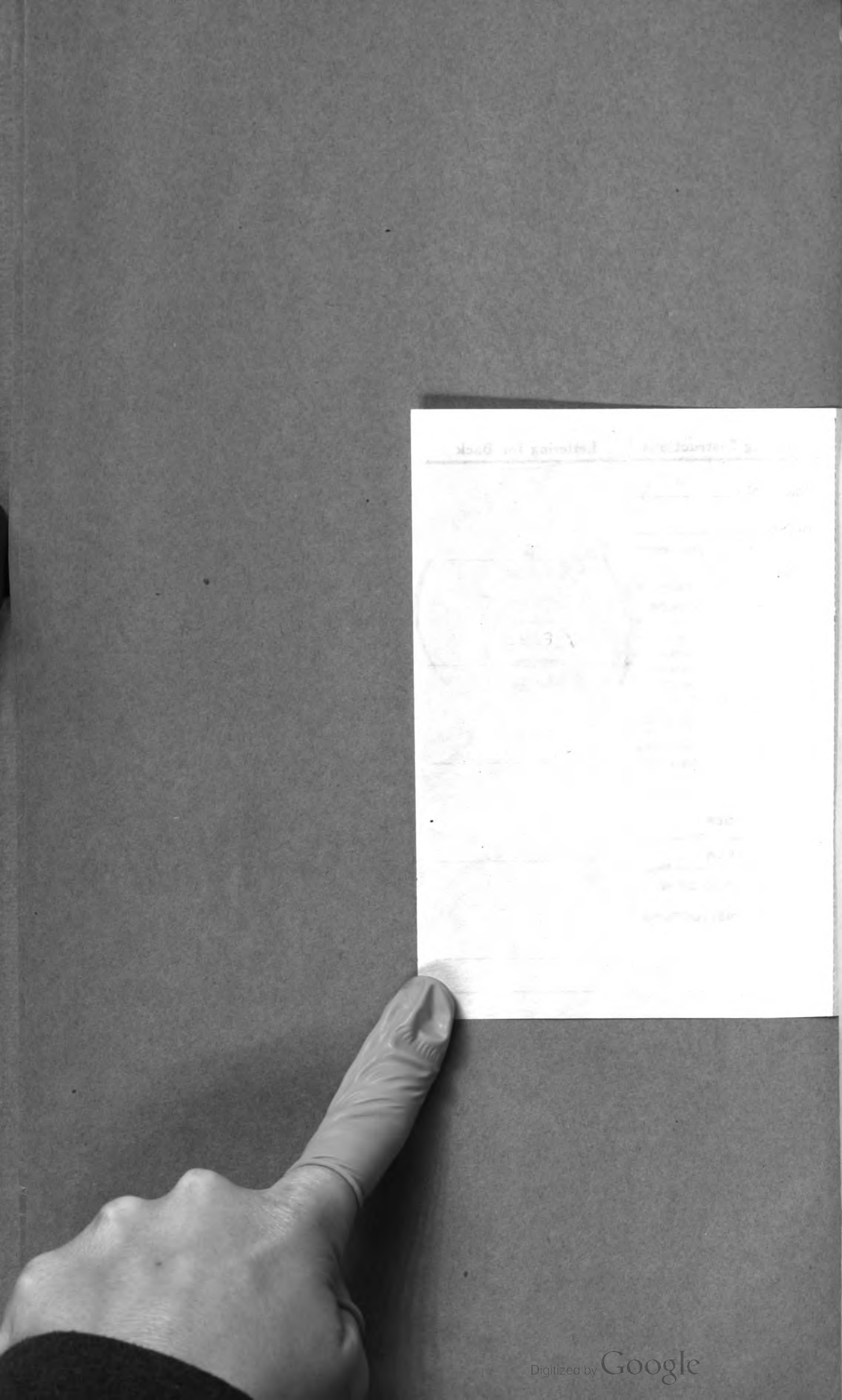
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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF

LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE 1831.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LONDON:

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1831.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Good morrow, dear Readers, and a happy new year! We believe this is not a very fashionable salutation, but it is a very natural one, and very consistent with natural politeness; and politeness and fashion are two different things, whatever the footmen may think of it. We were going to add another person; but there will be time enough to be disagreeable. The first two days of the year we are resolved to devote to their proper enjoyment. Our illustrious neighbours the French, who now lead the world in serious things as they have long done in lively, have wisely retained the most cheerful of their customs, and, among them, are famous for the vivacity and generosity of their New Year's Day. It has often struck us as an amusing fancy, to consider what the rest of the world are about at such and such a time; what they are doing in China, in Persia, in Italy, in the South Sea Islands. The French, while the reader is perusing this passage (supposing him to be at breakfast), are all preparing for one of the merriest, most social, and most profuse days of the year,—an earnest of that good humoured regard for one another, which will be kept up all the year round, and which distinguishes them so enviably above other nations. It is idle to talk of French vanity; and we are glad to see the phrase going out. No sulky person is ever more foolishly vain, than when he compares himself with the French in this respect, and casts up the account in his own favour. The French *think of one another*: that is enough. They are in the habit of sympathizing with each other's feelings, of studying each other's wants and inclinations: the pleasure of their fellow-creatures is necessary to their own. Let gloomy egotism be silent before such virtue, and learn to know its teacher.

"To the credit of the kindly and amiable feelings of the French," says Mr Horace Smith, in his new work on Festivals and Games, "they bear the palm from all other nations in the extent and costliness of their new year's gifts." He proceeds to give some account of this festival in Paris; but as the day itself is before us, and the French are concerned, we shall do what he found incompatible with the notices he had to take of so many other holidays, and lay before our readers the passage from which his account is abridged.* We thought to have given our readers, on these Christmas occasions, nothing but what is new, and to have dispensed with extracting from Mr Hone's Every-day Book; not because we have not a regard for it, (we have a great one,) but because it is so well known. For the two reasons however, just mentioned, and to furnish our readers with as lively a sense as possible of what is taking place this day in the great metropolis of freedom and good sense, the passage is here presented them.—The old sentiment is at hand to excuse us;—

"Let those read now who never read before;
And those who always read, now read the more."

'A communication in an English Journal of January 1824 relates, that in Paris on New Year's Day, which is called *le jour d'étrennes*, parents bestow portions on their children, brothers on their sisters, and husbands make presents to their wives. Carriages may be seen rolling through the streets with cargoes of *bon-bons, souvenirs*, and a variety of *et cæteras*, with which little children and grown up children are bribed into good humour; and here and there pastrycooks are to be met with, carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, and play-houses, made of fine flour and sugar, and the embellishments which render French pastry so inviting. But there is one street in Paris to which a New Year's Day is a whole year's fortune; this is the *Rue des Lombards*, where the wholesale confectioners reside; for in Paris every trade and profession has its peculiar quarter. For several days preceding the 1st of January, this street is completely blocked up by carts and waggons laden with cases of sweetmeats for the provinces. These are of every form and description which the most singular fancy could imagine; bunches of carrots, green peas, boots and shoes, lobsters and crabs, hats, books, musical instruments, gridirons, frying pans, and sauce-pans; all made of sugar, and coloured to imitate reality, and all made with a hollow within to hold the *bon-bons*. The most prevailing device is what is called a *cornet*, that is, a little cone ornamented in different ways, with a bag to draw over the large end and close it up. In these things, the prices of which vary from one franc (tenpence) to fifty, the *bon-bons* are presented by those who choose to be at the expense of them. It would not, perhaps, be an exaggeration to state that the amount expended for presents on New Year's Day in Paris, for sweetmeats alone, exceeds 500,000 francs, or 20,000*l.* sterling. Jewellery is also sold to a very large amount; and the fancy articles exported in the first week in the year to England and other countries, is computed at one fourth of the sale during the twelve months. In Paris it is by no means uncommon for a man of 8,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* a year to make presents on New Year's Day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. No person able to give, must on this day pay a visit empty-handed. Everybody accepts, and every man gives according to the means which he possesses. Females alone are excepted from the charge of giving. A pretty woman, respectably connected, may reckon her New Year's presents at something considerable. Gowns, jewellery, gloves, stockings, and artificial flowers, fill her drawing-room; for in Paris it is a custom to display all the gifts, in order to excite emulation, and to obtain as much as possible. At the palace the New Year's Day is a complete *jour de fête*. Every branch of the royal family is then expected to make handsome presents to the king. For the six months preceding January 1824, the female branches were busily occupied in preparing presents of their own manufacture, which would fill at least two common-sized waggons. The duchess de Berri painted an entire room of japanned pannels, to be set up in the palace; and the duchess of Orleans prepared an elegant screen. An English gentleman who was admitted suddenly into the presence of the duchess de Berri two months before, found her, and three of her maids of honour, lying on the carpet, painting the legs of a set of chairs, which were intended for the king. The day commences with the Parisians, at an early hour, by the interchange of their visits and *bon-bons*. The nearest relations are visited first, until the furthest in blood have had their calls; then friends and acquaintances. The conflict to anticipate each other's calls, occasions the most agreeable and whimsical scenes among these proficients in polite attentions. In these visits, and in gossiping at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge for the occasion, the morning of New Year's Day is passed; a dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes, like Christmas Day, with cards, dancing, or any other amusement that may be preferred.'—*Hone's Every Day Book.*

While we are about it, we will extract another passage relative to the extraordinary amount of New Year's Gifts received by Queen Elizabeth. But first, the reader shall have the remainder of Mr Smith's general account of the holiday.

'It is at once so natural and so laudable,' says he, 'to commemorate the nativity of the new year, which is a sort of second birth-day of our own, by acts of grateful worship to heaven, and of beneficence towards our fellow-creatures, that this mode of its celebration will be found to have prevailed, with little variety of observance, among all ages and people. Congratulations, visits, and presents of figs and dates, covered with gold leaf, are said to have distinguished New Year's Day even in the times of Romulus and Fabius, and to have continued under the Roman emperors, until the practice, being abused into a mode of extortion, was prohibited by Claudius. Yet the Christian emperors still received them, although they were condemned by ecclesiastical councils on account of the pagan ceremonies at their presentation; so difficult was it found, in the earlier ages of Christianity, to detach the newly-converted people from their old observances. The Druids of ancient Britain were accustomed on certain days to cut the sacred misletoe with a golden knife, in a forest dedicated to the gods, and to distribute its branches with much ceremony as new year's gifts to the people. Among the Saxons and northern nations this anniversary was also observed by gifts, accompanied with such extraordinary festivity, that they reckoned their age by the number of these merry-makings at which they had been present. The Roman practice of interchanging presents, and of giving them to servants, remained in force during the middle and latter ages, especially among our kings and nobility; Henry III appearing to have even imitated some of the Roman emperors by extorting them,* and Queen Elizabeth being accused of principally

* We shall notice Mr. Smith's book more particularly on Monday.

* According to Mr Ellis, who quotes Mat hew Paris in proof of his assertion.

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supporting her wardrobe and jewellery by levying similar contributions. Pins were acceptable new year's gifts to the ladies, as substitutes for the wooden skewers, which they used till the end of the fifteenth century. Instead of this present, they sometimes received a composition in money, whence the allowance for their separate use is still termed "pin-money." In London, New Year's Day is not observed by any public festivity, the only open demonstration of joy is the ringing of merry peals from the belfries of the numerous steeples late on the eve of the old year, until after the chimes of the clock have sounded its last hour. We may have done well to drop what Prynne, in his Histrio-Martix, calls "a mere relique of paganisme and idolatry, derived from the heathen Romans' feast of two-faced Janus, which was spent in mummeries, stage-plays, dancing, and such like interludes, wherein fidlers and others acted lascivious effeminate parts, and went about the towns and cities in women's apparel;" but, however the celebration of New Year's Day may have been disfigured in the earlier ages by pagan associations and superstitious rites, nothing can be more truly Christian than to usher it in with every cheerful observance that may express gratitude towards heaven, and promote a kindly and a social feeling among our friends and fellow-creatures.'—*pp.* 131—133.

Now for her most gifted Majesty Queen Elizabeth :—

'It appears that the greatest part, if not all the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master cook, serjeant of the pastry, &c. gave new year's gifts to her majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, &c. The largest sum given by any of the temporal lords was 20*l.*; but the Archbishop of Canterbury gave 40*l.*, the Archbishop of York 30*l.*, and the other spiritual lords 20*l.* and 10*l.*; many of the temporal lords and great officers, and most of the peeresses, gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, sweet-bags, doublets, mantles embroidered with precious stones, looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with jewels, and other costly trinkets. Sir Gilbert Dethick, garter king at arms, gave a book of the States in William the Conqueror's time; Absolon, the master of the Savoy, gave a bible covered with cloth of gold, garnished with silver gilt, and plates of the royal arms; the queen's physician presented her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; another physician presented a pot of green ginger, and a pot of orange flowers; her apothecaries gave her a box of lozenges, a box of ginger candy, a box of green ginger, and pots of other conserves. Mrs Blanch a Parry gave her majesty a little gold comfit-box and spoon; Mrs Morgan gave a box of cherries, and one of apricots. The queen's master-cook and her serjeant of the pastry, presented her with various confectionary and preserves. Putrino, an Italian, gave her two pictures; Ambrose Lupo gave her a box of lute strings, and a glass of sweet water; each of three other Italians presented her with a pair of sweet gloves; a cutler gave her a meat knife having a fan haft of bone, with a conceit in it; Jeromy Bassano gave two drinking glasses; and Smyth, the dustman, presented her majesty with two bolts of cambrick.'—*Hone's Every Day Book.*

Mr Horace Smith thinks, that "unless these donations were upon the calculating principle of *do ut des*, their reception implies great meanness." Dr Drake, Mr Hone's authority, says that Elizabeth did make returns, but took sufficient care that the balance should be in her favour. It has been part however of the education of royalty, and was still more so in those times, to consider the people's property its own, and that merely to accept a favour was conferring one. Numberless instances might be collected from the History of the Court of England in the time of George III and Queen Charlotte. The case is becoming different now. People gave presents to one another as well as to royalty, in the olden time; but we hear little of them. The monarch was everything. *Now* we read little of the presents to royalty, and much of those among the French people. Generous and excellent people! The globe will as surely warm and enlighten itself by your example as it goes round the sun.

What presents will not La Fayette have to day! and O'Dillon Barrot! and Dupont de l'Eure, and the gallant students of the schools, and their friends, and their loves, and all the manhood and womanhood of glorious France! We confess we envy them: not for the *substance* of their gifts, not for the bon-bons, nor the ivory or the gold, nor caskets, nor even the books,—but for the *soul* of them; for the kind words and encouraging devices; for the power to give, and the understood generosity in receiving; for all which shews them in advance of their species, and able to carry it forward. So far are we in England behind-hand with true sentiment of liberality, that the very word "a gift," whether implying something to give or to receive, makes people recoil with all sorts of doubts of one another; nor can we ourselves, who write as we do, give way to the admiration we have just expressed towards the French nation, without feeling under the revolting necessity of *demanding*, that nobody will misinterpret us. Were we writing in Paris, we should fear nothing: and into Paris accordingly we pitch ourselves in indignation, taking with us all such of our readers as have a regard for the feelings of others, and know how to multiply their own happiness in witnessing happy faces.

MR PEPYS'S NEW YEARS.

New Year's Eve at the Court of Charles II.—(1662.)—Mr. Povy and I to Whitehall, he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the king. He brought me first to the duke's chamber, where I saw him and the duchess at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the court. By-and-bye comes the king and queene, the duke and duchesse, and all the great ones; and after seating themselves, the king takes out the duchesse of York, and the duke, the duchessetof Buckingham, the duke of Monmouth, my lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies; and they danced the brantle.* After that, the king led a lady a single covanto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances, the king leading the first, which he called for, which was, says he, "Cuckolds all awry," the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress and my lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's, were the best. The manner was, when the king dances, all the ladies in the room, and the queene herself, stand up; and indeed he danced rarely, and much better than the duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at court, I went home, leaving them dancing.

Conscientious Precaution.—(New Year's Eve, 1664.)—This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books; and to tear all that I found, either boyish, or not to be worth keeping, or *fit to be seen*, in case it should please God to take me away suddenly. [Yet the Diary, in which this record appears, contained numerous passages which the editor withheld, as being exceedingly unfit to be seen.]

Winding up of Accounts.—(New Year's Eve, 1666.)—To my accounts, wherein at last I find them clear and right; but to my great discontent do find that my gettings this year have been 573*l.* less than my last, it being this year in all but 2986*l.*, whereas, the last I got 3560*l.*; and then again my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last, by 644*l.*, my whole spendings last year being but 509*l.*, whereas this year it appears that I have spent 1154*l.*, which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am master of a better estate than I am. Yet, blessed be God! and I pray God make me thankful for it. I do find myself worth, in money, all good, above 6200*l.*, which is above 1800*l.* more than I was the last year. Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to this nation. Public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed: nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, became jealous of the spending of the money; the city less and less likely to be built again; every body settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men there, fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year, from which God deliver us! One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is, that I am come to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half.

SWIFT'S NEW YEARS.

Jan. 1st, (1710-11).—Morning. I wish my dearest, pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new year, and health and mirth, and good stomachs, and *Fr's* company. Faith, I did not know how to write *Fr.* I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write paid for, (a mysterious signature, for himself.) Patrick wishes me a happy new year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith it is cold. I was so politick last night with M. D., never saw the like; get the *Examiners* and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the late ministry, and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountain, but perhaps to night I may answer M. D's letter; so good morrow my mistresses all, good morrow.

I wish you both a merry new year
Roast beef, mince-pies, and good strong beer,
And me a share of your good cheer,
That I was there, or you were here;
And you're a little, saucy dear.

New Year's Eve. (1712-13.)—I sat with him (Harley, Earl of Oxford, who was ill) while the young folks went to supper, and then went down, where they were all merry together, having turned Lady Oxford up to my Lord; and I stayed with them till twelve. There was the young couple, Lord and Lady Carmaerthen, Lord and Lady Duplin, and Lord Harley and I, and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, though indeed it was not from poor Lord Treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us; but Lady Oxford is a mere old woman.

* Branle, Espèce de danse de plusieurs personnes, qui se tiennent par le main, et qui se menent tour-à-tour.—*Dictionnaire de l'Academie.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Werner—Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.
COVENT GARDEN.—The Chancery Suit—Harlequin Pat, and Harlequin Bat.

For the reasons assigned yesterday, we have nothing fresh to criticise at the theatres. In our next we shall notice the fourth appearance of Miss INVERARITY; and on Tuesday the opening of the Olympic. Meanwhile we have another word or two to say on pantomimes.

There are three faults in the present race of pantomimes: first, their want of any necessary connexion with the exordium; second, the relaxation of the old ties between *Harlequin* and *Columbine* on the one hand, and the *Pantaloon* and *Clown* on the other, so that there is no eternal running away as formerly on the part of the lovers, nor is the pursuit so zealous on that of the old man and his attendant: and third, the new and preposterous juvenility which *Pantaloon* has acquired,—his former "lean and slippered state" being nearly gone, and his limbs contradicting his old face with almost as many tricks and gymnastics as those of *Harlequin*. The *Pantaloon* at the Adelphi, Mr KING, is a vigorous posture-master; and Mr T. BLANCHARD at Drury Lane is old in nothing but his beard. His hobble is a condescension to his beard. We see plainly he has no occasion for it.

Now in all pantomimes it is material that the original characters be preserved, because the great cause of their popularity is their appeal to a certain large and familiar view of life, and of the persons incidental to different ages and pursuits. *Pantaloon* is carking old age—the *Clown* a gluttonous and cowardly mixture of simplicity and cunning,—gross bodily worldliness;—*Harlequin*, a lover defying obstacles, and turning the most of them to account; or in other words, youth and animal spirit;—and *Columbine*, female youth, giddy and graceful, who will go through all things for love. Then the pantomime is a perpetual picture of life; its acquired and ignorant sophistication, and its early joy. To alter its characters is to diminish the secret of its attraction.

We know not when the *Fairy Tale* came to be a common exordium of this lively species of entertainment: perhaps the custom originated with it, in the Italian region common to both. It is a good commencement, because it adds to the youthfulness of the general impression, and accounts for the utmost whims and metamorphoses that ensue.

For all these reasons we take the perfection of a pantomime to consist,—first, in some fairy or other fabulous tale, in which the interest is serious, childish, and wonderful; secondly, in the intermixture of some love-story with this tale, in order to account for the loves of *Harlequin* and *Columbine*; thirdly, in a strict adherence to the old age, the gluttonous cowardice, animal spirits, and graceful giddiness of the respective *dramatis personæ*; fourthly, in the extremest mixture possible of the familiar and the supernatural, in order to shew the extremes affecting the common mind, and the activity with which life goes on in spite of them; and lastly, in fanciful satires upon existing folly, by means of the scenes and transformations, so that the general picture of the world may acquire the force of passing experience.

For the groundwork of his plots, the more works the author gets acquainted with, the better; but he should at all events be a master of the Fairy Tales, of the Arabian Nights, and of popular national stories. Mr Dunlop's History of Fiction is a good book to consult: and he should have a good collection of Mr Newberry's golden books of the nursery.

Almost all the tales of Perrault, we should think, would draw out into good pantomimes, by the help of a love-story, if wanting,—such as Blue Beard, Puss in Boots, the Sleeping Beauty, Ricquet with the Tuft, &c. Cinderella would make such an excellent one, that we suppose it must have been used; which, indeed, is likely to have been the case with those we have named. The story of the Prince Camaral-Yaman and the Princess Badoura, with their beds taken through the air by the Fairy and the Genius, to compare them in, would make a good groundwork. A capital pantomime might be made of Robin Hood. Maid Marian would be the Columbine. She should be the daughter of some rich old lord, and the Clown should have been the gluttonous father confessor.

☞

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

INVISIBLE PAVEMENT.—In some parts of the old town of Lisbon, in which hogs and stray dogs are the only scavengers, it is supposed that the inhabitants have never seen the pavement.—*Beckmann's History of Inventions, &c.*

RESPECT YOUR FRIENDS.—A young man went to read to Piron a tragedy that was about to be performed; at the continually repeated plagiarisms, the poet took off his cap, and made a courteous bow. The author of the piece, astonished at this perpetual gesture, asked him the reason of it. "It is only a habit I have of saluting my acquaintance," returned the poet.

LEGISLATION OF HENRY VIII.—By the act for annulling the marriage of Henry the Eighth with "the Lady Anne of Cleves," (32 Hen. 8, c. 25), it was enacted that "if any, do by word or deed, accept, take, judge, *or believe* the said marriage to be good, or procure or do anything for the repeal of this act, he shall be adjudged guilty of high treason, and suffer DEATH accordingly." [The same tyrant, in the following year, procured the attainder of his wife, Katharine, of high treason.]

ONE OF THE USES OF HISTORY.—The villain who has imposed on mankind by his power or cunning, and whom experience could not unmask for a time, is unmasked at length; and the honest man who has been misunderstood or defamed, is justified before his story ends. Or if this does not happen,—if the villain dies with his mask on, in the midst of applause, and honor, and wealth, and power, and if the honest man dies under the same load of calumny and disgrace under which he so undeservedly lived, driven perhaps into exile and exposed to want,—yet we see historical justice executed; the name of the one branded with infamy, and that of the other celebrated with panegyric to succeeding ages.—*Bolingbroke.* (On the Study of History.)

MILD LEGISLATION OF "THE VIRGIN QUEEN."—In the 14th year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, (cap. 5, anno 1572) a statute passed, by which it was enacted, that "if any be a vagabond above the age of 14 years, he shall be adjudged to be grievously whipped, and burnt through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch, unless some credible person will take him into service for a year. And if, being of the age of 18 years, he after do fall again into a roguish life, he shall suffer death as a felon, unless some credible person will take him into service for two years. And if he do fall a third time into a roguish life, he shall suffer death as a felon." (unconditionally). This abominably cruel statute, to which Elizabeth of course gave her assent and sanction, was permitted to disgrace the Statute-book for many years, and when it was at length repealed, a most severe enactment was substituted. Of a verity, "Law is the perfection of reason!"

HAMMER-CLOTHS.—In this country, a whimsical etymology has been assigned to the modern ornament of the hammer-cloth. It has been supposed, that "when coaches were first introduced, our frugal ancestors used to load the carriage with provisions for the family on their journies; the *hamper*, covered with a cloth, was both a convenient repository, and a seat for the coachman, and this was afterwards converted into a box: *Hammer-cloth* is, therefore, very probably, a corruption of *hamper-cloth*." Into the validity of this conjecture it would be futile to enquire, but whatever may be its merit, it affords, at least, an amusing specimen of the ingenuity exercised by the critics, in their researches into the perplexities of the *unde derivata.—Beckmann's History of Inventions, &c.*

PRICE OF WINES IN 1553.—By the 7 Edw. VI. c. 5, it was enacted that "no person in England or Wales should utter by retail any wines called Gascoin, Guyon, or French wines, but after the rate of *eight pence per gallon* at the proof, by any manner of means, colour, engine, or craft; nor any Rochel wines but after the price of *four pence* the gallon at the most; nor any other wines but at the price of *twelve pence* the gallon at the most; upon pain that every person doing the contrary thereof, shall forfeit for every such offence £5 of lawful money of England." The same statute enacted that no person, unless possessed of £100 marks a year, or unless he be a peer, or the son of one, should have or keep in his house any greater quantity of any wine than ten gallons, under penalty of £10. [Were it not for the impolitic duties and restrictions on its importation, the people of England might, at the present time, drink French, and other Continental wines, at little more than the price they pay for the drugged compounds called ale and porter.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must see the great Star of "Brighton" for ourselves, before we can venture to be its harbinger. Perhaps we should hurt its effect, even by repeating our correspondent's announcement.

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Historical Play, entitled

HENRI QUATRE.

Florence St. Leon, Miss PEARSON,
Clotilde de Biron, Miss MORDAUNT, Louison, Mrs WAYLETT.
Henri Quatre, Mr MACREADY, Duke de Sully, Mr HAMMERTON,
General D'Aumont, Mr LATHAM, Eugene de Biron, Mr COOPER,
Frederick St. Leon, Mr J. VINING. Moustache, Mr FARREN,
O'Donnell, Mr H. WALLACK, Pinçeau, Mr WEBSTER,
Gervaise, Mr BEDFORD, Germain, Mr SALTER,
Jocrisse, Mr HARLEY, Lafleur, (a Page) Miss POOLE.

In Act II—An Incidental Peasants' Dance, by Mons. SIMON.
Principal Dancers—Mr GILBERT, and Mademoiselle ROSALIA GUET.

Previous to the Opera, P. Lindpaintner's Overture to Der Bergkonig, and the National Air, "Vive Henri Quatre."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES;

OR, HARLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

[By Mr Barrymore.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL.
Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY, and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker, 36.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway. Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Allegorical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsters.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo. Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

On Monday, Pizarro; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, (12th time) a New Play, in Three Acts, called

THE CARNIVAL AT NAPLES.

[By Mr Dimond.]
Duchess di Fontana, Mrs LOVELL,
Aurora di Cosenza, Miss HUGHES,
Zoranthe, Miss H. CAWSE, Rodriga, Mrs TAYLEURE,
Nina, Miss TAYLOR.
Duke di Fontana, Mr EGERTON,
Count Cosenza, Mr BLANCHARD, Manfredi, Mr DIDDEAR,
Valentine, Mr WILSON,
Benedetto, Mr G. BENNETT, Harry Fortescue, Mr ABBOTT,
Dermot O'Donovan, Mr POWER,
Rufo, Mr EVANS, Gasparo, Mr F. MATTHEWS.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN PAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT;

OR, THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

[By Mr Farley.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr Peake.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr POWER.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight.—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and West India Docks.—XI. A Market.—XII. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XIII. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XIV. Windsor Park and Castle.—XV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XVI. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Fog.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

On Monday, Romeo and Juliet; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a New Romantic Allegorical Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE DEVIL'S DUCAT!

OR, THE GIFT OF MAMMON.

[By Mr Jerrold.]
The Music by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
Sabina, Miss DALY.
Nibbio, (an Usurer) Mr DOWNE, Botta, (a Notary) Mr BAYNE,
Astolpho, Brothers, ruined by Nibbio and Botta. Mr YATES,
Leandro, Brothers, ruined by Nibbio and Botta. Mr HEMMINGS,
Mammon, Mr O. SMITH,
Grillo, (Botta's Servant) Mr BUCKSTONE,

After which, a Domestic Burletta, (in two Acts) called

WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr Buckstone].
The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—Winter.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Bernard, Mrs DALY. Miles Bertram, Mr YATES,
Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS, Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH,
Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act].

Act II.—Summer.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT!

OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE KING OF THE CATS!

[By Mr Buckstone].
The Overture and Music, by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON, Clown, Mr SANDERS,
Pantaloon, Mr KING.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse Trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night.)—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle, (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring —V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain —VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, the interesting Drama of

INKLE AND YARICO.

[By Colman the Younger.]
Yarico, Miss SOMERVILLE, Wowsky, Mrs VALE,
Narcissa, Miss VINCENT.
Sir Christopher Curry, Mr WILLIAMS, Inkle, Mr C. HILL,
Campley, Mr EDWIN, Medium, Mr GOUGH, Trudge, Mr VALE.

At the end of the First Act of 'Inkle and Yarico,' the SIAMESE YOUTHS will be presented to the Audience. They can only be seen previous to the Half-Price.

After which, a Romantic Drama, entitled

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr Osbaldiston.]
Principal Characters, Miss VINCENT, and Madame SIMON.
Mr OSBALDISTON, and Mr DIBDIN PITT.

To conclude with a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitl

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT!

OR, HARLEQUIN, JACK OF NEWBURY!

[By Mr W. Barrymore.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I. Regions of Time.—II. The Town of Newbury (Sunrise).—III. Cabinet in the Widow's Mansion.—IV. Splendid Temple of the New Year.—V. Picturesque Roadside Inn.—VI. Exterior of Public House and Sadler's.—VII. Suspension Bridge over the Menai.—VIII. Quiet Lodgings in a retired Neighbourhood.—IX. Race Course and Grand Stand.—X. Splendid Falls of Tivoli.—XI. Cavern, (Moonlight).—XII. and last. Realms of Bliss in the Regions of Light.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

Coburg Theatre.—Vidocq—Harlequin Silver Penny, Or the Old Woman in the Bottle.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Golden Pippin — Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Published by J. Onwhyn, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. Chappel, 98 Royal Exchange; A. Hays, 165 Regent street; J. Field, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; Marsh, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at Ebers's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

C. and W. Reynell, Printers, Broad street, Golden square.

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No. 104.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Festivals, Games, and Amusements, Ancient and Modern. By Horatio Smith, Esquire, 12mo. pp. 382. (*Fifth Volume of the National Library.*) Colburn and Bentley.

This is a very agreeable compendium of one of the most agreeable of all histories, the amusements of mankind, the holiday part of existence, the sunny side of our moral planet. It is the first work which has *comprised* such a history in a single volume, or indeed, we believe, in any shape; and has the advantage of being written by a man, who to his known talents adds an especial relish of the subject. The game is not spoiled for want of a good cricket-master. The volume is printed in the usual excellent type of the publishers, which unites modern elegance with the ancient harmlessness to the eye; and, besides a topography of Olympia, and a plate of outlines from the pastimes on the tomb of Scaurus, is adorned with a frontispiece of the Hawking Party, after Wouvermans, fresh with the breath of morning. Wouvermans' landscapes have the "shining morning face" of Shakspeare's school-boy. We fancy the air upon our faces, the horses impatient beneath us, and the cheeks of our fair companions hard and cool with health. Sedentary eyes, hot with reading and late nights, are refreshed with looking at such a print: and yet we cannot add, that the engraving is as good as it might be. It has a worn look. However, it is a great advance beyond the other libraries to have a print after an old master. But why did not Messrs. Colburn and Bentley give us a good sprinkle of cuts out of Strutt and others? They might have been very cheaply done, especially as a selection, and, we are persuaded, would have added extremely to the popularity of the work. We are sorry, also, that Mr Horace Smith has said so much about the Roman pastimes, and so little about those of the East. The Romans were a hard ungenial people, compared with the inhabitants of Asia; and we miss the amusements of other livelier nations, such as the Southern Italians, and the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. However, these objections are only the result of the abundance he has given us; and not to be ungrateful, we must repeat our approbation of the work, as being highly acceptable, and even unique of its kind; nor can we content ourselves with but one allusion to the lessons of cordial wisdom, which the author takes frequent occasion to inculcate. To take one of the first passages of the book:—

'The greatest minds are known." says Mr Smith, "to have stooped to simplicity," and even to childishness, in their sports. None but a pompous blockhead or solemn prig will pretend that he never relaxes, never indulges in pastime, never wastes his breath in idle waggery and merriment. Such gravity is of the very essence of imposture, where it does not spring, as is frequently the case, from a morbid austerity or morose ignorance. "Let us be wise now, for I see a fool coming," said Plato, when he was once joking with his disciples, and saw a churl of this stamp approaching them. Occasional playfulness indeed seems to be natural to all strong minds. "The most grave and studious," says Plutarch, "use feasts and jests and toys, as we do sauce to our meat." Agesilaus, as everybody knows, amused himself and his children by riding on a stick; the great Scipio diverted himself with picking up shells on the sea shore; Socrates used to dance and sing by way of relaxation; the facetious Lucian and the grave Scaliger have both confessed the pleasure they found in singing, dancing, and music. Mæcenas, with his friends Virgil and Horace delighted in sports and games. Shakespeare played on the bass-viol which he accompanied with his voice; (we should like to know the authority for this) and the witty Swift amused himself with hunting and chasing his friends, the two Sheridans, through all the rooms of the deanery.'—P. 2.

Among the chapters which have most pleased us, on a cursory inspection, is the one upon the amusements of the ancient Jews. "It is pleasing to find a people, the idea of whom has been associated with every species of indignity and severity, so full of hilarity in their natural condition. In our thoughts of old clothesmen and despised shop-keepers we are accustomed to forget that the Jews came from the East, and that they still partake in their blood of the vivacity of their Eastern origin. We forget that they have had their poets and philosophers both gay and profound, and that the great Solomon was one of the most beautiful of amatory poets, of writers of Epicurean elegance, and the delight of the whole Eastern world, who exalted him into a magician. There are plentiful evidences, indeed, of the vivacity of the Jewish character in the Bible. They were liable to very ferocious mistakes respecting their neighbours, but so have other nations been who have piqued themselves on their refinement; but we are always reading of their feasting, dancing and singing, and harping and rejoicing. Half of David's imagery is made up of allusions to these lively manners of his countrymen. But the Bible has been read to us with such solemn faces, and associated with such false and gloomy ideas, that the Jews of old become as unpleasant though less undignified a multitude in our imaginations as the modern. We see as little of the real domestic interior of the one as of the other, even though no people have been more abundantly described to us. The moment we think of them as people of the East, this impression is changed, and we do them justice. Moses himself who notwithstanding his share of the barbarism above-mentioned was a genuine philolospher and great man, and is entitled to our eternal gratitude as the proclaimer of the Sabbath, is rescued from the degrading familiarity into which the word Moses has been trampled, when we read of him in D'Herbelot as Moussa Ben Amran, and even Solomon becomes another person as the Great Soliman or Soliman Ben Daoud, who had the ring that commanded the genii, and sat with twelve thousand seats of gold on each side of him, for his sages and great men. But to our author:

'The Hebrews, so far from being an austere or unjoyous people, seem to have eagerly seized every opportunity that afforded them a reasonable excuse for festive hospitality. That this natural cheerfulness sometimes pushed them to excess, even in their religious festivals, is sufficiently attested by the mode in which they celebrated the feast of Purim, which it must, however, be recollected was not of Mosaic Institution; after several strange, and not very decorous, indignities heaped upon the effigy of Haman, they were accustomed to spend the rest of the day in feasting, sports, and dissolute mirth, each sex dressing themselves in the clothes of the other, and practising a variety of mad frolics, while the Rabbins, pretending that Esther obtained the deliverance of her countrymen by intoxicating Ahasuerus, allowed the people to stupify themselves with drink. Excesses such as these, especially in connexion with religious observances, it is not intended to vindicate; they are merely introduced as tending to exculpate the Jews from the charge of ascetical severity, to which they have been sometimes subjected.'—P. 22.

When the clergy write their next pamphlets about the present distresses they will do well to consider the following highly interesting passages:—

'When Job wishes to describe the avarice and hard-heartedness of the wicked, he says, "They take away the sheaf from the hungry, which make oil within their walls, and tread their wine presses, and suffer thirst;" and in proof that this construction of the Mosiac ordinance is supported by the practices of the Ancient Jews, Michaelis (art. 130) quotes the following Rabbinical doctrine:—"The workman may lawfully eat of what he works among; in the vintage he may eat of grapes; when gathering figs he may partake of them; and in harvest he may eat of the ears of corn. Of gourds and dates he may eat of the value of a denarius." Moses has not even forgotten the poor wanderers who were exposed to casual hunger, in which case he seems to have imagined that *the natural right of food superseded all laws of property*; and has allowed the eating of fruits and grapes in other people's gardens and vineyards without restraint.

'Not content with these ordinances, so obviously meant to secure to all animated beings stated periods of rest, and an equal enjoyment of the produce of the earth and the blessings of existence Moses extended his benevolent regulations even to inanimate nature, by ordering that in every seventh year the land itself should remain untilled, that it might enjoy the sabbath of the Lord. During

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this fallow year, the corn fields were neither sown nor reaped; the vines were unpruned, and there were no grapes gathered; the whole of Palestine continued a perfect common, and everything reverted, as it were, to a state of nature. This repose of the soil was to be consecrated to God, who declared that all his creatures, both of the human and inferior species, might then assert an equal right to the spontaneous produce of the earth. Whatever grew, instead of being the property of any individual, belonged alike to all, to the poor, the bond-man, the day labourer, the stranger, the cattle that ranged the fields, the very game that no man durst then scare from his grounds. During this continued festival, debts were forborn or forgiven; and bond-servants, who had served a certain number of years, might demand their manumission. It has been conjectured, that the chief object of this singular law was not only to teach the Hebrews, that their land was the Lord's property, but to promote the accumulation of corn in stores, and thus guard against a famine, the importance of which precaution Moses must have known from Joseph, and the practice of Egypt. The liberated bond-servants, whose masters were bound by the benevolent injunctions of Moses, to present them among other things with one or two sheep, were enabled also, during this year of release, not only to procure a maintenance for themselves, but to find pasturage for their cattle, and to lay the foundation of a little flock. How a nation of husbandmen could find occupation without tillage, or avoid the pernicious effects of a whole year's idleness, we have no means of judging. Their games and amusements, whatever was their nature, must have been called into active exercise.

'But the greatest, most general, and most glorious festival ever recorded in history, or practised by any people, was the demi-centennial jubilee, at the commencement of which the glad sound of trumpets and of rams' horns proclaimed liberty throughout the whole land; whatever debt the Hebrews owed to one another, was to be wholly remitted; hired as well as bond servants were set free; and the inheritances that had been alienated, reverted to their original proprietors. During this whole period, as in the sabbatical year, no servile work was to be performed, the land was to remain untilled, and its spontaneous produce belonged to the poor and needy.

'By this law Moses probably intended to bring back the nation to its original state, to preserve equality among the people, and to prevent that tendency to accumulation which rapidly divides a community into a few rich and numerous body of poor.—P. 24.

The following is a good account of the favourite and ferocious pastime of the much over-rated Romans:

'Some time before the day of engagement, the president of the games announced by handbills, or occasionally by a picture of the intended engagement, exposed in some public place, the number and quality of the gladiators, as well as their names and the marks by which they were distinguished—for each assumed a particular badge, such as the feathers of the peacock or some other bird. On the morning of the spectacle, they began by fencing and skirmishing, as a sort of prelude, with wooden foils and staves, after which they armed themselves with real weapons of all sorts, and proceeded to action. The first blood drawn produced the cry of "he is wounded;" and if at the same time the wounded party lowered his arms, it was considered as an acknowledgment of his defeat. His life, however, depended on the spectators, or on the president of the games; but if, at this moment, the Emperor happened to arrive, the gladiator was spared as an act of grace, sometimes unconditionally, sometimes with the understanding that if he should recover from his wounds he was not to be exempted from future combats. In the ordinary course of things, it was the people who decided upon the life and death of the wounded combatant; if he had conducted himself with skill and courage, his pardon was almost always granted; but if he had betrayed any cowardice in the engagement, his death-warrant was generally pronounced. In the former case, the people displayed the hand with the thumb doubled under the fingers; in the latter, they extended the hand with the thumb raised, and pointed towards the bleeding wretch, who so well understood the fatal nature of this signal, that he was accustomed, as soon as he perceived it, to present his throat to the adversary, in order to receive the mortal thrust.'—P. 98.

Here follows another excellent lesson to the clergy or rather to the rigidly righteous who to do the church of England justice are not so abundant in their ranks as out of them.

'From the time of the Revolution there has been an increasing tendency to compel a vigorous observance of the sabbath, until in the present days it begins to savour strongly of puritan bigotry and intolerance. Deeply as we respect the motives of the good and pious men who would restrict the bulk of the people from all recreations, however innocent, on the only day when they can enjoy them, we still presume to think they may push this austerity too far. If our universal Father and Creator delights, as he unquestionably must do, in the happiness of his creatures, what can be more acceptable to him than the sight of those innocent enjoyments in which they may indulge after the performance of public worship?—what devotion so pure and ardent as the harmless of a grateful heart? "Cheerfulness," says Addison, "is the best hymn to the Divinity." Even Dr Watts admits that, "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less:" and if this be true, why should we object, after performance of the stated worship, to any recreation, any amusement whatever, provided always that it be of an unobjectionable nature? It is high time, even for the sake of religion herself, to shake off those pharisaical austerities, which, in the minds of the vulgar, tend to associate her with gloom, sadness, mortification, and *ennui*.

'The great demoralization of the age has not unfrequently been attributed to sabbath-breaking, in which offence are included the after church water-parties of the cooped-up Londoners, who, on this only day of relaxation, crowd to Richmond to walk in the meadows, and admire the beautiful scenery. Surely this is a lamentable mistake! An habitual disregard of its enjoined observances, and a desecration of the Sabbath by dissolute indulgencies may doubtless lead to all sorts of immorality and vice; but such profanation is not the prevailing characteristic of the lower classes in England. On the contrary, there is perhaps no country in the world where the Sunday is in general more rigorously observed; and, unfortunately, there are few which stand so low in the scale of morality when compared with other nations. For many centuries the sabbath afternoon was appropriated, in our own country, to all sorts of sports and pastimes, as it still continues to be throughout the greater part of modern Christendom. If we weigh present England, as to morality, crimes, and misdemeanors, either with her former self, or her modern neighbours, shall we find that the severity and gloom of her sabbaths have afforded an increased security against crimes? Alas, we fear not. May there not even be a suspicion, that by denying open and innocent recreations to the people on their sole holiday, we have driven them into ale-houses and other covert haunts of vice, and thus aided the demoralization we were seeking to prevent.'—P. 127.

We take no notice at present of the Holiday Sports, the dancing, &c. which we shall have occasion to refer to from time to time, but shall conclude with two passages respecting card playing and chess.

'The celebrated Mr Locke is reported to have been once in company with three distinguished noblemen, Lords Shaftesbury, Halifax, and Anglesea, who proposed cards; when Mr Locke declined playing, saying, he would amuse himself by looking on. During the time these noblemen were at play, he was observed to busy himself by writing in his table book. At the conclusion of the play, Lord Anglesea's curiosity prompted him to ask Locke what he had been writing. His answer was, "In order that none of the advantages of your conversation might be lost, I have taken notes of it;" and producing his note book, it was found to be the fact. The inanity of such a collection of disjointed jargon, it is said, had the desired effect on the three noble philosophers; the reproof was not lost upon them; and cards were never again attempted to be substituted for rational conversation; at least in the presence of Mr Locke.—P. 325.

'In the chronicle of the Moorish Kings of Grenada, we find it related, that in 1396, Mehemed Balba seized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother Juzaf, whom he ordered to be put to death, that he might secure the succession of his own son. The alcaid despatched for that purpose found the prince playing at chess with a priest. Juzaf begged hard for two hours respite, which was denied him; at last, though with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to play out his game; but, before it was finished, a messenger arrived with news of the sudden death of Mehemed, and the unanimous election of Juzaf to the crown.

'We record the following anecdote as a warning to such of our male and married readers as may be in the perilous habit of playing chess with a wife. Ferrard, Count of Flanders, having constantly defeated the countess at chess, she conceived a hatred against him, which came to such a height, that when the count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovines, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release.'—P. 332.

'Our Charles I was thus occupied when he was informed that the Scots had finally resolved to sell him to the parliament; but he was so intent upon the game, that he finished it with great composure. Innumerable are the similar instances that might be adduced to prove the deep fascination which this bewitching game exercised over the minds of those who lend themselves to its seductions.

'The chess-board, the number of pieces, and the manner in which they are played, do not appear to have undergone much, if any, variation for several centuries, though the forms and names have suffered material change. The rock, or fortress, we have corrupted into a rook; the bishop was with us formerly an archer, while the French denominated it alfin and fol, which were perversions of the original oriental term for the elephant. The ancient Persian game of chess consisted of the following pieces, which were thus named when they reached Europe:

'1. *Schach*. The King. 2. *Pherz*. The Vizier or General. 3. *Phil*. The Elephant. 4. *Aspen Suar*. The Horseman. 5. *Ruch* The Dromedary. 6. *Beydal*. Foot-soldier.

The public are much indebted to Mr Horace Smith, not merely for an abundance of amusing information now brought together for the first time from the pages of Messrs Brand, Strutt, Hone, &c. and Michaelis, and Barthelemy, but for the spirit in which it is which executed, and the genuine good-heartedness and cheerful philosophy by which the writer has shown himself the friend of his species.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

VOLTAIRE'S STATUE.—The King of Prussia having desired D'Alembert to fix the amount of his subscription to Voltaire's Statue, the philosopher said, "A crown, sire, and your name."

FINE SINGING.—The Abbé Galiani being one day present at the French Court Theatre, when everybody round him was in ecstacies at Mademoiselle Arnoud's singing,—his opinion of it being asked, he answered, "It is the finest asthma that I ever heard."

LASTING FONDNESS.—A Senator of Dijon having been buried a whole year, lifted up his hand to embrace his wife's neck when she was laid in the same tomb.—[This is the old story of Abelard.]

The passion of fear determines the spirit to the muscles of the knees, which are instantly ready to perform their motion; by taking up the legs with incomparable celerity, in order to remove the body out of harm's way.—*Descartes.*

A MERCILESS SUPPLANTER OF BEAUTY.—A sour gruff look is very unnatural, and to put it on often, will make it settle, and destroy the beauty and pleasantness of the aspect to that degree, that 'tis never to be recovered: from whence you may conclude it a foolish custom.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—Some persons having dressed up a figure in a wig, which they called Tom Paine, and set fire to it, a mob collected. A spectator seeing one individual particularly delighted, enquired of him who the person was they were thus burning in effigy? The fellow replied, he did not exactly know, but he supposed he was some Bishop!—Something like this occurred when Rousseau obtained leave to return to Paris. He showed himself in the public walks, where he was followed by crowds. The people were asked what had brought them there? They answered that they came to see Jean Jacques. When interrogated who this Jean Jaques was, they answered, they did not know, but they came to see him!

ECCLESIASTICAL ESTABLISHMENT IN HOLLAND COMPARED WITH THAT IN ENGLAND.—Our ecclesiastical polity in Holland, is, in my opinion, preferable to your's in England, on several accounts. First, in the people's having a share in choosing their own teachers for themselves. Secondly, in the clergy's not being so subject to intrigue, rivalship, and fawning for preferments as they are with you. Thirdly, in the greater equality of their incomes, which renders them less subject either to pride or contempt. No clergyman in the province of Holland has less than forty pounds a year, and no one more than 240*l.* Fourthly, in the manner of receiving their income, in settled sums quarterly from the magistrates; which lessens their concern about temporal matters,—prevents all law suits—disputes with their parishioners. Fifthly, in their being wholly unconcerned with the civil government, which keeps them out of party quarrels, and gives them more time to attend to their proper employment.—*From M. Sayer.—See Spence's Anecdotes, p.* 81.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Henri Quatre—Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Carnival at Naples—Harlequin Pat, and Harlequin Bat.

DRURY LANE.

THE play of *Henri Quatre*, which was performed here on Saturday evening, is an agreeable production. Its title announces what it is,—a display of Henry the Fourth under his most favourable aspect; wishing well to his subjects, winning his way to the throne by kindness as well as valour, and making a little love as he goes. There is nothing said of his famous speech, "*I* am the state:" nor of his stinginess to D'Aubigne; nor his indifference to men of letters; nor his wishing to hinder people from marrying young ladies on whom he had set his eye; nor his manifestoes against his wife. And in truth Henri was a very good King, inasmuch as he had been bred like a man; though he turned out in many respects an indifferent man, inasmuch as he became a King. He was, however, a gallant captain, a generous conqueror, and a most excellent Bourbon; justly prized by his posterity, and thrust forward by them on all occasions, to procure them a little popularity. We believe the present piece is from the French, by Mr MORTON; and conclude it to have been written during the reign of the late house, for we remember it coming out some years back. We began thinking the other night how long this best of the Bourbon Kings would last as a stage hero; and at what time the great republicans would come into play, or the poets and philosophers. There have, indeed, been symptoms of this kind of novelty of late years, which were also imitated from the French. Somebody gave us the younger days of Shakspeare. In France, there have been several stage personations of men of genius. We do not desire it much for the sake of the men of genius. It is less perilous for an actor to personate a King than a poet. But, as in the case of the proposed monument of Shakspeare (by the bye, what is being done with it?) we desire it for the sake of the world.

Mr MACREADY, with his fine feeling voice, and his intermixtures of dignity and familiarity, makes a very good *Henry*. Probably a little more quickness occasionally is wanting,—a little more bluntness and *brusquerie*, as in the scene with the old grumbling soldier. Our first impulse, when he showed an intimation to shake off the familiarities of the villager, who does not know him, was to think it wrong; but a moment's reflection convinced us that he had taken a right view of the matter. Kings, however they may choose to be familiar when it pleases them, and however superior to their tribe in general they may be in themselves, never heartily allow of familiarities in a subject. The best of them cannot afford it,—by office. Mr HARLEY makes a good presumer; Mr FARREN a good *Moustache*, though no robust character suits him as it does DOWTON; and Mrs WAYLETT is much to be commended in the village wife, who is so proud of being kissed by his Majesty. She took her seat well by his Majesty's side, dancing upon it, as she sat, in the joy of her heart; and it was very good bye-play, when she adjusted and fairly patted the train of her fine dress upon the ground, to make it lie well, and then looked back upon it as she went strutting along. But has she no other pretty song to give us, than *Come where the Aspens Quiver?* If Miss PEARSON does not get a little more animation, we must positively begin to protest.

Either the procession at the end of this piece is altered from what it used to be, or a critic of a very lively sort, whose remarks it called to mind, took the friars in it for bishops. There is a bishop in it now; but on the occasion we allude to, there was, if we mistake not, a whole bench of them in motion. Probably a similar temptation to be lively on the part of the spectators in general, to the one in question, put an end to it. We shall relate the criticism, precisely as we overheard it, trusting that due allowance will be made for the blunt profession of the critic, and that the plain-spokenness of the recital will be forgiven for the sake of the irresistible gaiety of effect, which the words had upon the polite persons all round him. We speak of a young midshipman, round-faced and jovial, who came in at half-price during the first representation of this piece, evidently after his second bottle, and seated himself at the back of one of the boxes in the dress circle. He had given divers intimations of a wish to express his opinion, by certain inarticulate mutterings, accompanied with giggle, which the ladies heard not without trepidation. The gentlemen looked angry, but the good humour of his face disarmed them. A just consideration was had also for the bit of white on his collar. "Oh ho," said he, at length becoming audible,—though with an articulation suitable to his two bottles,—"here comes a procession."—A dead silence all round him,—a great gravity. At this juncture, on came the bishops.

"Ecod"—(and here he laughed) "there are those damn'd fellows the bishops!"—Here the ladies put their hands to their mouths, and the gentleman could not help smiling.

The bishops were followed by an archbishop, or by some prelate moving by himself, and this reverend personage happened unfortunately to be a big man. Our midshipman was highly tickled at this sight, though the weight of his port kept him motionless; and in a tone indescribably mingling glee, astonishment, and intoxication, he uttered as loudly as he could,

"What a damn'd large bishop!"

The effect was irresistible. The ladies laughed out; the gentlemen rolled. We forget what ensued; but it was nothing to the disadvantage of the speaker. His good-humoured face had secured his pardon. ☞

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Tragic Play of
PIZARRO.
[By Mr Sheridan].
Cora, Miss PHILLIPS, Elvira, Mrs FAUCIT.
Rolla, Mr WALLACK,
Ataliba, Mr YOUNGE, Orozembo, Mr J. VINING,
Alonzo, Mr COOPER,
Las Casas, Mr THOMPSON, Sentinel, Mr SALTER,
Pizarro, Mr H. WALLACK,
In Act II—The Temple of the Sun.—High Priest, Mr HORN,
Priests, Virgins, Matrons, &c.—Misses BYFELD, S. PHILLIPS, RUSSEL, Mrs BEDFORD.—Messrs BEDFORD, BLAND, YARNOLD.

Previous to the Play, (1st time in this Country) P. Lindpainter's Overture to "Der Vampyr."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES;
OR, HARLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.
[By Mr Barrymore.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL,
Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY, and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker, 36.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway. Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Allegorical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsters.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long,—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo. Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, The School for Scandal; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the Tragedy of
ROMEO AND JULIET.
[By Shakspeare].
Juliet, Miss FANNY KEMBLE,
Lady Capulet, Mrs LOVELL, Nurse, Mrs GIBBS.
Romeo, Mr ABBOTT,
Prince Escalus, Mr HENRY, Paris, Mr DURUSET,
Mercutio, Mr C. KEMBLE.
Benvolio, Mr BAKER, Tybalt, Mr DIDDEAR,
Montague, Mr TURNOUR, Capulet, Mr EGERTON,
Friar Lawrence, Mr WARDE,
Page, Miss FORTESCUE, Friar John, Mr MEARS,
Apothecary, Mr MEADOWS, Balthazar, Mr IRWIN,
Samson, Mr ATKINS, Peter, Mr KEELEY.
In Act I. A Masquerade and Dance.
In Act V. The Funeral Procession of Juliet, and a Solemn Dirge.

Previous to the Tragedy, Mozart's Overture to "Die Zauberflote."

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT;
OR, THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.
[By Mr Farley.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr Peake.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight.—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and West India Docks.—XI. A Market.—XII. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XIII. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XIV. Windsor Park and Castle.—XV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XVI. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Fog.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, The Chancery Suit; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, (in two Acts) called
WRECK ASHORE.
[By Mr Buckstone].
The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—Winter.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Bernard, Mrs DALY. Miles Bertram, Mr YATES,
Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS, Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH,
Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act].

Act II.—Summer.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
[By Mr G. H. Rodwell].
Julia, Mrs YATES.
Melville, (a Banker) Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Matthew Multiply, (Melville's head Clerk) Mr BAYNE.

To which will be added,
A DEAD SHOT.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT!
OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE KING OF THE CATS!
[By Mr Buckstone].
The Overture and Music, by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON, Clown, Mr SANDERS,
Pantaloon, Mr KING.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse Trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night.)—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle, (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn. Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, (1st time) an entirely new Drama, entitled
NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.
Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, Constantia, Miss JORDAN,
Kitty Bustle, Miss VICENT, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Old Margery, Mrs ROGERS, Becky Sims, Miss NICOL,
Sir Edward Gayton, Mr GOUGH, Frederick Gayton, Mr EDWIN,
Captain Splashaway, Mr HICKS, Joe Barton, Mr C. HILL,
Fiary Ned, Mr D PITT, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr ROGERS, Capt. Friendly, Mr LEE. Tapwell, Mr HOBBS
Jemmy Gonimble, Mademoiselle ROSIER,
Long Bill, Mr ALMAR, Short Bill, Mr WEBB.
After which, the much admired Petite Drama, entitled
"NO!"
The Principal Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE. Mad. SIMON, and Miss NICOL. Messrs D. PITT, WILLIAMS, EDWIN, and ROGERS.

To conclude with a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled
THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT!
OR, HARLEQUIN, JACK OF NEWBURY!
[By Mr W. Barrymore.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I. Regions of Time.—II. The Town of Newbury (Sunrise).—III. Cabinet in the Widow's Mansion.—IV. Splendid Temple of the New Year.—V. Picturesque Roadside Inn.—VI. Exterior of Public House and Sadler's.—VII. Suspension Bridge over the Menai.—VIII. Quiet Lodgings in a retired Neighbourhood.—IX. Race Course and Grand Stand.—X. Splendid Falls of Tivoli.—XI. Cavern, (Moonlight).—XII. and last. Realms of Bliss in the Regions of Light.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

Coburg Theatre.—Richard Turpin—Ambrose Gwinett—Harlequin Silver Penny.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Published by J. Onwhyn, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. Chappel, 98 Royal Exchange; A. Hays, 165 Regent street; J. Field, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; Marsh, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at Ebers's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

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Nº 105.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

In consequence of a mistake with the advertisement respecting it, which was not sent to the daily papers in time to appear on the proper day, the review of this work will not appear in the TATLER till next Thursday.

Festivals, Games, and Amusements, Ancient and Modern. By Horatio Smith, Esq., 12mo. pp. 382. (*Fifth Volume of the National Library.*) Colburn and Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

Of a work written in the spirit we have described, we cannot give a better recommendation than by enumerating the contents of the chapters. These are, — Festivals, Games, and Amusements, Ancient and Modern—Ditto of the Ancient Jews—Ditto of the Ancient Greeks — Ancient Greek and Roman Drama — Public Games of the Grecians — The Olympic Games — Games of the Ancient Romans—Gladiatoral Games—Modern Festivals, Games, and Amusements — Holiday Notices — Field Sports, Hawking, Archery, &c.—Bull-fights and Baiting of Animals — Dancing — Morris Dancers — Jugglers — Sedentary Amusements; Music, Minstrels, &c. — Cards — Chess — English Drama — Play-house Notices.

Besides the omissions before spoken of, we miss a notice of the humbler amusements out of doors, cricketing, tennis, &c., and within doors, blind-man's-buff, the Christmas forfeits, &c., which, however childish they may seem, are often curious and amusing in their origin, may be very gracefully treated of, and certainly would not be reckoned beneath his notice by the good-natured sense of Mr Smith. But in first works of this sort, especially of so comprehensive a nature, there is naturally something left undone. The author has explained in the preface how it is that he has said nothing of Tilts and Tournaments, which fall within the province of another volume of the National Library.

We proceed to make some further extracts, equally creditable as the former ones to the author's wise humanity.

FIELD SPORTS.—'Field sports are, perhaps, the most ancient of all bodily exercises. Upon this point the holy Scripture agrees with the fabulous traditions of the poets, for it tells us that Nimrod was a "mighty hunter before the Lord," *and it is worthy of remark, that he was the first who oppressed or enslaved his own species.* Hunting, proscribed in the book of Moses, is apotheosised in the pagan theology, under the special patronage of Diana. In the early ages of the world it was a necessary labour of self-defence, rather than a pastime. To protect the flocks, herds, and crops from the ravages of those beasts which were in a state of natural hostility to man, was a measure of the first urgency. Some of these wild animals supplied a wholesome food, the skins of nearly all were valuable for clothing, and thus interest soon began to add new incentives to the task of hunting. By the law of their nature the different species destroyed one another, and man destroyed them all, availing himself for this purpose of the advantages ensured to him by the possession of reason, and calling to his assistance all the resources of art. Every nation has practised hunting, but it has invariably been addicted to it in the exact proportion to the want of civilization. With barbarians, it is a business on which they often depend for food and necessaries: *in a more advanced state of society, when this excuse no longer exists, and when it is solely directed against inoffensive creatures, it becomes a wanton cruelty.*'

* * * * * *

'Hunting constituted an essential part of the education of a young English nobleman so early as the ninth century, and probably long before it. Although it had not been thought necessary to teach Alfred the Great his letters before he was twelve years of age, we learn from his biographer, that he was already "a most expert and active hunter, and excelled in all the branches of that most noble art." When his grandson, Athelstan, had obtained a signal victory over Constantine, King of Wales, he imposed upon him a yearly tribute of gold, silver, and cattle, to which was added a certain number of hawks, "and sharp-scented dogs fit for hunting of wild beasts." Deriving their origin from the same source as the Saxons, the Danes evinced a similar predilection for the pleasures of the chace; and Canute imposed several restrictions upon the pursuit of game, which were equally severe and unprecedented. During the short restoration of the Saxons, field sports maintained their ascendancy. Edward the Confessor, though he was more of a monk than a monarch, "took the greatest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of game, and to cheer them with his voice." He was equally pleased with hawking, and every day after Divine service, he spent his time in one or other of these favourite pastimes. Harold, his successor, rarely travelled without his hawk and his hounds, which, indeed, were the usual companions of a nobleman at this period.

'But it was during the tyrannical government of William the Norman, and his immediate successors, that the game laws assumed their most oppressive and cruel character. Under the pretext of hindering the destruction of the game, but in reality to prevent popular resistance to the new government, they disarmed the people; while they reserved the exclusive right of hunting and sporting to the king, and to those on whom he should bestow it, who were only his barons, chiefs, and feudatories. This was part and parcel of the feudal system, exercised over a conquered nation, and well adapted, perhaps, to the ferocious and ignorant victors, who delighted in a sport which, by its pursuit and slaughter, bore some resemblance to war. In all feudal institutions, the commonalty are forbidden from carrying arms, as well as from using dogs, nets, snares, or other engines for destroying the game. A law so unnatural, and one which there was such constant opportunities to infringe, could only be inforced by the most sanguinary and inhuman edicts; and we find, therefore, that the Norman conqueror exercised the most horrid tyrannies, not only in the ancient forests, but in the new ones, which he made by overthrowing churches and villages, and depopulating whole tracts of country. To destroy any of the beasts of chase within the wide limits of these royal hunting grounds, was as penal as the death of a man; a stag, indeed, although only kept to be killed for pastime, was deemed a much more valuable life than that of a peasant; and even the dogs of the poor obtained more lenient treatment than that of their owners. All those found in the royal chases, except such as belonged to privileged persons, were simply subject to be maimed, by having the left claw cut from their feet, unless they were redeemed by a fine. In the extension of this usurped state of royalty, King John laid a total interdict upon the *winged* as well as the *four-footed* creaturks: *capturam aviuin pas totam Angliam interdixit*, says Matthew Paris. By the charters extorted from this odious tyrant, many of the royal enclosures were dis-afforested or stripped of their oppressive privileges, while the general regulations touching the *ferræ naturæ* were considerably modified in their severity. Such was the worthy origin of our game-laws, whereof enough still remains to make them a demoralizing curse to the commonalty, and a crying shame to the legislature.

'The despotism of the monarch in all that bore relation to field sports, soon began to be imitated by the nobles, on whom was devolved the royal cruelty as well as right, as we learn from a writer of the twelfth century, when the rigour of the law was somewhat abated. "In our time, says the author, the nobility think it the height of worldly felicity to spend the whole of their time in hunting and hawking; accordingly they prepare for them with more solicitude, expense, and parade, than they do for war; and pursue the wild beasts with greater fury than they do the enemies of the country. *By constantly following this way of life, they lose much of their humanity*, and become as savage nearly as the very beasts they hurt. Husbandmen, with their harmless herds and flocks, are driven from their well-cultivated fields, their meadows and their pastures, that wild beasts may range in them without interruption." And he continues, addressing himself to his unfortunate countrymen; "If one of these great and merciless hunters shall pass by your habitation, bring forth hastily all the refreshment you have in your house, or that you can readily buy or borrow from your neighbours, that you may not be involved in ruin, or even *accused of treason.*"

'Edward III took so much delight in hunting, that even at the time he was engaged in war in France and resident in that country, he had with him sixty couple of stag hounds, and as many hare-hounds, and everyday amused himself with hunting or hawking. Many of the great lords in the army had hounds and hawks, as well as the king, and Froissart, an eye-witness of the fact, tells us that Gaston, Earl of Foix, a foreign nobleman, contemporary with

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King Edward, kept upwards of six hundred dogs in his castle for the purpose of hunting.

'This passion for the chace soon extended itself to *the clergy*, the bishops and abbots of the middle-ages going out to hunt in great state, with a large retinue of servants and retainers, and some of them becoming celebrated for their skill in this fashionable pursuit, a propensity for which they are frequently rebuked by contemporary poets and moralists. Chaucer, who lost no opportunity of taunting the priesthood, frequently accuses the monks of being much more addicted to riding, hunting, hawking, and blowing the horn, than to the performance of their religious duties. There must have been good ground for this censure, for in the thirteenth year of Richard II, an edict prohibited any priest or other clerk *not possessing a benefice to the yearly amount of ten pounds*, from keeping a greyhound or any other dog for the purpose of hunting; neither might they use "ferrets, hayes, nets, hare pipes, cords, or other engines to take or destroy the deer, hares, or rabbits, under the penalty of one year's imprisonment." This enactment was in the perfect spirit of the game laws, for it did not affect the dignified clergy, who retained their ancient privileges, which were so extensive that Henry II, in order to restrain the prerogatives of these sporting ecclesiastics, enforced against them the canon law, by which they were forbidden to indulge in such pastimes. But these haughty and pleasure-loving priests were not to be thus baffled. In their own parks, and enclosures they retained at all times the privilege of hunting, and took good care, therefore, to have such receptacles for game attached to such priories. The single see of Norwich, at the time of the Reformation, was in possession of no less than thirteen parks, well stocked with deer and other animals of chase.'—P. 165.

Angling.—'Instructions in the angler's art are generally appended to the treatises on hunting; but as even Strutt, the elaborate historian of English sports and pastimes, could not find any particulars sufficiently deviating from the modern modes of taking fish to find a place in his work, still less can they be expected in a volume like the present. The reader requiring information upon this subject may be referred to Isaac Walton, of whose favourite art, *however its features may be disguised by making them wear the mask of poetry, piety, and pastoral*, the present writer has little inclination to become the teacher, even if he were qualified for the task.'—P. 180.

Cock-Fighting.—'Sir Richard Steele, reprobating the inhumanity of throwing at cocks, makes these pertinent observations: "Some French writers have represented this diversion of the common people much to our disadvantage, and imputed it to a natural fierceness and cruelty of temper, as they do some other entertainments peculiar to our nation: I mean those elegant diversions of bull-baiting and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear-garden. I wish I knew how to answer this reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the death of so many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears, as have been set together by the ears, or died an untimely death only to make us sport." '—P. 226.

Cards.—'The commonly received opinion that cards were invented in France, about the close of the fourteenth century, for the amusement of Charles VI, while he was afflicted with mental derangement, is proved to be erroneous. Their existence being traced to a much earlier period. Mention is made of them in the Annals of Province, about the year 1361, when it appears that the knave *(valet)* was designated by the name of Tuchem, an appellation bestowed upon a formidable band of robbers who were then ravaging the *Contat Venaissin*, and a recent discovery in a MS. belonging to *M. Lancelot*, shows that they were known twenty years earlier. It appears that the Germans became acquainted with them about the same time as the French. That they originated with the latter has been inferred from the *fleur-de-lis* being found in every court-yard: but these are likewise found among the ornaments of the Romans, at a remote period; on the sceptres aud crowns of the emperors of the west, in the middle ages, and on those of the kings of England before the Norman conquest. The earliest cards, moreover, of which specimens are extant, do not bear this mark of French origin.

'Spain has found a champion for her claims to the honour of this invention in the Abbé Rine; and it is certain that a prohibitory edict against the usage of cards was published by John I, King of Castile, in 1387. In favour of the Spaniards, it is urged that their language has supplied the names of some of the cards, and of many of the most ancient games, such as primero, and the principal card in the game, quinolaombre, and the cards spadille, manille, basto, punto, matador, quadrilla, &c. The suit of clubs upon the Spanish cards, is not the trefoil, as with us, but positively clubs or cudgels, of which we retain the name, though we have lost the figure; the original name is bastos. The spades are swords, called in Spain espadas, in which instance we retain the name, and some faint resemblance of the figure. These being proofs of early adoption rather than invention, it has been surmised that the Spanish derived their knowledge of cards immediately from their Moorish invaders; especially as the name bestowed upon them in the Spanish language seems to be Arabic. At that time, the Moors were an enlightened people, compared with the inhabitants of Europe; and as it is acknowledged that we are indebted to them for the dawn of science and letters, and certainly for the game of chess, why may not playing cards have proceeded from the same source?'—P. 311.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury Lane.—Pizarro—Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.
Covent Garden.—Romeo and Juliet—Harlequin Fat, and Harlequin Bat.

Olympic Pavilion.

What a phrase is this, the Olympic *Pavilion!* and how smoothly it flows over the tongue, especially since a lady has become the *womanager* (for manager we must not call her)! It is truly a "silken term precise;" for pavilion, besides its implication of draperies and colours, means a moveable habitation; and though the Olympic be a gay and comfortable-looking place inside, it seems, outside, just such a box as Gulliver was carried away in by the Brobdingnagian bird. You seem as if you could lift it from the street.

We do not remember what the interior was, when we last saw it; nor did it appear very probable, when we got in last night, that we should be able to refresh our memory; for we beheld nothing but a crowded lobby, with a multitude of men and hats filling up the spaces over the open backs of the boxes. The house was overflowing. When we afterwards got a view of it, we found one of the prettiest interiors we are acquainted with, a perfect circle all but the stage, with the fronts of the boxes painted in medallions, and the whole presenting an aspect warm and cheerful. The lobbies are not so well. The backs of the boxes are no higher than pews; and although this be convenient for increasing the number of spectators, and perhaps for ventilating the house, yet it is bad for the hearing of those who sit farthest from the stage, and presents obstacles in the way of such as like to have everything smooth and pleasant in the way to the seats they have taken. However, we cannot but think that Madame Vestris has made a good speculation. She has pitched her tent midway (as it were) between city and west-end; will entice the one to come and look for the gaieties of the other, and the sprightly part of the town to come and see what attractions can take place so near the city. At least we hope so: for we cannot see a woman making the attempt, and two others helping her, and all three of so good-humoured a kind, without wishing them success. If last night is to be a specimen, there is no fear; for there seemed an absolute rush from all quarters. Several young noblemen were there; one of the Fitzclarences; and various Olympic thunders proclaimed the presence of rival gods. We heard the people complaining, that nobody had respected the box-book. The rush took place, they said, the moment the doors were opened, and those who got possession of the seats were inexorable to the after-comers.

There were four pieces performed, 1st *Mary, Queen of Scots;* 2nd (we know not what to call this, for bare want of a bill, but it was all about Pandora and Olympus, Madame Vestris being *Pandora*;)* 3rd, *Marinette or the Jockey*, in which Miss Foote performed the heroine; and 4th, *Clarissa Harlowe; Clarissa* (a preposterous old maid) Mrs Glover. Of the first we can say nothing, for we missed it entirely. It shall be noticed another time. The second piece, we conceive, was the main business, and this we saw, and a very pleasant, lively thing it is. It is written in rhyme, after the fashion of the old burlettas; and the author is a master of his rhymes, makes very good puns, and got his roars of laughter at will. The story is the famous one of Pandora, the woman made by Vulcan, and sent down to earth with her box of evils, Hope remaining at the bottom. Madame Vestris, of course, is *Pandora;* and has to undergo a great many compliments, in the shape of gifts from the Gods; Cupid gifting her with a loving heart, *Apollo*, with song,

* We are told, that it is called *Olympic Revels*. Our bills are sadly deficient to-day; for we have no announcement of the French theatre, but this fault will be instantly mended: and our last page presents the proper fund of information,—now getting more abundant every day.

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&c. The scene presents all the deities assembled on Olympus' top, with their clouds about them; and *Vulcan* produces his statue in the midst, which love animates. They are all in classical costume, a little, the worse for the gilding; but this suited the burlesque; and they made a brilliant shew. The burlesque is in the speeches, not in the dress; though *Jupiter's* and *Juno's* crowns are a little excessive. *Mercury's* wings at his ancles were very well done, spiritedly rising backwards, as if he could be up with them in an instant. How charming are these Pagan personations, reminding us of OVID and old TOOKE's Pantheon! We cannot but respect them, even in a burlesque. Well:—Madame VESTRIS stands very prettily and like the statue she ought to be, and Cupid touches her heart, and then she lives and loves, and *Phœbus* touches her lip, and then she speaks, and so on; but we must not forget that *Vulcan* brings in a bill for making her, which is a touch we do not remember in Hesiod.

Vulcan to Jupiter.—I've done my best your wishes to fulfil:
I'm glad it pleases:—Here's my little bill.

Pandora is finally gifted with the fatal box. *Juno* now comes in, jealous; and after making a great noise, and singing a violent song to *Jupiter* and *Pandora*, in which the audience laughed heartily at some happy rhymes, presents the heroine with the gift of curiosity. *Mercury* then conducts her to earth, describing her as a star

from heaven newly flown
To form a little system of her own.

They encounter a milk-man, with whom they sing a trio to a Tyrolese air, which the milk-man's cry is ingeniously made to fall in with. *Mercury*, on being asked by him who he is, says

Why, I
Come from the blue sky;
And you
Come from the sky-blue.

These sallies may not all tell very grandly, when thus reported, but they are pat in their places, and made the audience merry. In fine, *Pandora* is introduced to *Prometheus*, who stole the sacred fire; she marries him, opens the box, and the "Blue Devils" come out, and frighten her, leaving Hope at last to come forward, and lean upon her anchor. We confess we were children enough (nay old enough rather) to find this pathetic, and to look upon the most common place of allegories thus vivified before us with emotion.

We must add, that the music of the songs is well selected from MOZART, WEBER, and others, and excellently adapted to the words. Furthermore, it is witty music, for the mere striking up of the air sometimes furnishes a droll association of ideas with what is going forward. Madame VESTRIS performed and sung her part with all the applause she could desire.

The piece of *Marinette, or the Jockey*, in which Miss FOOTE performed the principal part, was the one that came next. It is not much; and the plot is soon told. A lover runs away with a wild sort of young lady, who to screen herself from his uncle's prying, and defeat his plans for marrying him to another, disguises herself as his jockey. The uncle takes a liking to the jockey's face, which he says is one that cannot deceive him, and endeavours to secure his interest in behalf of the authorized match. A scene or two of equivoque ensues, and the pretended jockey sings a turf song, which we confess is not to our taste in a lady's mouth. However, Miss FOOTE has little voice, and cannot sing unlike a woman; neither did she over-do the slang action. After a variety of exits and entrances, and dislikes to marry on both sides (for the new lady has a lover), the last scene presents the unwilling proposed couple, first keeping as far apart from one another as possible, and then bringing their chairs close together and affectionately embracing, on the strength of the delightful discovery that they are indifferent to each other. At this juncture, the fair jockey and the other lady's lover come in at opposite sides, overhear the affectionate conversation, and disclose themselves in a passion of jealousy. The rest may easily be conceived. This piece, besides being not over new, drags in its progress. It does not seem to excite Miss FOOTE to do her best; and we do not think the jockey dress becomes her. In a word, Miss FOOTE is by nature one of those females who are designed to be more charming as females than as actresses. They make, on that very account, very pleasing actresses of a certain class;—Miss CHESTER is one of them; and Miss BRUNTON was another; but unless the part given them be of a womanly description, they are not the persons to give it full effect. They cannot with impunity be anything else but themselves. Miss FOOTE, with her beautiful arching eyes, the finest of the kind we ever saw, would have looked as handsome as ever, if she had not grown thinner. Perhaps she would have looked more interesting on that very account, if it had not been for her jockey cap and boots. We unfortunately missed seeing her in *Mary Queen of Scots*; and the boots did not repay us.

Clarissa Harlowe is a story of a very ancient description;—the heroine is a second *Mrs Malaprop*, (language apart) who fancies an officer is in love with her, while his passion is directed to another. The part is performed with Mrs GLOVER's usual force and relish; and it is pleasant to see her coming on the stage, after the two other popular names of her sister performers. Otherwise there is nothing to say of this afterpiece.

The *Olympic Revels* are to be performed every night till further notice. ☞

MUSICAL MYSTERIES.

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—As you are deemed the "Magnus Apollo" in everything relating to Theatrical matters, perhaps you will be pleased to assign the reason why the *Overture and all the original music* of the Covent Garden Pantomime, which is known to every person connected with that establishment to have been composed by John Barnett, is stated in the bills to be by Mr Stansbury: also "the wherefore" that the music of the Drury Lane Pantomime should bear the *single* name of Hughes, when it is in fact, the combined efforts of Messrs. Bishop, Cooke, Lee, &c.?

Yours,

Thursday, Dec. 29. MOWSHA.

[Notwithstanding the oracular character which our correspondent is pleased to assign us, we must confess that

"Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine"

the secret of these matters, than he does. The truth is, we are as ignorant as a child of the mysteries behind the scenes; and, for the better enjoyment and description of what passes before them, are willing to remain so.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

AN UNENVIABLE RESEMBLANCE.—Obstinacy of opinion, and heat in argument are the surest proofs of folly. Is there anything so assured, resolute, disdainful, contemplative, serious and grave as an ass?—*Montaigne.*

PRIDE IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—I find I am much prouder of the victory I obtain over myself, when, even in the ardour of dispute, I make myself submit to my adversaries' force of reason, than I am pleased with the victory I obtain over him through his weakness.—*Montaigne* [This is a beautiful remark. The pleasure is very great, if obstinate people would but try it.]

AN EXTEMPORE BULLET.—A Portuguese soldier, at the siege of Diu in the Indies, being surrounded by the enemy, and having no ball to charge his musket, pulled out one of his teeth, and with it supplied the place of a bullet.—*Note to Mickle's Lusiad.* [This hero ought to have had the name of Dentatus given him.]

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—Mons. Legros, "whose fame in the art of dressing hair was spread over all Europe," was found dead one evening, while absent from home. His wife arrived, when some one broke the matter to her with due care. "'Tis well," said she; "but I must feel in his pockets for the keys of the house, or else I cannot get in."

A TOUCHING WRITER.—It must be owned, said D'Alembert, that nobody ever succeeded better in the doleful style than Mons. Arnaud, since every time that one reads anything of his, one is extremely sorry.

CATALEPSY ON SPECULATION.—The Baron de Grimm fell desperately in love with a nymph belonging to the Paris Opera. The lady rejected his addresses, which so affected the Baron, that he took to his bed, where he remained stretched out for several days, with his eyes fixed, neither speaking, eating, nor showing any kind of sensibility. Raynal and Rousseau watched by the afflicted man for several nights, fearing for his life. His physician, however, knew better; and the Baron was shortly on his legs again. "This adventure," says his biographer, "gave him great renown among the fair sex."

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By SHERIDAN].

Lady Teazle, Miss CHESTER,
Lady Sneerwell, Mrs FAUCIT, Mrs Candour, Mrs ORGER,
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr FARREN, Sir Oliver Surface, Mr DOWTON,
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr HARLEY,
Joseph Surface, Mr MACREADY, Charles Surface, Mr WALLACK,
Crabtree, Mr W. BENNETT, Careless, Mr YARNOLD,
Trip, Mr BALLS, Snake, Mr THOMPSON,

Previous to the Comedy, (1st time in this Country) F. Schneider's Grand Overture to "A la Chasse."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES;

OR, HARLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

[By Mr BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL,
Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY, and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker, 36.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway. Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Allegorical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsters.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long,—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo. Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, Werner; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, (7th time) a Comedy, (in Five Acts) called

THE CHANCERY SUIT.

[By Mr PEAKE].

Emily Travers, Miss E. TREE, Mrs Post, Mrs GIBBS,
Mrs Snare, Mrs PINDAR, Jenny, Mrs J. HUGHES.
Miss Willowly, Mrs DALY, Miss Sallowfield, Mrs BROWN,
Mrs Gravebury, Miss APPLETON, Mrs Tapsley, Mrs TAYLEURE.
Sir Bernard Blazoncourt, Mr EGERTON,
Frederick Blazoncourt, Mr ABBOTT,
Guy Thistlebloom, Mr BARTLEY,
Jeremy Thistlebloom, (his Brother, under the assumed name of Courtington) Mr WARDE,
Murphy O'Doggrely, Mr POWER, Snare, Mr MEADOWS,
Winterfield, Mr BLANCHARD, Tapsley, Mr F. MATTHEWS,
Michael, Mr ADDISON, Ben, Mr EVANS,
Sheriff's Officer, Mr FULLER, Beadle, Mr ATKINS,

Previous to the Comedy, Rossini's Overture to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT;

OR, THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight.—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and West India Docks.—XI. A Market.—XII. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XIII. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XIV. Windsor Park and Castle.—XV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XVI. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Fog.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, (in two Acts) called

WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Bernard, Mrs DALY. Miles Bertram, Mr YATES,
Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS, Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH,
Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act].

Act II.—SUMMER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

[By Mr G. H. RODWELL].

Julia, Mrs YATES.
Melville, (a Banker) Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Matthew Multiply, (Melville's head Clerk) Mr BAYNE.

To which will be added,

A DEAD SHOT.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT!

OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE KING OF THE CATS!

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music, by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON, Clown, Mr SANDERS,
Pantaloon, Mr KING.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse Trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night.)—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle, (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn. Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, (1st time) an entirely new Drama, entitled

NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.

Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, Constantia, Miss JORDAN,
Kitty Bustle, Miss VICENT, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Old Margery, Mrs ROGERS, Becky Sims, Miss NICOL.
Sir Edward Gayton, Mr GOUGH, Frederick Gayton, Mr EDWIN,
Captain Splashaway, Mr HICKS, Joe Barton, Mr C. HILL,
Fiary Ned, Mr D PITT, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr ROGERS, Capt. Friendly, Mr LEE. Tapwell, Mr HOBBS
Jemmy Gonimble, Mademoiselle ROSIER,
Long Bill, Mr ALMAR, Short Bill, Mr WEBB.

After which, (6th time) a new Comic Drama, entitled

"PS. COME TO DINNER!"

The Principal Characters by Miss VINCENT, Mad. SIMON, and Miss ELLIS.—Messrs D. PITT, WILLIAMS, VALE, and C. HILL.

To conclude with a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT!

OR, HARLEQUIN, JACK OF NEWBURY!

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I. Regions of Time.—II. The Town of Newbury (Sunrise).—III. Cabinet in the Widow's Mansion.—IV. Splendid Temple of the New Year.—V. Picturesque Roadside Inn.—VI. Exterior of Public House and Sadler's.—VII. Suspension Bridge over the Menai.—VIII. Quiet Lodgings in a retired Neighbourhood.—IX. Race Course and Grand Stand.—X. Splendid Falls of Tivoli.—XI. Cavern, (Moonlight).—XII. and last. Realms of Bliss in the Regions of Light.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

COBURG THEATRE.—Richard Turpin—Ambrose Gwinett—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL, 98 Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

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No. 106.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Harmonicon. A Monthly Journal of Music. For January 1831. 4to. pp. 20. Longman.

We take occasion from the current number of this work, to express our regard for the series in general, and to recommend it to such of our readers as may not happen to be acquainted with it. We have not seen it for a good while till the present month, but remember with pleasure some interesting biography in the earlier numbers (for we read a musician's life with almost as much zest as a poet's); and though we have recollection also (to use an Irishism very useful in criticism) that in the musical part of it there were too many *original* pieces of *common-place*, insertion of which in a publication of the sort it was perhaps difficult to avoid, yet they were accompanied with a plentiful supply of counteracting matter from the works of the best composers, and in the course of the critical remarks were quoted excellent little bits which highly stimulated the desire to see more. The work does not pretend to be literary: it is strictly muscial: yet a reader who joins the love of books with that of music, will find in its pages a just sense of the merits of both his inclinations, and a most liberal view of the connexion between a genuine passion for music, and for everything else, which can put the soul into its proper state of grace and harmony. Take the following as examples. The Editor, speaking of a song of Mr Attwood's entitled 'Humanity,' the words by Dr Dreznan, says that it "ought to be recommended, if only for the sake of the sentiment breathed in the poetry;" and then he exclaims, like an honest man, and one that has a right to speak of Mozart who relieved the beggar,—"Humanity! Would that our pulpits at the present serious juncture resounded with nothing save precepts inculcating the greatest of virtues, though one too much neglected amidst the idle ostentation, the bloating luxuries, of an age in which that religion which makes humanity its greatest object, is in the mouth of so many, in the heart of so few!"—P. 19.

And again, speaking of a circumstance highly discreditable to the heavy soul of my lord Grenville, and stated with equal spirit and delicacy,—

'In the English pension list, just published by Government, are the names of three females, wives, widows, or daughters of persons who were musicians in the private band of Queen Charlotte, and an allowance of fifty pounds per annum is granted to each. There may be reasons why these are strictly entitled to what is allotted them; though not very apparent; but I cannot observe this disposition of the public money without reflecting upon the fate of poor Dibdin, whose patriotic sea-songs, it was once said, assisted very materially in keeping alive, during the late war, the loyalty and gallantry of the British fleet. A pension of 200*l.* was granted to him in 1803, by George III, which, in 1806, was struck off by Lord Grenville, *on the plea of its not being merited*, leaving the highly talented bard literary to starve, had it not been for the kindness of a few friends, who raised a subscription that just saved *him*, his *wife*, and *daughter*, from absolute want. Mark the difference!—in the above year, when the country was in a comparatively prosperous state, 200*l.* a-year, given to one of the geniuses of the age—a man to whom not only the Government, but the nation at large, was deeply indebted—was thought improper, and accordingly withdrawn. In 1830, when distress is staring the great mass of the people in the face, 150*l.* per annum is not considered too much to bestow on three persons, relations of performers, two of whom were almost unknown, except in the precincts of the palace! Either Dibdin was very hardly dealt by, or the present case is one that demands explanation.'—P. 15.

Poor Dibdin indeed! The ponderous Whig statesman was certainly no "sweet little cherub" to him. In the present Ministry we have at least one person, who knows what belongs to the harmonies of this world, and who would have prevented the pension's being struck off, could he have been a ruler then.

The *Harmonicon* consists of every species of notice respecting music past and present, historical, biographical, and critical. It gives accounts of new musical instruments, criticises the latest musical publications and performances, has a foreign report, pleasant musical gossip, a list of the new music published during the month, and devotes about half of every Number to printed vocal and instrumental music, original and select; so that the purchaser who has been warming his love of the art with reading about it for the first twenty pages, may indulge the inclination he has excited, by sitting down to his piano-forte and playing the other.

Above all, the *Harmonicon* appears to be an honest publication,—a very difficult character to sustain in a work which must touch upon so many self-loves, and be beset with so many demands upon its good-will. The nice point to manage, is to be at once good-natured and independent, which can only be effected by the genuine love of truth which is founded on a zeal for the ultimate good of all. We are not able to speak peremptorily on this matter respecting the *Harmonicon*; we judge only from appearances, and those of the Number before us; nor have we the slightest knowledge of the Editor: we are unacquainted even with his name; but we are much mistaken if he is not a man really zealous for the interests of his art, and for everything else, true and good. In page 1, we meet with a very honest-looking passage on the Philharmonic Society:—

'The Philharmonic Concerts still maintained their superiority over every other performance in London, and, aided by a stranger, brought forward some new things of great merit, by Spohr, chiefly, while the established pieces were, a very few excepted, executed with all the zeal, fire, and precision which have ever so pre-eminently distinguished the Philharmonic band. But we have observed for some years past a germ in this society, which, if not speedily stopped in its growth, will swallow up all nourishment from the parent stock, and finally destroy the most laudable and best musical institution our country ever beheld. Favouritism and a selfish spirit are creeping in even here, the fruits of which were too frequently apparent during the latter seasons, the last especially, and the subscribers are beginning to be aware of the fact. It is by no means too late to suppress all this; but if the remedy be long delayed, the far-famed Philharmonic Society will ultimately fall by the inertness of many of its members, and the incapacity or narrow-mindedness of a few.'

We confess we do not expect this objection to grow less. The fault is inherent in societies of this nature. Literary societies, academies of painting, *Royal* societies of philosophy, and other anomalies, have all partaken of it; and men of genius have been made by none, though they sometimes have been degraded by coming in contact with them.

When bodies of men come together for some great object, apart from their individual talent and pretensions, as in attempting, for instance, some great public good, they may often succeed; nay, they will infallibly do so, if they are large enough, and hearty enough in the cause. But where the self-love of every member of the body is concerned, and his wish more or less to show off, the thing is sure to deteriorate before long, with whatever illusions as to a general and disinterested purpose it may begin. And the worst of it is, that discord, being natural to such a body, those who could best oppose it, begin to perceive that they are out of their sphere. The intriguing and the mechanical get the power into their hands, the men of genius and delicacy retire; and the scheme becomes nothing but a system wherewith to give mediocrity an unnatural ascendancy, and a power to patronize worse mediocrity than itself.

The two following accounts, one of a new musical instrument, *inanimate*, and the other of a most marvellous human set of instruments, are good specimens of one department of the work:—

THE NEW INSTRUMENT, THE ÆOLOPHON.

'When Lord Stanhope first launched his model-boat on the Serpentine, no one expected to see the time when steam and paddle should suffice to carry 'a tall ship' across the broad Atlantic. As little did we, when we were first amused by that very pretty musical toy, the German Eolina, anticipate that within three years we should hear such an instrument as the one we are about to describe. In shape, size, and compass, the Æolophon is the counterpart of a cabinet piano-forte, having six octaves of keys extending from FF to F; and its sounds are produced by a series of me-

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tallic springs, set in vibration by the action of the air produced from a bellows. It has three pedals—one for filling the wind chest, and the others regulating the swell. The tone of this instrument, particularly in the middle and lower parts of its compass, is among the most beautiful we have ever heard, and much superior, both in body and quality, to that of any chamber organ of equal size; added to which, the Æolophon has the inestimable advantage of never varying its pitch, or getting out of tune.

'From the nature of this instrument, it will be readily conceived that its best effects are displayed in slow movements, and the sustaining and swelling long notes; but to our surprise, as well as pleasure, we found that a running passage, even of semitones, could be executed upon it, if not with all the distinctness of a Drouet or a Nicholson, with as much clearness as on any organ. As an accompaniment to the piano-forte, it will be found an admirable substitute for the flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, or even violoncello; but perhaps its widest range of usefulness will be discovered in small orchestras, where the set of wind instruments is incomplete—the effects of any, or even all of which, may be supplied by one or two performers on the Æolophon reading from the score, or even from separate parts.

'It is now about a year since that a patent was obtained for the springs, and this peculiar mode of applying them, by Messrs Day and Co.; immediately upon hearing the effect of which, Mr Chappell, of Bond Street, entered into an engagement with the patentees for the agency of their patent, and the manufacture of instruments under it.

'On the 27th of November last, Mr Chappell was honoured with a command to exhibit the powers of this new instrument before their Majesties, his royal highness the Duke of Sussex, and a small circle of nobility, at St James's Palace; when it gave so much satisfaction, that some of the pieces played upon it were repeated by command, and the whole performance lasted from nine o'clock till past eleven, when the royal party retired.

'The Æolophon is exhibited daily at Mr Chappell's, for two or three hours, and we recommend *all* our readers to hear it; and all who can afford such a luxury, to add one of these delightful instruments to the contents of their music-rooms.'

RUSSIAN HORN MUSIC.

'This is indisputably a very curious exhibition, and it must be a genuine one. Change but the dress and the tunes, and the Tyrolese minstrels of to-day may become the Bohemian to-morrow; but of this horn-music, no country under the sun but Russia could furnish the genuine raw material, and no extent of receipts, should all London flock to hear it, could repay the outlay of getting up a counterfeit. Of all the ingenious devices for reducing man to the level of a machine, with which tyranny has at various times amused itself, this is, perhaps, the most curious: a number of persons are trained to hit with unerring precision, to the infinitesimal part of a second, the very instant when each is to produce a sound from a tube, the sounding of which, in exact time, is the whole business of his musical existence. The bare idea of devoting so many fellow-creatures to the drilling necessary to the acquirement of this clock-work regularity, could have been conceived only by one who had but to will and be obeyed; and the disheartening drudgery of learning the art, would have been submitted to only by those who were habituated to consider the commands of their superiors the sole law of their actions. Accordingly, it is in Russia that we find this instrument invented, and that at a period when the ancient hereditary tyranny of its princes and nobles was as yet unsoftened by their barbaric admiration of the arts and civilization of more favoured countries. The difficulty of originally manufacturing such an instrument, and the expense attending its support, confined the possession of it, of course, to the emperor, or the most wealthy nobles: but once made, we find it transferable like an article of commerce, by purchase and sale, human beings and all. Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his Travelling Sketches of Russia, gives the following account of one which he heard at an entertainment given by Prince Bagrazion, at Moscow, in March 1806.

'"We had also the horn music, which, as it is strange and curious, I will describe. It was invented by Prince Gallitzin in 1762. This instrument consists of forty persons, whose life is spent in blowing one note. The sounds produced are precisely similar to those of an immesne organ, with this difference, that each note seems to blend with its preceding and following one; a circumstance which causes a blunt sensation to the ear, and gives a monotony to the whole. However, the effect possesses much sublimity when the performers are *unseen;* but when they are visible, it is impossible to silence reflections which jar with their harmony. To see human nature *reduced to such a use*, calls up thoughts very inimical to our admiration of strains so awakened. I enquired who the *instrument* belonged to? (by that word both pipes and men are included,) and was told it had just been purchased by a nobleman, on the recent death of its possessor.

'Some of these individuals, thus destined to drag through a melancholy existence, play at times on several pipes of various sizes, which breathe the higher notes; but the base pipes have each their unchanging blower. They are extremely long, and laid on a machine or tressel, close to which the performer stands, and places his mouth to the smaller extremity of the pipe, in an horizontal position. The shape is exactly that of a speaking trumpet; a screw is inserted near the bell of the tube, to give it a sharper or flatter tone as may be required. The performers are generally thin and pale; and I have little doubt, but that the quantity of air the instrument takes, and the practice necessary for perfection in execution, must abstract many years from the otherwise natural term of their lives."

'So far Sir R. K. Porter. Dr Granville, who heard this instrument in St Petersburgh in 1827, mentions it as peculiar to the Russians, or rather the Imperial Family; and ascribes its invention to a Bohemian, named Maresch, who was a musician in the band of the Empress Elizabeth. He adds, that it was the subject of a treatise published about thirty years ago, by Henrichs, of St Petersburgh, who gave specimens of the manner in which the notes are set down for each performer. With respect to the invention, it is probable that both Sir R. K. Porter and Dr Granville are so far right, that the original idea was Gallitzin's, and the task of reducing that idea to practice confided to Maresch. The band now performing in London is said to come from Moscow, and has exhibited its powers in Hamburgh, and other cities of Germany. The performers arrived in London about a month ago; and after private exhibition at the New Argyll Rooms, and playing before their Majesties at St James's Palace on the 14th of December, gave their first public concert at the Opera Rooms on the 23rd, of which the following is the program:

'PART I.

Overture (Horns), *(Calife de Bagdat)*, . . BOIELDIEU.
Russian Melody, with Variations, (Horns).
Russian Song, (Vocal), with Accompaniments.

PART II.

Overture (Horns), (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail.*) . MOZART.
Russian Melody, with Variations, (played on the Reeds).
Russian Song (Vocal), with Accompaniments.
Polonaise (Horns) . . . . . JULIUS MILLER.

PART III.

Russian Melody, with Variations (played on the Reeds).
Russian Song (Vocal), with Accompaniments.
Andante and Rondo (Horns) . . . . MULLER.

'The band consists of twenty-five individuals, who play upon about fifty-five horns, all formed of brass of a conical shape with the mouth-piece bent: the lowest of these horns is eight feet long, and nine inches in diameter at the larger end, and sounds double A; the highest, which sounds E, is two inches and a half long by one in diameter. Some of the horns, but not all, have keys for one or two semitones. When playing, the band is drawn up four deep, the trebles in front, and the very low horns laid on tressels at the back, so that the performer can raise the mouth-piece with ease, while the other end rests on the frame; one man plays the three lowest horns, blowing them in turns as they are wanted.—Not the least curious portion of this machinary is the conductor, who, with the score before him on a desk, stands fronting his troops at what soldiers would call the left flank of the company, and continues during the whole performance to beat the time *audibly* by tapping a little stick or cane on his deck. And this time he beats not according to the equal divisions of the bar but the number and quality of notes therein,—thus for a bar of $\frac{4}{4}$ time, containing one crotchet followed by four quavers, he makes five taps, the four last twice as rapid as the first.

'When the performance began, notwithstanding all we had read, although we knew that each demisemiquaver of a rapid octave must be breathed by a separate individual, we were astonished at the unity of effect, and correctness of time; and this feeling continued undiminished to the end. But to this our pleasure and approbation were confined, and, all moral considerations apart, we soon began to feel regret and pain that so much labour should have been bestowed on forming what may probably be a very first-rate band of Russian horns, but what is certainly a very second-rate band of wind instruments. There is no expression, no colouring in the performance, and though the tone produced by the bass horns is extremely fine and powerful, and the tenors are soft and mellow, the trebles are shrill and very frequently sadly out of tune. The reeds, which, like the horns, produce but one note each, were much more pleasingly toned and better in tune.

'The vocal part of the concert had nothing in its curiosity to atone for monotony of tune and mediocrity of performance. A feeble tenor sang a slow air, accompanied by one very indifferent clarinet, and sustained at intervals by a chorus. A quick movement in chorus followed, during which the noise was increased, but the effect not at all improved by one tambourine and a pair of cymbals.

'For the sake of these wandering harmonists we regret to say that the audienee was anything but numerous or distinguished. It cannot have much exceeded an hundted and fifty persons, and out of these we should think not one half were money visitors. Indeed the poor men were very ill advised to fix the highest sum given in this country for a first-rate concert, as the price of admission to their performance. Exhibiting in a morning during the holidays at half-a-crown or three shillings, children half price, they may earn some money, particularly if they will head their bills with the lithographed representation of their band which now adorns the music shop windows; but if they persist in demanding half a guinea, forsaken boxes and an empty pit will leave them, we fear, to pay the hire of the room out of their own proper funds.

'Pitying then most heartily the Russian gentleman who has engaged in such an enterprize, and more particularly for having lent his ear to advice which tempted him to fix the admission at so pre-

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Posterous a sum, we, nevertheless, cannot but feel, at this crisis—when sacrifices are, or ought to be, making in all quarters to relieve our industrious population from distress, if not from actual want,—that to give to a band of strangers as much as would maintain a whole family for a whole week, merely for the sake of witnessing a curious degradation of a liberal art, would betray an utter disregard of what is due to the feelings of our own starving countrymen, and excite the derision of foreigners, who never fail to laugh at, though they profit so largely by, our gullibility.'

This, to be sure, is sounding the very "key-note of humility." A man converted into a crotchet! An A flat in the sixtieth year of his age! A fellow-creature of Shakspeare and Hampden and Lafayette, who has passed his life in acting a semitone! in waiting for his turn to exist, and then seizing the desperate instant, and being a puff!

Dobie's History of the Parishes of St Giles's and St George's Bloomsbury.

By a singular oversight, or rather inattention, owing to the hastiness with which we looked at a note which came to us while in the midst of writing, we complained the other day that we had no bookseller's name to refer to as the publisher of Mr Dobie's book, while this very note might have informed us that it was to be had of Mr Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, and Mr Fenn, Charing Cross. Having accidentally looked over the note again, we lose no time in expressing our regret at the omission, and in again recommending Mr Dobie's book to attention.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Quid pro Quo.—Piron, after attending the rehearsal of the *Metromanie*, went into a coffee-house, superbly dressed, as was his custom. Every one surrounded and complimented him. The Abbé Desfontaines was present, and being disposed for a little raillery, he lifted up the skirts of the poet's dress, as though to examine its richness, and exclaimed with affected admiration, "What a dress for such a man!" Piron, raising the clerical robe of the Abbé, with a similar gesture, replied, "What a man for such a dress!"

The Limits of Civil Authority Defined.—When a nation forms a government, it is not wisdom, but *power*, which they place in the hands of the magistrate; from whence it follows, his concern is only with those objects which *power* can operate upon. On this account the administration of justice, the protection of property, and the defence of every member of the community from violence and outrage, fall naturally within the province of the civil ruler, for these may all be accomplished by *power*; but an attempt to distinguish truth from error, and to countenance one set of opinions to the prejudice of another, is to apply power in a manner mischievous and absurd.—*Rev. Robert Hall.*

Inward Blindness.—Talk to a blind man—he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses, which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy, or religion. Of course, there is no *reasoning* with them, for they do not possess the facts on which the reasoning must be grounded. Nothing is possible, but a naked dissent, which implies a sort of unsocial contempt; or what a man of kind disposition is very likely to fall into, a heartless tacit acquiescence, which borders too nearly on duplicity.—*Coleridge.*

Brutality Mistaken for Valour.—It is common in Spain to see young gentlemen of the best families, adorned with ribbands, and armed with a javelin, or kind of cutlass which the Spaniards call machete, appearing as candidates for fame, in the lists of the bull-fight, in which these young caballeros are generally victorious, being very expert at this valorous exercise, and ambitious to display their dexterity, which is a sure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the ladies.—*Note to Mickle's Lusiad.* [The writer does not inform us whether the bull, when victorious, is equally honored by female admiration.]

Porter.—Of the origin of that species of beer now so generally drank under the name of porter, the following account is given by the editor of the 'Picture of London:'—"Before the year 1730, the malt-liquors in general used in London were ale, beer, and two-penny; and it was customary to call for a tankard of *half-and-half*, that is, half of ale, and half of beer or two-penny. In course of time, it also became the practice to call for a tankard of *three-threads*, meaning a third of each; and thus the publican had the trouble to go to three casks for a pint of liquor. To obviate the inconvenience, a brewer of the name of Harewood conceived the idea of making a liquor which should partake of the united qualities of those already mentioned. He succeeded, calling it *entire*, or entire butt, meaning that it was drawn from the cask, or butt, and as it was a very hearty and nourishing beverage, and supposed to be very suitable for porters, and other working people, it obtained the name of *porter*."

Story of Phaeton.—The historical foundation of the fable of Phaeton is this: Phaeton was a young enterprising prince of Libya. Crossing the Mediterranean in quest of adventures, he landed at Epirus, from whence he went to Italy to see his intimate friend Cygnus. Phaeton was skilled in astrology, from whence he arrogated to himself the title of the Son of Apollo. One day in the heat of the summer, as he was riding along the banks of the Po, his horses took fright at a clap of thunder, and plunged into the river, where, together with their master, they perished. Cygnus, who was a poet, celebrated the death of his friend in verse,—from whence the fable.—*Note to Mickle's Lusiad.*

Decorum and Piety of Pope Julius III.—Two of his Cardinals found Julius in the Court of his palace in a very indecent condition, for it being hot, he had put off his clothes, and was walking in his drawers. He obliged them to do the same, and afterwards asked them, what the people would say, should they show themselves in that figure in the streets of Rome. "They would take us," answered they, "for rogues, and throw stones at us."—"Therefore," replied he, "'tis to our clothes that we are obliged for not being thought rogues. How much then are we indebted to our clothes?"—Julius was a great epicure. He had ordered that a peacock, which had been left at dinner, should be served up cold for his supper. At supper-time, hot peacocks were served up, but the cold one was missing. This threw Christ's Vicar on Earth into a bitter passion, and he uttered an execrable blasphemy. —One of his Cardinals observed, "Your Holiness ought not to be in so great a passion for so little a thing." Julius replied, "If God could be so very angry for an apple, as to turn our first father Adam out of Paradise, why should it not be lawful for me, who am his Vicar, to be in a passion for a peacock, since a peacock is much more than an apple?"

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Covent Garden.—The Chancery Suit.—Harlequin Fat, and Harlequin Bat.
Drury Lane.—The School for Scandal—Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.

Olympic Pavilion.

Last night we completed our acquaintance with all the new productions here, except the *occasional address*, which we shall take care to hear next time. We have little to say upon *Mary, Queen of Scots*, though we found it more interesting than it seems to have been to our brother critics. The public, to be sure, know the story well through the medium of Sir Walter's novel; but as we can read the novel many times, so we can see with renewed interest this piece of it on the stage. Miss Foote, too, makes a very good *Mary*, and this is not a little. It is much to find a woman on the stage, who can really be supposed to personate the genuine *Mary*,—the mixture of grace, weakness, beauty, gaiety, and melancholy, with womanhood prevailing over all. Miss Foote's weak, feminine tones give to the occasional vehemence into which the rebel lords provoke her, all the effect of the real character of *Mary*. She is dressed like her, with the shell-formed cap, and boddice of pearls; and what with her well-sustained mixture of rank and misfortune, of patience and complaint, and the general beauty of her countenance and loveliness of her eyes, the spectator might well imagine her to be the object of young *Douglas's* passion. This same *Douglas* is creditably performed by Mr Fredericks from the Tottenham Theatre, whose tone of voice and Northern distinctness of articulation, when he first appeared, reminded us so much of the present Chancellor, that remembering the name of Brougham among the *Dramatis Personæ*, and not knowing who was before us at the time, we began to think we had lighted upon some remote, run-away cousin of that eminent person: but the bill directed us to my *Lord Lindsay*, as Mr Brougham, and here the likeness failed.

Madame Vestris seems to have a generous taste for collecting handsome actresses in her establishment. There are several good-looking girls who perform minor parts; and in the last piece, the wife, Mrs Harlowe, is represented by a young lady of the name of Fitzwalter, who seems destined to add to the number of beautiful and by no means unclever actresses. As far as we can judge of a face under the sophistications of stage light, rouge, &c. Miss Fitzwalter is a very handsome girl, of the regular featured order, with fine eyes, and no ill figure, which she dresses in a gown of yellow crape, that contrasts well with her dark locks. Her smile is one of those that light up the face with a sudden liberal effusion of gaiety and good humour.

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GIACOMO CARISSIMI was chapel master of St Apollinaire, in Rome, about the year 1640, and celebrated by the Italians as the best musician of his time. He composed a dialogue between Heraclitus and Democritus, in which the affections of weeping and laughing are contrasted in some of the most pleasing melodies that imagination ever suggested. He brought the style of recitative to great perfection, and was the inventor of moving basses.—Carissimi was truly excellent in imitating the inflections of the human voice, and in uniting the charms of music with the powers of oratory.—*Musical Biography.*

A BEAUTY.—Constantine Manasses, a Greek author, describing the exquisite beauty of Helen, says, that she owed nothing to art; that she had neat legs, a little mouth, a long and very white neck, large eyes, and a fine breast.—One line in Homer, which has nothing of a description in it, gives a much better idea of the fair one's charms, than all such particulars. The Poet makes Priam's venerable counsellors remark, on seeing Helen approach when they were in council, that neither Greeks nor Trojans could be blamed for enduring such evils on account of so divine a woman.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

COBURG THEATRE.—Richard Turpin — Ambrose Gwinett—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called

A DEAD SHOT.

Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."

Chatter, Miss DALY.

Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.

Columbine, Miss STALLARD.

Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, the Drama, entitled

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

[By Mr S. BIRCH.]

Clara, Miss SOMERVILLE,
Lucy, Madame Simon, Jeannette, Miss Rumens, Nell, Mrs Vale.
Michael (first time) Mr OSBALDISTON,
Sir Bertrand, Mr D. Pitt, Record, Mr Williams, Le Sage, Mr Lee,
Spruce, Mr Rogers, Flint, Mr Almar, Boy, Miss Ellis.

After which, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].

The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.

Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.

Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I. Regions of Time.—II. The Town of Newbury (Sunrise).—III. Cabinet in the Widow's Mansion.—IV. Splendid Temple of the New Year.—V. Picturesque Roadside Inn.—VI. Exterior of Public House and Saddler's.—VII. Suspension Bridge over the Menai.—VIII. Quiet Lodgings in a retired Neighbourhood.—IX. Race Course and Grand Stand.—X. Splendid Falls of Tivoli.—XI. Cavern (Moonlight).—XII. and last. Realms of Bliss in the Regions of Light.

To conclude with an Operatic Extravaganza, (in Two Acts) entitled

GIOVANNI IN LONDON.

[By W. T. MONCRIEF.]

Don Giovanni, Miss SOMERVILLE,
Miss Constantia Quixotte, Miss Jordan, Mrs Leporello, Mrs Rogers,
Mrs English, Miss Rumens, Squalling Fan, Mrs Vale, Proserpine, Miss Rumens,
Mrs Drainemdry, Madame Simon, Mrs Porous, Miss Boaden,
Mrs Simpkins, Miss Perry.
Leporello, Mr Vale, Finikin, Mr Honor, Popinjay, Mr Hicks,
Deputy English, Mr Young, Pluto, Mr Almar, Charon, Mr Gough,
Firedrake, Mr Ransford. Drainemdry, Mr Emden, Porous, Mr Webb,
Simpkins, Mr Rogers.

In Act I. A MASQUERADE.

'The Minuet de la Cour, and Gavotte de Vestris,' by Mdle. Rosier and Miss Rayner.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, Lord BYRON'S Tragedy of

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT, Ida Stralenheim, Miss MORDAUNT.
Werner, Mr MACREADY, Ulric, Mr WALLACK, Gabor, Mr COOPER,
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack, Fritz, Mr Younge, Otto, Mr Cohen,
Henric, Mr Salter, Eric, Mr C. Jones, Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett,
Rodolph, Mr Cooke, Arnheim, Mr Fenton, Meister, Mr Eaton,
Ludwig, Mr Cathie, Herman, Mr S. Jones.

Previous to the Tragedy, the Band will perform, (First Time in this Country) P. Lindpainter's Overture to "Sulmona."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.

Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker, 36.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands

To-morrow, The Brigand; The Illustrious Stranger; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY, Clorinda, Miss CAWSE,
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES, Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON, Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON, Pedro, Mr KEELEY,
Alidoro, Mr STANSBURY, Dandini, Mr MORLEY.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.

Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, The Fair Penitent; and the Pantomime.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE,
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight, Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott,
Lady Fleming, Miss King, Mattie, Miss Kinsey, Moggy, Miss Langley,
Jenny, Miss Slater. Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks,
Lord Lindsay, Mr Brougham, Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrel,
Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith, Roland, Mr Raymond, Drysdale, Mr Newcombe,
Sandy, Mr J. Knight.

To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

To be followed by a Comic Burletta, called

THE LITTLE JOCKEY.

Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "Why pretty Maiden," and "The Boy in yellow wins the day." Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Mause, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

The whole to conclude with a Comic Burletta, called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER, Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond, Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget, Captain Cape, Mr W. VINING.

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C. and W. REYNELL, Printers, Broad street, Golden square.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

We are sorry to postpone, a second time, our notice of this work; but we have had to get together some stray books and papers, and were not prepared for the interruption. To prevent the chance of any further apology, the reader is informed, that the first article on the subject will appear on Tuesday next.

Military Memoirs of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. By Captain Moyle Sherer. First Volume 12mo. pp. 295. (First volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library.) Longman.

This is the commencement of a new monthly series of publications, under the superintendance of the Editor of the Cabinet Cyclopædia. The reader will naturally enquire what the distinction is between the two works. The Editor thus explains it in his prospectus:—

'The object of the Cabinet Cyclopædia is to form a *systematic* work, including, within moderate and definite limits, every subject of utility and interest in the circle of human knowledge. A proportion will be observed among its several divisions, and each subject will be treated, as nearly as possible, with that degree of detail to which its general importance and its relation to the other parts of the Cyclopædia entitle it.

'It has been found, however, that besides the subjects, numerous and important as they are, which such a plan embraces, others have, from time to time, presented themselves, possessing considerable claims to attention, and requiring to be treated with a different degree of detail. Amongst these may be mentioned Personal Memoirs, detached Historical Pieces, and Voyages and Travels.

'With a view, therefore, to open a field for such useful and interesting subjects, the Proprietors of the Cabinet Cyclopædia have determined on publishing—at an equally cheap rate, and in the same form—a Companion to that work, under the title of 'The Cabinet Library.'

'The volumes of the Cabinet Library will be supplied by the same class of literary contributors as those of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, and it is hoped that the embellishments and typographical qualities of the work will not be inferior to those of any similar publication of the present day.'

The credit here claimed for the mechanical part of this new work will be readily allowed by every body. The volume is got up with the usual neatness, is elegantly printed, and has a handsome engraved title page, presenting a spirited though flattering bust of the Duke of Wellington, executed by Finden, after a design by Henry Corbould. The author seems to think, that there is much in a face, and we think so too; but there is not so much in the Duke of Wellington's, as he would make out. There is force and decision in parts of it; but observers, not dazzled by the notion of "patrician" looks, discern in it a want of moral dignity, of an intellect corresponding with the force, and even of the force itself in the expression of the mouth. Good, however, as the mechanical part of the work is, we cannot say that the authorship of it is on a par with that of the Cyclopædia. The gallant writer is, we dare say, a good officer, and qualified to speak of military movements. We take him also to be an honest man; otherwise, in a work eulogizing the denouncer of a certain "evil example," he would not have spoken of "the weak cause and the weak house of Bourbon," unless he had been the most undiscerning of aspirants. We like his opinion respecting Sir John Moore, to whose good qualities he does justice, while he implies, we think with justice, that he wanted the decision necessary to cut through the difficulties in which he found himself entangled. He is a strong, but not an undistinguishing enemy to Napoleon; understands the superstition as well as the wrongs of the Spanish nation; and exhibits no more antipathy and mistake about the French speculators in government, than was held to be consistent with a reasonable liberality of opinion before their late glorious Revolution. But in writing for these times, it would have been as well if the author could have foreseen, that the measure of such an intellect as his hero's, was not of sufficient extent to embrace the coming enlargements of knowledge; and at all times it is bad taste to write any kind of history in the florid and gratuitous style of these memoirs. We do not object to a panegyric, when it professes to be one; but the readers of a work written for the diffusion of information will draw unfavourable conclusions respecting the volume before us, and the qualifications of the writer for a public historian, from the first pages they encounter. Two objections will stare them in the face at once: first, that Captain Sherer never speaks of the Duke of Wellington, without feeling upon him the influence of his latest successes; and second, that while he ventures to speak of politics and political institutions, he has no knowledge of them whatsoever. At page 7, for instance, he talks of Buonaparte's having been an "idol" raised by the French "levellers." Now, if by levellers he means republicans, such as Carnot, La Fayette, Lanjuinais, and others, Buonaparte was not their idol. He was enabled to raise himself in spite of them, on the strength of the military necessities generated by the Allies. In the same page, the prejudices of the English people against the French are regarded with pleasure, in as much as they enabled us to carry on a long and "glorious war." But the war was not glorious in its length, whatever it was in its termination; and if neither French nor English had had any prejudices against one another, we believe it is now thought by many very sensible men, that the calamities of this long and glorious war might have been spared, and that the labouring population of a country which Captain Sherer describes as being at the pinnacle of "power, wealth, and influence," would not have been starving from the consequences. What is meant too by the Duke of Wellington's being a "free-born general of a constitutional army," and the "faithful servant of the English people?" The people never employed him, for they have never been represented. The army was a most unconstitutional army, for it was a standing one; and as to the Duke's being a free-born general (which is an odd collocation of noun and participle), he was born among the privileged classes; which certainly gives freedom enough on the score of properties and game-laws, but hardly entitles a man to the epithet of free-born, in the liberal sense of the term.

Captain Sherer appears to be a lover of poetry, which it is an excellent thing to be, and a comfort and ornament in all conditions of life: but when a military historian mingles its common-places with his style, and delights in painting his nouns with epithets, the reader will suspect that he has carried the same enthusiasm into his judgments, and that, however sincere, they are not to be depended upon.

Speaking of the brilliant appearance of the horses of the Mahratta chiefs, he says that they "are showily caparisoned; and, in particular, the breast-plates glitter with silver; every neck is curved by a standing martingale; and their many neighings come down upon the wind loud and *lordly*." In one of the extracts made below, the reader will find the poetical epithet "swart," and a passage about the "hot throb of honours." And in the course of three lines at page 58, are five epithets and one picturesque adverb, an epithet to every noun:—"From beneath the *thick* plumes of *red* horse-hair, which drooped over their *bronzed* cheeks, the *manly* eyes of the *bold* 19th dragoons looked on *severely*."

Writing like this is an ill preparation for argument, and unfortunately Captain Sherer asserts better than he reasons. Take a specimen from p. 19:—

'It has been argued by some that this war was forced upon Tippoo, and that Lord Wellesley was not justified in these measures. The fact is, it was not war that was forced upon Tippoo, but the time of commencing it. War was already in his heart. He never would, he never could, have rested in amity with us. His attitude of peace was treacherous; it was but the couching of the tiger preparatory to its spring. As the hunters go forth from an Indian village to destroy the terror of their herds, seeking him in his own lair, so the British, that her trembling subjects in the

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Carnatic might sleep in security, marched to assault this dangerous and dreaded enemy in his own capital.'

The gallant author here contents himself with stating that an argument exists against the war with Tippoo, and answering it by assuming a fact. This is at all events no counter argument.

—We shall lay before our readers one of the most entertaining passages of the work, and then conclude with a remark or two on the illustrious person who is the subject of the book :—

CAPTURE OF SERINGAPATAM AND DEATH OF TIPPOO.

'Two thousand five hundred Europeans, and one thousand eight hundred natives were appointed to this service under Major-general Baird. The hour for the assault was well chosen: it was that sultry hour of early afternoon, which is throughout the East a season of profound repose; when lassitude is felt in all its enervating power; when, after the meal at noon, all natives compose themselves to sleep or rest. Hot, panting, breathless for the signal, men from the far north and west, that had left their threshholds at home, fair flaxen-headed youths, lay by their native comrades looking up to the fierce sun, and well nigh as swart as they.

'The sleepy silence which hung over the city, and the awful stillness in the trenches, were suddenly broken by the voice of Baird :— "Come, my brave fellows! follow me, and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers," was the brief appeal, with which, springing out of the trenches, sword in hand, he summoned the bold men to the overthrow of a kingdom. He was answered by the quick and forward rush of the "forlorn hope" as they broke past him; and was close followed by the columns under colonels Sherbrooke and Dunlop. The summit of the breach, after a short struggle on the slope with a few gallant Mysoreans, who started out on the instant, was crowned in six minutes; a British colour was there displayed by the brave serjeant* of the "forlorn," who, as he gave the shout of triumph, and felt the hot throb of honours already won, fell dead by a shot from within the fort.

'The face of the wide breach was soon crowded with men; and when collected in sufficient force to enter upon the rampart, they filed off to the right and left, driving the enemy before them, who fled, particularly on the right, with unresisting panic.† Numbers threw down their arms and rushed out of the fort. One body of fugitives effected their escape by lowering themselves with the long folds of their unrolled turbans, from the lofty wall at the south-western angle; but of these the more inactive and irresolute were dashed to pieces upon the rocky bottom of the ditch. Upon the left, however, the column of Colonel Dunlop, who had himself been wounded in a personal conflict with one of Tippoo's sirdars, on the slope of the breach, was vigorously opposed. The enemy took post behind the traverses which they had constructed, and defended them, one after the other with such resolution as frequently to bring our front to a stand. Nor would this difficulty have been easily surmounted, had the detachment of the 12th regiment, British, failed in passing the ditch between the exterior and inner rampart. A narrow strip of ground left for the passage of the workmen was by happy chance discovered; the rampart was climbed; the detachment advanced along it, flanked these formidable traverses, and cleared them by their fire. In this quarter the sultan himself had hitherto fought in person, firing from behind a traverse like a common soldier, his attendants aver with such steadiness and effect, that he brought down many of the assailants.

'But when on all sides the English were gaining ground; when those of the right attack were seen in their crimson uniforms, over the eastern gate; when on all the works the dismayed Mysoreans were resigning the contest, and abandoning their posts, Tippoo retired along the northern rampart.

'Coming up with one of his horses he mounted, complaining of fatigue, and of the aching of a leg, in which he had been formerly wounded. He now rode slowly, with what object none can tell, not away, out of the city, as he might have done, but to a bridge that crossed the inner ditch, and led by a covered gateway into the town. As he was entering this gateway he received a wound from a musket ball. The place was soon filled with fugitives, both from without and within; for on both sides the British were now advancing. The archway was so chocked with people that he could not pass through the crowd; and the cross-fire of the conquerors soon made it a heap of the dead and the dying. His horse sunk under him, wounded; his palanquin was at hand, and his attendants disengaged him from the saddle, and placed him upon it. This was their last service—removal was impossible. In a few minutes English soldiers pressed into the gateway. One of them, attracted by the glittering of the golden buckle, snatched at the sultan's sword-belt. Tippoo, with such strength as yet remained to him, made a cut at the soldier, and wounded him in the knee. The man drew back, raised his piece, and shot the sultan deliberately through the temple, little knowing that it was the stern unyielding king, who fell back upon the litter dead. In the hot search for plunder, the body was thrown out of the palanquin, and lay hidden for a time beneath a heap of slain. While Tippoo, in the consciousness that his kingdom was departed from him, provoked the fate he probably desired, all was alarm and terror in the palace. Baird, who had been formerly, for three years, the fettered and captive tenant of a loathsome hovel in this very city, now stood before the palace gates as a victor.

'After some anxious parley between Major Allan and the killedar, the palace, which was crowded with armed men, surrendered: the gates were opened, and the youthful princes* were led to the presence of the injured conqueror. They came trembling: they knew his story; they knew his wrongs; and they knew that Europeans taken during the siege had been murdered in torture by their father: but as they drew near, and met the eyes of Baird, that brave man was sensibly affected at the sight; his violent and excited anger was suddenly resolved into the generous emotions of a fatherly pity! he calmed their fears, and dismissed them with expressions of regard and promises of protection.

'From the information gathered at the palace, Baird proceeded instantly to the northern gateway in search of the sultan. The shadowy arch was filled with slain; and from the dim obscurity of the place the features of the dusky dead could not easily be distinguished. Body after body was dragged out and examined without success. Torches were now lighted, and they went in to carry on the search with better expedition: the corpse was at last found beneath a heap of the killed, and recognized by many. Turban, jacket, sword, and belt were gone; of defence or ornament nothing remained to the king; still, however, bound upon his right arm, was the trusted amulet† which he always wore. Despite three wounds in his body, and one in the temple, the countenance was not distorted, and it wore an expression of stern composure. The eyes were open, and the body so warm, that, as Colonel Wellesley, then present, and Major Allan, felt it, they thought, for a minute, that the sultan yet lived; but it was not so. They felt the pulse again, and it was still: the haughty heart, and it had ceased to beat.'

Writers, who like us, have ventured to doubt the genius of Buonaparte for government, and the correctness of the prevailing ideas respecting the amount of his intellect, and who have thought that they perceived in their conclusions fresh reason to entertain similar doubts respecting conquerors in general, may be allowed to say, that they consider the Duke of Wellington as forming no exception to them. We freely grant, that he is a great soldier, or at all events, it becomes us, in our ignorance of the art of war, and with the argument of his successes before us, to take it for granted that he is one; though with regard to his crowning victory, we cannot but think, in common with many, that circumstances, and British nerve, and the remnant of the old pride of that British freedom, which certainly did not originate in his Grace's time, or by his means, more prevailed against Buonaparte than the genius of his antagonist. But when we know how imposing is power in any shape, how awfully so it is in the shape of war, even when its bolts are thrown by common hands, and how certainly the crop of armed men and conquerors start up whenever the times require them, we may be permitted to think, that the absence of the usual powers accompanying a high state of intellect, the striking inferiority in that respect to other leading men of the age, and the instinctive hostility if not insensibility to its advancing philosophy and wants, afford strong additional proofs of the justice of our suspicion, in the person of this eminent individual. We can call upon those who are acquainted with our writings to testify, that in spite of our misgivings to this effect, and of our objections to his former toryism, we did our utmost, while his Grace was in power, to hope the best both of his intentions and faculties, and to assist in giving him those public proofs of it. the withholding of which has been so often said to have an ill effect upon men in power, and to give them a dangerous dislike to the community whom they wish to serve. The assistance we could give, was but an atom in itself, but it might contribute, we thought, to create more, and we thought ourselves bound not to withhold it. We therefore gave the Duke as much credit as we possibly could for settling the Catholic question, though we had never been blind, or pretended to be so, to the evident fact of his having been hostile to it up to the latest period, and to Lord Anglesea's having seen much further in the matter than he. Settle it he did, however; and we found a new encouragement to our hopes, and an unlooked for ground, of respect for the premier, in his being able to forego an old opinion, for the sake of a new one, important to to the common good. It was the same with his practical intimations of reform: we hoped he was beginning to enlarge his notions upon that point, and that this plain soldier, whose blunt good sense

* His name was Graham.

† A Captain Molle of the Scotch Brigade pursued them with such ardour that, unsupported, he gained a cavalier, and raising his hat on his sword summoned his men to take possession of it.

* They were youths of seventeen and fifteen.

† The talisman contained, sewed up in pieces of fine-flowered silk, an amulet of a brittle metallic substance, of the colour of silver, and some manuscripts in magic, Arabic, and Persian characters, the purport of which, had there been any doubt, would have fully ascertained the identity of the sultan's body.—Beatson.

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we had admired, when he said that it would have been madness in him to become a minister, had fairly undervalued himself, and was going to discover, that philosophy was as easy a thing as the art military. His speeches, to be sure, were always in the way. There was nothing great about them. He seemed to have no more words on his tongue than ideas in his head. Still, however, we hoped. We called to mind all the great intellects who had been poor of speech, and hoped that his very position, seated as he was at the top of the world, might give him a new light, and enable him to look with real superiority on the questions before him. We need not say what a world of contradiction to our hopes was contained in his declaration against reform; what an overwhelming disproof of all we had fancied, burst out of those little words of his about the "evil example" of the French. It is now quite clear that the Duke of Wellington has never been any other, in point of understanding, than what he was twenty years ago; that he has conceded, only to take the first opportunities of receding; that his bonus of the beer-barrel was but a tub to the whale; and that in what is called, and called truly, the March of Intellect, he is one of the most lagging, and unforeseeing, of all foot-soldiers. His bravery we admire: his firmness and power of decision are solid qualities, and would be great ones, if they could show themselves fit for any great intellectual purpose. His military talents remain also as they were: but the question is,—to what do military talents, even the greatest, amount, if thus found in connexion with an ordinary understanding and common views: and does or does not the character of the Duke of Wellington afford new and remarkable reason for bringing the question to an issue, for throwing fresh and final scorn upon appeals to brute force between civilized nations, and accomplishing the endeavours of that intellectual ascendancy, whose wisdom and beneficence go hand in hand.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Werner—Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—Harlequin Fat, and Harlequin Bat.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE looked in here last night time enough to hear Miss INVERARITY receive her usual encore in the finale of *Cinderella*. Her voice appeared weaker from indisposition; her throat was wrapped round to keep the jewel safe; but she got through her task with her accustomed smiling spirit. The more considerate part of the audience would fain have spared her the repetition; but she waived the indulgence, which was judicious; for it is as well to please so large a body at a little expense, and graceful to show a sense of kindness. Besides, to be able to construe objections to an encore into a consideration for the singer, is to take possession of an established rank. We have again the pleasure of expressing it as our opinion, that although Miss INVERARITY's tones have not at present the richness of Miss PATON's (for there is no knowing what they may attain, when she is as old) there is a most agreeable promise in them of something more sensitive and cordial. When she slides down them in expressing a sense of delight, we recognize a foretaste of that charming mixture of the pleasurable and affectionate which is the greatest beauty of a woman's singing, and which suits so well the breathing and smiling style of the Italians.

Miss INVERARITY's dress was adjusted to more advantage than at first, and gave her figure its proper width. At least we thought so; perhaps because we recommended it. The genteel and feminine appearance of this young debutante, joined with the tones we have been speaking of, has much interested us.

We stopped the first part of the pantomime, to see a new transformation,—that of *Harlequin Pat* into *Harlequin Fat*,—of Mr POWER into Mr KEELEY. POWER found that he had become powerless in his new character: it was natural he should wish to get rid of a predicament so unusual; and so, by a pleasant substitution of a letter, *Pat* has become *Fat*,—a rare change now-a-days for an Irishman. Mr KEELEY's activity, in spite of his roundness, is well known. They have stuffed him so, however, in this new character, that although he contrives to give it the drollery which the other wanted, and the enormity itself is ludicrous, the activity is overlaid by it. We think the part would tell better, if he was left free to dance about as he pleased. His imitations of Harlequin would become doubly effective, especially if they made a fat boy of him, as in Mr PEAKE's farce of the *Middle Temple*, where he makes so many round capers, and lively tours of obesity.

In our general dissatisfaction with this Pantomime, when we first saw it, we overlooked the merits of Mr BARNES, the *Pantaloon*. We are happy to add our testimony to that of others, with respect to the truth and good sense of his performance. He preserves the proper old age of the character; is as passive as so active a decrepitude can contrive to be; and shews a wonderful, stupified sense of the kicks and blows which he receives. On one occasion, when he had received an inhuman punch in the stomach, we observed that he fairly seemed to grow *blind* with it. He felt, first for the stomach itself, as if he had been exenterated, and then for the very world before him, as if he doubted, while staggering off, whether he should find a way to exist in any longer.

The entertainment, called *Olympic Revels*, at the theatre in Newcastle street, is indebted (we observe by the play-bill) to a production of Mr. COLMAN. We are surprised the Licenser does not send to stop the performance of this resuscitation of one of the sins of his unthinking middle age. The word *heaven* occurs more than once in it, and there is mention even of *chere amie*.

"MUSICAL MYSTERIES" NULLIFIED.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—I beg to inform your Correspondent 'Mowsha' "the *wherefore* that the music of the Drury-lane Pantomime" bears "the single name of Hughes"—is that the same is that "Hughes'" own and sole production!

The gentlemen named by your (would-be correct) correspondent not having contributed a single note.

The overture (a medley one) is composed chiefly of old sea songs. And the music *which accompanies the Diorama*, is a selection made by Mr Bishop, of well-known Swiss and Italian airs.

But whatever merit or demerit belongs to the "rest and residue" of the vocal and instrumental music of the "holiday entertainment" must attach to,

Dear Tatler,
Your much amused servant,
R. HUGHES,
4th January 1831. T. R Drury-lane.

HENRY LAWES, who set Milton's 'Comus,' also composed the music to Waller's songs. That poet has celebrated his skill in the following lines:—

"Let those who only warble long,
"And gargle in their throats a song,
"Content themselves with *ut, re, mi;*
"Let words of sense be set by thee."

One would almost think that Waller saw from Pisgah the fashionable composing singers of the present day, whose "garglings," for aught we know, are accompanied by Hebrew, or Greek words, or by the interesting little monosyllables in the linês we have quoted. —*Musical Biography.*

RETORT COURTEOUS.—There was a lady of the west country, that gave great entertainment at her house to most of the gallant gentlemen thereabout, and amongst others Sir Walter Raleigh was one. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable good housewife; and in the morning betimes she called to one of her maids that looked to the swine, and asked, "is the piggy served?" Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber was just by the lady's, so as he heard her: a little before dinner, the lady came down in great state into the great chamber which was full of gentlemen, and as soon as Sir Walter Raleigh set eye upon her, "Madam," saith he, "is the piggy served?" The lady answered, "You know best whether you have had your breakfast."—*Bacon's Apophthegmes.*

CANDOUR.—By the word candour his Lordship (Orrery) always means a quality which inclines a man to put the worst construction upon the words and actions of another, and by candour, the Dean (Swift) always means just the contrary.—*Note to Swift's Houyhnhnms.* [Perhaps few words are more obnoxious to opposite interpretations than this is, by those who do, and those who do not possess the quality.]

DANCE TUNE.—The oldest dance tune now extant is considered to be that called "*Sellinger's Round.*" This may be traced back to the reign of King Henry the Eighth, when Bird made it into a virginal lesson for Lady Nevil.—*Musical Biography.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

COBURG THEATRE.—Richard Turpin — Ambrose Gwinett—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Drama, (in Two Acts) called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge, Nicolo, Mr Webster, Fabio, Mr Hughes,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. Wallack and Mr J. Vining,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK, Rubaldo, Mr Bedford,
Spoletto, Mr Bland, Uberto, Mr Robinson, Carlotti, Mr Yarnold.

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Irza, Miss FAUCIT, Fatima, Mrs WAYLETT.
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland, Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr LISTON, Gimbo, Mr HARLEY,
High Priest, Mr Fenton, Officers, Mr C. Jones, and Mr Honner.

In the course of the Evening, the Band will perform (second time in this country) F. Schneider's Grand Overture, "A la Chasse;" and P. De Winter's Overture to "Mahomed."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES,

OR HARLLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

[By Mr BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Billboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, Werner; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the Tragedy of

THE FAIR PENITENT.

[By Mr ROWE.]

Lavinia, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Lucilla, Mrs DALY.
Calista, Miss F. KEMBLE, Horatio, Mr C. KEMBLE,
Sciolto, Mr Egerton, Lothario, Mr Abbott, Altamont, Mr G. Bennett,
Rossano, Mr Henry, First Gentleman, Mr Irwin.

Previous to the Tragedy, Spohr's Overture to "Alruna."

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

To-morrow, The £100. Note; the Pantomime; and Teddy the Tiler.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

MONDAY, January 10, 1831.
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

L'HERETIERE.

Vaudeville, en Un Acte, de M. SCRIBE.
Madame de Melval, jeune Veuve, Mademoiselle HERMINIE.
M. de Gourville, M. BEHIER ST AUBERT, Gustaves, son Neveu, M. PAULIN.

Suivi de

JEAN!

Pièce en Quatre Parties Mêlée de Chant, par MM. TAEAULON et ALPHONSE SIGNOL.

Madame de Ligny, Mademoiselle FLORVAL,
Madame de Sirval, Parente de Madame de Ligny, Mademoiselle Eliza,
La Marquise d'Olban, amie de Madame de Ligny, Madame Paulin,
Madame veuve Chopin, Limonadière, Madame Préval,
Adelaide, sa Fille, Mademoiselle St Ange,
Louise, Femme de Chambre, Madame Gamard.
M. DERVAL remplira le Rôle de Jean.
Rigolard, Maitre de Danse, et Parrain de Jean, M. Laporte,
M. de Walbruck et M. D'Offlenn, Attachés a l'Ambassade, M. Paulin et M. Guenée,
Un Garçon, d'estaminet, M. Arnaud, Un Valet, M. Grannille.

On Finira par

LE BOUFFE ET LE TAILLEUR.

Petit Opéra, en Un Acte, Musique de GAVEAU.
Cavatini, Chanteur Italien, M. Alfred,
Célestine, sa Fille, Mademoiselle FLORVAL.
Benini, son Homme de confiance, M. Gamard,
Barbeau, Maitre Tailleur, aimant passionnement la Musique, M. Préval.

*** This bill will be repeated on Mondays and Fridays, the days of performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called

A DEAD SHOT.

Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."
Chatter, Miss DALY.
Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.

Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE,
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight, Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott,
Lady Fleming, Miss King, Mattie, Miss Kibrey, Moggy, Miss Langley,
Jenny, Miss Slater. Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks,
Lord Lindsay, Mr Brougham, Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrel,
Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith, Roland, Mr Raymond, Drysdale, Mr Newcombe,
Sandy, Mr J. Knight.

To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

To be followed by a Comic Burletta, called

THE LITTLE JOCKEY.

Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "Why pretty Maiden," and "The Boy in yellow wins the day." Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Maurice, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

The whole to conclude with a Comic Burletta, called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER, Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond, Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget, Captain Cape, Mr W. VINING.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Drama, entitled

NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.

Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Mrs Vale. Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr Vale,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

After which, the Drama, entitled

LAW AND LIONS.

Mrs Mammoth, Mrs Vale, Miss Jane, Miss Vincent.
Mr James, Mr C. Hill, Mr Suavey, Mr Williams, Robert, Mr Hicks,
Ensign Pudor, Mr Honor, Mr James, sen. Mr Almar,
Mr Pudor, sen. Mr Gough, Sam Smoothface, Mr Rogers,
Jemmy Mammoth, Mr Vale.

After which, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].

The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

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№ 108.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY7, JANUARY, 7, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Year Book. By William Hone. Part I, for January 1831. 8vo. Double Columns, 128. Tegg.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.

THE day before yesterday was the first time for many years that we forgot a coming holiday; otherwise there would have been an article in yesterday's paper on this subject. This is a time when people may well forget holidays: but the reader of our article on Christmas-Day knows what we think on that point, and how pastime may be reconciled with reflection. We therefore sat down yesterday to get as much holiday as we could, by making our very labours contribute to it: for as to losing the day, it was not to be thought of. We should have fancied that nature had left us out; that the *alma-mater* had given a cake to every one of her children but us: and our eternal right of boyhood is what we will never give up. The holly-berries are the same as they were thirty years ago; the sun is the same; love is the same; and we are resolved to continue the same as much and as long as we can. We recommend a similar resolution to all such of our readers as have never made it. It is the best way of diminishing pain and of doubling pleasure. They will get nothing by being old before their time,—middle-aged at forty. The child, says the poet, is father to the man, and he is too often a sensible father with a foolish son.

'Twelfth-day is so called,' says Mr Smith's book on Festivals, Games, &c., 'because it is the twelfth day after the Nativity. It is also termed the Epiphany, or manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, when the Eastern Magi were guided by the star to pay their homage to the Saviour. The festive rites and gambols of this anniversary were originally intended to commemorate the magi, who were supposed to be kings. In France, one of the courtiers was formerly chosen king; and waited upon by the real monarch and his nobles in a grand entertainment; in Germany they practise a similar custom among the scholars at the colleges, and the citizens at civic banquets; at our own universities, not many years ago, and in private entertainments still, it is customary to give the name of king so that person whose portion of the divided cake contains the lucky bean, or the royally-inscribed label, and to honor him with a mock homage. This mode of perpetuating the remembrance of the ancient kings seems to have been partly borrowed from the Roman Saturnalia, when the masters made a banquet for their servants, and waited upon them; and partly from the Roman custom of drawing lots or beans for the title of king, when the fortunate party was declared monarch of the festive circle, over which he exercised full authority till they separated. The festival of kings, as this day is called in an ancient calendar of the Romish church, was continued with feasting for many days. "To what base uses may we not return?" In 1792, during the French Revolution, when kings of all sorts were suffering proscription, *la fête des rois* was abolished as anti-civic, and Twelfth-day took the name of *la fête des sans culottes*. To this nominal change the people willingly yielded assent, but they would not resign the festival and the good cheer, and they were quite right. As a religious memento the cake and its concomitants may be idle and perhaps irreverent, but it is a pity to let any custom fall into disuetude, which promotes social mirth and happiness, and fills every juvenile class with pleasant anticipations and recollection from Christmas to Candlemas.'—P. 133.

We take this opportunity of noticing a new publication of Mr Hone's, highly "germain to the matter," entitled 'The Year Book.' It is on the same plan as his popular periodical, 'The Every-day Book,' is to be had in weekly numbers or monthly parts, as the reader pleases, each part containing at least eight engravings; and what renders it particularly welcome to his old readers is, that he has announced new stores of research and recreation, and "nothing that he has brought together before." The number that has just appeared is for the present month, and among other articles, original and select, is an original letter from Howard the philanthropist, and an article on our Christmas friend, the Robin Redbreast, which contains some of the prettiest descriptions we have seen a long time, and ends with a poetical thought, such as might put to shame all the fashionable poetry existing. The writer is speaking of a late edition of 'The Children in the Wood.' "Whatever affection," he says, "we may have for the old common brown paper garland of 'The Children in the Wood,' with a rude cut of the ruffians, in doublets and trunk hose, fighting in the wood, we must infallibly be delighted with the appearance of this story of infancy in the recent edition. It is more richly embellished than any other 'trivial, fond record.' Its engravings are executed in a masterly manner, by Branston and Wright, and other first-rate artists, from delicious drawings by Mr Harvey. It is the most charming, and must inevitably be the most popular little publication which an indulgent press has yielded to the constant coaxing of lovers of elegant decoration. There is a vignette which might be coveted for a place in this column:—a lone Robin, upon the lowest branch of a leafless oak, in a snowy solitude, *keeping company with silence.*"—P. 64.

But our present business with Mr. Hone is to make him enrich our Twelfth-day. The following passage from his book will present the reader with specimens of the keeping of Twelfth-day at some of our old courts, and an account of the Carnival at Rome, which just now commences. The *musts* in the first extract we have marked in Italics, in order to give full effect to these compulsory duties of royalty, and do justice to the puerility at bottom of them.

TWELFTH-DAY AT COURT THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—'The grand state of the Sovereign, on Twelfth-day, and the manner of keeping festival at court, in the reign of king Henry VII, are set forth in Le Neve's MS. called the Royalle Book, to the following effect:—

'As for Twelfth-day the king *must* go crowned in his royal robes, kirtle, surcoat, his furred hood about his neck, his mantle with a long train, and his cutlas before him; his armills upon his arms, of gold set full of rich stones; *and no temporal man to touch it, but the king himself;* and the squire for the body *must* bring it to the king in a fair kerchief, and the king *must* put them on himself; and he *must* have his sceptre in his right hand, and the ball with the cross in the left hand, and the crown upon his head. And he *must* offer that day gold, myrrh, and sense; then *must* the dean of the chapel send unto the archbishop of Canterbury by clerk or priest the king's offering that day; and then *must* the archbishop give the next benefice that falleth in his gift to the same messenger. And then the king *must* change his mantle when he goeth to meat, and take off his hood and lay it about his neck, and clasp it before with *a great rich ouche;* and *this must be of the same color that he offered in.* And the queen in the same form when she is crowned.

'The same day that he goeth crowned he ought to go to matins; to which array belonged his kirtle, surcoat, tabard, and his furred hood *slyred over his head, and rolled about his neck;* and on his head his cap of estate, and his sword before him.

'At even-song he must go in his kirtle, and surcoat, and hood laid about his shoulders, and clasp the tippet and hood together before his breast *with a great rich ouche,* and his hat of estate upon his head.

'As for the *Void* on the Twelfth-night the king and the queen ought to have it in the hall. And as for the wassail, the steward, the treasurer, and the controller, shall come for it with their staves in their hands; the king's sewer and the queen's having *fair towels about their necks,* and dishes in their hands, such as the king and the queen shall eat of: the king's carvers and the queen's shall come after with chargers or dishes, such as the king or the queen shall eat of, and with towels about their necks. And no man shall bear anything unless sworn for three months. And the steward, treasurer, comptroller, and marshal of the hall shall ordain for all the hall. And, if it be in the great chamber, then shall the chamberlain and ushers ordain after the above form; and if there be a bishop, his own squire, or else the king's, such as the officers choose to assign, shall serve him: and so of all the other estates, if they be dukes or earls; and so of duchesses and countesses. And then there must come in the ushers of the chamber with the pile of cups, the king's cups and the queen's, and the bishop's, with the butlers and wine to the cupboard, and then a squire for the body to bear the cup, and another for the queen's cup, such as is sworn for hire.

'The [singers of the chapel] may stand at the one side of the hall: and when the steward cometh in at the hall door with the wassail, he must cry thrice "Wassaile," &c., and then shall the

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chapel answer it anon with a good song: and thus in likewise if it please the king to keep the great chamber. And then when the king and queen have done, they will go into the chamber. And there belongeth, for the king, *two* lights with the void, and *two* lights with the cup; and for the queen as many.'—P. 46.

Twelfth-Day two Hundred Years Ago.—'Some notion may be formed of the great revelries in all ranks of society, on Twelfth-night, from this fact, that in 1622 the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, to make an end of Christmas, shot off all the chambers they had borrowed from the tower, being as many as filled four carts. The king (James I.) awakened with the noise, started out of bed, and cried "Treason! Treason!" The court was raised and almost in arms; the earl of Arundel with his sword drawn, ran to the bed chamber to rescue the king's person, and the city was in an uproar.—P. 49.

Card-Playing on Twelfth-Night at Charles the Second's Court.—'On January 6th, 1662, being Twelfth-night, Mr Evelyn records in his diary as follows:—This evening, according to custom, his majesty (Charles II.) opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his 100*l.* (the year before he won 1500*l.*) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the duke of Ormond had won about 1000*l.* and left them still at *passage*, cards, &c., at other tables: both there and at the groom porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry I am that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example to the rest of the kingdom.'—*Ib.*

The Carnival at Rome, which begins on Twelfth Day—(*Extracted by Mr Hone from Lady Morgan's "Italy."*)—'The Carnival commences on Twelfth-day; but its public festivities are reserved for the last week or ten days. Formerly, they commenced with an execution, a criminal being reserved for the purpose. But this custom Cardinal Gonsalvi, to his great honour, abolished. The Carnival holds out some most favorable traits of the actual condition of the Italians; for, if the young and profligate abuse its days of indulgence, a large portion of the middle and inferior classes are exhibited to public observation in the touching and respectable aspect of domestic alliance and family enjoyment; which under all laws, all religions, and all governments, those classes best preserve. A group of three generations frequently presents itself, crowded into an open carriage, or ranged on hired chairs along the Corso, or towering emulously one above the other in galleries erected near the starting-post of the course; taking no other part in the brilliant tumult than as the delighted spectators of a most singular and amusing scene. For several days before the beginning of these festivities, "the city of the dead" exhibits the agitation, bustle, and hurry of the living. The shops are converted into wardrobes; whole streets are lined with masks and dominos, the robes of sultans and jackets of pantaloons; canopies are suspended, balconies and windows festooned with hangings and tapestry; and scaffolds are erected for the accommodation of those who have not the interest to obtain admission to the houses and palaces along the whole line of the Corso.

'At the sound of the cannon, which, from the Piazza di Venezia, each day announce the commencement of the amusements, shops are closed, palaces deserted, and the Corso's long and narrow defile terms with nearly the whole of the Roman population. The scene then exhibited is truly singular, and, for the first day or two, infinitely amusing. The whole length of the street, from the Porta del Popolo to the foot of the Capitol, a distance of considerably more than a mile, is patrolled by troops of cavalry; the windows and balconies are crowded from the first to the sixth story by spectators and actors, who from time to time descend and take their place and parts in the procession of carriages, or among the maskers on foot. Here and there the monk's crown, and cardinal's red skull-cap, are seen peeping among heads not more fantastic than their own. The chairs and scaffolding along the sides of the streets are filled to crushing, with maskers, and country folk in their gala dresses (by far the most grotesque that the carnival produces). The centre of the Corso is occupied by the carriages of princes, potentates, the ambassadors of all nations, and the municipality of Rome; and the two lines of carriages, moving in opposite directions on each side, are filled by English peers, Irish commoners, Polish counts, Spanish grandees, German barons, Scotch lairds, and French marquises; but above all, by the hired jobs of the *badauds* and *pizzicaroli* of Rome. These form not the least curious and interesting part of the procession, and best represent the carnival, as it existed a century back. In an open carriage sits, bolt upright, la signora padrona, or mistress of the family, her neck covered with rows of coral, pearl, or false gems; her white satin robe, and gaudy head-dress, left to "the pitiless pelting of the storm," showered indiscriminately from all the houses, and by the pedestrians, on the occupants of carriages, in the form of sugar-plums, but in substance of plaster of Paris or lime. Opposite to her sits her *caro sposo*, or husband, dressed as a grand sultan, or Muscovite czar: while all the little *signorini* of the family, male and female, habited as harlequins, columbines. and kings and queens, are crammed into the carriage: even the coachman is supplied with a dress, and appears in the character of an elderly lady, or an Arcadian shepherdess; and the footman takes the guise of an English miss, or a French court lady, and figures in a spencer and short petticoat, or, accoutred with a hoop and a fan, salutes the passers-by with "buon giour, messieurs."

'At the ave maria, or fall of day, the cannon again fire, as a signal to clear the street for the horse course. All noise then ceases; the carriages file off by the nearest avenue; their owners scramble to their windows, balconies, chairs, or scaffolds; while the pedestrians that have no such resources, driven by the soldiery from the open street, are crowded on the footways, to suffocation. But no terror, no discipline, can restrain their ardor to see the first starting of the horses.

'A temporary barrier, erected near the Porta del Popolo, is the point from which the race commences; another, on the Piazza di Venezia, is the termination of the course. The horses are small, and of little value. They have no rider, but are placed each in a stall behind a rope, which is dropped as soon as the moment for starting arrives, when the animals seldom require to be put in motion by force. A number of tinfoil and paper flags are stuck over their haunches; small pointed bodies are placed to operate as a spur; and the noise and the pain of these decorations serve to put the horse on its full speed, to which it is further urged by the shouting of the populace. At the sound of the trumpet (the signal for starting), even at the approach of the officer who gives the order, the animals exhibit their impatience to be off, and they continue their race, or rather their flight, amidst the screams, plaudits, and vivats of the people of all ranks. This scene forms the last act of each day's spectacle, when every one is obliged to quit his carnival habit; for it is only on one or two particular evenings that there is a masked carnival at the aliberte.'

We remember, at the carnival at Florence, an unpleasant custom the women had of using masks made to imitate the face of the Venus de Medici. The cheeks being coloured, and the eyes having the balls put to them, the beauty became horrible, from its monotony and want of feeling,—a sort of life in death. The lively wearers had a trick of looking you in the face with this petrifaction, and making a shrill trilling of the voice. We used to long to snatch off their masks, and give a thump with them to their own natural good-humoured faces. It was curious to be in a room with your friends, and see masked females come in, and provoke all sorts of gallant speeches, who might come and go in this manner wherever they pleased, and nobody knew who they were. These are the things that make a residence abroad seem like realising a play. We conclude with laying before our readers, a Twelfth Night Dramatic Sketch, which was suggested, by passing a very pleasant evening, a few years back, when the company took it in their heads to speak blank verse, and the drawing of a Twelfth-cake, was turned into a mock-heroic upon royalty. The conversion of Twelfth Night characters into the members of a Court, is an obvious and natural mode of playing the pastime; and the lovers of poetry, if they took courage, would find it an easier thing than they imagine to convert their prose into blank verse.

King and *Queen* sitting crowned. *Lords*, *Ladies*, the *General*, the *Archbishop*, *Chief-Justice*, *Chief Cook*, the *Master of the Horse*, *Fool*, *&c.*

King. Give us our cup. Soh!—now, my vassals all,
Lords, ladies, mighty (foolish) General,
Chief Judge, Chief-Cook, Right Reverends, and Wrong Reverends,
(If such there be, which is impossible)
Horse (Master of the), you; (henceforth to be
Called Horse, for shortness' sake, and to do honour
To this our index-like and shrewd parenthesis)
Fool, you, you fool; and you, my lord Archbishop;
My lady Giggle, and my lady Glum,
And Maids of Honour with your several children,
A health to all.
All. Wassail, my liege, and thanks.
King (rising in anger.) Now by the Gods—'
All (rising). Good God, Sir, what's the matter!
King. Now by the Gods, as I before observ'd,
The bowl's too hot. See that the cook be slain.
(Chief-Cook faints.)
Take him away; first handing me his watch.
(They take away the Cook to execution.)
Archbishop. So perish all our sovereign's enemies!
Chief Justice. And handed be their watches.
General. Sire, methinks
A general massacre of all the cooks
Would not be wrong, by way of hint in future.
King. We'll think on't after Christmas. Meanwhile sit,
And sparkle all:—be merry on the spot.
Chief Justice. How witty!
Archbishop. How divine!
Lady Giggle. How irresistible!
O heavens! For God's sake, Sir! I cannot bear it.
King (aside). Giggle's a girl of infinite discernment,
I'll be in love with her.
All. The Queen is fainting! *(Queen faints.)*
King. How! Fainting in this inconvenient manner!
Take her away, and order a divorce.
Queen (aside) Fainting was wrong, I see: but having fainted,
I must faint on. If he show any tenderness,
I'll have a fit, if not—the General.
(The Queen is carried out.)

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King. What think ye, lords and ladies? Said I right?
Ladies. Particularly so.
King. Delightful sex!
Henceforth all womankind shall be my wife.
(All look enchanted, but Giggle.)
Giggle. (*Aside, and recovering herself*). Well; be it so. To be his wife is little,
But to be Queen is much. Prodigious monarch!
1st Lady. Wonderful!
2nd Lady. Awful!
3rd Lady. Dreadful!
4th Lady. Superhuman!
5th Lady. So fat, for a thin man!
6th Lady. Decisive character!
Giggle. And then so gentle, not to kill the Queen!
Archbishop. A cheek like Phœbus!
Chief Justice. Flaxen hair so black!
King. Nay, there you flatter.
Chief Justice. Pardon me, great Sir,
Tis, as the poet says, "Dark with excess
Of light:" I never saw so black a snow.
King. Well; lawyers I've been told, can make black white;
But never did I feel them right till now.
Move wassail! Hand the cake! Lords, you eat nothing.
Eat instantly and much, or we shall feel
Ourself disgraced. Archbishop, by the way,
A word with you: you need not stretch your ear:
'Tis long enough. I doubt if we can say
Ourself: 'tis wrong, is't not?
Archbishop. It has been hitherto, may it please your Majesty,
But can be so no longer.
King. Good. We did
Remember some such saying in our youth,*
But we are young no longer.
Chief Justice. Ah, dear Sire,
Who *is* young?
King. But I've lost my teeth!
Archbishop. (*shewing his teeth*). And, Sire,
Who *has* teeth?† Teeth and all those sort of things,
Went from this world to keep their sovereign company.
What seems a tooth is none.
King. Alas!
Nor yet what seems a king. Slave to will,
I find, at last, he has no will at all,
Nor yet can will himself to feel no will;
So I will reign no longer.—Call the games;
And let us change our diadem for *Bob*.

* It was said by a French gentleman to a lady, who was expressing a fear that she had spoken a word not to be found in his language. "It is not, Madam," said he; "but it ought to be."

† Said by a Cardinal (with good teeth) to Louis the Fourteenth.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand.—The Illustrious Stranger.—Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.
COVENT GARDEN.—The Fair Penitent.—Harlequin Fat, and Harlequin Bat.

THE reader will bear us testimony, that we do not shirk our task of criticism. We neither shirk it, nor desire to do so. But we give him notice, that a great holiday infallibly makes great children of us, and that on Twelfth-Night the play is at home. We write this article therefore, while the performances are getting ready; and in default of being able to criticise them, which would not be so proper, shall say a word or two on SHAKSPEARE'S play of TWELFTH-NIGHT.

And firstly, how is it, that they do not play it to-night (last night, to wit) at the theatres, as they used to do? Is it because they think that those who would relish it best, remain at home? or for want of a proper *Viola?* We know not how that may be; but FARREN would make an excellent *Malvolio;* DOWTON would furnish a loud and jolly, if not a very relishing *Sir Toby;* and *Dukes* are to be had by the dozen. We guess that Miss INVERARITY, by and by, will contribute a good *Viola*. People have been accustomed to associate the idea of fragility with *Sir Andrew*, otherwise there is KEELEY for *him*. He would contemplate his leg well, pique himself judiciously on his absurdities, and look very serious and incompetent. Besides there is BLANCHARD. We had forgotten him. He would do the fragile and inefficient part of the character to the life.

"Twelfth-Night" is understood to have been Shakspeare's *last* play. What a world of information does not that give us respecting the good-nature of his wisdom, and his retaining it all his life! Care had not made him bitter with the world. Knowledge with him was in no respect half-knowledge; it had gone strait on with its good heart, kept the open path of honesty, and, rounding the circle of humanity, brought him back where he set out. We find something good-natured in the very titles of his plays. He did not know very well what to call the piece before us; so he lays the time of it in a holiday, and gives it the name of "Twelfth-Night,"—or (adds he) "What you will." You may call it what you please, says the poet:—I care not, provided you *be* pleased. So with *As you like it:* he consigned the title and the play to the good-humour of the audience. If they liked it, all was well. Then there is *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, all about love and fairies,—as if he really dreamt such things on fine summer nights; and *All's Well that Ends Well*,—a very consolatory reflection; and *The Merry Wives of Windsor;* and *A Winter's Tale*,—such a tale as people relate over their winter fires. We are surprised he did not call *The Tempest* the Enchanted Island.

We have spoken, in a former article, of the beginnings of Shakspeare's Plays, and how soon you find something sweet in them. What a beginning have we not to the *Twelfth-Night*, in the famous passage about love and music!

If music be the food of love, play on, &c.

The piece commences with a strain of music; opening like a room in heaven, and we find that love is the inhabitant. And the scene ends as beautifully as it begins.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

We are not aware that the author found any warrant in what he had written, for calling this play *Twelfth-Night*, except that *Sir Toby* and the others keep it up at midnight over their wine, singing catches "enough to draw three souls out of one weaver." We know not which is finer of the kind, the wit and humour of that scene, or the love throughout. The comic passages are as terse and fresh as if they were written yesterday. We can never help thinking that they contain the germ of the style of modern wit. Of course we are not comparing the pretensions of modern genius with anything like Shakspeare's; but we mean, that even in his jokes he contrived to escape the evanescencies of fashion, and write what would be a lasting model. See what *Malvolio* says about seven of his people, attending to him "with an obedient start,"—and his complaint that *Sir Toby* roars out his catches "without any mitigation or remorse of voice." This is anticipating the finest turns of Swift and Congreve.

But the love is the thing. It is the heart of these beautiful plays, and music plays to it like its pulse. It has been said that "no maid could live near SHAKSPEARE;" that is, that if she could not marry him, she must be gone. Yet there is reason to conjecture, from his Sonnets, that he could love a woman more than she could love him. Indeed it would have been wonderful if he could not; for who was likely to contain so much imagination as he? And

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.

The very excess of his love might have hurt him with the object of it; for he could see, or imagine, all that was lovely in her; while on the other hand, she might have felt herself unequal to do justice to so unusual an affection; and out of the very pride that might have been pleased with a commoner lover, been inclined to think the superior one fantastic.—But what a love would that woman's have been who understood him? ☞

ADJECTIVES VERSUS SUBSTANTIVES.—Voltaire amused himself sometimes with the style of certain authors, all bristling with epithets: "If they could only understand (he said) that adjectives are the greatest enemies of substantives, although they agree in gender, number, and case!"

TWELFTH-NIGHT, &c.—Our meats and our sports (much of them) have relation to church-works. The coffin of our Christmas pies, in shape long, is in imitation of the cratch; our choosing kings and queen on Twelfth-night, hath reference to the Three Kings: so likewise our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, Jack of Lents, &c. they were all in imitation of church-works, emblems of martyrdom. Our tansies, at Easter, have reference to the bitter herbs; though, at the same time, it was always the fashion for a man to have a gammon of bacon, to show himself to be no Jew.—*Selden.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, Lord BYRON's Tragedy of

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT, Ida Stralenheim, Miss MORDAUNT.
Werner, Mr MACRREADY, Ulric, Mr WALLACK, Gabor, Mr COOPER,
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack, Frits, Mr Younge, Otto, Mr Cohen,
Henric, Mr Salter, Eric, Mr C. Jones, Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett,
Rodolph, Mr Cooke, Arnheim, Mr Fenton, Meister, Mr Eaton,
Ludwig, Mr Cathie, Herman, Mr S. Jones.

Previous to the Tragedy will be performed (second time in this country) P. Lindpaintner's Overture to "Der Vampyr."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES,

OR HARLLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

[By Mr BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 506 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, Henri Quatre; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Entertainments will commence with (first time this season)

THE £100 NOTE.

Lady Pedigree, Mrs TAYLEURE,
Miss Arlington, Miss TAYLOR, in which character she will sing the Ballad of "My Father Land," and the Bavarian Broom Girl's Song.
Mrs Arlington, Miss LAWRENCE, Nurse, Mrs DALY.
Montmorency, Mr WRENCH, Morgan, Mr BLANCHARD,
Janus, Mr BARTLEY, O'Shocknessy, Mr POWER,
Billy Black, Mr KEELEY, Paperfund, Mr TURNOUR, Bilker, Mr EVANS

After which, the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To conclude with,

TEDDY THE TILER.

[By Mr G. H. RODWELL.]

Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly, Oriel, Miss Lawrence, Flora, Miss Nelson,
Julia, Mrs Brown. Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans, Henry, Mr Duruset,
Frederick, Mr Baker, Bombardine, Mr Henry, Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour,
Teddy Mulowney, the Tiler, Mr POWER,
Tim, Mr Addison, Stiff, Mr Mears, Apewell, Mr Irwin.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and Harlequin Fat or Harlequin Bat.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Drama, entitled

NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.

Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Mrs Vale. Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr Vale,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

After which, the Drama, entitled

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

[By Mr S. BIRCH.]

Lucy, Madame Simon, Jeannette, Miss Rumens, Nell, Mrs Vale.
Clara, Miss SOMERVILLE. Michael, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Sir Bertrand, Mr D. Pitt, Record, Mr Williams, Le Sage, Mr Lee,
Spruce, Mr Rogers, Flint, Mr Almar, Boy, Miss Ellis.

To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].

The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called

A DEAD SHOT.

Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."
Chatter, Miss DALY.
Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.

Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE,
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight, Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott,
Lady Fleming, Miss King, Mattie, Miss Kibrey, Moggy, Miss Langley,
Jenny, Miss Slater. Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks,
Lord Lindsay, Mr Brougham, Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrel,
Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith, Roland, Mr Raymond, Drysdale, Mr Newcombe,
Sandy, Mr J. Knight.

To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.

IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.

Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

To be followed by a Comic Burletta, called

THE LITTLE JOCKEY.

Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "Why pretty Maiden," and "The Boy in yellow wins the day." Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Mause, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

The whole to conclude with a Comic Burletta, called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER, Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond, Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget, Captain Cape, Mr W. VINING.

COBURG THEATRE.—Richard Turpin — Ambrose Gwinett—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Observations on the Duty of Sea-borne Coal; and on the Peculiar Duties and Charges on Coal, in the Port of London. Founded on the Reports of Parliamentary Committees, and other Official Documents. 8vo. pp. 23. Longman.

'It has been estimated, apparently on good grounds,' observes the author of this pamphlet, 'that while the repeal of the coal duty and of the existing regulations with respect to the trade in coal, would afford very great additional facilities to almost every branch of industry carried on in the city, it would save the inhabitants of London "from A MILLION TO TWELVE-HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR." The apathy,' continues he, 'which has been displayed by those so deeply interested in this affair is most singular. John Bull is the most inconsistent of animals; he loaded the table of the House of Commons with petitions against the leather duty, which added from one to two per cent. to the price of his shoes; but he submits, apparently without a growl, to taxes and regulations, which add from forty to fifty per cent. to the price of his fuel!'

We think the inconsistency can be explained, though not much to the honour of the ideas in people's heads. A man has not been used to the same kind of shoes all his life, and he has been accustomed to a choice among different shoemakers; but fuel is one among the three great necessaries of existence, and he has been so accustomed to it in the same shape from the earliest infancy, that he scarcely thinks more of enquiring seriously into the price of it, than of the price of air to breathe. It must be had; and like the air, he acquires an unreflecting notion that it is to be had in the same manner at any price; or without it he dies. The case is a good deal the same with bread. To meat he has not always been accustomed in the same degree, or of the same quality. People have had different kinds of meat at school and elsewhere: they have been taught to have a choice with it, and have often changed their butchers. But the loaf, till of late years, has been considered a thing unalterable. They have been used to one aspect and one quality of bread, ever since they can remember: and therefore, till indigestion forces upon them an alarming degree of meditation, they no more think of changing their bread, or their baker, than of going to live in a new atmosphere. A man cannot possibly do without bread: he therefore goes on, eating any kind of bread. He cannot do without warmth: he therefore goes on paying any price for coals.

There is a striking circumstance connected with this, of great importance to the consideration. People in general have too little imagination, and habit does not tend to improve it. The comfort, therefore, which they have derived ever since they were born from sustenance and warmth, they come to identify with the habitual feelings of everybody: and though they read in the newspapers of the want of bread and fuel among the poor, it is with the utmost difficulty, and by a violent forcing of the reflection, that they can draw a distinction between the sensations of the poor man's flesh and stomach, and those of their own. Hunger with themselves is brief: they can soon satisfy it. Cold is brief: they can go to the fire. They become unable to sympathize with the continuous operation of want. They think the poor man talks about cold and hunger, and that there must be some reason in it, inasmuch as he looks ill; for they can picture to their imaginations a care-worn face, since they see so many about them, where the hands are warm, and the stomachs well fed. But still, as their own hands are in the habit of being warm, and their stomachs comfortable, or at any rate uncomfortable with fullness, they have no abiding conception of hands cold for a whole day, or of an habitual craving for food.

We do not mean to say that it would be desirable for people to be oversensitive on these points; otherwise the distress of half a dozen human beings would be sufficient to discomfort the whole globe. It is to be hoped that the martyrs to reform and imagination will have suffered enough eventually, to secure the infinite preponderance of good in this world. But meanwhile, its advance is the slower for it, and the apathy of the excessively comfortable sometimes not a little provoking.

Take one of the clergymen for instance, who have been writing addresses of late to the poor, to advise them to bear hunger and cold with patience. One of these gentlemen sits down to his writing table, with his feet on a rug, before a good fire, after an excellent breakfast, to recommend to others the endurance of evils, the least part of which would rouse him into a remonstrance with his cook or his coal-merchant, perhaps destroy his temper, and put him in a state of un-Christian folly. "Bless me!" cries he, looking about him, if there is the least bit of a "crick" in the window, "how intolerably cold it is this morning!" and he rises from his chair, and not without indignation closes the intolerable window which the servant had so "shamefully neglected." His dinner is not ready when he returns from his ride. "'Tis very shameful of the cook," quoth he: "I have eaten nothing to signify since breakfast, and am ready to sink." The dinner is brought in with all trepidation, and he does sink,—that is to say, into an easy chair, and fish, flesh, and fowl sink into *him*. Little does he think, and less does he endeavour to think, (for the thought is not a comfortable one) that the men to whom he wrote his address in the morning, are in the habit of feeling this sinking sensation from morning till night, and of seeing their little crying children suffering from a distress which they *know to be so wretched*. Many of these poor people sink into the grave; and the comfortable clergyman thinks it much if he gets into his carriage or puts his warm great coat and handkerchief round his portly neck, and goes to smooth the poor man's passage to that better world, which he himself will keep aloof from, as long as port and pheasant can help him.

'What riches give us, let us then enquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. What more? Meat, clothes, and fire.'

These are the three great necessaries of life, meaning by meat, food; though it is worthy of observation, that meat was so common in the poet's time, he makes the two words synonimous. After a few lines to show the insufficiency of superfluities for rendering bad men happy, the poet says of these superfluities:

'Perhaps you think the poor might have their part:
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That every man in want is knave or fool.
"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, *and leaves them*, Providence's care."

We proceed to extract from the pamphlet before us the passages most requisite to give the reader a proper notion of the abuses with which government and coal-merchants have conspired to heap the trade; but to those who take a political interest in the subject, and can afford it, we recommend an earnest perusal of the whole pamphlet. It is a pity, we think, that the author did not say more respecting the good that would be done to the suffering poor by an abandonment of the abuses; and we should have been pleased, had he marked out the particular passages for which he acknowledges himself indebted to the *Edinburgh Review*. But his pages are well worthy perusal: the subject imperatively demands attention. The reader will see in it (and he will partially see in our extracts) how he is cheated on all hands;—by the government, in abstracting their high-minded portion for pensioners and kings' natural children; by the Corporation of London, to an enormous extent, nobody knows on what pretence; and by the coal-merchants, in all their various contrivances of splitting, carting, and being connived at. He will there see, that during the passage of the coals from the Thames bank to his house, their cost becomes greater than the whole sum up to that period, from their digging in the mine to their arrival in London. We remember being forcibly struck by the article on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review*, especially by what the reviewer

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said respecting the frightful inequality of taxation between the Northern and Southern counties. We pray the reader, when he looks at his blazing fire, to think what precious commodities those "black diamonds" (as they have been well called), are to his coal-merchant, and how the rogue is probably hugging himself and laughing at him at that moment, for the last order he gave him. The author excepts the coal-owners from his objections, that is to say, those who supply the merchant; but we suspect, that a due enquiry into their profits would tell even there a different story.

'The grievances that affect the coal trade may be divided into two great classes: first, *the duty on sea-borne coal:* and second, *the regulations as to the sale of coal.* The last are particularly oppressive in the metropolis, where every sort of iniquity that it is possible to practise in the trade, has been fostered and promoted down to this very day.

'The Legislature of England seems to have too often forgotten that *fuel is one of the articles most indispensable to existence.* In our northern climates, it is quite as essential as either food or clothes: its cost forms an important item in the expense of every family in the lower and middle classes, an increase of its price affecting them in precisely the same way as an increase in the price of bread. Not only, however, is fuel a necessary of life; it is also among the most important, or rather, we should say, *by far the most important, of all the instruments of manufacturing industry.* It is not because the inhabitants of Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, &c. are more industrious and inventive than those of Canterbury, Winchester, Exeter, &c. that they have made such prodigious advances in manufactures, wealth, and population, while the latter have been comparatively stationary—but it is because the former are abundantly supplied with fuel, while the latter are not. Since the invention of the steam engine, fire has become of infinitely more importance as a moving power than either water or wind; and in the present state of the arts, those who cannot obtain abundant supplies of fuel at a cheap rate, must submit to be outstripped by their neighbours in the career of improvement.

'Every one versed in the merest elements of political science, will be forward to admit that nothing but the pressure of the most overwhelming necessity, could ever excuse the government of a country like England for laying duties on coal, an article so indispensable as a necessary, and so important as a manufacturing instrument: and it will be as universally admitted, that in the event of a crisis ever occurring to excuse the imposition of such a tax, it should be laid equally on all classes and districts. One is almost ashamed of saying a word in defence of so plain a principle. Suppose that the public exigencies were such, that they could not be met otherwise than by laying a tax on *bread*, what would be thought of Parliament, *were it to enact that this tax should be restricted to the counties south of the Humber*, (upon which it must of course be greatly aggravated,) and that all the rest of the empire should be exempted from its operation? Would not such a proceeding be a manifest violation of one of the first duties of Government, which is bound to extend the same protection to all who are under its authority, and to subject them all to the same equal burthens? But these obvious and universally recognized principles have been trampled under foot in the case of the coal duty. It has been imposed without there being so much as the pretence of necessity to allege in excuse; and it has not been made to affect the whole empire, but *only particular portions of it.* Had it been made to fall exclusively on the inhabitants of those districts where coal is produced, and where it is naturally cheapest, something, perhaps, might have been found to say in favour of the inequality: but such is not the case. The duty is imposed on *water-borne* coals only, or on those that are conveyed to great distances by sea, and does not affect those that are consumed near the mines, or that may be conveyed by land. All the southern counties of England, as Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Devonshire, &c. are destitute of coal-mines, and are obliged to import supplies of coal from the north by sea. And because such is the case, because the coal-fields happen to be in Northumberland, Durham, Lancashire, and Wales, Government interposes to increase the naturally high price of coal sent to the metropolis and the southern counties, by laying a duty on sea-borne coals of no less than *six shillings* a chaldron, being full fifty per cent. upon the price of coals as sold by the owners! Whether there be any tax so grossly unequal and oppressive in Turkey or Spain, we know not; but we believe we may safely affirm, that it has no parallel in any other European country. The nobility and gentry of the north may consume any quantity of coals that they please, without paying a single sixpence of duty. The lordly owners of the most magnificent castles in Northumberland and Durham, escape a tax, that presses, with grinding severity on the poorest inhabitant of a cottage in the south of England. Whatever may be said as to the equality of Englishmen's rights, it were worse than ludicrous, so long as this tax exists, to talk about the equality of their burdens. * * * * * †

'A great deal of the peculiar poverty and misery to be met with amongst the labouring classes of Kent, Hampshire, Suffolk, &c., is *undoubtedly ascribable to the operation of the coal duty, and of the various regulations under which trade is conducted.* Were there a heavy tax on the beef, or bread, used in the southern counties, which did not extend to the North, does any one doubt that it would have a most injurious effect upon the individuals subjected to its operation? Fuel, however, is quite as indispensable as either of the articles referred to; and being so, must not a tax on it equally affect those on whom it falls, and depress their condition, compared with those who are exempted from such an impost? It is not, however, by its direct effects only that the coal tax is injurious: it is so indirectly, by depriving those subjected to it of means of employing that would otherwise be at their disposal. At present one has only to take up a map of England, distinguishing the coal districts, to learn at a glance the seats of manufacture and employment. But such is not the natural order of things. Were the duty and the regulations that grow out of it abolished, the expense of conveying coal by sea would be so much reduced, that many branches of industry which cannot at present be carried on except in the vicinity of the mines, might be carried on at a distance; while many that are now carried on in counties remote from the mines, though with difficulty, would be carried on with comparative facility and success.

'There is a statement in the second Report of the Lords' Committee (p. 139). which strikingly exemplifies what has now been stated. Mr William Stark, a manufacturer of Norwich, informed their lordships, that so long as yarn was spun by the hands, all that was used in that city was spun there; but that since yarn had been spun by machinery, Norwich had entirely lost this branch of industry, inasmuch as *the high price of coal caused by the duty had disabled them from erecting machines!* At the time that Mr Stark gave this evidence, there were from 4000 to 5000 persons unemployed in Norwich. And it is not, probably, going too far to say, that not one-third of them would have been in that situation but for the coal duty. * * * * * *

'The mischievous operation of the coal duty on the poor is as clear as the sun at noon-day. It deprives them of employment, and benumbs them with cold. We would beg to ask whether there be a gentleman connected with the southern counties, ignorant of the severe privations occasioned by the scarcity and high price of fuel, and of the depredations to which plantations and palings are in consequence exposed? Let none, therefore, presume to say, that the distress of the poor of Kent, Surrey, &c., is of a sort that cannot be sensibly relieved by legislative interference. To afford them material and immediate relief, we have only to treat them as we treat others; to allow them to supply themselves with fuel in the same way that the peasantry of Yorkshire and Northumberland are supplied. We do not mean to say that this relief would be sufficient; but no reasonable person can doubt that it would be *very considerable;* and it cannot be withheld without prolonging inequality and oppression.

'Dr Smith has truly stated, that considering the vast importance of plentiful supplies of fuel, if a *bounty* could in any case be justified, it would be so were it given upon the conveyance of coals from the mine to the consumer. But such, he adds, is our policy, "that where coals are naturally cheap, they are consumed duty free; where they are naturally dear, they are loaded with a heavy duty!" (Wealth of Nations, iii., p. 451). We leave it to others to determine whether the disastrous influence of such a tax, or its glaring injustice, be its most prominent characteristic.'

[The remaining Extracts in our next.]

† 'This paragraph, and one or two of those that follow, are borrowed from an article that appeared on this subject, in No. 101 of the Edinburgh Review.'

LETTER OF THE LAW.—A girl was tried for stealing a *pair* of black silk stockings, but it being proved upon evidence that they were *odd ones*, she was acquitted.

PERTINENT ANSWER TO AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION.—A countryman giving evidence in court, was asked by the counsel if he was born in wedlock? "No, sir," said the man, "I was born in Devonshire."

ANECDOTE OF HANDEL.—Actuated by motives of pure benevolence, he presented a copy of his oratorio of the Messiah to the Foundling Hospital, which then stood in need of every assistance. This act of bounty was so ill understood by the Governors, that they formed a resolution of applying to Parliament, prohibiting the performance of the Messiah by any others than Mr Handel and themselves. It was necessary to ask for Mr Handel's concurrence, but he was so little sensible of the propriety of such a proceeding, that on its being mentioned to him, he broke out into a furious passion: "For vat sal the Foundlings put mein oratorio in de Parlement? De teuffel! mein music sal not go to de Parlement!"—*Musical Biography.*

EQUIVOCAL MARK OF RESPECT.—An anonymous writer of the seventeenth century records the following anecdote:—'Sir Thomas Jermin, going out with his servants and brooke hawkes one evening at Bury, they were no sooner abroad but fowle were found, and he cried out to one of his falconers, "Off with your jerkin." The fellow being into the wind, did not heare him; at which he stormed, and still cried out, "Off with your jerkin, you knave, off with your jerkin!" Now it fell out that there was, at that instant, a plaine townesman of Bury, in a freeze jerkin, stood betwixt him and his falconer, who, seeing Sir Thomas in such a rage, and thinking he had spoken to him, unbuttoned himself amaine, threw off his jerkin, and besought his worshippe not to be offended, for he would off with his doublet too, to give him content.'—*Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE. — Werner. — Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.

COVENT GARDEN.—£100. Note.—Harlequin Fat, and Harlequin Bat.—Teddy the Tiler.

COVENT GARDEN.

We had heard the farce of a *Hundred Pound Note* so much praised before we saw it, that perhaps on that account it did not answer our expectations last night. There are laughable passages: the piece has the great attraction of a cluster of good actors in it, KEELEY, WRENCH, BLANCHARD, POWER, BARTLEY, &c.; there is a character,—*Miss Arlington*, for a young lady to show off in; MADAME VESTRIS did show off in it, and made it famous for her personation of a broom-girl; then KEELEY has a part of a witty Boots at an inn, who makes conundrums, and asks people whether they "give it up;" and there is a good blunder-headed character for POWER; and yet, notwithstanding all its cleverness and all these advantages, we felt disappointed. We did not heartily like, while we laughed. POWER was never in better blundering condition,—never more self-complacent and reposing,—more quietly drunk with arch humour. Every one of KEELEY's jokes had their full effect on the house; and it is a great pleasure to us to be pleased in company with others. Finally, there is a hot old Welshman performed by BLANCHARD, almost too well; for we thought he would have worked up his thin body into an apoplexy. Yet still we found something wanting. Perhaps it was because none of the characters are in their own nature pleasant. They are all selfish and self-absorbed, with the exception of the lover (WRENCH); and he has none of the graces of a lover. He has a Pshaw! for everything that is said to him, or is mixed up with opposition of some sort; and for want of his Hundred Pound Note, which gets into another man's pocket by mistake, is in danger of being taken before the justice. The old Welshman is seriously hot and unhappy, without any real drollery to carry off his calamitousness: the Irishman has a serious quarrel: Boots, in spite of his wit, has a gravity of prudence about him, and an eternal eye to his money: the Innkeeper (BARTLEY) is a mere innkeeper, mercenary and common-place; and the young lady, *Miss Arlington*, shows off to no real purpose, and degrades her fair proportions into the linsey-woolsey lumpishness, bald cap, and unthinking hips of the penny-seeking pilgrims from Bavaria. We should like it not, even though Madame VESTRIS performed it; and we are sorry to add, that we conceive Miss TAYLOR to be less fitted to carry off the awkwardness of this particular part of the character, and not successful in the character in general. It is proper to say, the audience seemed to differ with us in the former respect, for they encored her in the broom-song; and she obtained applause for another song; but unquestionably the performance altogether is a failure, and the reason of it is equally obvious:—she does not really give herself up to the character. She doubts, in the midst of her assumed giddiness, whether this or that touch will do; is too serious in the intervals; has an air of misgiving and shamefacedness; falls into a fit of dancing, not as if it were an irrepressible impulse, resulting from an overflow of merry fancies, but as if she had got it to do, and had made up her mind to do it courageously. In a word, the character of *Miss Arlington*, in Miss TAYLOR'S hands, wants animal spirits and truth. It is that of a clever artificial actress, playing her part uneasily; and this too, with such a face, voice, and figure, as make one mad to see her so spoilt; for she has undoubtedly contrived somehow to get the worst of stage educations, and has been flattered into so much artifice, that she cannot call her smile her own. Would it have been better, had not her teeth been so good? We are a little afraid so. The failure the more vexed us, because we still have a theory within us respecting her talent for comedy; but we believe we must confine it to such characters as *Rosalind*, where the poetry helps off the art. How charming she was in some passages of that character, and how she spoilt it with consciousness and trick, the reader too well knows. The closer she comes to real life, the less confidence she seems to retain, at least on the London stage. She sang the bits of songs introduced,¶ with great spirit, and gave us some very pleasing and powerful specimens of the depth of her voice; but the songs did not burst from her with the proper incontrollable vivacity: they were not part and parcel of all the rest, nor was she a proper giddy neice, while her aunt was talking to her. She waited for her turn in the dialogue, like an ordinary actress; and looked upon the other speaker with the conscious demeanour of one who was thinking of the house, and of what the house thought of her. But enough. We felt ourselves obliged to specify the grounds of our fault-finding, for obvious reasons. It would have been a more than ordinary pleasure to us, not to find it at all.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISEST.—Solomon always used the word fool as a term of the same signification as unjust, and makes all deviation from goodness and virtue, to come under the notion of folly.—*Steele.*

A TYRANT MADE USEFUL.—The Egyptians revolting, in the time of Ochus, King of Persia, he marched against them, defeated their King, Nectanehus, who was obliged to take refuge in Macedonia, caused the ox which the Egyptians worshipped under the name of *Apis*, to be butchered, and obliged that miserable people to adore an *Ass*. This last god was indeed as good as the other in reality, but not according to the reasoning of the Egyptians: who were not brought over to this new worship without a great deal of violence. Ochus committed also many cruelties against his own subjects; so that the Persians, not thinking themselves safe under so barbarous a sovereign, formed several conspiracies against his life. At last Baroas, one of the generals of his army, despatched him by poison, exposed his flesh for a prey to the fowls, and converted his bones into knife-handles, and sword-hilts.—*History of Thamas Kouli Khan.*

BRUTALITY AND FALSEHOOD.—A Danish chieftain of high rank, some say, of royal blood, named Lothbroc, amusing himself with his hawk near the sea, upon the western coasts of Denmark, the bird, in pursuit of her game, fell into the water. Lothbroc, anxious for her safety, got into a litle boat that was near at hand, and rowed from the shore to take her up, but before he could return to the land, a sudden storm arose, and he was driven out to sea. After suffering great hardship, during a voyage of infinite peril, he reached the coast of Norfolk, and landed at a port called Bodham: he was immediately seized by the inhabitants, and sent to the court of Edmund, king of the East Angles. When that monarch was made acquainted with the occasion of his coming, he received him very favourably, and soon became particularly attached to him, on account of his great skill in the training and flying of hawks. The partiality which Edmund manifested for this unfortunate stranger, excited the jealousy of Beoric, the king's falconer, who took an opportunity of murdering the Dane, whilst he was exercising his birds in the midst of a wood, and secreted the body; which was soon afterwards discovered by the vigilance of a favorite spaniel. Beoric was apprehended, and it seems, convicted of the murder, for he was condemned to be put into an open boat (some say the very boat in which the Danish chieftain came to England), without oars, mast, or rudder, and in that condition, abandoned to the mercy of the ocean. It so chanced that the boat was wafted to the very point of land that Lothbroc came from; and Beoric, escaped from the danger of the waves, was apprehended by the Danes, and taken before two of the chieftains of the country, named Hinguar and Hubba, who were both of them the sons of Lothbroc. The crafty falconer soon learned this circumstance, and in order to acquire their favour, made them acquainted with the murder of their father, which he affirmed was executed at the command of King Edmund, and that he himself had suffered the hardship at sea, from which he had been delivered by reaching the shore, because he had the courage to oppose the King's order, and endeavoured to save the life of the Danish nobleman. Incited by this abominable falsehood, to revenge the murder of their father by force of arms, they invaded the kingdom of the East Angles, pillaged the country, and having taken the King prisoner, caused him to be tied to a stake, and shot to death with arrows.—*Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W. (with thanks), and J. L. (with thanks also), are received. We are sensible of the value of the latter's information, and will avail ourselves of it.

The translation from Marullus is elegant, and does the author credit; but the thought has been too often repeated.

An Admirer and Subscriber to the *Tatler* is right. It was a mistake of the printer. Does he think it would be better to correct it *now*, or leave it for another volume?

Will the correspondent who writes to us on a certain delicate domestic subject (of which we had not heard a word till the moment of his communication) have any objection to inform us, whether he wishes for a reconcilement? If so, perhaps we could help him; or at any rate, do something towards showing him the way to it. The mode in which he proposes to call attention to his present position, is surely not advisable, whether he is right or wrong. We write this under the influence of very particular feelings, and with a great desire that those of all parties should be respected.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Historical Play, entitled

HENRI QUATRE.

Florence St. Leon, Miss PEARSON, who will introduce, "Tell me, my heart."
Louison, Mrs WAYLETT, who will introduce, "Come where the Aspens quiver."
Clotilde de Biron, Miss MORDAUNT. Henri Quatre, Mr MACREADY,
Duke de Sully, Mr Hammerton, General D'Aumont, Mr Latham,
Eugene de Biron, Mr COOPER, Frederick St. Leon, Mr J. VINING,
Moustache, Mr FARREN, O'Donnell, Mr H. Wallack, Pinçeau, Mr Webster,
Gervaise, Mr Bedford, Germain, Mr Salter,
Jocrisse, Mr HARLEY, Lafleur, (a Page) Miss Poole.
In Act II.—An Incidental Peasant's Dance, composed by Mons. SIMON.
Principal Dancers.—Mr Gilbert and Mdle. Rosalia Guet.

Previous to the Play, Spontini's Overture to "Olympia," and the National Air, "Vive Henri Quatre."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES,
OR HARLLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

[By Mr BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Billboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

On Monday, Pizarro; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY, Clorinda, Miss CAWSE,
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES, Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON, Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON, Pedro, Mr KEELEY,
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY, Dandini, Mr MORLEY.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

On Monday, Romeo and Juliet; and Harlequin Fat or Harlequin Bat.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Drama, entitled

NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.

Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Mrs Vale. Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr Vale,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

After which, the Drama, entitled

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

[By Mr S. BIRCH.]
Lucy, Madame Simon, Jeannette, Miss Rumens, Nell, Mrs Vale.
Clara, Miss SOMERVILLE. Michael, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Sir Bertrand, Mr D. Pitt, Record, Mr Williams, Le Sage, Mr Lee,
Spruce, Mr Rogers, Flint, Mr Almar, Boy, Miss Ellis.

To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].
The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene 1. Regions of Time.—II. The Town of Newbury (Sunrise).—III. Cabinet in the Widow's Mansion.—IV. Splendid Temple of the New Year.—V. Picturesque Roadside Inn.—VI. Exterior of Public House and Saddler's.—VII. Suspension Bridge over the Menai.—VIII. Quiet Lodgings in a retired Neighbourhood.—IX. Race Course and Grand Stand.—X. Splendid Falls of Tivoli.—XI. Cavern (Moonlight).—XII. and last. Realms of Bliss in the Regions of Light.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called

A DEAD SHOT.

Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."
Chatter, Miss DALY.
Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE,
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight, Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott,
Lady Fleming, Miss King, Mattie, Miss Kibrey, Moggy, Miss Langley,
Jenny, Miss Slater. Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks,
Lord Lindsay, Mr Brougham, Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrel,
Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith, Roland, Mr Raymond, Drysdale, Mr Newcombe,
Sandy, Mr J. Knight.

To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

To be followed by a Comic Burletta, called

THE LITTLE JOCKEY.

Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "Why pretty Maiden," and "The Boy in yellow wins the day." Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Mause, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

The whole to conclude with a Comic Burletta, called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER, Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond, Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget, Captain Cape, Mr W. VINING.

COBURG THEATRE.—Richard Turpin — Ambrose Gwinett—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELL THEATRE.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL, 98 Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.
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№ 110.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Knowledge for the People; or the Plain Why and Because. Part III. Origins and Antiquities. 18mo. pp. 72.—Low.

[We are obliged to give our notice of a new publication to-day, without any comments. "A great book is a great evil," says the Proverb. Mr Moore's "evil" is in 823 pages quarto; and as the man said, who was invited to lunch by the farmer, and astonished him by being a long time about it, "A cheese of this size is not so soon got through as you may imagine."

To-morrow the first notice of Mr Moore's book will appear.]

'*Why is Christmas-Day so called?*

'Because of its derivation from *Christi Missa*, the mass of Christ, and thence the Roman Catholic Liturgy is termed their *Missal* or *Mass-book*. About the year 500, the observation of this day became general in the Catholic Church.'—P. 40.

'*Why are gifts at Christmas called Christmas-boxes?*

'Because in olden times the Roman priests had masses for almost everything; if a ship went to the Indies, a priest had a box in her, under the protection of some saint, and for their masses to be said to that saint, the poor people put something into the priests' box, which was not to be opened till the ship's return. The mass at that time was called *Christmass*, the box called *Christmass-box*, or money gathered against that time, that masses might be made by the priests to the saints, to forgive the people their sins at that time; and from this servants had the liberty to get *box-money* that they too might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, well knowing the truth of the proverb, "no penny, no pater-noster." Fosbroke says an altar was erected in every village, where persons gave money. The apprentices' boxes were formerly made of pottery; and Aubrey mentions a pot, in which Roman *denarii* were found, resembling in appearance an earthen Christmas-box.'—P. 47.

'*Why are waits so called?*

'Because of the derivation of the term from *wayghtes*, or hautboys, of which, it is not unworthy of remark, there is no singular number. From the instrument, its signification was after a time transferred to the performers themselves. The *wayghtes* (or waits) of ancient times were attendant musicians on great personages, mayors, and bodies corporate, generally furnished with superb dresses, or splendid cloaks; they were in the service of the court in the reign of Edward IV. and had their regular allowance of coals, pitched candles, bread, ale, &c. Todd derives the term from *wahts*; nocturnal itinerant musicians, (Beaumont and Fletcher;) Bayley, on account of their waiting on magistrates, &c. or of *quet*, a watch; or from the French *guetter*, to watch; because anciently they kept a sort of watch all night. It appears, therefore, that the persons formerly called waites, or waits, were musical watchmen, the word implying *oboes*. They were, in fact, minstrels, at first annexed to the King's Court, who sounded the watch every night, and in towns, paraded the streets, during winter, to prevent theft. At Exeter, they were set up with a regular salary, in 1400; and although suppressed by the Puritans, were re-instated in 1660.'—*The Mirror*, 1827—P. 49.

'*Why are unmarried females called Spinsters?*

'Because, formerly, women were prohibited from marrying till they had spun a regular set of bed furniture, and till their marriage were consequently called *Spinsters*, which continues till this day in all legal proceedings.'—P. 54.

'*Why does the wedding-ring finger differ from the others?*

'Because it is the only finger where *two* principal nerves belong to two distinct trunks; the thumb is supplied with its principal nerves from the radical nerve, as is also the forefinger, the middle finger, and the thumb side of the ring finger; whilst the ulnar nerve furnishes the little finger and the other side of the ring finger, at the point or extremity of which a real union takes place; it seems as if it were intended by nature to be the matrimonial finger.

'That the side of the ring finger next the little finger is supplied by the ulnar nerve, is frequently proved by a common accident, that of striking the elbow against the edge of a chair, a door, or any narrow hard substance; the ulnar nerve is then frequently struck, and a thrilling sensation is felt in the little finger, and on the same side of the ring finger, but not on the other side of it.'—*Id.*

'*Why was a newly married man formerly called a bridegroom?*

'Because groom signifies one who serves in an inferior station, and it was customary for the newly married man to wait at table on his bride and friends on his wedding-day.'—*Id.*

'*Why is a month after marriage called the honey-moon?*

'Because of its origin from a custom of the Teutones, an ancient people of Germany, to drink mead, or metheglin, a beverage made of honey, for thirty days after every wedding.'—*Id.*

'*Why is an allowance to ladies called pin-money?*

'Because pins were acceptable new year's gifts to ladies, instead of the wooden skewers which they used till the end of the fifteenth century; and instead of the gifts, a composition was sometimes received in money.'—*Id.*

'*Why is the middle meal of the day called dinner?*

'Because of its corruption from the French *disner*, which Du Cange derives from the barbarous Latin, *disnare*. Menage deduces it from the Italian *desinare*, to dine; and that from the Latin *desinere*, to leave off work.'

'*Why is the covering of a coach-box called hammer-cloth.*

'Because when coaches were first introduced, our frugal forefathers used to load the carriages with provisions for the family, when they came to London. The *hamper*, covered with a cloth, was a convenient repository, and a seat for the coachman. This was afterwards converted into a box. Hammer-cloth is therefore, probably, a corruption of hamper-cloth.'—P. 56.

'*Why are chequers painted against the sides of public-houses?*

'Because in early times, a chequered board, the emblem of calculation, was hung out, to indicate an office for changing money. It was afterwards adopted as the sign of an inn, or hostelry, where victuals was sold, or strangers lodged and entertained.'—P. 59.

'*Why is the horse-keeper at an inn called an ostler?*

'Because ostler is derived from the word *hostel*, which was formerly obtained from the French, and was in common use here to signify an inn; and the innkeeper was from thence called the *hosteller*. This was at a period when the inn-keeper, or *hosteller*, would be required by his guests to take and tend their horses, which before the use of carriages, and when most goods were conveyed over the country on the backs of horses, would be a chief part of his employment: and hence, the *hosteller* actually became the *hostler*, or *ostler*, that is, the horse-keeper.'—*Hone.*—*Id.*

'*Why did tavern-keepers originally call portions of liquor "goes?"*

'Because of the following incident, which, though unimportant in itself, convinces us how much custom is influenced by the most trifling occurrences.

'The tavern, called the Queen's Head, in Duke's court, Bow street, was once kept by a facetious individual of the name of Jupp. Two celebrated characters, Annesley Spay and Bob Todrington, a sporting man, meeting one evening at the above place, went to the bar, and each asked for half a quartern of spirits with a little cold water. In the course of time, they drank four-and-twenty, when Spay said to the other, "Now we'll go." "O no," replied he, "we'll have another, and then go." This did not satisfy the gay fellows, and they continued drinking on till three in the morning, when both agreed to Go; so that, under the idea of going, they made a long stay. Such was the origin of drinking, or calling for, *goes*.'—*Etymological Compendium.*—P. 60.

'*Why is a chimney-piece also called a* "MANTEL."

'Because it is work raised before a chimney, to conceal it, *mantel* originally signifying a cloak.'—P. 61.

'*Why are lawyers also called attorneys?*

'Because, in the time of our Saxon ancestors, the freemen in every shire met twice a year, under the precedency of the shire-reeve, or sheriff, and this meeting was called the Sheriff's Torn. By degrees, the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who did attend, carried with him the proxies of such of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the Sheriff's Torn, was said, according to the old Saxon, to go "at the Torn," and hence came the word *attorney*; which signified one that went to the Torn for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him. The distinction between attorney and solicitor, arises from the latter practising in a Court of Equity, and the former only in a Court of Law.'—*Heraldic Anomalies.*'—P. 72.

Observations on the Duty of Sea-borne Coal; and on the Peculiar Duties and Charges on Coal, in the Port of London. Founded on the Reports of Parliamentary Committees, and other Official Documents. 8vo. pp. 23. Longman.

[Final Extract.]

'The *smallness of the coal* used in London is uniformly remarked by every individual from the North who visits the metropolis. And yet, singular as it may seem, *none but large coals are shipped from the Tyne and the Wear for London.* The cause of the meta-

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morphosis which the coal undergoes in its passage to the consumer is not, however, difficult to discover: and it admirably illustrates the nature of the regulations under which the trade is placed. Coals are nominally sold by the owners to the shippers by weight, or by the chaldron waggon, which is *supposed* to contain, when full, 53 cwt., and is stamped as such by the officer of the Customs. But the weight of the waggon depends in a great degree on the size of the pieces with which it is filled, so that in point of fact, coal is sold by measure. It is stated by the celebrated mathematician, Dr Hutton, who, being a native of Newcastle, was well acquainted with the coal trade, that, "if one coal, measuring exactly a cubic yard (nearly equal to *five* bolls), *be broken into pieces of a moderate size, it will measure seven bolls and a half; if broken very small, it will measure nine bolls*; which shews that the proportion of the weight to the measure depends upon the size of the coals; therefore, *accounting by weight is the most rational method.*' The shippers are well aware of this, and insist upon the coal-owners supplying them with large coal only; and to such an extent is this principle carried, that all coal for the London market is *screened*, as it is technically termed, or passed over gratings, which separate the smaller pieces. Inasmuch, however, as coals are sold in all their subsequent stages by measure, no sooner have they been delivered by the owner, than it is for the interest of everyone else into whose hands they may come before reaching the consumer, to break them into smaller portions. 'The ship owner,' says Mr Buddle, 'and every person from the consumer through the whole chain of dealers in coal up to the coal owners, cry out for round coals; what is the object of that? Although our waggons are *loaded by weight*, it is quite notorious *we sell by measure*; and *every hand* that those coals pass through, from the mine down to the cellar of the consumer, *every time* they are lifted, *an increase of measure takes place*; consequently every man, from the coal-owner to the consumer, is benefitted by every breakage of the coal. This has been carried in some instances to such an extent, that I have found it necessary to place persons on board ships to prevent the crew from breaking the coals with the carpenter's mauls! *I believe that the profit of many of the retailers in London arises chiefly from the increase of measure by the breakage of the coal.*'—(First Lords' Rep. p. 59.) Mr Burgin, who had been a coal-meter, declares that '*he never went to work without seeing the coals knocked to pieces.*'—(Com. Rep. p. 46.) And Mr Brandling, a most intelligent and extensive coal-owner, states, that in consequence of the breakage, the coals are reduced in London to a size inferior to what they would be were they put on board *unscreened*, and subjected to no additional breakage.—(Com. Rep. p. 260.)'

'That such a system should have been so long persevered in, is truly astonishing. Dozens of acts of Parliament have been passed to preserve the public from fraud in the measuring of coal, and yet any coal-merchant who breaks his coal a little smaller than his neighbours, will, by making the same quantity measure farther, defraud his customers quite as effectually as if he sold them larger coal in a deficient measure. But though the attention of Honourable Gentlemen has been repeatedly called to this easy method of defrauding the unsuspecting citizens, it does not seem to have ever attracted the smallest portion of their concern. They have continued, with an Irish sort of discernment, to occupy themselves in stopping up the spigot, while the liquor was running out at the bung-hole. * * * * * * * *

'It has been said by those who profit by the existing system that the sale of coal by weight would not really put a stop to fraud, but would merely turn it into a new channel: and make that be done by *wetting* coal, which is now done by selling it in deficient measures. But the fallacy of this representation is obvious. Very few individuals ever think of re-measuring the coal brought to them; and besides, as has been already shewn, the correctness of the measure is no security against fraud, so long as it is impossible to regulate the size of coal. But were coals sold by weight, everyone would *see*, at once, whether they were unusually wet; and any dealer who should attempt to defraud his customers in this way, would immediately lose his employment. This is a natural check which every individual has it in his power to apply, and which is found to be quite effectual in preventing frauds in the sale of sugar, and many other commodities. But, in point of fact, the extent to which the weight of coal can be increased by wetting is, in all cases, very limited, and, in the case of large coal quite inconsiderable. Mr Horne, an intelligent coal-merchant, has made some experiments which throw much light on this subject. He put into a *wet sack*, 2 cwt. or 224lbs of *small coal*, and these being completely wetted, and *immediately* weighed, were found to have gained 28lbs. in weight; after they had been an hour in the sack, the increased weight was reduced to 20¾lbs., and after standing three hours it was reduced to 14lbs. Mr Horne says, that *at the end of six hours*, when the increased weight was still farther reduced, the coals were so very wet that he could not have sent them to anybody.—(Com. Rep. p. 90.) When *good size coals* were treated in the same way, the increased weight from wetting at the end of three hours only amounted to about 6¾lbs. on 2 cwt.; and when *large coals* were wetted, the increase at the end of three hours on 2 cwt. was no more than 4lbs. It is clear, therefore, that there is nothing to be apprehended from frauds from wetting were coals sold by weight. The offence is not one that could be perpetrated to any great extent even on the blind; and it is not one that can be perpetrated at all on any individual having his eyes open.' * * * * *

'Besides obviating fraud, the sale of coals by weight might be made a means of saving a great deal of labour in their delivery. At present coals, when about to be delivered in London, are uniformly put into sacks, containing each three bushels, and then again into waggons, containing, at an average, 31 sacks. Now this sacking of the coals is a very laborious and expensive, and, in nine cases out of ten, a *perfectly useless process.** Were the plan of selling by weight adopted, waggons with close sides might be used, into which the coals might be delivered in bulk directly from the lighters; their weight being determined by deducting the weight of the empty waggon from its weight when full. In this way, not only would the waste of labour in filling the sacks be completely avoided, but the *shooting* (as it is called), or delivery to the consumer's cellars from the waggons, would be facilitated. To accomplish so desirable a change, nothing would be necessary but to have weighing machines, under proper officers, erected near the principal wharfs, and distributed throughout the city. No waggon should be permitted to leave any of the wharfs without a ticket from the officers, stating the weight of the waggon when empty, its weight at leaving the wharf after being loaded, and (consequently) the weight of coal in it. And, in order to check any frauds that might be committed between the wharf and the consumer's house, the latter should be authorised, whenever he thinks fit, to send the waggon to be re-weighed at the nearest weighing-machine; and in the event of its weight turning out deficient, the coal should be forfeited. This is the plan for the delivery of coal adopted at Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. It is found to be quite effectual for the prevention of fraud; and is not half so expensive as the defective, and, as Bentham would call it,† fraud-generating and fraud-protecting system followed here.‡

'In despite however of the heavy expense attending the digging of coal from the mine, and conveying it to the shore, and of the waste occasioned by *screening*, the coal-owner only receives from 12 to 14 shillings the chaldron, for that very coal which is afterwards sold in London for 50 or 55 shillings! And enormous as this difference must appear, it is less than it really amounts to; for owing to the breakage that the coal undergoes, it may be moderately estimated, that *five* chaldrons of coal at Newcastle or Sunderland, are expanded into six or seven, previously to their being lodged in the consumer's cellar.§ The items which *quadruple* the price of coal in its transit from the owners to the consumers, have been specified with great minuteness, in the evidence of Mr Buddle before the House of Lords, and of Mr Bentley before the House of Commons. We have condensed them into the following statements; on the accuracy of which every dependence may be placed. They deserve the attention of every one who likes a good fire, and dislikes being swindled.

'It appears from the correct and valuable monthly returns of the coal market, published by Mr Pearsall, of that establishment, that the *average* price during last month (October 1830) of the *best Wallsend coals* imported from Sunderland, was 1*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* per London chaldron. The Committee of the House of Commons state in their Report, 'that Mr Horne, a coal-merchant, stated, that if he gave 33*s.*, the market price for a chaldron of coals on board ship, he made an addition of 13*s.* 9*d.* to that price for delivering it to the consumer's cellar.' If, therefore, any of our readers laid in their winter's stock of fuel during last month, and ordered of Mr Horne, or any other coal-merchant equally respectable, *the best Wallsend* coals, they would, according to the above statement, be charged for them 1*l.* 16*s.* 11*d. plus* 13*s.* 9*d*, or 2*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* a chaldron.' * * * * * Which is thus apportioned:—

Coal-owner for coal - - -	£0	13	9	
Ship-owner, &c. for Voyage to London -	0	11	5⅜	
Government Duty, Corporation Charges, and London Coal-merchant - -	1	5	5⅜	
	£2	10	8‖	

'But with respect to the other charges, consisting of the government duty and the London municipal dues, and payments on account of deliverance to the consumer, in the metropolis, amounting in all to no less than 25*s.* 5⅜*d.* a chaldron; we have no hesitation in saying, that they may, and ought to be, reduced considerably more than a half.' * * * * * *

'The corporation of London (who, we hesitate not to say, have been the indulgent foster-fathers of every abuse connected with the coal trade) exact, over and above the 1*d.* they pay to the ship meter, 3*d.* a chaldron, which goes into the corporation fund, forming an item of nearly 19,000*l.* a year. How such an abuse was suffered to grow up we know not; nor does it appear by any

* In some cases sacking may be necessary, as in carrying coals to some parts of the Temple, and other places not accessible to waggons.

† And very properly call it. It is curious to see how the particular and all-including style of this great man, which he has doubtless adopted from the wisest motives as a master of scholars (who go and deliver it in other shapes) makes its way even with those who have no proper sense of it in the abstract.—*Edit. of the Tatler.*

‡ The Committee of the House of Commons seem to suppose that coals, when weighed at the wharf, might be sent to the consumer in close waggons. But who is to see that these waggons are not opened by the way? Nothing but the power to have them re-weighed, and forfeited if they be deficient in weight, will be sufficient to prevent fraud. And this will equally prevent it, whether the waggons be open or shut.

§ There are abundant proofs of this statement in the different Reports.

‖ The particulars which lead to this amount are enumerated in the pamphlet.—*Edit. of the Tatler.*

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evidence we can find, either in the Parliamentary Reports, or the lucubrations with which the Common Council have favoured us, on what grounds the 4*d.* per chaldron was granted to the meters, by the 47 Geo. 3, as pay and allowance, in addition to the 4*d.* paid to their employers. The effect, however, has been to carry to the Corporation coffers the large annual revenue above mentioned; that body having ingeniously contrived to shift to the public, the charge on account of that very duty for which it continues to receive the remuneration awarded by ancient usage and charter! Certainly it is high time that something were done to put an end to this monstrous exaction. Why should the inhabitants of Westminster, Southwark, &c. be obliged to pay 19,000*l.* a year to the funds of the aldermen and common councilmen of the city? We do not envy them their turtle, but we protest against being taxed to pay for it.

'The management of coal when brought to the wharf, and before it is sent to the consumer, is devolved entirely on a set of civic functionaries, called *land-meters*. Even though these persons had been each of them as watchful as Argus, their superintendence could not, owing to the facility with which frauds may be committed by breakage, be of any considerable importance; *but the fact is, that they do not so much as pretend to trouble themselves about their duty.* It has been conclusively proved before the Commons' Committee, that a very large part, perhaps not less than THREE FOURTHS *of the entire coal sent to the different parts of the city, is dispatched without being measured!* Were the existing system intended for the protection of fraud, it is not easy to see how it could be improved. The consumer gets the coal-meter's ticket, certifying the measurement of the coals sent him; and he, 'good easy man,' trusts implicitly to this *official* guarantee. At bottom, however, he has no security, save only the *word of the dealer*; the certificate of the meter being, in nine cases out of ten, founded upon it, and not on any knowledge of his own. For this precious protection the consumer has to pay 6d. a chaldron—three times what it ought to be, were it as effective as it is worthless.

'But even this is not all. The meters have no right nor power to interfere in the measurement of any coal, provided it be sent out in quantities less than *nine bushels*. Now, as every one knows, all the labouring classes belonging to this immense metropolis, as well as very many of the smaller sort of shopkeepers and tradesmen, buy coal from chandlers and other retailers, in one or two sacks at a time. With such sales the meter has nothing to do. He merely gives the shadow of a protection to the rich, who, if they please, may, in this respect, protect themselves; but the poor man, who has neither time nor means to secure himself against fraud, may be plundered without opposition, and with the most perfect impunity!'

* * * * * *

'After all, however, the charges which attend the delivery of the coals from the ship to the consumer's cellar, are the most exorbitant. In fact, the charge for conveying a chaldron of coals from the pool, a little below London bridge, to the consumer's in the city, amounts to no less than 14*s.* 8½*d.*; being MORE THAN THE PRIME COST OF THE COAL IN THE NORTH, *including the rent of the landlord, the expense of mining, of bringing the coals to the surface of the mine, and carrying them to the ship!* Is it necessary to say another word to convince every reasonable man of the existence of intolerable abuses in this department of the trade?'

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

LAW.—The King's oath is not security enough for our property; for he swears to govern according to law: now the Judges they interpret the law; and what Judges can be made to do, we know. —*Selden's Table Talk.*

INTERESTED MARRIAGES.—When a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If the goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love—according to act of Parliament.—*Goldsmith.*

LIKING AND DISLIKE.—There are persons that we like, though they do not like us. This happens very rarely; and indeed it is a strong presumption of merit both in them and in ourselves. We fancy they only want to know us better, to be convinced of the prize they would obtain in our friendship. There are others, to whom no civilities or good offices on their parts can reconcile us, from an original distaste: yet even this repugnance would not, perhaps, be proof against time and custom.—*Hazlitt's Characteristics.*

RIGHT OF THE PROTESTANT CLERGY TO THEIR LANDS AND TITHES.—The unwillingness of the monks to part with their land, will fall out to be just nothing; because they were yielded up to the king by a supreme head—viz. a Parliament. If a King conquer another country, the people are loath to lose their lands; yet *no Divine* will deny, but the king may give them to whom he please. If a Parliament make a law concerning leather, or any other commodity, you and I for example are Parliament-men: perhaps in respect to our own private interest, we are against it; yet the major part conclude it, we are then involved; and the law is good.—*Selden's Table-Talk.*

SALVATOR ROSA, the famous painter, was also an elegant poet, as well as a musical composer. Yet, although so accomplished a person, he seems, says his biographer, to have been one of the most miserable of men. The greater part of his cantatas are filled with the bitterest complaints, either against his mistress or against mankind in general. He says of himself that he has had more misfortunes than there are stars in the firmament, and that he lived thirty years without one happy day.—*Musical Biography.*

SINGULAR ORIGIN OF THE USE OF ANTIMONY.—Basil Valentine, superior of a monastery, having observed the effect of this mineral in fattening hogs, wished to try whether it would produce the same effect on his monks. The result, unhappily, was very different: for the monks who took it died soon after: and hence the origin of the name (Anti-Moine.) In spite of this tragical experiment, however, Paracelsus resolved upon bringing the mineral into use, thinking he could employ it along with some other preparations. But neither could *he* boast of his success. The medical faculty of Paris was at first divided into two parties on the occasion. Some declared that antimony was a poison; others, that it was an excellent remedy. The dispute was not confined to the circle of the faculty, and it became general in Paris: the Parliament and the Sabonne took part in it; but in a short time all doubts were at an end, the wonderful effects of the mineral being proved; and the faculty at length placed it in the list of their most efficient medicines.—*Vigneul Marville.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Henri Quatre. — Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.

COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—Harlequin Fat, and Harlequin Bat.

ADELPHI.

WE saw a little piece here on Saturday night, called *A Dead Shot.*—It is hardly worth criticism, though here and there is a good joke or two. Mrs FITZWILLIAM in the heroine plays effectively, and knocks a man off his chair by an ingenious flourish of her arm, while singing a mock-Italian song. The story is that of a young lady, who, in order to get rid of two lovers disagreeable to her, plays an assumed part, like *Maria* in the *Citizen*, and pretends to get into great rages, which frighten them out of their matrimonial wishes. They state their new views to the uncle, a hot old man, who thinks they are lying and insulting him. The third lover, whose affection she returns, but who was rejected by the uncle on account of his being a young lawyer not yet in practice, comes forward and states that he will fight them both; a valour, which charms the old gentleman. The inamorato accordingly goes out for that purpose: a shot is heard; and he returns as if bleeding, followed by the despairing *Mr Timid* (Mr BUCKSTONE), who thinks he has killed him. As a dying request, he begs to be united to the object of his love; the uncle consents; and his hand being put into the young lady's, he starts up, declaring that his object is accomplished, and that he was never better in his life. This touch of probability is hardly necessary; as the uncle, in his admiration of bravery, might have given him the lady at once: but the *vraisemblable* of a farce is not to be too nicely enquired into.

We found a good house, as usual, and Mr YATES rattling away to its great amusement in *Was I to Blame.*

COVENT GARDEN.

WE omitted to mention in our criticism on *The Hundred Pound Note*, that the Princess Victoria was at the play. We did not stop to see her; but she found it necessary, it seems, after the farce, to come forward to the acclamations of the audience, and receive the praises usually bestowed by anticipation upon future sovereigns. It was for her the Pantomime was played at an earlier hour than usual. We have no wish to be thought uncivil towards the little royal lady, who is probably a nice little girl; but if the consideration of one evening's health is precious to one, it is precious to all; and if it is not precious to that one, except as marking a distinction, we think that such distinction ought especially to be avoided. Sovereign persons have had too many of them already, and the health of the world has been the worse for it. The line has been drawn too strongly between royal and other natures; and both parties have suffered bitterly in consequence; the one from being nursed into too little sympathy with the many, the many from being nursed into too much, and afterwards compelled to discover the perniciousness of the mistake.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Tragic Play of
PIZARRO.
[By Mr SHERIDAN.]
Cora, Miss PHILLIPS, Elvira, Mrs FAUCIT.
Ataliba, Mr Youngc, Rolla, Mr WALLACK, Orozembo, Mr J. VINING,
Pizarro, Mr H. Wallack, Alonzo, Mr COOPER,
Las Casas, Mr Thompson, Sentinel, Mr Salter.
In Act II.—The Temple of the Sun.—High Priest, Mr Horn.
Priests, Virgins, Matrons, &c.—Misses Byfeld, S. Phillips, Russell, Bruce, Crawford, Mrs Bedford, Mrs Newcombe.—Messrs Bedford, Bland, and Yarnold.

Previous to the Play, Spontini's Overture to "Ferdinand Cortez."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES,
OR HARLLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, The School for Scandal; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the Tragedy of
ROMEO AND JULIET.
[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]
Lady Capulet, Mrs Lovell, Nurse, Mrs Gibbs,
Juliet, Miss FANNY KEMBLE. Romeo, Mr ABBOTT,
Prince Escalus, Mr Henry, Paris, Mr Duruset, Montague, Mr Turnour,
Capulet, Mr Egerton, Benvolio, Mr Baker, Tybalt, Mr Diddear,
Mercutio, Mr C. KEMBLE, Friar Lawrence, Mr WARDE,
Friar John, Mr Mears, Apothecary, Mr Meadows, Page, Miss Fortescue,
Balthazar, Mr Irwin, Abram, Mr Heath, Samson, Mr Atkins,
Gregory, Mr Norris, Peter, Mr KEELEY.

Previous to the Tragedy, Mozart's Overture to "Die Zauberflöte."

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and Harlequin Fat or Harlequin Bat.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

This Evening,
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par
L'HERITIERE.
Vaudeville, en Un Acte, de M. SCRIBE.
Madame de Melval, jeune Veuve, Mademoiselle HERMINIE.
M. de Gourville, M. BEHIER ST AUBERT, Gustaves, son Neveu, M. PAULIN.
Suivi de
JEAN!
Pièce en Quatre Parties Mêlée de Chant, par MM. TABAULON et ALPHONSE SIGNOL.
Madame de Ligny, Mademoiselle FLORVAL,
Madame de Sirval, Parente de Madame de Ligny, Mademoiselle Eliza,
La Marquise d'Olban, amie de Madame de Ligny, Madame Paulin,
Madame veuve Chopin, Limonadière, Madame Préval,
Adelaide, sa Fille, Mademoiselle St Ange,
Louise, Femme de Chambre, Madame Gamard.
M. DERVAL remplira le Rôle de Jean.
Rigolard, Maître de Danse, et Parrain de Jean, M. Laporte,
M. de Walbruck et M. D'Offtenn, Attachés a l'Ambassade, M. Paulin et M. Guenée,
Un Garçon, d'estaminet, M. Arnaud, Un Valet, M. Grannille.
On Finira par
LE BOUFFE ET LE TAILLEUR.
Petit Opéra, en Un Acte, Musique de GAVEAU.
Célestine, sa Fille, Mademoiselle FLORVAL.
Cavatini, Chanteur Italien, M. Alfred,
Benini, son Homme de confiance, M. Gamard,
Barbeau, Maître Tailleur, aimant passionnement la Musique, M. Préval.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE.
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act. II.—SUMMER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called
A DEAD SHOT.
Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."
Chatter, Miss DALY.
Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.
Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE,
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight, Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott,
Lady Fleming, Miss King, Mattie, Miss Kinsey, Meggy, Miss Langley,
Jenny, Miss Slater. Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks,
Lord Lindsay, Mr Brougham, Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrel,
Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith, Roland, Mr Raymond, Dryesdale, Mr Newcombe,
Sandy, Mr J. Knight.

To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[By Mr PLANCHE.]
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Manufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Pluto, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

To be followed by a Comic Burletta, called
THE LITTLE JOCKEY.
Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "Why pretty Maiden," and "The Boy in yellow wins the day." Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Maude, Miss Kinsey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

The whole to conclude with a Comic Burletta, called
CLARISSA HARLOWE.
Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER, Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond, Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget, Captain Cape, Mr W. VINING.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Drama, entitled
NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.
Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Mrs Vale. Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr Vale,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

After which, a new Drama, entitled
BARON TRENCK.
[By Mr OSBALDISTON.]
Countess of Hulsdorff, Madame Simon, Countess of Lewemberg, Miss Rumens,
Victorine, Miss SOMERVILLE. Baron de Trenck, Mr OSBALDISTON,
The Count of Lissdonn, Mr Gough, Augustus, Mr Edwin,
Major Muffledorf, Mr D. Pitt, Boltzheim, Mr Almar,
François Bassentrompdorf, (with an entirely new Comic Song) Mr C. Hill.

To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,
THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].
The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

To-morrow, Nancy of Portsmouth; "PS. Come to Dinner;" and the Pantomime.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Hut of the Red Mountain—The Banks of the Hudson—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELL THEATRE.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL, 98 Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.
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No. 111.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore. Two vols. 4to. Murray.

LORD BYRON—MR MOORE—AND MR LEIGH HUNT, WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS, *NOT* IN MR MOORE'S WORK.

We do not pretend to give a notice of this book after the usual fashion. We shall comment on it, as it may happen; but our great object is to shew that the author is an insincere man of the world, and that neither he nor his hero have a right to scatter charges of vulgarity and unworthiness. Had Mr Moore's second volume contained no more offence than the first, we should have passed it over, content to let him enjoy the airs he gives himself, and his harmless Irish metaphor of "venom on a grave." Nor do we now pay attention to the work, out of any regard for his opinion, as far as he is concerned; but we have resolved, for certain weighty reasons, self-love apart, never to let another attack on us pass without notice. It is a plan we determined on pursuing, when we set up *The Tatler*, and we have already found the benefit of it. Our wish, as we said before, is to attack nobody in person, but to lead quiet tattling lives, if we are allowed to do so; but if not, we shall do our best, for far more sakes than our own, to make the blow recoil on the assailant. We have suffered enough upon all points; we have conceded enough in the case of Lord Byron. We shall concede no more. Our business will now be to give specimens of the blows we have withheld. As to Mr Moore's opinion of us or our writings the reader will see why we have long ceased to care for it; and we will here briefly tell him the reason, before we give him the proofs. We shall not deny him justice; but justice will be amply sufficient for our purpose.

Mr Moore is a songster and a man of wit. He is nothing more, nor ever will be, should he try for it till he burst. To be a man of wit, however, and a genuine one, as we allow him to be, is much; and to be a wit and a genuine songster too, has contented the ambition of the French patriot, Beranger, who has got fame by it, and admiration, and love But then Beranger has been prepared to suffer, and to go to prison; nay, he has been even content (when time was) to wear a poor coat (mention it not in the Squares!); and he has laughed at intimacies with the great, and shown that he laughed sincerely. In one word, he has had faith in disinterestedness, and practised it. Now Mr Moore has no faith except in a joke, and a lord, and a good dinner; and yet he must needs try to win a serious reputation. For this purpose he has written volumes of bad prose, full of insincerity, and poems which are "three-piled hyperboles" of sugar-plums. He is one of those who must

paint the lily
And throw a perfume on the violet.

He paints and plasters, because he has no faith in his materials. He cannot give us the soul of what he describes; he despairs of being able to make us love it in its simplicity; so he brings a heap of gaudy colours and gilding to stick upon it, that we may partake of the benefits of his obtuseness. Even in his songs, he can rarely get beyond a stanza with any real gravity. His table-songs are inimitable: his lampoons have been the just dread of dowagers and Whig-rats. But with the exception of a few lyrics upon recollections connected with Ireland, and probably with the best part of his childhood, which are affecting and beautiful, he cannot get a good serious thought in the first verse of a song, but he must spoil it in the next with some conceit or pedantry. He set about spoiling his prose, in the same manner, with classical names lugged in to bear company with modern, like a schoolboy's theme, with degrading prettinesses, and remote, half-witted metaphors; such as when he talks of Burke "*perching* himself on the remotest branch from popular contact;" as if Burke, and the thick of politics, had anything to do with a linnet in a bush. The ridicule of the critics made him doubt this style; so in his *new* work he has done his best to alter it, though it was evidently a hard task; and not knowing how to be in earnest, he has taken to as ludicrous a formality; talks of "the poet Dryden" and "the poet Ariosto," as if there were Drydens and Ariostos who were potters; and puts on so many strange, bridling, cosy, motherly, moral airs, betwixt love for his naughty young master, and zeal for the chaplain, that we almost fancy him with a mob-cap on, and a cup of "the creature" by his side. In short, Mr Moore is no real biographer, no prose-writer, no thinker; there is not one original reflection in all his remarks, nor one that has not been made in a better manner before him by writers of his own time; and his poetry is just as good as wit and festivity can make it, and nothing else. His world is the little world of fashion; his notions of liberty those of a Whig-Aristocrat, without the excuse; and the whole secret of his deification of Lord Byron is, that their intercourse was one of flattery and convenience, and that in trumpeting his great craft down the stream, he hopes his "little sail"

Will join the triumph and partake the gale.

He is mistaken. His huge book will go down to posterity like many others, for anybody to dig out of the book-shelves who chooses; but it will assuredly be left there, with a great deal even of what Lord Byron has supplied, like the letters of Rochester and others, which nobody now cares about. Extracts will do very well for the collections of those days, but none of Mr Moore's heavy common-places will accompany them; nor will Lord Byron, though a far greater genius than he, be regarded with anything like his biographer's wholesale astonishment. Does he think that the mighty mind of posterity will busy itself with his bustling details, unless it be as we do with Mr Pepys; or look upon a lord with his little eyes? Even now, Lord Byron is not regarded by thousands, in any point of view, as he supposes, or would have us think he supposes. The bad opinion of the Noble Lord that was entertained years ago by multitudes, even among the aristocracy, is changed—for the worse. The grounds of this deterioration remain undisproved. The very lapse of a few short months has made a difference as to the impression which Mr Moore might have expected from his book; and to us, the difference has been an enormous one. The second French Revolution has drawn its golden line between the past and the future. Humanity and its rights have emerged into the sunshine: we have beheld the marvellous spectacle (Mr Moore called the impulse that produced it an "awful" one, and doubtless must have felt it so) of un-worldly power taking its seat on the throne of worldly: and everything in future is *not* to be construed in favour of the great, and disfavour of those they differ with, upon the strength of the old slavish misbelief.

Observe. Two years ago, if you had been a suffering Reformer, if you had persevered in one long work of endeavour for human good, or what you believed to be such, and in the belief that a time would come after you were dead and gone, when the dream should be realized,—if you had sacrificed "health, fame, and fortune" in the endeavour; if you had encountered every species of opposition and calumny: if your cheeks had sunk; if your heart had been torn to pieces for your children; and if with a weakened frame, and no resources but of your tired thoughts, not even with a sixpence in the world before you, you had been compelled to begin life again, at an age when others begin to look forward to some repose; and if during this time, you had been deceived by false patrons, and forsaken by false friends, and at the close of it had been worked up by a combination of circumstances and of pangs infinite, to utter a syllable of complaint which might have been less excusable in happier hours, and which you yourself should regret,—that one offence would be turned against you as if you had committed a thousand crimes; all that you had ever said, done, or endured in behalf of generous sentiments would be forgotten; and nobody be so loud in your condemnation, as the men whose desertion had helped to sting you into the impulse.

Now mark on the other hand. If, instead of the enduring Reformer, thus beset with misfortunes, you had been a Lord,—rich, noted, and

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spoiled,—with every humour upon earth to indulge, and with the power to indulge it; if you had had no object in life, even when you seemed to have a better one, but to make a show and be talked of; —and if this Lord, so spoiled and perverted, partly by the flatteries of the very men who forsake the unfortunate, had been thought to commit almost every crime under the sun; was known to have been guilty of a thousand painful ebullitions of will and selfishness; to have disgusted the class that would have been proud of him, and the reformers with whom he pretended to sympathize; to have calumniated his friends; betrayed his guests to derision; hastened the ruin of the fortunes he pretended to raise, by giving them up to their enemies; and spared neither age nor sex in his resentment;—yet being a Lord, and having a table, and possessing other worldly advantages as well as genius enough to make his opinions and his favour of consequence; what excuse should not be found for *him?* How would not the doctrines of charity, which the other man had preached till he was hoarse, be brought up, solely in his favour? How would not some of his offences be denied with indignation, others contrasted with his good qualities, others secreted, others philosophized upon and excused, and all recommended to the consideration of our modesty, as the errors of a man of genius, without which, perhaps, he would not have been so great as he was? How many generous sentiments would not be expressed in pity to the man of excessive sensibility, who wounded everybody's feelings? How would not fond servility have trembled at his displeasure, and been glad to take his blows? How would not all his claims, however ostentatious, have been admitted? How his satires and private libels have been treasured up? How his friends resolved not to forsake him, in spite of the insults he dealt to them all round? Nay, how would not his very confessions of offence have been received with fond deprecating smiles as whims of his Lordship's not to be thought of,—mystifications of dull rogues, merely at the expence of a few women,—singular, jocose humours, in which it pleased his Lordship to be tragic,—and generous instances of that desire to be thought ill of, which marked his hatred of hypocrisy, and the extreme simplicity and goodness of heart which was so natural to him.

Times are changed. They are changed, not because the case itself is altered, but because the assumptions of privileges and worldliness have received a blow such as was thought impossible, and men's hearts have expanded before their new hopes, and will not suffer those who believed in truth and public virtue, to be any longer at the mercy of their calumniators.

Mr Moore, in his second volume, has ventured to speak of the "unworthy alliance" which Lord Byron made with Mr Leigh Hunt when he set up *The Liberal*, of the "dross" of which that work was compounded, and of the "taint" with which his Lordship's purities were to be infected by being mixed up in the same "*pot-au-feu.*" These images of the pot and sauce-pan are natural to Mr Moore, though in his show-shops he takes care to put his fillagree in the window. It is furthermore to be gathered from Lord Byron's correspondence, that Mr Moore represented the faculties of Mr Leigh Hunt for periodical writing as "dead weight;" and wherever the name of that person is mentioned, Mr Moore does it with infinite airs and assumptions. We have observed, that we do not care for Mr Moore's opinion with regard to our writings. We should value it if we thought it sincere, upon a song or a squib. But whatever it may be in our power to do in other matters, we have a poor opinion of his knowledge of what ought to be done. We shall bring additional reasons for it before we have finished these notices. Our immediate object is to shew the inconsistency between the opinion which Mr Moore gave of Mr Leigh Hunt to Lord Byron after his former friend had fallen into adversity, and lost his public influence, and the one which he expressed to Mr Leigh Hunt himself when lords came to visit him, and when Mr Moore thought his good word of consequence. We again request the reader to keep in mind what we have stated respecting the object of these articles. We do not wish to "Sir," or to bandy charges of this and that with Mr Moore, as the ladies "Madam" each other in the *Beggar's Opera*, when *Macheath* is found out between them. We concede with hearty good-will his hero to Mr Moore, and the honours of what we suppose we are to call a "worthy" alliance. But we do not choose to risk any detriment possible to this new "dead-weight" of ours, *The Tatler*,—a germ, however poor, of precious promise of shelter to many heads; and in order to take away the last remaining chance of an ill-effect of Mr Moore's opinions upon those of the public, we shall shew how little they are to be depended upon. His first volume may be forgotten by this time, and even in that volume, though there is the wish to think ill and to ridicule, Mr Moore has been compelled to be inconsistent by certain politic retrospections. He knew what his own conduct had argued in the first instance: he was aware that Lord Byron possessed letters; though, perhaps, he had forgotten those in the possession of Mr Leigh Hunt; at all events he has hampered his reputation for sincerity beyond retrieval. The reader will see, by the letters we are about to lay before him, that he who talked to Lord Byron about "dross," and "taint," and "dead-weight," must, either to his Lordship or Mr Leigh Hunt, have been grossly insincere. Yet even this light is nothing to what he must appear in, when the reader sees his expressions of gratitude contrasted with the warnings he afterwards gave the noble lord against a connection with his former friend, on account of his being at a disadvantage with the world.

The letters commence in the year 1810, when Mr Leigh Hunt was Editor of *The Examiner*, and wrote the dramatic criticisms in that paper. The signature of the first was cut out to give away.

LETTER I.*

On receiving a letter and some books.

[1811.]

My Dear Sir,—I am just about to step into the mail for a week's absence from town, and have only time to say that I have received your letter, which I have read with gratitude and admiration.—How you, who write so much in public, can *afford* to write so well in private, is miraculous—I shall take your books with me, and hope to tell you all I think and feel about them at Beckenham.

Bury Street, Monday Evening.

LETTER II.

On Mr Moore's Opera of M. P., or Blue Stocking—Mr Leigh Hunt's Feast of the Poets, &c.

[Post-mark, 1811.]

My Dear Sir,—It was my intention upon receiving the last letter with which you favoured me, to answer it by a visit, and that immediately; but I was hurried off to the country by the sickness of a friend; and since my return, I have been occupied in a way that makes me very unfit society for *you*—namely, in writing bad jokes for the galleries of the Lyceum. To make the galleries laugh, is in itself sufficiently degrading, but to *try* to make them laugh and *fail* (which I fear will be my destiny) is deplorable indeed. The secret of it however is, that, upon my last return from Ireland, in one of those moments of weakness to which poets and their purses are too liable, I agreed to give Arnold a piece for the summer, and you may perceive by the lateness of my appearance, with what reluctance I have performed my engagement.

It will no doubt occur to you, upon reading the first page of this note, that the whole purport of it is *to ask for mercy*; but the kind terms in which you have spoken of some things I have written, make me too much interested in your *sincerity* to ask for, or *wish*, the slightest breach of it. I have no doubt that, in this instance you will treat me with severity, and I am just as sure that, if you do, I shall have deserved it. Only say that you *expected something better* from me, and I shall be satisfied.

I must (though late) thank you for your last *Reflector*—the poem to which you were good enough to direct my attentions, interested me extremely; there is nothing so delightful as those alternate sinkings and risings, both of feeling and style, which you have exhibited in those verses, and you cannot think how gracefully it becomes the high philosophy of your mind to saunter now and then among the flowers of poetry. Do indulge her with a few more walks, I beseech you.

I am afraid you look upon me as a bad politician, or you would likewise have bid me read the fine article, entitled (if I recollect right) "A Retrospect of Public Affairs."—It is most ably done—but you write too well for a politician—and it is really a pity to go to the expence of *fulminating gold*, when common *gunpowder* serves the purpose just as well.

I shall not call upon you now till I have passed the ordeal—but till then, and ever, believe me, my Dear Sir,

Your's with much esteem,

Bury street, Saturday. Thomas Moore.

The fragment which Carpenter told you I had for the *Reflector* was *wickedly* political—Some of the allusions have now lost their hold, but you shall see it, and perhaps something may, with your assistance, be yet made of it.

LETTER III.

On M. P. or the Blue Stocking.

My Dear Sir,—I have not the least fear that *you* will make any ungenerous use of the anxiety which I express with respect to your good opinion of me. I dare say you have read in the *Times* of yesterday the very well-written, and (I confess), but too just account which they give of the *shooting* of my *fool's-bolt* on Monday. The only misrepresentation I can accuse them of (and *that* I feel very sensibly) is the charge of Royalism and courtier-ship which they have founded upon my foolish clap-trap with respect to the Regent; — this has astonished me the more, as the Opera underwent a very severe cutting from the Licenser for a very opposite quality to courtier-ship, and it is merely lest *you* should be led into a mistake (from the little consideration you can afford to give to such nonsense) that I trouble you with this note.

If the child's plea,—"I'll never do so again," could soften criticism, I may be depended upon from this moment, for a most hearty abjuration of the stage, and all its heresies of pun, equivoque, and clap-trap:—however humble I may be in other departments of literature, I am quite conscious of being contemptible in this.

Your's, my Dear Sir, very truly,

27 Bury street, Wednesday. Thomas Moore.

Did you receive a note I sent you about a week ago?

LETTER IV.

On the Feast of the Poets—Lord Moira, &c.

[Post-mark, August 1812.]

My Dear Sir,—I am sorry to find by your *Examiner* of last Sunday that you are ill, and I sincerely hope, both for the sake of

* The Italics in all the following letters are the writer's own.

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yourself and the world, that it is not an indisposition of any serious nature.—I have very often since I left town had thoughts of writing to you; not that I had anything to say, but merely to keep myself alive in your recollection, till some lucky jostle in our life's journey throws us closer together than we have hitherto been. It is *not* true, however, that I have had nothing to say to you, for I have to thank you for your poem in the *Reflector*, which I would praise for its beauty, if my praises could be thought *disinterested* enough to please you—but it has won my heart rather too much to leave my judgment fair play; and the pleasure of being praised by *you*, makes me incapable of returning the compliment:—all that I can tell you is, that your good opinion of me in general is paid back with interest ten-fold, and that my thoughts about you are so well known to those I live with, that I have the pleasure of finding you acknowledged among them by no other title than "Moore's Friend." I suppose you have heard that I suddenly burst upon my acquaintances last spring, in the new characters of husband and father, and I hope you will believe me, when I say that (though my little intercourse with you might have made such a confidence impertinent on my side,) I often wished to make you one of the very few friends who knew the secret of my happiness, and witnessed my enjoyment of it. I rather think too, that if you were acquainted with the story of my marriage, it would not tend to *lower* me from that place, which I am proud to believe, I hold in your esteem. I have got a small house and large garden here in the neighbourhood of Lord Moira's fine library, and feel happy in the consciousness that I have *indeed* "mended my notions of pleasure," and that I am likely, after all, to be what men like you approve. Mrs Moore and I have been for these ten days past on a visit to our noble neighbour, who is at length preparing for an old age of *independence*, by a manly and summary system of retrenchment. He has dismissed nearly all his servants, and is retiring to a small house in Sussex, leaving his park and fine library here to *solitude and me*. How I have mourned over his late negotiation! A sword looks crooked in water, and the weak medium of Carlton House has given an appearance of obliquity even to Lord Moira—but both the sword and he may be depended on still—at least I think so.

I was very much flattered by your taking some doggrel of mine out of the *Morning Chronicle* some months since, called "The Insurrection of the Papers." I don't know whether you saw "The Plumassier" about the same time. It was mine also, but not so good. I hope next year, when I have got over a work I am about, to help you with a few shafts of ridicule in the noble warfare you are engaged in, since I find that you have thought some of them not unworthy your notice.

With best regards to Mrs Hunt and your *little child*, for whom I could supply a *companion picture*; I am, my Dear Sir,

Most truly your's,

Wednesday. THOMAS MOORE.

[I shall take the liberty of paying] the postage of this, lest it might not be received at the Office.

[To be continued to-morrow, with further remarks.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Pizarro. — Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.

COVENT GARDEN.—Romeo and Juliet.—Harlequin Fat, and Harlequin Bat.

FRENCH PLAYS—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

WE last night went with a good deal of expectation of amusement, and much love of faces newly arrived from Paris, to see the French actors begin their performances here for the season. It was bad weather, which made us fear they might be baulked of some of their visitors; and when we arrived, we found but a gloomy box to sit in, from which we could not discern whether the house was full or not. The places immediately about us were not quite filled at a late hour. But *there* stood the performers on the stage, with the French faces which we had learnt doubly to like since the noble Revolution: we fancied them just arrived from that metropolis which has given every Frenchman a lustre in our eyes; and we shook hands with them in imagination,—we mean with two of them. As to the third, who was a lady, we embraced her with all our heart,—that is to say, with as much of it as was left us by the rest of her countrywomen; which is a common meaning of the phrase *de tout mon cœur*, though not always with the same excuses. It was related among the anecdotes of the Great Week, that a Parisian lady being asked what she thought of the heroic workmen and artisans, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I could embrace them all!" Now this is what we felt towards the stage representatives of those fair Parisians, who assisted the heroes when they bled.

Unfortunately during the first piece we saw but one of them; for there were but three *dramatis personæ* in it. It is called *L'Héritière* (The Heiress), a comedy-vaudeville, or with songs (we explain these matters, because it is a pedantry to suppose that every one who is capable of relishing a good thing, is acquainted with a language); and it is written by Messrs. SCRIBE and G. DELAVIGNE, one of those BEAUMONT and FLETCHER partnerships in little, the commonness of which in Paris appears so strange to our sulkier muses.

This piece is very pleasant, and has a very simple and natural plot, for a farce. *M. de Gourville* (M. BEHIER ST AUBERT), an elderly gentleman, accompanied by his nephew *Gustave* (M. PAULIN), who is fond of sporting, has taken the road to his country-house to enjoy the pleasures of the season, when he stops at the residence of a young widow, *Madame de Melval* (Mademoiselle HERMINIE), who is destined by an uncle to be his ward and wife. The lady frankly confesses, that under all the circumstances of her widowhood, and after what she has experienced of the levities of younger men, she is not unwilling to complete her uncle's views; but as she acknowledges with equal frankness that she is not in love; and as *M. de Gourville* has a passion for large incomes, and expects to have no more with her than one of ten thousand livres, he thinks it may be as well to transfer her to his nephew. He accordingly informs her that the young gentleman, who has only been in the house three days, and all that time occupied with his sporting, is in love with her. *Madame de Melval* has great difficulty in believing this, especially as the nephew sleeps in her presence, scarcely ever speaks to her, and is riotously gay; but the uncle insists that it is true, that he only seems to sleep, has only unnatural fits of spirits, and eats nothing. At this juncture in comes *Gustave*, bawling for his breakfast.

We will give a passage or two, as we proceed.

'*Gustave.* Good morning, Madam: Good morning, my dear uncle. So, nobody dreams of eating yet, eh? I've been in the breakfast-room, and it is one vast solitude.

'*Agatha* (Madame de MERVAL). We had a project, Sir, of going to breakfast at a little distance from the house, near the fountain.

'*Gourville.* Ay, a good jolly luncheon, at two.

'*Gustave.* At two! Good God, I can never go so long at that! (*Gourville makes signs to him*). It's very well of you to shrug your shoulders, who lie in bed and all that; but I, who am scampering about the fields before day-light——

'*Agatha.* How, Sir!

'*Gustave.* Yes, Madam, I was at it at four this morning.

'*Gourville (to Agatha).* I told you he never sleeps.

'*Gustave.* No: your gardener will not let me. I told him to call me between six and seven, and he must needs come telling me at four that I had "only two hours to sleep." I got in such a rage with the fellow! For you must know, Madam, I was in one of the finest sleeps I ever had in my life: aye, and dreams too.

'*Agatha.* What, you dream then, Sir?

'*Gustave.* Oh yes, Madam.

'*Gourville.* Come, now he's making way.

'*Gustave.* I dreamt I was in the middle of a battle, Madam, gaining a great victory. (*Here he sings a song to that effect.*)

Agatha. (aside to Gourville) Very amiable no doubt, and lively, my dear Sir; but there's no love here.

Gourville. Unnatural spirits, that's all; forced animation.

Gustave. I'm sure, Madame, you, who are so good and so amiable, would not see me expire at your feet. Would you be good enough to stir these people a little?

Agatha. Sir, I fly to make them haste with your breakfast.

Gustave (seizing her hand and kissing it as she is going out.) Madam, you restore a dying man.

The uncle is in despair at this scene. He reproaches *Gustave* with his want of gallantry, and is about to insinuate that *Madame de Melval* is in love with him, when the other, guessing his intention, informs him that he shall remain insensible, for the fact is, that he hates women who fall in love first. He likes one that makes conquest difficult. "Well, my friend," says the uncle, "you may put up your tent here then; for I was going to tell you, that *Madame de Melval* regards you with aversion."

The nephew's vanity is roused at this. He vows he will bring down her pride, made her love him, and then laugh at her. Being left to himself to pursue his project, he accordingly resolves upon eschewing breakfast, in order to exhibit the want of appetite, suitable to a lover:— for which purpose he takes a hunk of bread out of his pocket, such as sportsmen sometimes arm themselves with, and falls to eating it as fast as possible, for fear of being surprised. The lady comes in, and finds him pensively reading Racine. In a word, he now makes love as hard as he can; and though he does not succeed immediately, has hopes. His uncle encourages him to make haste, by telling him that there is another lover in the case, from whom *Agatha* has just received an offer of marriage, to which she is about to return an answer in writing. *Gustaves* goes out to seek her. Meanwhile the uncle sits down to a packet of letters, which has just arrived for himself.

But what a change does this packet make! One of the letters contains the last will and testament of his friend the uncle of *Madam de Melval;* and by this will he finds that instead of being heiress to a mere ten thousand livres a year, she is sole legatee, and heiress to an income of upwards of a hundred thousand.

He now curses the moment in which he recommended his nephew to make love, and instantly sets about undoing his work. He hears with alarm *Gustave's* account of the promising look of his adventure; and afterwards, on finding him and *Mad. de Melval* together, is horrified at hearing her tell him, with a smile, in answer to his questions about the other lover, to go and fetch the letter she has written to him. The uncle seizes the moment of his absence, to inform her that his nephew's passion is a joke, and

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that he is making sport of her. The disconcerted widow receives him accordingly on his return into the room, with such coldness, as to induce him to ask his uncle for an explanation. *Gourville* tells him, that the joke he intended for the lady, has recoiled on himself; for in fact she loves him as little as he does her. The poor nephew replies, that he really does love her: his intended joke has turned into a grave passion. *M. de Gourville*, startled at this, resolves upon getting him out of the way without more ado. He tells him he must in decency go; the honour of the family demands that he must not stay to be despised: he goes out to order the post-coach, he sees the horses put to, he calls out to his nephew that he is ready to set off with him. *Gustave* in despair gets the servant to carry a note to *Madame de Melval*, who returns it unopened. "La Fleur," says he, "ten louis for yourself, and as many for the postillion, if he will dash off with my uncle immediately, a league and back again."

La F. How, Sir!

Gust. Twenty louis.

La F. But consider, Sir!

Gust. It's a wager.

La F. Oh a wager, is it? Then here goes.

Enter *Madame de Melval*, without seeing *Gustave*, and laments aloud that she cannot help having an affection for him, and regretting his departure. He comes forward, confesses what his plan had been, owns that he had been vanquished and made to repent it, and is explaining to her, as he thinks, his uncle's conduct, when the latter is brought back by the postillion. The old gentleman puts the best face he can upon the matter, and produces the will, which makes *Agatha* stare at his virtue in having been able to marry, and yet renouncing her. The delighted nephew professes equal astonishment, and both unite in overwhelming the bewildered speculator with torrents of acknowledgment.

We have left ourselves no room to expatiate on the neatness, compactness, and surprising turns of this very agreeable piece; nor even to criticise the new actors whom we saw; which is not amiss; for we should not like to make objections to foreign performers, without taking into consideration the difference of national acting, and all which might reasonably render our opinion doubtful, especially on a first night: and we are obliged to say that we were disappointed in the performance of this first piece. The second promised better, but we did not stop it, knowing that we should have room to criticise but one piece at a time, which luckily suits a paper published so often as ours: and besides, we could not get a book of it, which we confess to be necessary to our due appreciation of a language, which we are more in the habit of reading than of hearing. ☞

Rochefoucauld has said that hypocricy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. Might it not also be said of those writings which endeavour to represent prejudices as useful, that they are the homage which absurdity pays to good sense?—*Yellow Dwarf.*

Delicacy in Conversation. — There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last, to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable; this conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours, is excruciating.—*Bruyère.*

We measure the excellency of other men, by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough (as poets used to be) seeing an Alderman with his gold chain, upon his great horse, by way of scorn, said to one of his companions,—"Do you see yon fellow, how goodly, how big he looks; why that fellow cannot make a blank verse."—*Selden's Table-Talk.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—Winter.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—Summer.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called

A DEAD SHOT.

Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."
Chatter, Miss DALY.
Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr Buckstone].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr Sheridan.]

Lady Teazle, Miss CHESTER, Lady Sneerwell, Mrs FAUCIT,
Mrs Candour, Mrs Orger, Maria, Miss Mordaunt, Maid, Mrs Webster.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr FARREN, Sir Oliver Surface, Mr DOWTON,
Joseph Surface, Mr MACREADY, Charles Surface, Mr WALLACK,
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr HARLEY, Crabtree, Mr W. Bennett,
Careless, Mr Yarnold, Rowley, Mr Younge, Moses, Mr Webster, Trip, Mr Balls,
Snake, Mr Thompson, Sir Harry, (with a Song) Mr SINCLAIR

Previous to the Comedy, (3rd time in this Country) F. Schneider's Overture to "A la Chasse."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES,

OR HARLLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

[By Mr W. Barrymore.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

To-morrow, Werner; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY, Clorinda, Miss CAWSE,
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES, Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON, Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON, Pedro, Mr KEELEY,
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY, Dandini, Mr MORLEY.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr Farley.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr Peake.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

To-morrow, Fazio; and Harlequin Fat or Harlequin Bat.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE,
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight, Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott,
Lady Fleming, Miss King, Mattie, Miss Kitrey, Moggy, Miss Langley,
Jenny, Miss Slater. Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks,
Lord Lindsay, Mr Brougham, Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrel,
Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith, Roland, Mr Raymond, Drysdale, Mr Newcombe,
Sandy, Mr J. Knight.

To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[By Mr Planché.]
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

To be followed by a Comic Burletta, called

THE LITTLE JOCKEY.

Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "The Boy in yellow wins the day."
Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Maurice, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

The whole to conclude with a Comic Burletta, called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER, Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond, Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget, Captain Cape, Mr W. VINING.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Drama, entitled

NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.

Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Miss Vincent, in which she will sing
"Oh men! what silly things ye are," Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashawny, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

After which, a new Comic Drama, entitled

"PS. COME TO DINNER."

Charlotte, Miss Vincent, Fanny, Miss Ellis, Mrs Pickwick, Madame Simon,
Mrs Bobbin, Miss Rummens, Betty, Mrs Rogers.
Sir Gregory Gander, Mr D. PITT, Capt. Court'em, Mr Honor, Scapin, Mr C. Hill,
Lackbrain, Mr Rogers, Peter Pickwick, Mr VALE, Tim Bobbin, Mr WILLIAMS,
Hob, Mr Emded, Harry, Mr Hicks. Snooz'em, Mr Gough.

To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. Barrymore].
The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

To-morrow, Nancy of Portsmouth; The Adopted Child; and the Pantomime.

Coburg Theatre. — The Gambler's Life—Jonathan Dobson—Harlequin Silver Penny.

Sadler's Well Theatre.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Published by J. Onwhyn, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. Chappel; Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; A. Hays, 165 Regent street; J. Field, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; Marsh, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at Ebers's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.
C. and W. Reynell, Printers, Broad street, Golden square.

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Nº 112.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore. Two vols. 4to. Murray.

LORD BYRON—MR MOORE—AND MR LEIGH HUNT,
WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS, *NOT* IN MR MOORE'S WORK.

[Continued from our last]

In the year 1812, the then Editor of the *Examiner* had been provoked by the Prince Regent's tergiversation towards Ireland, and the adulation of the *Morning Post*, into jesting about a large "Adonis of fifty," and saying, that his Royal Highness had lived half a century without doing anything for the good of the people or the respect of posterity. For these words (or something like them) he and his brother, the joint proprietors of the *Examiner*, were sent to prison, and fined a thousand pounds. The sentence might have been escaped, the fine might have been escaped, had they consented to promise that they would say no more about the Prince. They refused. The fine was offered to be collected for them among friends,—among the people. They with gratitude declined. Some years after, Lord Byron, who thought himself obliged to Mr Leigh Hunt for his sticking by him in adversity, offered, through Mr Shelley, to lend him five hundred pounds to bring him over to Italy, that he might endeavour to repair his broken health and fortunes. He thanked his Lordship, but as he could not go to Italy, he of course could not avail himself of the offer. We speak of these money matters in a lump, to let the reader see, that when Mr Leigh Hunt thought himself bound at last to apply to his friends, and his adherence to the Good Cause helped to keep him poor notwithstanding, the necessity did not imply a habit of mind which the generous would have met with ill-construction, whatever occasion might have been taken of his diminished influence, for the mean to insult him and the selfish to forsake.

The next of Mr Moore's letters was written soon after his going to prison, in February 1813. At that time, everything from Mr Moore's pen, whether he praised or objected, had in his correspondent's eyes a hue of "favour and of prettiness;" nor did Mr Hunt ever afterwards say one word against him, or think it, till he found him insincere. What he now sees in some passages of his letters, he leaves the reader to guess. The one upon his patron Lord Moira in the following will surely be held a curiosity by those who think of the different positions of Mr Hunt as Editor of the *Examiner* and visitor of Lord Byron. The reader has been already told that the Italics in these letters are of the writers own marking, not ours.

LETTER V.

On Mr Hunt's Imprisonment; Lord Moira, &c.

Kegworth, Leicestershire, Thursday.

My Dear Sir,—I was well aware that, on the first novelty of your imprisonment, you would be overwhelmed with all sorts of congratulations and condolences, and therefore resolved to reserve *my* tribute both of approbation and sympathy till the gloss of your chains was a little gone off, and both friends and *starers* had got somewhat accustomed to them. If I were now to tell you half of what I have thought and felt in your favor during this period, I fear it would be more than you know enough of me to give me credit for; and I shall therefore only say in true Irith phrase and spirit, that my *heart* takes you by the hand most cordially, and that I only wish heaven had given me a brother, whom I could think so well of and feel so warmly about. I hope to be in London in about four or five weeks, when one of my first visits shall be to Horsemonger-lane, and I trust I shall find your restrictions so far relaxed as to allow of my not merely *looking at you* through the bars, but passing an hour or two with you in your room.

I have long observed, and (I must confess) wondered at your *retenue* about Lord Moira, and have sometimes flattered myself (forgive me for being so vain, and so little just, perhaps, to your sense of duty) that a little regard for *me* was at the bottom of your forbearance, for you have always struck me as one whom nature never destined "accusatoriam vitam vivere," and who, if you were to live much among us Lilliputians of this world, would soon find your giant limbs entangled with a multitude of almost invisible *heart*-strings; but be this as it may, I must acknowledge (with a candour which is *wrung* from me) that Lord Moira's conduct no longer deserves your approbation, and when I say this, I trust I need not add, that it *no longer has mine*. His kindnesses to me of course I can never forget, but they are remembered as one remembers the kindnesses of a faithless mistress, and that esteem, that reverence, which was the soul of all, is fled. His thoughtfulness about me, indeed, remained to the last, and in the interview which I had with him immediately on his coming down here after his appointment, he said that, though he had nothing sufficiently good in his *Indian* patronage to warrant my taking such an expensive voyage, yet it was in his power, by *exchange* of patronage with Ministers, to serve me at home, and that he meant to provide for me in this way; to which I answered, with many acknowledgements for his friendship, that "I begged he would not take the trouble of making any such application, as I would infinitely rather struggle on as I am, than accept of anything under such a system." I must add (because it is creditable to him) that this refusal, though so significantly conveyed, and still more strongly afterwards by letter, did not offend him, and that he continued the most cordial attentions to us during the remainder of his stay. I know you will forgive this egotism, and would perhaps trouble you with a little more of it, if the unrelenting post time were not very nearly at hand.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

From your's ever,
Thomas Moore.

In Mr Moore's first volume is an account of his coming with Lord Byron to dine in the prison, and a copy of verses from his lordship to his friend, in which the Editor of the *Examiner* is designated as "the wit in the dungeon." How comes it by the way, that Mr Moore never showed Mr Hunt any of these flattering phrases from the Noble Poet? And what is the probable reason why they are now produced, after Mr H. has known Lord Byron, and suffered from the advice given him by Mr Moore? Mr M. says in this account of the dinner, that Lord Byron "good naturedly" accepted Mr Hunt's invitation, and that the "wishes" of his lordship's introducer were "attended to," as far as the visitors at table were concerned; though it is intimated that a sad breach of politeness was manifested, when other visitors dropped in during the evening; Mr M. implying, that he had expressed "wishes" to the contrary. Our quondam friend must excuse us, if we think that a sincere man is likely to have a better memory than an insincere one, and that Mr Moore is mistaken in thinking that he expressed any such wish;—that is to say, meaning by the word "wish" a direction understood and received by the entertainer of the Noble Lord. We ask the reader whether the patronising style of this passage in Mr Moore's "reminiscences," accords with the letters his host received from him at that period. As to "good-nature," the host thought it good-natured enough certainly in Lord Byron to come to see him; and he had higher notions of lords then than he has learnt to have since. But he might have had fifty lords for his visitors, if he chose. Lords are never wanting: though patriots who can dispense with them are a little scarce, except in Paris. And with regard to friends dropping in, during this visitation by which the host was bound to die of honour and his monopoly, how was a man who has been such a student in truth as never to deny himself to a visitor in his life, to begin by not being at home in prison? Or how was he to excuse himself to friends who had come from a distance to see him, by telling them that he had a lord with him, and the invisible dignity of Mr Moore?

But all this is harmless, and we are sorry to waste the reader's time upon it. The letter containing the following passage was written a month or two after this visit. Lord Byron's other visits have been mentioned elsewhere; nor is it necessary to recur to them. Mr Leigh Hunt forgets how many letters he received at various times from Mr Moore, having lost or mislaid several; but such as he can find that have anything to do with the object of these articles, are here continued.

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LETTER VI.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday Evening.
[Post-mark, August 1812.]

My Dear Hunt,

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

I hope you see my friend Lord Byron often; one of the very few London pleasures I envy him is the visit to Horsemonger-lane now and then.

Faithfully your's,
Thomas Moore.

[We have been compelled to cut short the article of to-day. Amends will be made for it in our next]

Military Memoirs of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. By Captain Moyle Sherer. First Volume, 12mo. pp. 295. (First volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library.) Longman.

[Final Extracts.]

THE GUERILLAS OF SPAIN.

Napoleon well knew what he was about when he supplied the French generals in Spain with such large and seemingly disproportionate numbers of cavalry. Before the trampling of his numerous and warlike squadrons, the hearts of the Spanish soldiers, who had no confidence in their own discipline, no power of formation and movement, and for a long time no officers capable of instructing them, too often became fear-broken; and the glittering of French sabres was like the gleam of the axe and the signal of execution.

The frequent and melancholy experience of their inefficiency in regular warfare drove numbers of the dispersed, but not disheartened, patriots to adopt a new mode of hostilities, which harassed and distressed the French to an incredible degree.

They collected in small bands; they chose leaders of a ready intelligence and a daring courage; and they commenced a system of war in detail, which gratified their thirst for the invaders' blood, and suited well their melancholy fortunes. The French had never found any difficulty in defeating the Spanish armies*—"troops," says a French officer, "hastily raised, without skill to manœuvre, and embarrassed by the very numbers which should have been their strength."

But now they were engaged with the nation;—they stood side by side in the market-places with men who were marking them for a prey. The peasant was seen ploughing peaceably in his field; but in one of the furrows lay his long Spanish gun, ready to give aid in any chance contest between the partidas, or guerrillas, and the passing detachments of the enemy. Not a mountain pass in the romantic land but there lay among the rocks and bushes a group of these fierce and formidable men, awaiting the expected convoy or the feeble company. Even in the plains the posts of correspondence were compelled to fortify a belfry, or tower, or house; and the sentinel kept his vigilant look-out from a scaffolding of planks, that he might see all that passed in the fields around: nor could any of the soldiers venture beyond the enclosure thus fortified for fear of assassination. To lead these guerrilla bands, the priest girded up his black robe, and stuck pistols in his belt—the student threw aside his books, and grasped a sword—the shepherd forsook his flock—the husbandman his home.

One of the most celebrated of the guerilla chiefs, thus simply tells the commencement of his military life:—

"I was born at Idozin, a village of Navarre, on the 17th of June 1781. My parents were John Stephen Espoz y Mina, and Mary Terese Ilundain y Ardaiz, honest farmers of that province.

"As soon as I had learned to read and write, I devoted myself to the labours of husbandry; and when my father died I took charge of the little farm, which constituted the patrimony of my family. In this manner I lived till the age of twenty-six years.

"My patriotism being then excited by the treacherous invasion of Spain by Napoleon in 1808, after having done all the harm I could to the French in my own village, I abandoned it, and enlisted as a soldier in Doyle's battalion, on the 8th of February 1809.

"Having joined, a short time after, the guerrilla commanded by my nephew Xavier Mina, I continued still as a private *soldier*, when this guerrilla being disbanded, in consequence of the capture of my nephew, *seven of the men named me their chief, and with them I began to command.*"

Such was the origin of this famous guerrilla chief, and such his first rank and service. Similar was the origin and service of many others, who never rose to the distinction obtained by this brave, enterprising, and fortunate individual.

The number of these armed bands was very great, and some few of the self-elected chiefs, or of those chosen by smugglers and robbers to be their leaders, became a terror to the villages which they visited, and committed great oppressions, plundering friends as well as enemies: but even these were keen after the invader's blood;—while the good and true patriots, who were led by good and true men, met on all sides assistance and encouragement, and were in constant communication with the inhabitants of every town and village in which the French troops were cantoned.

The stratagems of the leaders of these bands were infinitely varied; and the very nature of their service, demanding at one moment the greatest secrecy and address, and admitting at another a display of heroic energy, had about it a wild charm that fascinated all gallant and enterprising spirits.

The principal chieftains of these partidas, were the two Minas and Renovales, in Navarre and Arragon; Porlier, named the *Marquisetto*, and Longa, in the Asturias and Biscay; Juan Martin, or *El Empecinado*, in New Castile; Juan Paladea, or *El Medico*, in La Mancha; the curate Merino and others in Castile; the friar Sapia, of Soria; Juan Abril, of Segovia; the doctor Rovera, in Catalonia; and Julian Sanchez in the neighbourhood of Salamanca; and a long list of names of lesser note, well known in the vicinity of those places where they acted against the enemy. There were not less than fifty thousand of these irregular combatants in Spain at one period of the war, and many of them were actuated by very noble motives and the true love of their country. It were a waste of words to insist upon the injury which these parties inflicted on the French armies, or upon the very material advantage derived by Spain, by Portugal, and by the British army, from their active and persevering exertions. We know that, in an after-period of the war, lord Wellington himself appreciated their important services most highly.

* We deny that they ever had an army, though we use the word; they had levies of armed men, but no armies. "*What the Spaniards call armies*," is the expression of Sir John Moore; and the Duke of Albuquerque, speaking of the army of Cuesta, says, "On our marches we stop to repose like a flock of sheep, without taking up any position; and again, we march as if it were on a pilgrimage, without any regard to distance, order, or method." Although these remarks of the Duke's apply to the incompetency of Cuesta, they picture faithfully the marches of Spanish armies.

CHESS-PLAYING.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—I avail myself of your kind permission to furnish my account of the manner in which the "Three Pawns Gambit" came to be called "Cunningham's."

Alexander Cunningham, better known, at least to the literary world, in the beginning of the last century, as a critic and commentator on Virgil and Horace, was a good chess-player, and the intimate friend of Sir Abraham Janssen, Bart., then esteemed the best player in England. They were both members of the club which had been established at Old Slaughter's Coffee House, St Martin's lane, from the time of George I, and which continued to meet there till 1770, when it was removed, or rather a new one formed, first at the Salopian, and afterwards at Parsloe's in St James's street, under the auspices of Philidor.

This eminent player came to England in 1747, after having beaten all the players at Paris except Mons. de Legalle. He brought letters of recommendation to Sir Abraham, who patronised him and introduced him to the Chess-Club. Here it was that Philidor first saw played that opening of the "Three Pawns Gambit," and was told either that Cunningham (who died in 1732) invented it, or was fond of playing it. Philidor, however, in compliment to Sir Abraham and his friend, gave it the name of *Cunningham's Gambit*, in his work which was printed in 1749: just as he gave the name of the "Gambit of Aleppo" (Stamma's birth-place) to the Queen's Gambit, because Stamma was fond of opening the game in that manner. Philidor's words are, "*Gambit de Cunningham dont l'auteur l'a que certainement gagné, mais je pense le contraire.*" He then goes on with a train of play in support of his opinion, which has been impugned by the anonymous Editor of the latter editions of his work, who has detected a bad move in a late stage of the game: but, as often happens when inferior players attempt to criticise their masters, he has overlooked another evidently bad move on the opposite side; and, as *Philoscuccharia* tells us, the result has been controverted.

The same Correspondent seems to treat Philidor's talents rather lightly; but the reason he gives is somewhat illogical, if not unintelligible; he says, we know Philidor's play only "*by tradition.*" I need not tell you, Mr Tatler, that *all* fame, except of the present day, rests upon the same broad basis; but supposing we could bring back to our bar all Philidor's contemporaries, what farther light could they give us? Not a single additional ray; for none of them could play with him on equal terms.

His fame, therefore, rests upon the same footing as that of all the famous players who preceded him, from Berseca the Saracen, who, in 1266, performed the same feat for which Philidor has been so much be-praised; viz. that of playing three games at once without seeing the boards. The vanity peculiar to his nation led him to give two or three of these parties, in order, as he himself expresses it, "to transmit to posterity *a fact* of which future ages might otherwise entertain some doubt." A very few years before this, Sacchiere, a priest of Turin, had performed the same feat with *four* chess boards: and Canera gives us the names of more than a score of players who excelled in this difficult exercise. I could continue, but I have already trespassed too far on your kindness, and I am, Mr Tatler,

Your obliged correspondent,
A Lover of Chess.

Talent for Writing Worse and Worse.—A gentleman returning from the representation of the 'Modern Prophets,' or from some other of D'Urfey's bad plays, the first night it was acted, said to Dryden, "Was there ever such stuff?"—"Sir," replied Dryden, "You don't know my friend Tom so well as I do: I'll answer for him he shall write worse yet."

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.
DRURY LANE.—School for Scandal.—Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—Harlequin Fat, and Harlequin Bat.

COVENT GARDEN.

Miss INVERARITY appeared for the sixth time last night in *Cinderella*, and we saw part of the opera for the fifth. It seems as if we could see this play, and hear this new singer in it, a hundred times. Not because she has come to her maturity, or that superior as she is to any of the singers who have lately come forward, she will not be far more so by and by, but because her aspect and her style harmonize so pleasingly with one another, and with the character. She looks just the gentle person to be set aside by a coarse father and two flaring sisters; and yet there is a tenderness and a promise of luxury in some of her tones, that announce a capacity for enjoyment, and warrant success when it comes.

Miss INVERARITY received more than her usual honours last night in the finale. The audience anticipated it with a round of applause, interrupted it with more, and encored it with greater enthusiasm than we have yet witnessed, except the first night. The piece was given out for repetition next Saturday. The performer who announced it, gave the common pronunciation to the name,—INVERARITY,—which must convince a speculative gentleman of his error, who, moved, we suppose, by the wonders of her name, and thinking there ought to be no end to them any more than to the syllables, was instructing the boxes around him the other night, how it was not INVERARITY, but Inverareety. The fair singer's patronymic has indeed raised a marvellous degree of astonishment. The inhabitants of this busy metropolis seem to think that she has found out the longitude in appellation, and complain that they have not time to pronounce it. Some wonder where it could have come from; and others have recommended that it should be cut short. The name indeed might be cut into "little stars." There is Rarity, or Verarity, or Verari. Verari would have a pretty Italian sound. The lady however does well to keep her name as it is. She has given pleasure to those who bear it; she is not the person to give up an old acquaintance, or her tones belie her: and besides, the name is a very good name, and we suppose there are bonnie Scots who are proud of it on other accounts. Inverarity is the name of a place near Dundee; so that there must have been Inverarities "of that ilk." Finally, its length is a notion; people must utter many syllables, when they say anything at all; and they might as well utter these as any others. The words "Miss INVERARITY" do not take longer time to pronounce than "The Duke of WELLINGTON." Now, who makes any fuss about "The Duke of WELLINGTON?" or what lover of agreeable images has not the idea of a pleasanter performer suggested to him by the one name than the other? Who would go to hear the Duke of WELLINGTON that has once heard him? And who would not go to hear Miss INVERARITY fifty times, for a like reason?

Mr WILSON's fine tenor was in choice condition last night, and he improves in his acting.

KEELEY's performance of the servant gives a great zest to the comic part of this opera. His round comfortable person and lackadaisical manner suit the kitchen companion of *Cinderella*: the airs he gives himself on occasion contrast admirably with this manner in general,—as when he plays the ambassador, or takes a part in the dance: (the way in which he reposes upon his approaches to his partner has the true comic gusto); and then how well he addresses the sovereign in those truly royal words:—"Most magnificent, *extravagant*, and *dreadful* Prince,—whose face is shocking to your subjects, and frightful to all the rest of the world." The *Emperor Paul*, or *Charles X*, could not have been better saluted.

"Most extensive Prince," is another style and title which would have suited the Autocrat. The Poles, we trust, are going to clip the epithet for his descendant.

We must not close our article without commending M. ALBERT the dancer, for putting on some visible clothing; and also for mitigating the petulence of his dance military. He is a very clever dancer; and must have observed that he does not obtain the less applause for shewing his judgment on those points. Both he, and his two fair companions, received, if we are not mistaken, more than their ordinary amount of approbation last night. ☞

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

WHOLE PATRIOTS AND HALF.—If you are a patriot and a martyr to your principles, this is a painful consideration, and must act as a draw-back to your pretensions, which would have a more glossy and creditable appearance, if they had never been tried. If you are a lord, or a dangler after lords, it is well: the glittering star hides the plebeian stains; the obedient smile and habitual cringe of approbation are always welcome.—*Hazlitt's Plain Speaker.*

BENEFITS OF EARLY INSTRUCTION.—The advantage of having learnt the Catechism, to a child wandering in darkness, may be estimated by the following trifling circumstance:—A lady observing a little girl apparently lost in the street, accosted her with the question of "Whose child are you?"—"*Child of wrath*, Ma'am," cried the little urchin, dropping a curtesy, as if addressing the parson. The lady resumed and said, "Where were you born?" "*Born in sin*, Ma'am," persevered the diminutive theologian.

GENERAL LA FAYETTE.—The departure of General La Fayette for America, is thus noticed in a Paris paper in the year 1777:—"*Paris, April* 4:—One of the richest of our young nobility, the Marquis de la Fayette, a relation of the Duke de Noailles, between nineteen and twenty years of age, has at his own expense hired a frigate, and provided everything necessary for a voyage to America, with two officers of his acquaintance. He set out last week, having told his lady and family that he was going to Italy. He is to serve as a Major-General in the Ameriaan army. On the other hand, the Count de Bulkely, an Irish gentleman, who is a Major-General in the French service, is going, with the leave of Majesty, to offer himself to the King of Great Britain to serve agains the Americans."

THE LATE AMIABLE RULER OF THE POLES.—When the Grand Duke Constantine was travelling in Germany, he on one occasion, weary of the slow progress he made, ordered the post-boy repeatedly to drive faster, but to no purpose; he then threatened to shoot him if he did not quicken his pace; the postillion persisted in jogging on at his own rate, which so provoked the Grand Duke, that he drew a pistol, and shot him dead upon the spot.—*Lumsden's Journey from India.*—[Is not Constantine, who resembles his father Paul more than any of the rest of the family, a madman? And is it not high time that a general protest should be made against madmen occupying thrones? It is a melancholy and strange consideration, that insanity has often discharged the office of king; and that some of the bitterest consequences of public measures have resulted from it. What republican ever satirized royalty like this notorious fact?]

PARLIAMENTARY REPORT.—Mr Popham, when he was Speaker, and the Lower House had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr Speaker, what hath passed in the Lower House?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."—*Bacon.*—[The Lower and the Upper House too seem to pass their time pretty much in the same way still; especially when the times out of doors are uneasy and want comforting.]

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—Of all the moral advantages of the new system of education (Lancasterian) perhaps the greatest arises from the mildness of the punishments which it imposes. Its punishments appeal to the rational, not to the animal nature of man; and are calculated to influence the principles of his mind, rather than to impose torture on his body. Every blow inflicted for the correction of a bad action, excites ten bad feelings; and it is somewhat absurd to attempt to purify the stream by corrupting the source. A boy may be flogged for a fault, and the fault may be corrected; but it is corrected not in consequence of the flogging, but in spite of it. No virtuous principle was ever instilled into the human mind by stripes: their only effect is to irritate and harden, to make slaves, and train up tyrants."—*Westminster Review.*—Do not the above arguments equally apply to the degrading system of flogging soldiers? How much longer will this foul blot on the humanity and civilization of England continue to make us the laughing-stock of our continental neighbours? A beaten soldier after a good battle, is something: but a *beaten soldier* on *parade*, and by *the lash*, ought to be a contradiction in terms.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, Lord BYRON's Tragedy of
WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.
[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]
Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT, Ida Stralenheim, Miss MORDAUNT.
Werner, Mr MACREADY, Ulric, Mr WALLACK, Gabor, Mr COOPER,
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack, Frits, Mr Younge, Otto, Mr Cohen,
Henric, Mr Salter, Eric, Mr C. Jones, Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett,
Rodolph, Mr Cooke, Arnheim, Mr Fenton, Meister, Mr Eaton,
Ludwig, Mr Cathie, Herman, Mr S. Jones.

Previous to the Tragedy. (2nd time in this Country) P. Linppainter's Overture to "Sulmona."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES,
OR HARLLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, The Brigand; The Illustrious Stranger; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the Tragedy of
FAZIO.
Marchesa Aldabella, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, (1st time) Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton.

Previous to the Tragedy, (1st time in this country) A Grand MS. Overture, by Friedrich Kuhlaw.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, £100 Note; Harlequin Fat or Harlequin Bat; and Teddy the Tiler.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Drama, entitled
NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.
Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Miss Vincent, in which she will sing a Parody on "Cherry Ripe," Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

After which, the Drama, entitled
THE ADOPTED CHILD.
[By Mr S. BIRCH.]
Lucy, Madame Simon, Jeannette, Miss Rumens, Nell, Mrs Vale.
Clara, Miss SOMERVILLE, in which she will sing, "Vain are Music's soothing sounds." Michael, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Sir Bertrand, Mr D. Pitt, Record, Mr Williams, Le Sage, Mr Lee,
Spruce, Mr Rogers, Flint, Mr Almar, Boy, Miss Ellis.

To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,
THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].
The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene 1. Regions of Time.—II. The Town of Newbury (Sunrise).—III. Cabinet in the Widow's Mansion.—IV. Splendid Temple of the New Year.—V. Picturesque Roadside Inn.—VI. Exterior of Public House and Saddler's.—VII. Suspension Bridge over the Menai.—VIII. Quiet Lodgings in a retired Neighbourhood.—IX. Race Course and Grand Stand.—X. Splendid Falls of Tivoli.—XI. Cavern (Moonlight).—XII. and last. Realms of Bliss in the Regions of Light.

To-morrow, Nancy of Portsmouth; The Two Pupil's; or, the Pedagogue Puzzled; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE.
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act. II.—SUMMER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called
A DEAD SHOT.
Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."
Chatter, Miss DALY.
Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.
Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE,
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight, Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott,
Lady Fleming, Miss King, Mattie, Miss Kibrey, Moggy, Miss Langley,
Jenny, Miss Slater. Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks,
Lord Lindsay, Mr Brougham, Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrel,
Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith, Roland, Mr Raymond, Drysdale, Mr Newcombe,
Sandy, Mr J. Knight.

To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[By Mr PLANCHE.]
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

To be followed by a Comic Burletta, called
THE LITTLE JOCKEY.
Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "The Boy in yellow wins the day,"
Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Mau e, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Pag t, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

The whole to conclude with a Comic Burletta, called
CLARISSA HARLOWE.
Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER, Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond, Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget, Captain Cape, Mr W. VINING.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Gambler's Life—Jonathan Dobson—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELL THEATRE.—Skimmer of the Seas.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore. Two vols. 4to. Murray.

LORD BYRON—MR MOORE—AND MR LEIGH HUNT, WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS, *NOT* IN MR MOORE'S WORK.

[Continued from our last.]

We forget the subject alluded to at the commencement of the ensuing letter, having lost the one that explained it; but Mr Moore and his correspondent used to send critical opinions to one another on their writings, and the latter recollects having elicited some pleasant reproaches from him for objecting to his too frequent use of the words "dews" and "flowers." Mr Moore said, that he was in the act of writing some verses with those words in them, when the objection came in by the post; and that he had struck out one in consequence, but kept the other to spite his friend. Let the reader imagine the delightfulness of such a correspondent, if he had been but sincere. Whether the allusion was to any tirade against criticism arising out of this circumstance, or from some less friendly assault, we cannot say: for Mr Moore has not been slow to complain of the critics, nor to secure interest against them, though he will do nothing to assist you in turn. We do not believe that there is any mention in his writings of one single author, however acquainted he may have been with him in private, or however distinguished even the author may have been himself, unless he has been a man of influence in the circles. This it is to be a "*diner-out!*" He does not know on what tender toes of aristocracy he may tread, till his footing is secure.

LETTER VII.

On Mr Moore's pleasure in being what he never was, and his pride in letting the world know what he never did.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday Morning.

My Dear Hunt,—I have had an unquiet conscience ever since I sent off my last letter to you—because in my flippant tirade against critics, I was led into a forgetfulness of two or three kind things you have said, which are of more value to me than a whole legion of Aristotles.—In the first place, though you bid me not think any more of the little glimpse of future glorification you have opened upon me, you could not seriously expect that I should obey you—you may be very sure I shall treasure up the promise most proudly, and if you depend upon my bad memory for an escape from it, you have but a very poor chance indeed.—Next to my pleasure in *being* your friend, is the pride I should feel in letting the world *know* that I am so.

* * * * * *

[The rest of this letter is omitted. It alludes to another critic who had just then given the world intimation of a mind destined to have considerable influence on the times, and who afterwards became a friend of Mr Moore as well as Mr Leigh Hunt. A doubt as to whether it would be proper to publish the passage, withholds it; but it is proper to add, that the donbt has nothing in it which tells against Mr Moore. It was only some occasional sentences in the passage that went to corroborate the object of these articles.]

* * * * * *

I intended to have told you something about my poem, which, though often pulled down and rebuilt again, is now in a fair way of progress, but I have not left myself room in this sheet, and it is not worth beginning another; so good bye.

Ever your's,
T. Moore.

In the letters of Lord Byron, published by Mr Moore, are various notices of a poem written by Mr Leigh Hunt, called the Story of Rimini. In his Lordship's first mention of it in a letter to Mr Moore, he calls it "a real good, and very original poem;" says he thinks it will be "a great hit;" and adds, "you can have no notion how very well it is written, nor should I, had I not redde* it." In a letter of the same date to Mr Murray the bookseller, he describes it as a "very wonderful and beautiful performance, with just enough of fault to make its beauties more remarked and remarkable." The Story of Rimini was published; the *Quarterly Review* damned a poem written by the Editor of the *Examiner;* and the damnation was the signal for a series of attacks and calumnies from all the quarters of Toryism, which conspiring with its ascendancy in those times, with the natural tendency of the mob of small writers to side against a losing cause, and with the Author's culpable carelessness in neglecting his fortunes while he aggravated his opinions, ultimately succeeded in depriving him of all influence. The Bourbons had just been reinstated then; every insult and injury was meditated to the cause of mankind; and every one of its advocates was to be sacrificed at any price. Those were not the times of Lafayette and Philip of Orleans, of the good natured William the Fourth, of the sounds of the ice of tyranny breaking up in all quarters, of the heavenly summer of hope, and of all England calling out for that Reform, which in recommending them to call for, the Editor of the *Examiner* had lost "health, fame and fortune." The same signal which roused his enemies was the signal for the terrors and desertions of false friends. We shall not pain ourselves by dwelling upon graver instances, but not long afterwards the faults of Mr Leigh Hunt's poem became uppermost in the mind of his noble eulogizer; his friendship with Mr Shelley (always beloved by his friends, and now so praised by those who have been taught to know him, as well as by those who are eager to reconcile themselves to the memory of a man of rank,) was a new offence to the Anti-liberals, and to those who fear them; and his admiration of the genius of another young poet, Mr Keats, besides aggravating the offence, completed the impatience of the noble bard, who never liked Mr Hunt's homage to Mr Wordsworth as the first poet of the age. As to Mr Moore, to go counter to the circles at all, except under circumstances which extorted their respect, or happened to suit the immediate policy of the Whig part of them, was a committal of a man's self, which, it seems, neutralized the merit of the exceptions, and not only precluded all public recognition of his friend, or even that hazardous assistance of a political squib or two, which his "gratitude" promised, and his expediency took such care not to perform, but enabled him to write in two sorts of style upon one subject, to two different friends; as the reader will see presently. Mr Moore cannot say his soul is his own, out of the pale of what is "received." He has no notion even of a pathos which is not dressed, as he thinks, in a manner fit to go to court. His sphere is a round of dinners: his universal empyrean the roof of the Opera House. Yet the annals of fashion might have taught him, that tears are to be shed even there; and nature, in spite of mistake, still find a sympathy. Lord Byron spoke too partially, in the first instance, of the faults in the 'Story of Rimini.' We are very sincere in saying so; and any reader may believe us, when we add, that he confounded them too much with the poem afterwards. The truth is, that the critics were right when they objected to certain coinages, cant phrases, and other defects in the poem, generated, not as they thought by affectation, but by a mistaken notion of avoiding the cant of common-place. These can be easily taken away. But the author has been allowed to persuade himself by other reasons than his own, that there is a heart beating underneath those trivialities of the poem, which might have saved Mr Moore the duplicity of speaking of it in one way to the author, and another to his Noble Friend. To cite testimonies in favour of his own work, is a suing for opinions *in forma pauperis*, which no decent author can be inclined to. The next generation is sure to do justice to the Poem one way or other; either by restoring it to perusal, or forgetting it altogether. Suffice it meanwhile to say, in observing the strange attempt of Mr Moore to throw ridicule one

* Lord Byron was in the habit of spelling the past tense of the verb *read* in this manner.

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day on what he has praised the day before, that in quarters fashionable as well as unfashionable, the pages of the 'Story of Rimini' have been embalmed in the most welcome of all criticisms, —tears. Let this bit of superfluousness be pardoned in a writer who would fain have devoted his whole life to poetry, had not circumstances and the times compelled his conscience to serve truth in a less pleasing shape. In 1816, after the first outcry had been raised against the Story of Rimini, Lord Byron intimated to Mr Moore, who had then become a critic himself, that a favourable notice of it in the *Edinburgh Review* would be useful, and "do it justice." But Mr Moore, besides discovering that Mr Hunt was no wholesale flatterer, had found out that the once potent editor of a newspaper, and critic of new operas, could be *quizzed* by a court dependant, and had thus become an object of ridicule to all who valued the gravity of their reception In his first quarto, therefore, we find the following note on the above intimation of his lordship's :—

"My reply," says Mr Moore, "to this part of his letter, was, I find, as follows: with repect to Hunt's poem, though it is, I own, full of beauties, and though I like himself sincerely, I really could not undertake to praise it *seriously*. There is so much of the *quizzible* in all he writes, that I never can put on the proper pathetic face in reading him."—Vol. i. p. 644.

Now mark the following letter, written a year before.

LETTER VIII.

On the Story of Rimini.

Mayfield Cottage, March 7th, 1814.

My Dear Hunt,—I do forgive you for your long silence, though you have much less right to be careless about our non-intercourse than I have—if I knew as little about you and your existence as you know of me, I should not feel quite so patient under the privation—but I have the advantage of communing with you, for a very delightful hour, every Tuesday evening: of knowing your thoughts upon all that passes, and of exclaiming "right!—bravo!—exactly!" to every sentiment you express—whereas, from the very few signs of life I give in the world, you can only take my existence for granted, as we do that of the

little woman under the hill,
Who, if she's not gone, must live there still.

However, I *do* forgive you—and only wish I could pay you back a millesimal part of the pleasure which—in various ways—as poet, as politician, as partial friend, you have lately given me. Your Rimini is beautiful, and its only faults such as you are aware of, and prepared to justify—there is that maiden charm of originality about it—that "*integer, illibatusque succus*," which Columella tells us the bees extract—that freshness of the living fount, which we look in vain for in the bottled-up Heliconian of ordinary Bards —in short, it is poetry—and notwithstanding the quaintnesses, the coinages, and even affectations, with which, *here* and *there*—

I had just got so far, my dear Hunt, when I was interrupted by a prosing neighbour, who has put everything I meant to say out of my head—so, there I must leave you, impaled on the point of this broken sentence, and wishing you as little torture there as the nature of the case will allow. I have only time to say again, that your poem is beautiful, and that, if I do not exactly agree with some of your notions about versification and language, the general spirit of the work has more than satisfied my utmost expectations of you. If you go on thus, you will soon make some of Apollo's guests sit "below the salt." The additions to this latter Poem* are excellent, and the lines on Music at the end are full of beauty.

There are many of the lines of Rimini that "haunt me like a passion"—I don't know whether I ought to own that these are among the number—I quote from memory :—

The woe was short, was fugitive, is past!
The song that sweetens it may always last.

I am afraid you will set this down among your regular, sing-song couplets—to me it is all music.

Is it true that your friend Lord B. has taken to the beautifully "mammosa" Mrs. ———? Who, after this, will call him a "searcher of dark bosoms." Not a word to him, however, about this last question of mine.

Ever, my dear Hunt, most faithfully your's,
Thomas Moore.

I hope to deliver my mighty work into Longman's hands in May, but, of course, it will not go to press till after the summer.

———

We leave the foregoing to the reader without further comment.

The next letter is dated four years afterwards, by which time Mr Moore had got a considerable access of dread respecting the progress of liberalism. He has a pretty alliteration somewhere in one of his quartos about "rank, riches, and religion." We know not whether the alteration of times would have modified that particular passage, for we do not remember the context; but we are very firmly persuaded that if the second French Revolution had happened before the publication of Mr Moore's prose works, the author would not have thought it necessary to express so much anxiety respecting the dangers of plain speaking; nor are we sure that the word religion would have been found in his writings. It was not to be expected perhaps under any circumstances, that Mr Moore would be found in the van of opinion. We do not believe that he has given up to a party what was "meant for mankind." People are generally meant for what they do. But at all events, we beg the reader to compare the coy and devout publicities of Mr Moore, with the words marked in capitals in the following letter. We need not add that the words are so marked by ourselves.

* The Feast of the Poets.

LETTER IX.

Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, January 21, 1818.

My Dear Hunt,—Having the opportunity of a frank, I must write you a line or two to thank you for your very kind notices of me, and still more, to express my regret that in my short and busy visit to town, I had not the happiness, to which I looked forward, of passing at least one day with you and your family. I am always so thrown "in medias res" when I go to London, that I have never a minute left for anything agreeable—but my next visit will, I hope, be one of pleasure, and then you are *sure* to be brought in among the ingredients. For the cordiality with which you have praised and defended me, I am, I assure you, most deeply grateful; and, though less alive, I am sorry to say, both to praise and blame, than I used to be, yet coming from a heart and a taste like your's, they cannot fail to touch me very sensibly. You are quite right about the conceits that disfigure my poetry; but you (and others) are quite as wrong in supposing that I *hunt* after them—my greatest difficulty is to *hunt them* away. If you had ever been in the habit of hearing Curran converse—though I by no means intend to compare myself with him in the ready coin of wit—yet, from the tricks which his imagination played him while he talked, you might have some idea of the phantasmagoria that mine passes before me while I write—In short, St Anthony's temptations were nothing to what an Irish fancy has to undergo from all its own brood of Will-o-th'-wisps and hobgoblins.

I was sorry to find that Cobbett found such a sturdy defender in your correspondent of last week; indeed, I am grieved to the heart at many things I see among the friends of liberty, and begin to fear much more harm from the advocates of the cause than from its enemies. You, however, are always right in *politics*; and if you would but keep your theories of religion and morality a little more to yourself (the MANIA on these subjects being so universal and *congenital*, that he who thinks of curing it is as mad as his PATIENTS) you would gain influence over many minds that you unnecessarily shock and alienate. I would not say this of you in public (for I cannot review my friends) but I say it to you thus privately, with all the anxious sincerity of a well-wisher both to yourself and the cause you so spiritedly advocate. I intended to have written you a long letter, but the post-*belle* (an old woman whom I employ for that purpose) is ringing her alarum below, and I must finish.

My best regards to Mrs Hunt.

Your's very faithfully,
Thomas Moore.

LETTER X.

Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Oct. 10th, 1818.

My Dear Hunt,—I intended that a letter from me should accompany your copy of the 7th number of my Melodies; but I rather think, from your paper of Sunday last, that Power has had the start of me; and I only write now to get a little credit from you for my *intentions*, which, in general indeed, are the best things about me, but which, unfortunately, the matter-of-fact people of the world are never satisfied with. At you have imagination, however, as well as heart, I shall leave you to fancy all the kind things I have felt towards you, during the long, long time I have passed in saying nothing whatever about them; and I am the more inclined just now to trust a good deal to your imaginative power, as I am disabled from writing much from a slight strain in my shoulder, which I received the night before last—when the world was near being a bad poet out of pocket by the upsetting of a carriage in which I was returning from Bowood.

Shall you be in London about the latter end of November? I hope to be there about that time, and we *must* meet; for I have much to say to you, much to give and receive sympathy about. I suppose that you have heard of the calamity that has befallen me through the defalcation of my deputy at Bermuda, who has made free with the proceeds of two or three ships and cargoes deposited in his hands, and I am likely to be made responsible for the amount. You will, it is most probable, have an opportunity of returning my *prison visits*; as, if it comes to the worst, the Rules must be my residence. However, (as I have just written to Lord Byron) *Unity* of *Place* is one of Aristotle's *Rules*, and, as a poet, I must learn to conform to it. By the bye he has made many enquiries about you in his two last letters to me, and I should be glad to hear from you before I write to him again. I hope you will like my Irish Melodies better than you liked Lalla Rookh.

You were right about the verses to Sir H. Lowe,

Your's, my dear Hunt, very truly,
Thomas Moore.

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By the way, in turning over a bundle of letters, we have met with another, the beginning of which, from the writer who could praise nothing seriously, is edifying. Mr Moore is thanking Mr Leigh Hunt for sending him a Mask, called the 'Descent of Liberty,' which, to say the truth, was not worth his praises; and he writes as follows:—

'You already know my opinion of it—it will live in spite of the Congress and Buonaparte—and though the principal maskers have shifted dresses a good deal since, your poetry is independent of the politics—it has that kind of general and fanciful character of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits, which will make it long outlive the frail and foolish heads that sat for it."

To return a moment to the "pathetic face," we must relate a characteristic touch of the late Mr Hazlitt. When he read the note in Mr Moore's book, containing those words about "putting on" the face, as aforesaid, he exclaimed, with one of his "looks," —"Damn his face! What has that to do with it? Does he always *put on* a face when he goes to read anything serious?"

The next and last letter is dated August 20, 1821, that is say, only a few months before Mr Moore wrote to Lord Byron to warn him against any connexion of authorship with Mr Leigh Hunt and Mr Shelley on accounts of its being a "bankrupt" "unequal" and "unholy" alliance. For the "unholy," we refer the readers to Mr Moore's opinion respecting the "mania" prevalent on the subject of religion and morality; for the "unequal" (keeping in mind that the work proposed to be set up was a periodical one), to all that he has said in the previous letters respecting Mr Hunt as a periodical writer, and to the close of the first paragraph of the following letter, written, as we have just observed, but a few months before his admonitions to Lord Byron. For the "bankrupt" we refer to his "gratitude," and perhaps we may add with a little better chance of the existence of such a thing, his shame. Such is the "gratitude" of a man of the world! A losing cause is with him cause of offence, and a sufficient reason why he should warn one friend who never appears up to that period to have done him any service, against connexion with another to whom he had repeatedly expressed himself under obligation. But the reader shall have this matter sifted in our next.

We conclude with introducing to him the harbinger of Mr Moore" good offices:—

LETTER XI.

Paris, August 20, 1821.

My Dear Hunt,—I take the opportunity of a frank to send you a hasty line of acknowledgment for your kind mention of me. I was indeed most happy to see the announcement of your recovery, for public as well as private reasons—for, though you have right good auxiliaries, there is but one Richmond in the field after all.

This is a very delightful place to live in, and if I was not *obliged* to stay in it, I should find the time pass happily enough; for were

"Ev'n Paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls."

Your friend Mr Bowring and I were rather unlucky in our attempts to meet, but we *did* meet at last, and I liked him exceedingly."

All the insincere will of course secretly love Mr Moore the better for these letters. His double-dealing will help to reconcile them to their own. But what will the sincere say to him? And they are a rising party now in the world! Perhaps he might have found it better for him in the end to stick to *them!*

Some men of talent and merit are only pleased with the society of their inferiors, where they find it easiest to shine. This is to calculate very foolishly; since, in striving with a man of ability, we sharpen our own powers—but always degenerate in exercising ourselves with fools.—*Say.*

Royal Sports.—Louis the Eleventh ordered the Abbot of Baigne, a man of great wit, and who had a knack at inventing new musical instruments, to get him a Concert of Swine's voices, thinking it impossible. The Abbot accordingly mustered up a number of hogs of several ages, and placed them under a pavilion covered with velvet, (before which he had a sound-board, painted, with a certain number of keys) thus making an organ: and as he played on the keys with little spikes which pricked the hogs, he made them cry in such tune and concert, as highly delighted the King and his Court!—Is there not in this story something covert as to the usual treatment of the people by Kings?

Anecdote of Horne Tooke.—Mr Holcroft, the author of the 'Road to Ruin,' was one of the most violent and fiery-spirited of all that motley crew of persons who attended the Sunday meetings at Wimbleton. One day he was so enraged by some paradox or raillery of his host, that he indignantly rose from his chair and said, "Mr Tooke, you are a scoundrel!" The other, without manifesting the least emotion, replied, "Mr Holcroft, when is it that I am to dine with you? Shall it be next Thursday?" "If you please, Mr Tooke," answered the angry philosopher, and sat down again.—*The Spirit of the Age.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury Lane.—Werner.—Davy Jones, or Harlequin and Mother Carey's Chickens.

Covent Garden.—Fazio.—Harlequin Fat, and Harlequin Bat.

Covent Garden.

Mr Milman's tragedy of *Fazio* was performed here last night, the part of the heroine by Miss Kemble. We saw so little of it, owing to an unavoidable hindrance, that we can make but a very short, but luckily an agreeable criticism, by saying that she succeeded in obtaining great applause. We conceive the character to have been fortunately chosen (if we have a right recollection of it), inasmuch as it leans rather to the harsher than the softer passions; and hitherto Miss Kemble has undoubtedly shown a greater force that way than the other. There were some dozens of gentlemen in the pit, who, at the end of the play, applauded, as usual, not only with all their might, but with all their hats. It was pleasant to see them in a real majority; for during the short time we were present, the whole house warmly expressed their pleasure several times, sometimes with repeated rounds of applause. On the fall of the curtain Mr Egerton made his appearance; but the house would have none of Egerton. The call was for Kemble. Mr Egerton said, that it had not been ascertained whether Mr Kemble was in the theatre.

Voices from the Pit. Yes, he is.

Mr Egerton. Where?

Voices. In a side-box.

This detection of Mr Kemble in his public privacy raised a laugh. A little bit of drama, *not* on the stage, takes mightily in the theatre. The audience become the actors, and snatch a sort of illegitimate satisfaction. In a few moments Mr Kemble made his appearance, and in a voice of evident emotion, gave out the piece for repetition as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen, in consequence of the very considerable approbation you have bestowed on Miss Kemble, this tragedy will be repeated on Friday and Monday." We shall attend on Friday, and give a due account both of play and performance.

We are glad to see by the play-bills, that the Panto mime is to be played this evening at the same early hour, at which it took place for the benefit of the Princess Victoria! This attention to the health of the little public is judicious, and will no doubt be well rewarded.

Injuries from Friends.—Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exalt or depress friends, but friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world, are received and repulsed with that spirit which every honest man bears about him, for his own vindication; but unkindness in words or actions among friends, affect us the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms, but the friend can make no pass but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere well-wishes of a friend, gives a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of all his enemies. It is here only a man enjoys and suffers to the quick.—*Steele.*

Striking Reflections, ending with a Beautiful Image.—Some things, it is true, are more prominent, and lead to more serious consequences than others, so as to excite a greater share of attention and applause. Public characters, authors, warriors, statesmen, &c. nearly monopolize public consideration in this way, and we are apt to judge of their merit by the noise they make in the world. Yet none of these classes would be willing to make the rule absolute; for a favourite player gains as much applause as any of them. A poet stands a poor chance either of popularity with the vulgar, or influence with the great, against a fashionable opera-dancer or singer. Reputation or notoriety is not the stamp of merit. Certain professions, like certain situations, bring it into greater notice, but have perhaps no more to do with it than birth or fortune. Opportunity sometimes indeed "throws a cruel sunshine on a fool." I have known several celebrated men, and some of them have been persons of the weakest capacity: yet accident had lifted them into general notice, and probably will hand their memories down to posterity. There are names written in her immortal scroll, at which Fame blushes!—*Hazlitt's Characteristics*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have read with great pleasure the lines addressed to Mr Macready "On the birth of his first child." They shall appear to-morrow.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—Winter.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—Summer.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called

A DEAD SHOT.

Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."

Chatter, Miss DALY.

Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr Buckstone].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.

Columbine, Miss STALLARD.

Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Corridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, a New Serio Comic Burletta, called

FRA DIAVOLO.

The Overture and Music, by Auber. Arranged by Zerbini.

Zerlina, Madame VESTRIS, Mrs Popkins, Mrs GLOVER,
Bianca, Miss Kabrey, Nina, Miss Greener, Lucia, Miss Slater.
Alderman Popkins, Mr W. VINING, Lorenzo, Mr Hodges,
Carlo, Mr Worrell, Pietro, Mr Newcomb, Timothy Quail, Mr Cooper,
Fra Diavolo, Mr Fredericks, Gasparoni, Mr Paget,
Christofano, Mr Brougham, Rocco, Mr Beckwith, Tebaldo, Mr Cooke,
Beppo, Mr Coates, Bruno, Mr Browne.

In Act III. A Pas Seul, by Miss Josephine.

After which, a Comic Burletta, called

STEINBERG CASTLE.

Flora, Miss FOOTE.

Dorival, Mr Fredericks, Governor Steinberg, Mr Newcomb,
O'Shaughnessy, Mr Brougham.

To conclude with, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[By Mr Planche.]

Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.

IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.

Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Drama, entitled

NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.

Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Miss Vincent, in which she will sing a Parody on "Cherry Ripe," Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

After which, will be produced a new Drama, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE TWO PUPILS; OR, THE PEDAGOGUE PUZZLED.

Miss Morley, Miss CHICHESTER, (her 1st appearance) Fanny, Miss VINCENT.
Lord Henry Delmont, Mr C. HILL, Sir Thomas Morley, Mr D. PITT.
Doctor Dirliewhacket, Mr WILLIAMS, Samuel Sliver, Mr VALE,
Sir Thomas' Servant, Mr Webb, Servant of the House, Mr Lee.

To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. Barrymore].

The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.

Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.

Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene 1. Regions of Time.—II. The Town of Newbury (Sunrise).—III. Cabinet in the Widow's Mansion.—IV. Splendid Temple of the New Year.—V. Picturesque Roadside Inn.—VI. Exterior of Public House and Saddler's.—VII. Suspension Bridge over the Menai.—VIII. Quiet Lodgings in a retired Neighbourhood.—IX. Race Course and Grand Stand.—X. Splendid Falls of Tivoli.—XI. Cavern (Moonlight).—XII. and last. Realms of Bliss in the Regions of Light.

To-morrow, Nancy of Portsmouth; with other Entertainments; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Drama, (in Two Acts) called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr Planche.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge, Nicolo, Mr Webster, Fabio, Mr Hughes,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK, Rubaldo, Mr Bedford,
Spoletto, Mr Bland, Uberto, Mr Robinson, Carlotti. Mr Yarnold.

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr Kenney.]

Irza, Miss FAUCIT, Fatima, Mrs WAYLETT,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr LISTON, Gimbo, Mr HARLEY,
High Priest, Mr Fenton, Officers, Mr C. Jones and Mr Honner.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," and Mozart's Overture to "Die Entfurung aus Dem Serail.'

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES,

OR HARLLEQUIN AND MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

[By Mr W. Barrymore.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.

Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, Werner; Perfection; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Entertainments will commence with

THE £100 NOTE.

Lady Pedigree, Mrs TAYLEURE,

Miss Arlington, Miss TAYLOR, in which character she will sing the Ballad of "My Father Land," and the Bavarian Broom Girl's Song.

Mrs Arlington, Miss LAWRENCE, Nurse, Mrs DALY,
Montmorency, Mr WRENCH, Morgan, Mr BLANCHARD,
Janus, Mr BARTLEY, O'Shocknessy, Mr POWER,
Billy Black, Mr KEELEY, Paperfund, Mr TURNOUR, Bilker, Mr EVANS.

Previous to which, an Overture, by M. Corri. (MS.)

After which the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr Farley.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr Peake.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.

Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To conclude with,

TEDDY THE TILER.

[By Mr G. H. Rodwell.]

Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly, Oriel, Miss Lawrence, Flora, Miss Nelson,
Julia, Mrs Brown. Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans, Henry, Mr Duruset,
Frederick, Mr Baker, Bombardine, Mr Henry, Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour,
Teddy Mulowney, the Tiler, Mr POWER,
Tim, Mr Addison, Stiff, Mr Mears, Apewell, Mr Irwin.

To-morrow, Fazio; and the Pantomime.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Gambler's Life — Jonathan Dobson—Harlequin Silver Penny.

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Nº 114.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore. Two vols. 4to. Murray.

LORD BYRON—MR MOORE—AND MR LEIGH HUNT,

WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS, *NOT* IN MR MOORE'S WORK.

[Continued from our last.]

We are now arrived at the period of Mr Leigh Hunt's junction with Lord Byron in the 'Liberal.' Let it be allowed us to recapitulate a little. For the last ten years, from 1811, up to August 1821, Mr Moore has been complimenting Mr Leigh Hunt as an author who wrote "too well for a politician;" as a "fulminator of gold;" as a man whom he should "like for a brother;" as a companion, the power to visit whom "he envied Lord Byron;" as a friend who had warmly excited his "gratitude,"—whose friend it was his "pleasure to be, and his proud wish to let the world know for such;" as a "beautiful" and "original" poet, not to be compared with "ordinary bards;" and as the sole "Richmond in the field," in a certain line of writing.

These last words are scarcely out of his mouth, when Mr Moore writes to Lord Byron to warn him against any connexion with Mr Leigh Hunt, as it was a "bankrupt" one, an "unequal" one, "unholy," and would render him an object of "ridicule."

If we had Mr Moore's insincerity, we should speak of the above eulogies with the usual modest common places, and nobody would believe us. As it is, we can only trust, that the reader, for the sake of his own sincerity and ours, will believe us when we say, that nothing but inexperience and the cordiality with which we supposed Mr Moore to write them at the time, could have induced us to receive them without blushing *then;* and that it is only with feelings of pain, shame, and disgust, that we now contrast them with his abuse, and can reflect we ever did receive them.

In the last but one of the letters from Mr Moore to Mr Leigh Hunt, which we have laid before the public, the writer says, that Lord Byron had lately been making many inquiries after Mr Hunt, and an answer is requested from him, before another letter is written to the Noble Lord. This has a friendly look; and conveys an impression, that Mr Hunt was mentioned in a friendly way in the correspondence of his two acquaintances. Yet it would seem from Mr Moore's late work, that such was not the fact. On the part of Lord Byron, it certainly was not. The most bitter things his Lordship ever said of Mr Hunt, are contained in a letter of June 1818, four months previous to the kind inquiries intimated by Mr Moore; and these bitter things are introduced by certain stars, evidently referring to something which Mr Moore had said, and which he had apparently said, with no great respect towards the man, for whom he was professing gratitude and admiration. Be this as it may, what induced Lord Byron at that time to write such things of the man towards whom *he* also had expressed gratitude? Part of the reason must, perhaps, remain in obscurity, in default of an elucidation from Mr Moore. The rest we can explain; and in explaining these, we elucidate all the real grounds of objection which Lord Byron had against Mr Leigh Hunt, then or afterwards. The reader will be good enough to bear in mind, that Mr Hunt had never said anything against Lord Byron, either publicly or in private; that he was no double-dealing correspondent, who wrote one thing to one man and another to another; that he was notoriously scrupulous among his friends in saying nothing behind a man's back which he had not thought it right to say to his face; and that the public are in possession of all his sins of accusation. But, in the first place, he had become, as before observed, an object of attack to all the agents of Toryism, whose cause was then flushed with power, in consequence of the triumph of the allies; and Lord Byron, besides being in want of an influential advocate with the public, never surmounted that reverence for the circles, and dread of worldly ridicule, with which he was hampered by his rank. This was one of the reasons why he had begun to fall off in his notions of respect for Mr Leigh Hunt. A second reason was, that Mr Hunt had become poor, and poverty is an unpleasant object of contemplation to a luxurious man of the world: especially as it diminishes influence with the worldly. Thirdly, Mr Leigh Hunt was falling off more and more from his respect for titles,—not to mention that he had paid Lord Byron the awkward compliment of supposing him to be above his rank, which he was not. Fourthly, and lastly, (and this was the greatest reason of all, as far as the literary part of the business was concerned,) Mr Leigh Hunt, besides not being a flatterer of his lordship in private, and not saying much about his writings in public, (the poetry he was fondest of being of another kind, and Lord Byron's being seldom in his thoughts), was guilty of the unpardonable offence of thinking Mr Wordsworth the first poet of the day, and of being the first to hail the rise of a young poet, Mr Keats, who promised, he thought, to rival Mr Wordsworth. Lord Byron had always objected, with an appearance of spleen, to Mr Hunt's high estimation of Mr Wordsworth; and it seems by the letters which his kind friend Mr Moore has published, that he became absolutely furious about Keats. The reason was, that he had an instinctive sense of the truth of a great deal that was said about those two poets; and he had got a notion, that Keats spoke of him with contempt. On seeing a miniature of Mr Keats put up in Mr Hunt's study at Pisa, he could not help expressing his astonishment, how the other could admire him. Mr Hunt said, that Mr Keats would be sorry to hear him talk so, as he (Mr Keats) was an admirer of Don Juan. The noble poet softened immediately, turned the conversation upon that point, and upon the merits discernible in Mr Keats's poetry; and took the first opportunity of mentioning his genius with honour in Don Juan. This is the reason, why, after all the vituperations of him published in Mr Moore's correspondence, he speaks of Mr Keats's 'Hyperion' as a wonderful production, and says it was superior to 'Æschylus!'

The 'Liberal' was set up in spite of the good offices of the grateful Mr Moore.

We will here quote a passage on that matter from the masterly pages of Mr Hazlitt:

'Mr Moore has been so long accustomed to the society of Whig Lords, and so enchanted by the smile of beauty and fashion, that he really fancies himself one of the *set*, to which he is admitted on sufferance, and tries very unnecessarily to keep others out of it. He talks familiarly of works that are or are not read "in *our* circle;" and seated smiling and at his ease in a coronet-coach, enlivening the owner by his brisk sallies and Attic conceits, is shocked, as he passes, to see a Peer of the realm shake hands with a Poet. There is a little indulgence of spleen and envy, a little servility and pandering to aristocratic pride in this proceeding. Is Mr Moore bound to advise a Noble Poet to get as fast as possible out of a certain publication, lest he should not be able to give an account at Holland or at Lansdown House, how his friend Lord Byron had associated himself with his friend Leigh Hunt? Is he afraid that the "Spirit of Monarchy" will eclipse the "Fables for the Holy Alliance" in virulence and plain speaking? Or are the members of the "Fudge Family" to secure a monopoly for the abuse of the Bourbons and the doctrine of Divine Right? Because he is genteel and sarcastic, may not others be paradoxical and argumentative? Or must no one bark at a Minister or General, unless they have been first dandled, like a little French pug-dog, in the lap of a lady of quality? Does Mr Moore insist on the double claim of birth and genius as a title to respectability in all advocates of the popular side—but himself? Or is he anxious to keep the pretensions of his patrician and plebeian friends quite separate, so as to be himself the only point of union, a sort of *double meaning*, between the two? It is idle to think of setting bounds to the weakness and illusions of self-love as long as it is confined to a man's own breast; but it ought not to be made a plea for holding back the powerful hand that is stretched out to save another struggling with the tide of popular prejudice, who has suffered shipwreck of health, fame and fortune in a common cause, and who has deserved the aid and the good wishes of all who are (on principle) embarked in the same cause by equal zeal and honesty, if not by equal talents to support and to adorn it!'*

* See more and stronger remarks on this subject in the second volume of the *Plain Speaker*:—Art. *On the Spleen of Party.*

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An account of the opposition made to this work has been given in other places, and the secret of it admirably sifted by the above writer, of whom we shall have more to say presently. Mr Moore speaks of the "dross" in the 'Liberal,' and intimates that it was compounded of nothing else, with the exception of the noble lord's contributions. He tries hard at the same time to impress upon the reader, that he has a sort of genteel ignorance of what was in it. Part of this "dross" was furnished by Mr Hazlitt, who, now he is dead, is acknowledged on all hands, except Mr Moore's, to have been one of the most powerful writers of his time. His articles in the 'Liberal' (of which more hereafter) are almost as good as any he ever wrote; and that is the reason why Mr Moore and others had such a horror of them. Mr Hazlitt is mentioned *once*,—we believe no oftener,—in the 'Life and Correspondence' published by Mr Moore, and is described by Lord Byron as one who "*talks pimples*—a red and white corruption rising up (in little imitation of mountains upon maps) but containing nothing, and discharging nothing, but their own humours." For the suggestion of this piece of grossness and absurdity, the Noble Lord was indebted to some Tory magazine, which in the personalities allowed to Toryism but to nothing else, falsely represented Mr Hazlitt as having a pimpled face. It pleased the jealous spleen of the noble anti-republican to take the misrepresentation for granted; and it has no less pleased Mr Moore to repeat his use of it. We have already presented the reader, in Mr Hazlitt's own words, with one reason for this proceeding of Mr Moore's; and we shall lay before him another below.*

'Mr Moore has a little mistaken the art of poetry for the *cosmetic art*. He does not compose an historic group, or work out a single figure; but throws a variety of elementary sensations, of vivid impressions together, and calls it a description. He makes out an inventory of beauty—the smile on the lips, the dimple on the cheeks, *item*, golden locks, *item*, a pair of blue wings, *item*, a silver sound, with breathing fragrance and radiant light, and thinks it a character or a story. He gets together a number of fine things and fine names, and thinks that, flung on heaps, they make up a fine poem. This dissipated, fulsome, painted, patch-work style may succeed in the levity and languor of the *boudoir*, or might have been adapted to the Pavilions of royalty, but it is not the style of Parnassus, nor a passport to Immortality. It is not the taste of the ancients, "'tis not classical lore"——nor the fashion of Tibullus, or Theocritus, or Anacreon, or Virgil, or Ariosto, or Pope, or Byron, or any great writer among the living or the dead, but it is the style of our English Anacreon, and it is (or was) the fashion of the day! Let one example (and that an admired one) taken from 'Lalla Rookh,' suffice to explain the mystery and soften the harshness of the foregoing criticism.

'Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon:
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.
To one who look'd from upper air,
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls,—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;—
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich, restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west, as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banquetting through the flowery vales—
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales.'—

'The following lines are the very perfection of Della Cruscan sentiment, and affected orientalism of style. The Peri exclaims, on finding that old talisman and hackneyed poetical machine, "a penitent tear"—

'Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!'

Mr Shelley's masterly translation of the 'May-day Night' from Faust, appeared in the 'Liberal;' and Mr Moore, enlightened by the fact of Mr Shelley's having been heir to a title, and of his condescending to pay him (as he truly says) an "undeserved compliment," pronounces him to have been a man of "real genius." One of the most genuine wits now living, whose name we do not feel ourselves at liberty to mention without applying to him, and from whom (we are not sure) perhaps Mr Moore has heard in one of the Reviews, was a writer in the 'Liberal.' Others to whom we also feel under a like delicacy, and who are at a distance, contributed articles which might help Mr Moore to some truer notions on the side of refinement. And gallantry, as well as respect for her powers, might have induced him to except from the charge of "dross" the contributions of Mrs Shelley, the authoress of Frankenstein, which he has pronounced to be "one of those original conceptions, that take hold of the public mind at once and for ever." Mr Leigh Hunt willingly concedes that the articles from his own pen in the 'Liberal' are far inferior to what he could have wished them, and were not worthy of the occasion. Ill health, and the calamitous death of his friend, and the new, unlooked-for, and most unpleasant circumstances under which he found himself situated with Lord Byron, may perhaps excuse his doing no better. Yet his lordship would fain have persuaded him, that there was one article of his writing which Mr Moore would look upon with serious eyes. This was a trifle called "Rhyme and Reason," proposing to modern versifiers to omit all but their rhymes in future, as matter superfluous. But as Lord Byron (we do not say with what truth) considered it likely to make his friend look so grave, we will insert the commencement of it.

'A friend of ours, the other day, taking up the miscellaneous poems of Tasso, read the title-page into English, as follows: "The Rhymes of the Lord Twisted Yew, Amorous, Bosky, and Maritime."* The Italians exhibit a modesty worthy of imitation, in calling their miscellaneous poems, rhymes. Twisted Yew himself, with all his genius, has put forth an abundance of these terminating blossoms, without any fruit behind them: and his countrymen of the present day do not scruple to confess, that their living poetry consists of little else. The French have a game at verses, called Rhymed Ends, (Bouts Rimés) which they practise a great deal more than they are aware; and the English, though they are a more poetical people, and lay claim to the character of a less vain one, practice the same game to a very uncandid extent, without so much as allowing that the title is applicable to any part of it.

'Yet how many "Poems" are there among all these nations, of which we require no more than the rhymes, to be acquainted with the whole of them? You know what the rogues have done, by the ends they come to. For instance,

Grove,
Night,
Rove,
Delight.

Heart,
Prove,
Impart,
Love,
Kiss,
Blest,
Bliss,
Rest.

There is in all this a play of fancy, a glitter of words, a shallowness of thought, and a want of truth and solidity that is wonderful, and that nothing but the heedless, rapid glide of the verse could render tolerable:——it seems that the poet, as well as the lover,—

'May bestride the Gossamer,
That wantons in the idle, summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity!'

'Mr Moore ought not to contend with serious difficulties or with entire subjects. He can write verses, not a poem. There is no principle of massing or continuity in his productions—neither height nor breadth nor depth of capacity. There is no truth of representation, no strong internal feeling—but a continual flutter and display of affected airs and graces, like a finished coquette, who hides the want of symmetry by extravagance of dress, and the want of passion by flippant forwardness and unmeaning sentimentality. All is flimsy, all is florid to excess. His imagination may dally with insect beauty, with Rosicrucian spells; may describe a butterfly's wing, a flower-pot, a fan: but it should not attempt to span the great outlines of nature, or keep pace with the sounding march of events, or grapple with the strong fibres of the human heart. The great becomes turgid in his hands, the pathetic insipid. If Mr Moore were to describe the heights of Chimboraço, instead of the loneliness, the vastness, and the shadowy might, he would only think of adorning it with roseate tints, like a strawberry-ice; and would transform a magician's fortress in the Himmalaya (stripped of its mysterious gloom and frowning horrors) into a jeweller's toy, to be set upon a lady's toilette.'†

* Rime del Signor Torquato Tasso, Amorose, Boschereccie, Maritime, &c.

† There is a passage from the same hand in another work, still better than this; which will be given by and by.

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'Was there ever per-oration more eloquent? Ever a series of catastrophes more explanatory of their previous history? Did any Chinese gentleman ever show the amount of his breeding and accomplishments more completely, by the nails which he carries at his finger's ends?'

There is a specimen of a Pastoral to the same purpose, a Prologue, &c. and mention is made of "tinkling old gentlemen about town;" in which venerable class Mr Hunt certainly did not mean to include Mr Moore. He can safely add, that he had no intention whatsoever against Mr Moore in writing the article; though Lord Byron was always *insisting that he had*; and as his lordship now began to let his visitor into the secrets of intercourse between the insincere, to laugh at Mr Moore's love-poetry (which he was in the habit of calling "Looks and Tones,") to say how angry the author of 'Lalla Rookh' was at Mr Hunt's not holding it in greater admiration, and at Mr Hazlitt's having said that he "ought not to have written it even for three thousand pounds," and finally to describe him as a man who could express two different opinions of his friends, before them and behind their backs, (which he charged him with doing to himself, and which the reader has seen but too lamentably how capable he was of doing) Mr Leigh Hunt afterwards said, when the *Loves of the Angels* appeared, that he might have exemplified the subject of 'Rhyme and Reason,' out of that poem, and Lord Byron was always archly inciting him to do it, under pretence of requesting him not. Day after day, he used to say to his visitor, "Well, have you begun? Are 'Looks and Tones' getting on? Mind, you must not *publish*:—*You know I'm his friend.*" And then he used to chuckle, and shake for glee.

[We are compelled to leave off here, like an Eastern reciter, at an interesting part of our story. We shall resume it to-morrow.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand—The Illustrious Stranger—and the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—£100 Note—The Pantomime—and Teddy the Tiler.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A change took place here last night in the list of performances, *Mary Queen of Scots* and the *Little Jockey* disappearing; and *Fra Diavolo!* from Terracina and Tottenham Street, taking the lead in the performances.

Brother Devil (Mr FREDERICKS) is but a middling sort of a rascal, considering he is of the Brigand race, and professes to be gay as well as ferocious. He does not seduce a single woman during the three acts; nor even succeed in killing a man. He calls himself a Marquis, it is true, and talks to the innkeeper's daughter, and her name is Zerlina; but his gallantry only ends in secreting himself in a closet to rob the house, and in making her lover jealous. We really cannot commend his profligacy. He has a good name for murder: but we see no proofs of it. We must take the will for the deed; console ourselves with the reflection of the philosopher, that "intention is everything." In short, he is the innocentest puppy of a desperado we have seen a long time, and only deserves hanging.

Perhaps something of this mediocrity of character is owing to his present representative, Mr FREDERICKS, who at all events takes him too much as he finds him, and does not sufficiently frown and fume him into importance. Mr FREDERICKS (who has something about his tone and manner that we like in ordinary, though he should not run all his sentences into one another) is too natural, and like a man of this world, for a stage robber. He has not slang enough, nor stamp, nor growl, nor rolling of the eyes. He is too much the Marquis throughout, even when in danger and the act of preparing for revenge. He does not go, as he ought, to the side-boxes, shake his fist, and grin in the ears of the ladies sitting there, as if he would graze their cheeks with his whiskers. He is a most stationary, unassuming bandit, and has no glory about him. Then his mention of the word "hell." Does not Mr FREDERICKS know, that this is the very touchstone of melo-dramatic delivery? That no robber, of any decent enormity, or blackness of mustachios, can make an adjuration by the infernal regions, without stalking sideways, as aforesaid, clenching his fist, rolling his eyes, descending into the depths of his throat, as if he was raking the very bottom of Tartarus, and taking at least half a minute to growl out the words "*By h-h-h-h-e-l-l!*"

It is the part of *Zerlina* that is the attraction of this piece, and very well Madame VESTRIS performs it. Madame VESTRIS should never play such characters as the one we saw her in at the Tottenham Street Theatre,—that of a sentimental young lady. She may have a regard for it, and *wish* to add its performance to the list of her accomplishments. That is all very well; and the wish is a credit to her. But actually to appear in any part unfit for us, is to descend instead of rise in our merits, however superior we may think it. Madame VESTRIS should always perform these gay, playful characters, mixed up of the natural and the coquettish. The expression of her face is injured and made a blank by the others. Her features in these are put into their proper play. Her eyes assume their intelligence, because she understands what she is about: her mouth, having something to do, as it ought to have, adjusts itself handsomely to the occasion; its expression does not go wandering without an object: and her good taste in singing, and other graces, elevate the familiarity of the rest of her acting, in a manner extremely sensible and pleasing; whereas they are neutralized, and even vulgarized, by attempting to adapt them to what she has no real talent for. The piece before us is worth anybody's going to see, if it be only to hear *Zerlina's* song upon *Fra Diavolo*, to see her pretty dress, with the square-capped cloth on her head, and hear how naturally she insists upon saving her lover from the consequences of his ill-humour, and how prettily she afterwards refuses to forgive him, because the forgiveness is going to break with a smile out of her lips.

We have seen Madame VESTRIS in no character that we would rather see her in than this.

Mrs GLOVER acts the wife of the jealous and repentant alderman very well indeed. Her tears are full of ill-usage: and the action of leaning her arm on his shoulder, as an evidence of relenting, is a touch true to nature.

A little girl of the name of JOSEPHINE performs a sort of medley *Pas Seul* in the third act, in a promising manner. ☞

TO W. C. MACREADY, Esq.

ON READING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD, IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF THE EARLY SCENES OF HIS VIRGINIUS.

There is no father, who with swimming eyes,
Hath watched thee life and present being lend
To scenes by simple-hearted poet penned,
Presenting household lore in Roman guise,
Which, true to ancient time, in freshness vies
With that which gushes now—who should not send
A welcome to thee as the father's friend,
Now thou art joyful sharer in the ties
Thou hast, by art forstalling nature, shewn.—
Yet be thy knowledge than thy fancy less;
Be parents' griefs a tragic dream alone;
While all thou imaged of their happiness,
Home-felt, sustain thy voice's cordial tone,
Or make it tremble with its sweet excess.

***

JOHN ABELL, a gentleman of the chapel royal in the reign of Charles the Second, was celebrated for a fine counter-tenor voice, and for his skill in playing the lute. The King wished to send him to the Carnival at Venice, to show the Italians that there were good voices in England. This event, however, did not take place. In 1688 he was discharged from his situation, on account of his adherence to the Romish communion. He went abroad, and greatly distinguished himself by singing in public in several of the towns of Germany. He amassed great sums, but, as he lived profusely, he was often reduced to the necessity of travelling with his lute on his back, and subject to many hardships. In his rambles he got as far as Poland. On his arrival at Warsaw the King sent for him. Abell at first refused to attend the summons, but was prevailed upon to make his appearance at last. On his arrival at the palace he was seated on a chair, and drawn up to a great height from the floor of a spacious hall. Soon afterwards the King and his attendants appeared in a gallery opposite to him, and at the same time a *number of bears* were let loose below! The King gave him the choice whether he would sing or be let down amongst the bears. Abell very wisely chose the former, and he declared afterwards that he never sang so well in his life as he did in his cage.—*Musical Biography.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PETER SIMPLE to-morrow.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, Lord BYRON'S Tragedy of
WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.
[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]
Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT, Ida Stralenheim, Miss MORDAUNT.
Werner, Mr MACREADY, Ulric, Mr WALLACK, Gabor, Mr COOPER,
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack, Fritz, Mr Younge, Otto, Mr Cohen,
Henric, Mr Salter, Eric, Mr C. Jones, Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett,
Rodolph, Mr Cooke, Arnheim, Mr Fenton, Meister, Mr Eaton,
Ludwig, Mr Cathie, Herman, Mr S. Jones.

After which,
PERFECTION.
[By Mr BAYLY.]
Kate O'Brien, Mrs WAYLETT. in which she will sing "My own Blue Bell," and "Kate Kearney."
Susan, Mrs ORGER.
Charles Paragon, Mr VINING. Sir Lawrence Paragon, Mr W. BENNETT.
Sam, Mr WEBSTER.

In the course of the Evening will be performed, the Overture to "Pietro Von Abano"- -(Spohr); and "La Dame Blanche"—(Bojeldieu).

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, Rob Roy; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the Tragedy of
FAZIO.
[By Mr MILMAN.]
Marchesa Aldabella, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, (2nd time) Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton.

Previous to the Tragedy will be performed (for the 2nd time in this country) a Grand M.S. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.

After which the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.
Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.
To-morrow, Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

This Evening,
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par
LES DEUX PERES.
Vaudeville, en Deux Actes, de M. DUFATY.
Laure, Fille de M. Dorlis, Mademoiselle HERMINIE.
M. de Ferlis, Amateur de Botanique, M. ST AUBERT,
Dorval, Navigateur, M. Prèval, Prosper, M. Alfred,
Rustique, Jardinier, M. Gamard.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de
LE FUTUR DE LA GRAND'MAMAN.
Vaudeville nouveau en un Acte, de M. DARTOIS.
Madame Darbel, jeune Veuve, Mlle. Elisa. La Comtesse Emilie, Mlle. Emma.
Marianne, Nourrice chez le Comte, Mlle St. Ange.
M. DERVAL remplira le Rôle de Delmare, futur de la Grand'Maman,
Le Comte Adolphe, M. Alfred. Mignot, Mari de Marianne, M. Laporte.

On Finira par
LES RENDEZ-VOUS BOURGEOIS.
Opera, en Un Acte, Musique de NICOLO.
Reine, Fille de Dugravier, Mademoiselle FLORVAL,
Louise, Nièce de Dugravier, Mlle. St Ange,
Julie, Femme de Chambre, Mlle. HERMINIE.
M. Dugravier, M. Prèval. César, amant de Reine, M. Laporte,
Charles, amant de Louise, M. Alfred,
Bertrand, Valet de M. Dugravier, M. Gamard. Jasmin, Valet, M. Arnaud.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE.
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act. II.—SUMMER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called
A DEAD SHOT.
Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."
Chatter, Miss DALY.
Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, a New Serio Comic Burletta, called
FRA DIAVOLO.
The Overture and Music, by Auber. Arranged by Zerbini.
Zerlina, Madame VESTRIS, Mrs Popkins, Mrs GLOVER,
Bianca, Miss Kabrey, Nina, Miss Greener, Lucia, Miss Slater.
Alderman Popkins, Mr W. VINING, Lorenzo, Mr Hodges,
Carlo, Mr Worrell, Pietro, Mr Newcomb, Timothy Quail, Mr Cooper,
Fra Diavolo, Mr Fredericks, Gasparoni, Mr Paget,
Christofano, Mr Brougham, Rocco, Mr Beckwith, Tebaldo, Mr Cooke,
Beppo, Mr Coates, Bruno, Mr Browne.
In Act III. A Pas Seul, by Miss Josephine.

To be followed by a Comic Burletta, called
THE LITTLE JOCKEY.
Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "The Boy in yellow wins the day,"
Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Maude, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

To conclude with, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[By Mr PLANCHE.]
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Drama, entitled
NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.
Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Miss Vincent, in which she will sing a Parody on "Cherry Ripe," Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

After which will be produced (2nd time) a new Drama, (in Two Acts) entitled
THE TWO PUPILS; OR, THE PEDAGOGUE PUZZLED.
Miss Morley, Miss CHICHESTER, (her 1st appearance) Fanny, Miss VINCENT.
Lord Henry Delmont, Mr C. HILL, Sir Thomas Morley, Mr D. PITT.
Doctor Dirliewhacket, Mr WILLIAMS, Samuel Sliver, Mr VALE,
Sir Thomas' Servant, Mr Webb, Servant of the House, Mr Lee.

To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,
THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].
The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Gambler's Life—Jonathan Dobson—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—A Deed of Blood.—Home for the Holidays — Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL.—EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.
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Nº 115.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life, by Thomas Moore. Two vols. 4to. Murray.

LORD BYRON—MR MOORE—AND MR LEIGH HUNT,

WITH SOME ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF HIS LORDSHIP.

[Concluded.]

If Mr Moore supposes that Lord Byron made him an exception to the way in which he used to talk of his "friends," he is mistaken. We do not believe that he does suppose it; though he would fain make a different impression on the public mind, and represent Lord Byron as being in a strange state of momentary waywardness, when he was not ranking him among those he loved best. The fact is, that Lord Byron laughed at him. He was inclined to love him heartily enough, as long as he believed his flatteries sincere. His respect for the circles induced him to have a certain respect for one who could lampoon; and in addition to Mr Moore's flatteries of him as a Poet, there was one other ground of regard upon which Lord Byron was particularly inclined to like him, because it enabled him to undervalue him at the same time; and that was Mr Moore's veneration for lords. But as all these "friends" were in the habit of talking against one another behind their backs, in a style which they did not think so well for their faces, he had found out, as Mr Hunt has done, that his earnest, anxious, and delighted correspondent, Mr Moore, could have his word against him as well as the rest. Lord Byron said to Mr Hunt one day, with a very bitter face, when the latter was expressing his surprise at discovering Moore to be double-tongued,—"Surprised at Moore! Why, do you know what he says of *me?*" I did not tell him that I had heard something Mr Moore had said, nor from whom I had heard it; and the recollection mortified him so much, that he was fairly unable to get the words out. Mr Hunt had never shown an inclination for hearing him talk against his friends; in fact, he had shown a reverse feeling: and this was one of the reasons why Lord Byron never took heartily to his society. But his Lordship could not contain himself, nevertheless. He saw that his visitor was justly offended with Mr Moore's duplicity, against which, however, no retaliation was meditated, not even in jest. Mr Hunt felt too much hurt by it, and was not aware of the extent to which he should have to struggle against the effects of his tergiversation The talk, therefore, alluded to in our last, about turning the 'Loves of the Angels' into an exemplication of the joke upon Rhyme and Reason, was mere talk; though his Lordship tried hard that it should not be: he did not let the subject drop for weeks; was always returning to his pleasantry about "Looks and Tones;" and as he saw that Mr Hunt could not help laughing at his malicious piece of wit about being Mr Moore's friend, he took an especial delight in repeating it:—"Well, are we never to have the Rhymes? —the Looks and Tones?—

'*Oh*, there are looks and tones!'"

(We believe this is a line of Mr Moore's). And then he would retreat a little, doubling himself up in his peculiar manner, and uttering a kind of goblin laugh, breathing and grinning, as if, instead of his handsome mouth, he had one like an ogre, from ear to ear. Then came the inevitable addition,—"But mind, you must not publish. You know I'm his *friend*." We do not remember him to have praised Mr Moore's poetry but once. The poem he eulogized was one of the Irish Melodies, beginning,—

"When first I knew thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee"

On the other hand, he was never backward to let you see that he had a poor notion of his serious poetry in general. He did not think that there *shone* much truth about that, either of style or sentiment. He says in a letter to Mr John Hunt, in alluding to the 'Loves of the Angels,' and observing that he should not alter his poem on that subject, "I leave it to others to circumcize their Angels with their 'bonnes fortunes' to the drawing-room and clerical standard." In this passage, the words *others* and *theirs* have been substituted very plainly for the words *Mr Moore* and *his*:—so cautious was he of committing himself on paper, and yet so desirous of saying all. His care in this respect was a circumstance worthy notice, considering the incontinence of speech for which he was famous. He used to observe, with a look of gravity, that "you could not deny what you had written." Yet this was the writer of an autobiography said to have been committed to the flames; and enough remains both in Mr Moore's work and in private letters, to shew that his scruples had come late, and to alarm his "friends" all round. We have letters ourselves which we shall withhold except in case of aggression: others we have burnt: and we beg it to be understood, that in those which remain, there is nothing to implicate a woman. No outrage ever did or could induce us to ward off a blow at the expense of the other sex. We have particular reasons for saying this, and therefore hope the reader will excuse the apparent supererogation.

Lord Byron thought Mr Moore a tuft-hunter* and a smell-feast. On Mr Hunt's expressing his surprise one day, at an account of Mr Moore's veneration for good dinners, Lord Byron exclaimed,—"He! why he finds out your bill of fare, and his countenance falls if it is not of the first order. You should have seen how distressed he looked one day at Venice, because the dinner did not suit him."—"That then," said the other, "accounts for an expression I once saw in his face when the covers were taken off from some dishes. I had a suspicion of it, but could hardly believe it possible."—"Do but give Tom a good dinner, and a lord," returned the noble poet, "and he is at the top of his happiness.—Oh!" added he, in the most emphatic manner, with a face full of glee as above described, doubling himself up as he walked, lifting up his arm, and bringing it down with a doubled fist upon the word in Italics, "TOMMY *loves* a Lord!"

These are surely not the refinements and the just pride, any more than the previous specimens of duplicity are the single-heartedness, which give Mr Moore a right to speak of "unworthiness," of the vanity of dependants, and to repeat charges of "vulgarity." To know every fugitive mode of the world of fashion, is no proof of being unvulgar. It is no more than the footman may know. Refinement, we thought, consisted in freedom from grossness, which Mr Moore is certainly not free from it: and vulgarity in an overweening sense to what is common to many, whether of the great vulgar or the small (a sense which Mr Moore certainly has.) To be too fond of good eating is gross: to write like Swift is gross. False refinement itself is a symptom of grossness; and so it is of vulgarity. To hunt the company of lords is vulgar. To call Rousseau "low, bad," and "a pauper" was vulgar. There is no word so common in the mouth of vulgar people as *low*. Nor did Mr Moore make a very polite pun, when, in one of his letters to Lord Byron, he designated two different spheres he had been dining in, one at the west-end, and one in the city, as "High-life and *Row*-life." As to "vanity," what is all this but vanity? And as to being a dependant, the term belongs to the man who depends in any shape for the comfort of his existence upon those of whom he might be independent: not to him who goes into another country to set up a joint speculation, and is forced to obtain fugitive aid from the partner that deserts him.

With respect to Lord Byron's refinement, one specimen shall serve for many. In writing once to a friend, to request him to prepare accommodations for a lady who expected to be confined, he delicately intimated the condition she was in, by saying she was about to "pig." This, we suppose, is the elegant melancholy of Hamlet.

One anecdote also will suffice with regard to "vanity," especially

* Tuft-hunter is a college term for one who seeks the company of men of noble families; their caps being distinguished by a tuft of gold.

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as it betrays his secret soul on that point, and illustrates the most plausible action of his life. It was said in the *Times* newspaper (we forget exactly when, for we quote from memory, but we can refer to the passage, and will correct it, if necessary) that after all which had been said of this noble "apostle and martyr of freedom, his exertions in the cause of Greece were limited to a six months' talk about an expedition to Lepanto, and a loan of some thousands of pounds which were repaid to his executors." Mr Leigh Hunt was walking with his lordship one day in the garden of the Casa Saluzzi at Genoa, when it pleased the noble bard to fall foul on the character of Milton, whose republicanism, patriotism, poetry, and everything else, be attributed to sheer "vanity." His companion said, that he supposed he meant to include in Milton's aspirations the love of glory, which was not to be denied; but Lord Byron would not allow the matter to be so qualified. He said it was all pure vanity, and nothing else; and that such was the motive of all public men, not excepting the greatest, let them do or suffer what they might. In short, he insisted on driving the proposition so far, that Mr Hunt said he hoped he would not give such an opinion the sanction of his book, and put it in Don Juan; and asked him what he would say, if the world should turn round upon him, and in requital of what he was going to do for Greece, attribute all that *he* did to vanity. *His face turned of the colour of scarlet;* and he said no more.

We conclude these most disagreeable subjects for the present, and if not compelled to take further notice of them, for ever, by laying before our readers, the promised quotation from the 'Plain Speaker.' It is a book, like all Mr Hazlitt's other works, not half enough known; because the author wrote under every species of disadvantage, and died just at the moment when he might have had the attention he deserved. But if Mr Moore wishes to know how a man can write so as to secure the attention of posterity, let him compare his own flimsy common-places with the following *flail of gold*:—

'I was sorry to find, the other day, on coming to Vevay, and looking into some English books at a library there, that Mr Moore had taken an opportunity, in his 'Rhymes on the Road,' of abusing Madame Warens, Rousseau, and the men of genius in general. "It's an ill bird," as the proverb says. This appears to me, I confess, to be *pickthank* work, as needless as it is ill-timed, and, considering from whom it comes, particularly unpleasant. In conclusion, he thanks God, with the Levite, that "he is not one of those," and would rather be anything—a worm, the meanest thing that crawls—than numbered among those who give light and law to the world by an excess of fancy and intellect.* Perhaps posterity may take him at his word, and no more trace be found of his "Rhymes" upon the onward tide of time, than of

"The snow falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever!"

'It might be some increasing consciousness of the frail tenure by which he holds his rank among the great heirs of Fame, that urged our Bard to pawn his reversion of immortality for an indulgent smile of Patrician approbation, as he raised his puny arm against "the mighty dead," to lower, by a flourish of his pen, the aristocracy of letters nearer to the level of the aristocracy of rank—two ideas that keep up a perpetual *see-saw* in Mr Moore's mind, like buckets in a well, and to which he is always ready to lend a helping hand, according as he is likely to be hoisted up, or in danger of being let down, with either of them.

'The mode in which our author proposes to correct the extravagance of public opinion, and qualify the interest taken in such persons as Rousseau and Madame de Warens, is singular enough, and savours of the late unlucky bias of his mind:—it is by referring us to what the well-bred people in the neighbourhood thought of Rousseau and his pretensions a hundred years ago or thereabouts. "*So shall their anticipation prevent our discovery!*"

"And doubtless 'mong the grave and good
And gentle of their neighbourhood,
If known at all, they were but known
As strange, low people, low and bad;
Madame herself to footmen prone,
And her young *Pauper*, all but mad."

'This is one way of the reversing the judgment of posterity, and setting aside the *ex-post-facto* evidence of taste and genius. So, after "all that's come and gone yet"—after the anxious doubts and misgivings of his mind as to his own destiny—after all the pains he took to form himself in solitude and obscurity—after the slow dawn of his faculties, and their final explosion, that like an eruption of another Vesuvius, dazzling all men with its lights, and leaving the burning lava behind it, shook public opinion, and overturned a kingdom—after having been "the gaze and show of the time," after having been read by all classes, criticized, condemned, admired in every corner of Europe—after bequeathing a name that at the end of half a century is never repeated but with emotion, as another name for genius and misfortune—after having given us an interest in his feelings as in our own, and drawn the veil of lofty imagination or of pensive regret over all that relates to his own being, so that we go a Pilgrimage to the places where he lived, and recall the names he loved with tender affection (worshipping at the Shrines where his fires were first kindled, and where the purple light of love still lingers—"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace!")—after all this, and more, instead of taking the opinion which one half of the world have formed of Rousseau, with an eager emulation, and the other have been forced to admit, in spite of themselves, we are to be sent back by Mr Moore's eaves-dropping muse, to what the people in the neighbourhood thought of him (if ever they thought of him at all), before he had shown any one proof of what he was, as the fairer test of truth and candour, and as coming nearer to the standard of greatness, that is, of *something asked to dine out*, existing in the author's own mind.

"This, this is the unkindest cut of all."

'Mr Moore takes the inference which he chooses to attribute to the neighbouring gentry concerning "the pauper lad," namely, that "he was mad," *because he was poor*, and flings it to the passengers out of a laudau and four, as the true version of his character, by the fashionable and local authorities of the time. He need not have gone out of his way to Charmettes merely to drag the reputations of Jean Jacques and his mistress after him, chained to the car of aristocracy, as "people low and bad," on the strength of his *enervated sympathy* with the genteel conjectures of the day, as to what and who they were. We have better and more authentic evidence. What would he say, if this method of neutralizing the voice of the public were applied to himself, or to his friend, Mr Chantrey; if we were to deny that the one ever rode in an open carriage *tête-à-tête* with a lord, because his father stood behind a counter, or were to ask the sculptor's customers, when he drove a milk-cart, what we are to think of his bust of Sir Walter? *It will never do.* It is the peculiar hardship of genius, not to be recognized with the first breath it draws—often not to be admitted even during its life-time—to make its way slow and late, through good report and evil report, "through clouds of detraction, of envy and lies"—to have to contend with the injustice of fortune, with the prejudice of the world,

"Rash judgments amid the sneers of selfish men"—

to be shamed by personal defects, to pine in obscurity, to be the butt of pride, the jest of fools, the bye-word of ignorance and malice—to carry on a ceaseless warfare between the consciousness of inward worth and the slights and neglect of others, and to hope only for its reward in the grave and in the undying voice of fame:—and when, as in the present instance, that end has been marvellously attained, and a final sentence has been passed, would any one but Mr Moore wish to shrink from it, to revive the injustice of fortune and the world, and to abide by the idle conjectures of a fashionable coterie empannelled on the spot, who would come to the same shallow conclusion whether the individual in question was an Idiot or a God? There is a degree of gratuitous impertinence and frivolous servility, in all this, not easily to be accounted for, or forgiven.

'There is something more particularly offensive in the cant about "people *low* and *bad*" applied to the intimacy between Rousseau and Madame Warens, inasmuch as the volume containing this nice strain of morality is dedicated to Lord Byron, who was at that very time living on the very same sentimental terms with an Italian Lady of Rank, and whose Memoirs Mr Moore has since thought himself called upon to suppress, out of regard to his Lordship's character and to that of his friends, *most* of whom were not "low people." Is it quality, not charity, that with Mr Moore covers all sorts of slips?

"But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more!"

'What also makes the *dead set* at the Heroine of the 'Confessions' seem the harder measure, is, that it is preceded by an effusion to Mary Magdalen, in the devotional style of Madame Guyon, half amatory, half pious, but so tender and rapturous that it dissolves Canova's marble in tears, and heaves a sigh from Guido's canvas. The melting pathos that trickles down one page, is frozen up into the most rigid morality, and hangs like an icicle upon the next. Here Thomas Little smiles and weeps in ecstacy; there Thomas Brown (not "the younger," but the elder surely) frowns disapprobation, and meditates dislike. Why, it may be asked, does Mr Moore's *insect muse* always hover round this alluring subject, "now in glimmer, and now in gloom"—now basking in the warmth, now writhing in the smart, now licking his lips at it, now making wry faces, but always fidgetting and fluttering about the same gaudy luscious topic, either in flimsy raptures or trumpery horrors? I hate for my own part, this alternation of meretricious rhapsodies and methodistical cant, though the one generally ends in the other.'—*Plain Speaker*, Vol. II. Article *On the Spleen of Party*.

*"Out on the craft—I'd rather be
One of those hinds that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noon-day sun that's o'er my head,
Than thus, with high-built genius curs'd,
That hath no heart for its foundation;
Be all at once that's brightest—worst—
Sublimest—meanest in creation."

Rhymes on the Road.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Werner—Perfection—and the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio—and the Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE tragedy of *Fazio* was repeated last night, and Miss KEMBLE again received great applause. The author of this piece is the Rev. Mr MILMAN, "Professor of Poetry" in one of the Universities, and one of those Quarterly Reviewers who sat in judgment upon Mr KEATS and others, of whom they knew no more than the parish-beadle. Mr MILMAN's tragedy is about the best specimen of what such critics can produce. The best thing in it is the plot; there is effect, but coarse; the characters are those of disagreeable people; the language elegant and common-place; the sentiments and descriptions, for the most part, wanting in truth. The subject partakes of that Newgate-calendar sordidness, in which there is nothing to reconcile us to the pain. Want of truth and moral dignity is its greatest defect throughout. Its power is not that of sympathy, but of selfish will.

The plot deserves the praise of simplicity. *Fazio*, a young alchemist (Mr WARD), who has a wife (Miss KEMBLE) that is fond of him, quits his bed of nights to discover the philosopher's stone. He has a neighbour, a miser, (BLANCHARD) whose house is broken into by thieves. The old man escapes into *Fazio's* house, with part of his wealth, but is mortally wounded, and dies there. *Fazio* takes back the body, possesses himself of the wealth, and commences a life of luxury. A bad, beautiful woman, whom he had once loved in vain (Mrs CHATTERLEY) is now at his service: his wife becomes jealous, and finding that the government are making wondering enquiries into the meagre exchequer of the old miser, she goes to them, and in the hope of detaching him from his mistress, by reducing him to his former poverty, tells them into whose hands the wealth had fallen. A sentence of death ensues; *Fazio* is executed; and his wife, betwixt astonishment and remorse, after getting the mistress sent into a convent, dies of a broken heart.

This is a very effective story; there are some good situations in the piece; and towards the conclusion the attention of the audience, which is a good deal neutralized previously by the false sentiments and poetry, recovers, and is strongly occupied till the end. But the tragedy wants a vein of sweetness in it to reconcile us. The wife is violent and selfish, even in her sorrows; the mistress is as unfeeling as a painted statue; and *Fazio*, though forgiving, talks a language so wide of nature and sensibility, that his virtue seems as a mere piece of bye-play, and we look upon him as nothing but a fool. What are we to think of a man, who, when his wife says something to him in his condemned cell, which induces him to suspect she has killed their children, can make the following simile?

> Oh, thou hast not been
> So wild a rebel to the will of God!
> If that thou hast, 'twill make my passionate arms
> That rings thee round so fondly, drop from off thee
> *Like sere and wither'd ivy.*

Who would think of ivy on such an occasion? What "passionate arms" liken themselves to so poor and feeble a common-place. This is not the speech of a man taking leave of his wife before his execution, but of a cold scholar looking at them and thinking of his Latin verses. So the old miser looking at his gold, is compared to a Satyr gloating on a sleeping nymph. There is no truth, or taste of nature, in such a simile. It is like comparing infirmity with vigour, or old age with youth.

> Her *stately* steps
> Were *light* as though a winged angel trod
> Over earth's flowers, and *feared* to brush away
> Their delicate hues.

Here is the same want of gusto and verisimilitude. Stateliness does not give the idea of lightness, and still less of fear. Its tread is firm and weighty with self-estimation; the security of its step without a doubt. The play is full of the like impertinences of style. Nothing (at least as far as we observed) is described so as to convey a true and simple idea of itself. The author stands by, and says as fine a "thought" upon it as he can; and the thought and the real feeling are distinct. The best touch we have noticed is where the wife says to her husband, when he comes to her, possessed of his new riches,

> Why, Fazio, art thou frantic? Nay, look not
> So strangely, so unmeaningly. I had rather
> That thou wouldst weep, than look so *haggard joyful.*

This is fine. Mr MILMAN's pleasures are not real. His tragedy wants the reconcilement of real poetry, and of the "soul of goodness in things evil." But he can give you a pain in the midst of pleasure. The dance in the fifth act is well contrived to aggravate the distress. His tragedies have that sort of pain in them, that you do not wish to see them again,—or to read them!

We should be glad if Miss KEMBLE succeeded better in SHAKSPEARE's plays, than in ROWE's or Mr MILMAN's. Something apart from genuine or attractive nature seems to suit her best; nor, on seeing more of her in the piece before us, can we think she has made any advances in the level part of her style. She is still too formal, artificial, and drawling. But give her something to be vehement with, or to denounce, and she gets on. She has not yet got rid of the fault of being too literally emphatic on particular words; but upon the whole, she has improved upon us, by appearing in these characters of self-will, sarcasm, and violence; and we doubt not, as we have before intimated, that her powers will finally settle in that direction. There was one burst of another kind, which we had the pleasure of hailing. It is where she tells her husband that the children live. But these home passages are so rare, that they seem almost as artificial as the rest.—Miss KEMBLE received great applause, especially towards the catastrophe, when it was enthusiastic; and *Fazio* we suppose, will now run side by side with *Werner*,—a pair of as uncomfortable, unexalting, sordid-featured tragedies, as a man would *not* wish to see on a summer's day.

☞

THE LONGITUDE LENGTHENED.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR. TATLER,—I am glad you took notice of Miss Inverarity's strange name, for, do you know, that *I* thought it a long one too; and I ventured to say as much to my next neighbour in the pit, when what do you think he said? "Sir," says he, "that's only an *abridgment* of her real name!" (an abridgment!) "It is," says he, "*In-verity-a-rarity*," but she is called "Inverarity" for shortness. What an odd coincidence! for she *is* "*in verity, a rarity*;" and there again you and I agree.

I like your *Tatler* very much, and am,

Your constant reader,

Green street, Dec. 12, 1830. PETER SIMPLE.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—We understand that it is intended by the Directors for the coming season, to effect an improvement in the Vocal department of these Concerts, by the introduction of several new *concerted* Pieces. This improvement would no doubt be a considerable one, and do justice to the instrumental part of the entertainment. After the magnificent harmonies of Mozart and Beethoven, the ear cannot well be content with a single voice, unless it were that of an angel. Something more choral would seem better to reply to them, and sustain the grandeur of the impression.

PLAIN PSALM-SINGING originated with Calvin. His separation from the church of Rome was founded on opposition to its discipline as well as its tenets, and in particular he laid the musical part of the service under great restraints. The whole of the music adopted by him consisted of that plain metrical psalmody which is now in general use among the reformed churches of the Continent, and in the parochial churches of this country. This seems to have been the origin of the practice of *psalmody*. Calvin employed a musician, Guillaume Franc, to set the psalms to easy tunes of one part only; and in this work the composer succeeded so well, that the people became almost infatuated with the love of psalm-singing. Even in the field of battle this has been made an incentive to courage. In the frequent insurrections of the reformers against their persecutors, a psalm, sung by four or five hundred of their party, answered all the purpose of warlike music.—*Musical Biography.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WELL-WISHER has obliged us by the publication he enclosed.
PHILOSCACCHARIA to-morrow. We thank him for his private letter.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Opera of
ROB ROY MACGREGOR.
[Adapted by Mr POCOCK.]
Diana Vernon, Miss PEARSON, in which she will introduce,
The Song—"He's what they ca' a Bonnie Lad."
Katty, Miss BRUCE. Mattie, Mrs ORGER. Helen Macgregor, Mrs FAUCIT.
Sir Frederick Vernon, Mr Younge. Rasleigh Osbaldistone, W. H. Wallack.
Francis Osbaldistone, Mr SINCLAIR.
Owen, Mr. W. Bennett. Captain Thornton, Mr Thompson.
Dougal, Mr Webster. Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, Mr MACREADY.
Major Galbraith, Mr Bedford.
M'Stuart, Mr Yarnold. Jobson, Mr Salter. Andrew, Mr Hughes.
Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Mr LISTON.

Previous to the Opera, will be performed the Overture to "The Heart of Mid Lothian," (adapted chiefly from Scottish Airs.)

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

On Monday, Pizarro; Perfection, and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called
CINDERELLA.
The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY, Clorinda, Miss CAWSE,
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES, Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON, Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON,
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY, Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr MEADOWS, (who has undertaken the character at a short notice, on account of Mr KEELEY's indisposition.)

After which the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr F. MATTHEWS.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.
Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.
On Monday, Fazio; and the Pantomime.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Drama, entitled
NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.
Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON,
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Miss Vincent, in which she will sing
a Parody on "Cherry Ripe," Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

After which will be produced (3rd time) a new Drama, (in Two Acts) entitled
THE TWO PUPILS; OR, THE PEDAGOGUE PUZZLED.
Miss Morley, Miss CHICHESTER, (her 3rd appearance) Fanny, Miss VINCENT.
Lord Henry Delmont, Mr C. HILL, Sir Thomas Morley, Mr D. PITT.
Doctor Dirliewhacket, Mr WILLIAMS, Samuel Sliver, Mr VALE,
Sir Thomas' Servant, Mr Webb, Servant of the House, Mr Lee.

To conclude with (By Particular Desire) an Opera, entitled,
THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.
[By Mr HAPDE.]
Claudine, Mrs VALE. Lauretta, Miss VINCENT.
Countess Rosalvina, Miss SOMERVILLE, in which Character she will sing, "Vain are Music's Soothing Sounds;" "There's a Grief;" and the Duet, "My Early Day, What Joy was Thine," with Mr EDWIN.
Count Belino, EDWIN, in which he will sing "Behold, in his Soft Expressive Face;" "Tho' Love is Warm Awhile;" "Is there a Heart that Never Lov'd;" and the Picture Song, "'Tis but Fancy Sketch."
Baron Teraldi, Mr DIBDIN PITT.
Florian, Mr Young. Fabricio, Mr Gough. Marcelli, (1st time) Mr C. Hill.
Pietro, Mr VALE.
Antonio, Mr Hobbs. Paolo, Mr Asbury. Julio, Miss Clarke.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE.
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Comic Burletta, called
A DEAD SHOT.
Louisa Lovetrick, Mrs FITZWILLIAM, in which character she will introduce her celebrated Description of "A Sunday Concert."
Chatter, Miss DALY.
Captain Cannon, Mr BAYNE, Mr Hector Timid, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Mr Wiseman, Mr S. SMITH, Charles, Mr V. WEBSTER.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, a New Serio Comic Burletta, called
FRA DIAVOLO.
The Overture and Music, by Auber. Arranged by Zerbini.
Zerlina, Madame VESTRIS, Mis Popkins, Mrs GLOVER,
Bianca, Miss Kabrey, Nina, Miss Greener, Lucia, Miss Slater.
Alderman Popkins, Mr W. VINING, Lorenzo, Mr Hodges,
Carlo, Mr Worrell, Pietro, Mr Newcomb, Timothy Quail, Mr Cooper,
Fra Diavolo, Mr Fredericks, Gasparoni, Mr Paget,
Christofano, Mr Brougham, Rocco, Mr Beckwith, Tebaldo, Mr Cooke,
Beppo, Mr Coates, Bruno, Mr Browne.
In Act III. A Pas Seul, by Miss Josephine.

To be followed by a Comic Burletta, called
THE LITTLE JOCKEY.
Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "The Boy in yellow wins the day,"
Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Mau e, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

To conclude with, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[By Mr PLANCHE.]
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

COBURG THEATRE. — The Gambler's Life—Jonathan Dobson—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—A Deed of Blood.—Home for the Holidays — Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL,—EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.
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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Sunday Library; or, The Protestants' Manual for the Sabbath Day: being a Selection of Sermons, from Eminent Divines of the Church of England, chiefly within the last half century; with occasional Biographical Sketches and Notes. By the Rev. J. F. Dibdin, D.D., Rector of St Mary's, Bryanstone Square, and Vicar of Exning, Suffolk. 12mo. Vol. i. pp. 369. Longman.

This is the commencement of another "Library" series, the object of which, to use the language of the reverend Editor, is to be "made instrumental to the propagation of moral and religious truths" in a form at once "pleasing and cheap."

The pleasing form must be acknowledged on all hands. The book is got up in the usual elegant style of the publishers: there is a frontispiece, consisting of a good portrait, after Owen, of the Archbishop of Canterbury: Dr Dibdin has indulged himself and his brother book-worms (of which we claim to be one), with a vignette of the south front of Lambeth Palace, at the head of the dedication to his Grace: and at the back of the title-page is another vignette of the Bible and Crown, with the motto, "Honour all men, love the brotherhood; fear God; honour the king." There is no symbol, by the way, for love of the brotherhood, nor the honour that is to be paid to all men; which we think a pity. The Bible stands for the fear of God, and the Crown for the honour to be paid the king. But how is it on these occasions that we have nothing to symbolize the love of the brotherhood, and the consideration that is to be had for his Majesty's subjects?

The cheapness of the publication will perhaps be disputed. Not that it is dearer than others of the like size and embellishment. It is at least equal in those respects to the very best of them, but the matter will be looked upon with very different eyes by different people: and for many who will doubtless be willing to give their five shillings to read the book, there unquestionably exist vast numbers, in these days, who would give as much to eschew the privilege. The Doctor may think that these are the persons who are in especial need of the book, and who would be grateful for its contents, if once acquainted with them: but the general run of intellect is further gone, we fear, than he supposes. It demands a little more reasoning and consistency than it nsed. There are many who have the most exalted opinion of Christianity, who will not think it preached up to in these volumes, or even understood. There are many, impressed with the most beneficent ideas of a Supreme Being, who will think them grossly contradicted. What appears to Dr Dibdin to be the fairest statements, will be taken by them for the reverse; its most satisfied conclusions will appear to them gratuitous assumptions; its claims to consistency full of the most extraordinary contradictions. We confess we were surprised to see how poor a thing the reputation of some clerical writers can turn out to be. How little there is, for instance, in the sermon here extracted from the writings of Bishop Porteus, to satisfy a mind of common enquiry,—or in Bishop Horne,—or the celebrated Horsley, who in temper however, if not in argument, was too much of what the Apostle says, no Bishop ought to be, a "striker." Bishop Blomfield is altogether a poor hand, as the public had lately occasion to witness in his half-witted pamphlet about the Sabbath. The official habit spoils all. Authority can never reason properly, otherwise it brings its own claims into doubt. The preacher on pay has his pay to take care of as well as his argument. What would have become of the world, or of the imperfect Christianity to which we have yet attained, if nobody had ever talked to us but constituted authorities. Assumption is their motto: admission is no longer that of the world. Dr Dibdin thinks that his publication may be especially useful at the present time, as a counteraction to the universal growth of infidelity, and anti-clericism. But if he ventures to go with his book into any quarters where they prevail, the propriety of his very first step will be disputed: there is an assumption in his very title-page. He describes himself as Rector of St Mary's, Bryanston, and Vicar of Exning, in Suffolk; and he will be asked how he, in such times as these, when bread is wanted for the stomachs ofthe poor, as well as a stone to be received by the heads of infidels, can officiate properly in those two places at once, and reconcile the good nature he seems to possess to the Bryanstone hot rolls, or Suffolk dumplings, of which he deprives some other clergyman. Having answered this, they will proceed to his next assumption, and so on through all the conclusions of his friends the bishops and pluralists: and we fear he would have hard work of it.

As we have a regard for anybody who likes anything besides himself, we like Dr Dibdin for his Bibliomania, for his love of tall copies and enchanting vellums, and the cordialities he interchanged with the monks abroad over their old wine. Furthermore, he is one of those who are apt to "commit" themselves (as the phrase is), out of a certain natural candour and social confidence; and his present publication is not without evidences of a simplicity of this sort, though, for ought we know, he may be unable to recognize them when laid before him. The sly reader, accustomed to dramatic plots and equivoque, will see differently. The best of it is that the sermons of some of his divines afford evidences of the like Christian quality; which, to say the truth, is the most interesting thing we have found in the book, and shows how much of their childhood men may retain under all circumstances, even when the best of their doctrines have become identified with sophistication. Some of these we shall lay before the reader, and though a different mode of obtaining a Christian object is contemplated by the Editor, we believe that the perusal of them will terminate in no injury to any party. A good-humoured smile is not the worst sort of expression with which to read the sentiments of a church dignitary.

'The first thing discernible in these sayings,' observes Dr Dibdin, speaking of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, 'is their *originality* and *boldness*; and the marvellous effect which the delivery of them, from so high an authority, must have necessarily produced upon minds stubbornly attached to, and *deeply prejudiced* by, Judaical rites and ceremonies, and principles of moral government. Nothing equivocal or compromising belongs to our Saviour's doctrines. In an address, remarkable for the pregnant brevity of its style, the *plain bold truth* is fearlessly told, and the hearers are left to reflect or not upon its force. It was impossible for them to *hear* and not to *reflect*.

'A second thing discernible in these "sayings" is, the frequently utter contrariety of the doctrines contained in them *to those in which the hearers had been brought up*, and of which they are reminded at the very commencement of their announcement. Our blessed Saviour sometimes begins, "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time," that it was thus and thus—"but I say unto you—" and then he proceeds to tell them that they *must reject* what they had before heard, and attend exclusively to what they were about to hear, if it was their desire to benefit by his instruction: so that the *firmness* and *fearlessness* of the great teacher of Israel are equally discernible.'—*Introductory Remarks, p. 2.*

Bishop Bloomfield says, at p. 66, that—

'Religion is the proper business of our *whole* lives. We are placed in this world for *the express purpose of being religious*; and every part of our existence, which is not employed in the business, either of preparation, or of actual religion, is so much *time lost*.'

We can only say in answer to this, that if the Bishop's portraits are like him, religion makes a man very plump and comfortable, and gives him a promising double-chin. We should have thought, if it had not been for the bishop's remark, that he lost a little time in taking his dinner; but we find that it is not so, or that at all events the right reverend prelate contrives to unite religion with lobster-sauce, in a manner that leaves pleasing evidences of its possibility on his aspect.

'"Let no one," exhorts Bishop Porteus, "indulge the vain imagination that a *just, and generous, and compassionate* conduct towards

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his fellow-creatures constitutes the whole of his duty, and will compensate for the want of *every other Christian virtue.*" '

Here we are given to understand that a man may want many Christian virtues, and yet be just, generous, and compassionate. How that can be we cannot conceive, nor what the *many* other virtues are, that are not included in these.

'"This," however, according to the Bishop, "is a most fatal delusion; and yet in the present times a very common one. Benevolence," he proceeds to inform us, "is the favourite, the fashionable virtue of the age: *it is universally cried up by infidels and libertines* as the first and only duty of man; and even many who pretend to the name of Christians, are too apt to rest upon it as the most essential part of their religion, and the chief basis of their title to the rewards of the Gospel. But that Gospel, as we have just seen, prescribes to us several other duties, which require from us the same attention as those we owe to our neighbour; and if we fail in *any* of them, we can have *no* hope of sharing in the benefits procured for us by the sacrifice of our Redeemer. What then God and nature, as well as Christ and his apostles, have joined together, let no man dare to put asunder. Let no one flatter himself with obtaining the rewards, or even escaping the punishments, of the Gospel, by performing only one branch of his duty; nor let him ever suppose, that under the shelter of benevolence he can either, on the one hand, evade the first and great command, the love of his Maker; or on the other hand, that he can securely indulge his favourite passions, can compound as it were with God for his sensuality, by acts of generosity, and purchase by his wealth a general license to sin. This may be very good Pagan morality, may be very good modern philosophy, but it is not Christian godliness."'

But Christianity is surely getting on, when infidels and even libertines come to make a virtue of benevolence. The Bishop seems to envy the fashionable world their new virtue; to be angry that publicans and sinners can take the Divine Teacher at his word, and threaten to do without the minor teachers. To be just, generous, and compassionate, he says, may be very good modern philosophy. Modern philosophy will surely thank him for the compliment, and take itself, *as he suspects*, for something very like Christian godliness: for how a general license to sin can be compatible with justice, generosity, and compassion, is a mystery which it requires a theologian to understand. What are the many other Christian virtues, that are compatible with the absence of justice, generosity, and compassion? Can a man then be just *without* paying his duty towards heaven after the Bishop's fashion? Can he be generous, and yet think ill of Pluralities? Can he be compassionate, and yet propose to apply the superfluities of the church to the benefit of the poor? For our parts, we hold with the great author of Christianity, and *not* with the bishop; and think a man may.

But what are we to think of the extraordinary announcements and accusations in the following passage from a sermon by Mr Benson?

'There has sprung up, in these degenerate days, a most pernicious class of infidels, who, without deigning, if indeed they were able, to enter into any serious reasoning upon the subject of religion, have been bad and bold enough *to adopt all the conclusions of their predecessors as undeniably true.* They scorn any longer to argue the case as doubtful; and *assuming it as an admitted fact* that revelation is incapable of any rational defence, they pour forth the torrent of their abuse in language whose impiety and indecency I dare not repeat. It would be a shame even to speak those things, which these men glory in proclaiming openly to the world; which they utter in the streets, and courts of justice; and by which they have insulted the judges of the land, and would pollute the purity of the female breast. To talk of the "impure morals of the Bible Deity," and to pronounce the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, a God of "cruelty, injustice, deceit, fraud, and the worst of human vices,"—such is a specimen of the impieties which they have dared to familiarise to the ears of a Christian people. * * * *. I speak not unadvisedly on this subject. They have been painful hours which I have given to the examination of such writings; but I have given my hours to the task, because it was my duty to do so: and (thank God and his protecting grace) the issue has been, a conviction of nothing but the desperation of those minds, the corruption of those tastes, and the pitiable ungodliness of those hearts, which could dare to be so light and lustful in a matter of such unspeakable solemnity. Be it true, or be it false, revelation is always serious itself, and has consequently a right to demand seriousness from others: and it is a mark either of an unsound head, or an insincere heart, to meet it in the spirit of railing and of ribaldry. Not only, however, do these enemies of the truth revile and speak all manner of evil falsely against the Gospel, but one of their basest and principal efforts is, to pour their calumnies into minds too weak to resist or refute them, and to clothe them in such *a fascinating garb*, as may captivate the imagination and disturb the impartiality of the reasoning powers. It is to the daughters of our Israel that some specially recommend their impiety and impurity. It is in a form and language which may be level to the means and capacities of the less educated part of the community, that others utter forth their notes of defiance against the God of Israel and his saints: and it is with the charms of poetic numbers, and in all the glowing colours of poetic imagery, that one master-spirit has sought to insinuate the poison of doubt and distrust with regard to the mercy and the holiness of David's Lord.'

We wish Dr Dibdin would make a selection of all the curious stories he could find in the course of his old reading, that have never yet been familiarised to the world. It would make a capital volume. And this reminds us by the way, that the public are in want of a *Library of Fiction.* Why do not Messrs Longman set their friend Mr Dunlop to work upon it? or apply to Sir Walter Scott? It would make a delightful series, illustrated by his pen.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"A Swan-like End."—Luccock, in his notes on Rio Janeiro, says, "A purple bird, called a *Sabiar*, was shot near St Gonsales, and, though badly wounded, immediately set up a full and melodious song, which continued until its latest moments."—Could this bird have been the Swan of the ancients, whose dying song is so often alluded to?

Carlo Dolce.—Carlo Dolce made a solemn vow never to paint any but sacred subjects. His Madonnas, however, were all portraits of Maria Madelina Baldinucci. He was the victim of a pertinacious melancholy, which at times made it impossible to obtain a word from him: all his answers were sighs. On the day of his wedding, when the company were met for the ceremony, he was nowhere to be found. At last he was discovered in the church of the Annunziata, prostrate on the steps of the great altar, before a crucifix.—*Lady Morgan's Salvator Rosa.*

Salvator Rosa.—A Roman Noble endeavouring one day to drive a hard bargain with him, he coolly interrupted him, to say that, till the picture was finished, he himself did not know its value; observing, "I never bargain, Sir, with my pencil, for it knows not the value of its own labour before the work is finished. When the picture is done, I will let you know what it costs, and you may then take it or not, as you please."—*Lady Morgan's Life of Salvator Rosa.*

English Notion of Kings.—An Englishman came to Lord Mareschal one day, without any letter of recommendation, to ask him to present him to the King of Prussia. His Lordship told him that it was not such an easy matter, and that many great Noblemen had been refused. "Faith!" said the Englishman, "it is not that I care much about it; but as I have already seen five kings, I should have been glad to make up the half-dozen."—*Memoirs of a Traveller now in Retirement.*

Antipathies.—Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it gave him a fever.—Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.—Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk.—Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs.—Uladislaus, King of Poland, could not bear to see apples.—Henry III. of France, could never sit in a room with a cat.

Character of Hobbes.—He was frank, civil, and communicative of what he knew,—a good friend, a good relation, charitable to the poor, a great observer of equity, and had no desire of gathering wealth. "This last quality," says Bayle, "is a favourable prejudice for the goodness of his life." For a man who had lived so long (till 91) his reading was inconsiderable. He said himself, that if he had bestowed as much time on reading as other men of letters, he should have been as ignorant as they!

Maternal Love.—A Venetian lady having lost her only son, became a prey to excessive grief. Her confessor attempted to console her: he told her to think of Abraham, whom the Almighty commanded to sacrifice his son, which he obeyed without a murmur. "Ah, my father! (she replied) God would never have commanded such a sacrifice to a mother."

Voltaire's Character of Cromwell.—Cromwell is described as a man who was an impostor all his life. I can scarcely believe it. I conceive that he was at first an enthusiast, and that he afterwards made his fanaticism instrumental to his greatness. An ardent novice at twenty often becomes an accomplished rogue at forty. In the great game of human life, men begin with being dupes, and end in becoming knaves. A statesman engages as his almoner a monk, entirely made up of the details of his convent—devout, credulous, awkward, perfectly new to the world: he acquires information, polish, finesse, and supplants his master.—*Philosophical Dictionary.*

Valuation of Actors.—It has been usual to raise a very unjust clamour against the enormous salaries of public singers, actors, and so on. This matter seems reducible to a *moral equation.* They are paid out of money raised by voluntary contributions, in the strictest sense; and if they did not bring certain sums into the treasury, the managers would not engage them. These sums are exactly in proportion to the number of individuals to whom their performance gives an extraordinary degree of pleasure. The talents of a singer, actor, &c. are therefore worth just as much as they will fetch.—*Hazlitt's Table-Talk.*

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A PROLOGUE OF ALL WORK.

Age,	Bard,
Stage,	Reward:
Mind,	Hiss,
Mankind;	Miss,
Face,	Dare,
Trace,	British Fair.
Sigh,	
Tragedy:	Applause,
Scene,	Virtue's cause;
Spleen;	Trust,
Pit,	Just;
Wit,	Fear,
Fashion,	Hear:
British Nation.	Stands,
	Hands,
Young,	True,
Tongue,	You.

Here we have some respectable observations on the advantages of the drama in every age; on the wideness of its survey; the different natures of tragedy and comedy; the vicissitudes of fashion; and the permanent greatness of the British empire. Then the young bard, new to the dramatic art, is introduced. He disclaims any hope of reward for merit of his own, except that which is founded on a proper sense of; the delicacy and beauty of his fair auditors, and his zeal in the cause of virtue. To this, at all events, he is sure his critics will be just; and though he cannot help feeling a certain timidity, standing where he does, yet upon the whole, as becomes an Englishman, he is perfectly willing to abide by the decision of his countrymen's hands, hoping that he shall be found

—— to sense, if not to genius, true,
And trusts his cause to Virtue, and—to You.—*(Liberal.)*

PARADISE.—The Mahometans are accused of making their Heaven a sensual one; but some Christians have done the same thing. Gabriel Henas published a folio on the subject, in which he so particularly describes the Blessedness of Paradise as to say, "there will be music in heaven with material instruments, as on earth." Yet his account falls short of that of his brother Jesuit, Lewis Henricus, who affirms "that there will be a sovereign pleasure in kissing and embracing the bodies of the Blessed; that they shall bathe in the sight of one another, for which there shall be most delicious baths; that they shall swim in them like fishes; and sing as harmoniously as larks and nightingales. That the Angels shall be dressed like women, and shall appear to the Saints in the habits of ladies, their hair curled, their petticoats fardingaled, and in the richest linen. That men and women shall divert themselves with masquerades, feasts, and balls. That the women shall sing more agreeably than the men, to make the pleasure greater; that they shall rise again with longer hair, and shall be decked with ribbons and ruffles, as they are in this world. That married people shall kiss one another, as in this life, and their pretty sweet children, which will be no small pleasure."

LULLY THE COMPOSER.—The fate of Lully is altogether a singular one. Mademoiselle de Montpensier, niece to Louis XIV. begged the Chevalier Guise then on his travels to find some pretty little Italian boy as a page for her. At Florence he met with Lully, whose wit, vivacity, and musical talent determined the chevalier to engage him. On his arrival he was presented to the lady, but his figure obtained for him so cool a reception, that she ordered his name to be entered on her household books, as under scullion. In his moments of leisure, however, from the kitchen, he used to scrape upon an old wretched violin. The princess hearing he had a fine taste, procured him a master, and in the course of a few months he became so great a proficient, that he was elevated to the rank of court musician. In the year 1636, Lully was required to compose a *Te Deum* on the recovery of the king, from a dangerous illness. He composed a most excellent one. Nothing was neglected in its composition nor in preparation for its execution. In the ardour of his zeal he beat time himself; but melancholy were the consequences. In the heat of action he struck his foot; and bad management of this small wound rendered amputation necessary. All efforts to cure him were vain; he died, and was interred in the church of the Augustines at Paris, where an elegant monument was erected to his memory. A singular conversation passed betwixt Lully and his confessor, in the last illness, which shows the natural archness of his disposition and the foolish bigotry of the priest. He had been for many years a composer for the opera, the priest required him, as a proof of his sincere repentance, to commit his last work to the flames. Lully acquiesced, and pointing to a drawer in which the rough draft of *Achilles and Prelixenes* was deposited, it was burnt, and the confessor retired satisfied. Lully grew better, and when one of the young princes reproached him for having destroyed such good music. "Hush, hush, my lord, (answered Lully in a whisper,) I have another copy of it."—Unhappily, this ill-timed pleasantry was followed by a relapse; the gangrene increased, and the prospect of death threw him into such pangs of remorse, that he submitted to be laid on a heap of ashes, with a cord round his neck. In this situation he expressed a deep sense of his fault. and soon after expired.—*Musical Biography.*

'Tis better to spend our time in reading a good book twice, than a bad one once.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.
DRURY LANE.—Rob Roy Macgregor—and the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella—and the Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE performance of *Cinderella*, together with that of the Christmas Pantomime, is like cake upon cake. The young visitors of the theatre have a double holiday portion of entertainment; for there is transformation and spectacle in the opera, as well as in the pantomime; and it tells a favourite fairy-tale. Their is this advantage besides,—that the little part of the audience understand the subject as well as the big; and to crown the satisfaction, the big seem to relish it quite as much as the little. We look upon this as an evidence of the good sense as well as poetical turn of the day. It is man enough not to despise the pleasures of the child: it can ride the hobby-horse, like Agesilaus: it has been reading poetry and novels for the last twenty years, and can reconcile marvel with matter of fact. One sight of a tragedy, unless it be of the first order, is more than enough. There are many we should no more think of seeing a second time, than of going to sit with our legs in a ditch, if it were not that we have to criticise new performers. They give you distress without recompense. The pain wants dignity: the effect is merely uncomfortable; it does not, and ought not to give you any pleasure, unless you want common feeling, and require to be roused by vulgar stimulants. The authors are neither children nor men: they have not come to poet's-estate, nor ever will: they are destined to be ever sophisticate, affected, and undergrown. Give us childhood in preference to this, or else the wisdom that comes round to childhood, and has found its visions true. But we are getting serious, when we intended to be merry. In a word then, this fairy-tale opera is a thing to make one happy; and we find ourselves instinctively go to it as often as we can. *All's Well that Ends Well*, says the great and good-natured poet; and all ends well in *Cinderella*, notwithstanding the badness of the sisters and father. In fact, they are bad only to make the heroine more happy. She is in the ashes, only to shine out the brighter. And as she surmounts them at last, and becomes the best off, it would be hard if they were so unhappy meanwhile as their badness might otherwise make them. We see they are not. They have finery to their heart's content. And the father loves finery too, and is fantastic. Virtue must not have everything; nor vice want every comfort, till we can all of us be wiser. The sun "shines on the just and unjust." *Miss Thisbe* and *Miss Clorinda*, must have the solace of a pair of flaunting dresses, while *Miss Cinderella* in her dark corner enjoys the sweetness of her patience. We pity her heartily nevertheless, and wish her to triumph: that is best for the eventual success of everybody, because it is the triumph of humanity.

Miss INVERARITY received her usual applause on Saturday night, and her enthusiastic encore in the finale. Mr KEELEY, we were sorry to find, was ill, and his place in the servant supplied by Mr MEADOWS, who is quaint and clever, but is not so made up of natural comedy as the other. Mr MEADOWS is in too great a hurry, from want of conscious power; and though it was natural in him to try and vary the performance of the character from that of Mr KEELEY, he did not vary it to advantage, especially in substituting commonplace epithets of the formidable, when addressing the prince, for the "Most Magnificent, Extravagant, and Dreadful" address of the other, which are words that hang well together, and have a meaning.

We were again delighted with the dance of the nymphs by torch-light, before the chariot of *Cinderella*, and the torch-bearing genii in the air. There is something so charming in it, that the audience never fail to applaud. Could it not be made a little *longer?* a little more lasting? Might it not go as far into the depth of the stage as possible, and so come round with its circuit afterwards, instead of approaching the stage lamps at once, and turning off so soon?—It is very beautiful.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Tragic Play of
PIZARRO.
[By Mr SHERIDAN.]
Cora, Miss PHILLIPS, Elvira, Mrs PAUCIT.
Ataliba, Mr Younge, Rolla, Mr WALLACK, Orozembo, Mr J. VINING,
Blind Man, Mr Hammerton. Topac, Miss Chikini.
Pizarro, Mr H. Wallack, Alonzo, Mr COOPER,
Las Casas, Mr Thompson, Sentinel, Mr Salter.
In Act II.—The Temple of the Sun.—High Priest, Mr Horn.
Priests, Virgins, Matrons, &c.—Misses Byfeld, S. Phillips, Russell, Bruce, Crawford, Mrs Bedford, Mrs Newcombe.—Messrs Bedford, Bland, and Yarnold.
In the course of the Evening, P. De Winter's Overture to "Tamerlan," and Mehul's Overture to "La Chasse du Jeune Henri."
Concluding with the National Air, "Vive Henri Quatre."
After which, a new Historical Anecdote, (in One Act) entitled
A KING'S FIRESIDE.
[By Mr MORTON.]
Nannette, Miss MORDAUNT.
Henri Quatre, Mr FARREN. Louis, Mrs WAYLETT. Gaston, Miss POOLE.
Henrietta of France, Miss M. A. MARSHALL.
Admiral Lord Effingham, Mr Thompson. D'Aubigny, Mr Cooke.
To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Billboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, School for Scandal; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the Tragedy of
FAZIO.
[By Mr MILMAN.]
Marchesa Aldabella, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, (3rd time) Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton.
Previous to the Tragedy will be performed (for the 3rd time in this country) a Grand MS. Overture, by Friedrich Kuhlau.
To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr F. MATTHEWS.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.
Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The following Performers will appear for the First Time in London:—
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. LEPEINTRE, Aine, du Theâtre du Vaudeville.
This Evening,
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par
LEONIDE; OU, LA VIEILLE DE SURESNE.
Vaudeville en Trois Actes, de MM. St. HILAIRE, VILLENEUVE et DEPEUTY.
Madame de St. Elme, Mlle. Eliza. Mathilde, sa Fille, Mlle. Corra.
Madame Hebert, Madame Baudin, Léonide, sa Fille adoptive, Mlle. HERMINIE.
Louison, petite Paysanne, au service de Madame Hebert, Mlle. St. Ange.
Grudner, M. ST. AUBERT. Rodolphe, M. Alfred.
Robertin, Frère de Grudner, M. Préval. Charles, son Fils, M. PAULIN.
Suivi de la Première Représentation de
LA SECONDE ANNEE; OU, A QUI LA FAUTE?
Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. SCRIBE.
Caroline, Femme de Denneville, Mlle. FLORVAL.
M. DERVAL remplira le Rôle de Denneville.
Edmond, Comte de St. Elme, Ami de Denneville, M. PAULIN.
Gervault, Caissier, M. Gamard.
On Finira par
LE BAL CHAMPETRE.
Vaudeville, en Un Acte, de MM. SCRIBE et DUPIN.
(Cette Piece a été demandée.)
Madame Durfort, Mlle. Corra. Josephine, Mlle. St. Ange.
Angelina, Mlle. FLORVAL. Amanda, Madame Gamard. Toinette, Mlle. Eliza.
Annette, jeune Paysanne, Mlle. Emma.
M. Pastourelle, M. Guenée. M. Bellejambe, M. Laporte.
Poussif, Conducteur de Diligence, M. Préval. M. Durfort, Banquier, M. Cloup.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE.
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act. II.—SUMMER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.
To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.
After which, the Burlesque Burletta, called
BILLY TAYLOR.
Mary Wagstaff, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Kitty Sligo, Miss M. GLOVER.
Billy Taylor, Mr J. REEVE.
Carolus, Mr O. Smith. Captain Flatbottom, Mr S. SMITH.
Old Nicholas, Mr Chapman. Ben Blockhead, Mr Sanders.
To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.
Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE.
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight. Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott.
Lady Fleming, Miss King. Mattie, Miss Kabrey. Moggy, Miss Langley.
Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks. Lord Lindsay, Mr Trougham.
Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrell. Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith.
Roland, Mr Raymond. Drysdale, Mr Newcombe. Sandy, Mr J. Knight.
After which, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[By Mr PLANCHE.]
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Manufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young.
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
To be succeded by a Comic Burletta, to be called
STEINBERG CASTLE.
Flora, Miss FOOTE.
Dorival, Mr Fredericks, Governor Steinberg, Mr Newcombe.
O'Shaughnessy, Mr Brougham.
The whole to conclude with a Comic Burletta, called
CLARISSA HARLOWE.
Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Melodrame, entitled
ZAMOR, THE MEXICAN.
The Music, by Mr Blewitt.
Ora, Miss SOMERVILLE. Joan, Miss VINCENT.
Dame Mabil, Madame SIMON. Robert, Baron Fitzallan, Mr GOUGH.
Henry Fitzallan, Nicol Colbrande, Blid, and Broadland, Mr H. KEMBLE.
Zamor, Mr OSBALDISTON. Edmund Erpingham, Mr C. HILL.
Martin Walbourn, Mr DIBDIN PITT. Peter Poundtext, Mr Webb.
Abel Lackbrain, Mr Asbury. Walter Altringham, Mr VALE.
Ralph Perkyn, Mr Rogers. Monk, Mr Young.
Raymond and Hubert, Messrs. Hobbs and Tully.
After which will be produced (4th time) a new Drama, (in Two Acts) entitled
THE TWO PUPILS; OR, THE PEDAGOGUE PUZZLED.
Miss Morley, Miss CHICHESTER, (her 4th appearance) Fanny, Miss VINCENT.
Lord Henry Delmont, Mr C. HILL, Sir Thomas Morley, Mr D. PITT.
Doctor Dirliewhacket, Mr WILLIAMS, Samuel Sliver, Mr VALE,
Sir Thomas' Servant, Mr Webb, Servant of the House, Mr Lee.
To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,
THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].
The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

COBURG THEATRE. — Wat Tyler and Jack Straw—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—A Deed of Blood.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.—Golden Pippin.

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№ 117.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By John Frederic William Herschel, Esq. A.M. Late Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, &c. (Fourteenth Volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia). 12mo. pp. 372. Longman.

WHEN Goldsmith was about to write his History of Animated Nature, Johnson said to him, "There is Goldsmith going to write a natural history, and he will make it as entertaining as a Persian tale." He added, we believe, that this would be done in spite of his friend's knowing nothing of the subject. But no man can be said to be entirely ignorant of a subject, who approaches it in a spirit of universality. At least he has a just sense of one of its highest points of view, is prepared to enquire into it in the right spirit, and to report what he can learn, to the best advantage. But we noticed the remark for the purpose of observing, that there is more sympathy between the wonders of science and of a Persian tale than the Doctor supposed. There is a fact which it delights us to impress upon the public,—namely, the total failure of the prophecy which announced that the advancement of science would put an end to the love of fiction; whereas no circumstance has stared the present generation more in the face, than the increase of both together. Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Walter Scott have flourished at the same period. More than half of the literature of the age has been made up of fiction, and the French have become more imaginative, at the same time that the sciences have been at their height in both countries. Utilitarianism has kept pace with delight. And the wonder would be if it were not so; for the more the general mind is expanded, the more subjects it embraces, and the more it is prepared to do justice to them all. The mistake has arisen from taking short-sighted views of science and of fiction, and from observing the exclusive devotion which some of their disciples pay to the object of their pursuit. But this occasional absorption of the individual, and still less the exclusiveness of his lesser disciples, says nothing against the readiness with which the general mind receives all sorts of wonders, or the final argument which the philosopher has for the reconcilement of them. The great father of experimental philosophy has left us a lofty panegyric on poetry; and if Sir Isaac Newton undervalued poetry, let it be said, without arrogance, that he so far injured his own universality as a philosopher, and threw a doubt on the expansiveness of mind with which he wandered among his stars. The less poetry he united with his science, the less justice he did to the dignity and delightfulness of what he beheld; the more subjected himself to the suspicion of diminishing the heavens into the measure of his books and diagrams,—of looking at the universe as a mathematician, and not at mathematics as a universalist. Things are proved only by their effects; and he who does not know that any single marvel opens an unlimited field to all others, that the dullest common-places are made up of marvels, and that the delight we derive from a beautiful fiction does not prove itself as real by the emotion it gives us, as the effect of the most substantial phenomenon, is ignorant of half of the nature of man, and disputes the reasonableness and the spirituality of the delight which he receives from anything.

We have been led into these remarks by the very surprising and delightful passages which we have met with in our first glances into the work before us, and by the hearty reverence we bear towards all the quarters of knowledge, though we are conversant with but one speck in a corner of them. From that speck, however, we may cast our eyes into the universe, and at least know how much there is that we do not know: and this process of the understanding appears so easy and so unavoidable, that we fall into an unphilosophic fit of impatience at beholding those, who possess so much of the knowledge that we can only admire, ignorant of what would seem to be one of the very first things they ought to know better than any one else. We do not mean to include in this objection the author of the work before us. We are not aware of anything that subjects him to the charge; and from some truly philosophical remarks at the beginning of the work, we draw a different conclusion. These we have the greatest pleasure in laying before the reader: for every new hope of mankind is linked with a thousand; every proof of its feasibility, in whatever quarter, is an encouragement to him in all other quarters, and hence one of the greatest delights of science. We do not merely learn to know more; we learn to expect more; to labour with cheerfulness; to look for the like improvements in moral science; to see, in fact, the inevitable connexion of moral and political advancement with every other; and in the lines of the mathematician, and the compounds of chemistry, to recognize sunshine for the world.

'"*The character of the true philosopher* (says Mr Herschel) *is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable.* He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of enquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of one point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try, *will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind;* while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations, which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him, that *humility of pretension*, no less than *confidence of hope*, is what best becomes his character.'"

The following is another excellent reflection, calculated at once to satisfy the grossest as well as the most refined of men; which is a difficult point of attainment:—

'The question "*cui bono*" to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend? is one which the speculative philosopher, who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations which ought to exempt them from such questioning; communicating as they do to his own mind the purest happiness (after the exercise of the benevolent and moral feelings) of which human nature is susceptible, and tending to the injury of no one; and *he might surely allege* THIS *as a sufficient and direct reply* to those, who, having themselves little capacity, and less relish for intellectual pursuits, are constantly repeating upon him this enquiry. But if he can bring himself to descend from this high but fair ground, and justify himself, his pursuits, and his pleasures in the eyes of those around him, he has only to point to the history of all science, where speculations apparently the most unprofitable have almost invariably been those from which *the greatest practical applications* have emanated. What, for instance, could be apparently more unprofitable than the dry speculations of the ancient geometers on the properties of the conic sections, or than the dreams of Kepler (as they would naturally appear to his contemporaries) about the numerical harmonies of the universe? Yet these are the steps by which we have risen to a knowledge of the elliptic motions of the planets and the law of gravitation, with all its splendid theoretical consequences, and its *inestimable practical results*. The ridicule attached to "*Swing-swangs*" in Hooke's time * did not prevent him from reviving the proposal of the *pendulum* as a standard of measure, since so admirably wrought into practice by the genius and perseverance of Captain Kater;—nor did that which Boyle encountered in his researches on the elasticity and pressure of the air, act as any obstacle to the train of discovery which terminated in the *steam-engine*."

'I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes;'

beautifully says the Spirit in the Tempest: but see, in the following passage, what a ray of light can do. The author asks, somewhat

* Hooke's Posthumous Works. Lond. 1705.—p. 472 and p. 458.

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superfluously we think, "What *mere* assertion will make any man believe it?" For we do believe as we read in consequence of what is generally known of the wonders of discovery.

'What mere assertion,' says he, 'will make any man believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform *the tour of the world* in about the same time that it requires to *wink with our eyelids*, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us that a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time?—Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second? or that there exist animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical enquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, *no less than* 500 *millions of millions of times in a single second!* that it is by such movements, communicated to the nerves of our eyes, that we see—nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour; that, for instance, *in acquiring the sensation of redness* our eyes are affected 482 millions of millions of times; *of yellowness* 542 million of millions of times; and of violet, 707 millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen, than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.'—P. 23.

The naval officer alluded to in the following passage, is Captain Basil Hall, who has found "the unstable footing of a ship's deck" a much better place to secure his reputation upon, than the unstable footing of shifting politics.

'That a man, by merely measuring the moon's apparent distance from a star with a little portable instrument held in his hand, and applied to his eye, even with so unstable a footing as the deck of a ship, shall say positively, within five miles, where he is, on a boundless ocean, cannot but appear to persons ignorant of astronomy an approach to the miraculous. Yet the alternatives of life and death, wealth and ruin, are daily and hourly staked with perfect confidence on these marvellous computations. We have before us an anecdote communicated to us by a naval officer distinguished for the extent and variety of his attainments, which shows how impressive such results may become in practice. He sailed from San Blas on the west coast of Mexico, and after a voyage of eight thousand miles, occupying eighty-nine days, arrived off Rio de Janeiro, having, in this interval, passed through the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic, without making any land, or even seeing a single sail, with the exception of an American whaler off Cape Horn. Arrived within a week's sail of Rio, he set seriously about determining, by lunar observations, the precise line of the ship's course, and its situation in it at a determinate moment, and having ascertained this within from five to ten miles, ran the rest of the way by those more ready and compendious methods, known to navigators, which can be safely employed for short trips between one known point and another, but which cannot be trusted in long voyages, where the moon is the only sure guide. The rest of the tale we are enabled by his kindness to state in his own words:—"We steered towards Rio de Janeiro for some days after taking the lunars above described; and having arrived within fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, I hove to at four in the morning till the day should break, and then bore up; for although it was very hazy, we could see before us a couple of miles or so About eight o'clock it became so foggy that I did not like to stand in further, and was just bringing the ship to wind again, before sending the people to breakfast, when it suddenly cleared off, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar-loaf Rock, which stands on one side of the harbour's mouth, so nearly right a-head that we had not to alter our course above a point in order to hit the entrance of Rio. This was the first land we had seen for three months, after crossing so many seas, and being set backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds." The effect on all on board might well be conceived to have been electric; and it is needless to remark, how essentially the authority of a commanding officer over his crew may be strengthened by the occurrence of such incidents, indicative of a degree of knowledge and consequent power beyond their reach.'

We conclude *for the present* (for we have several more curious passages in store) with the following interesting examples of the mastery to be obtained by man over nature, if he understands her, and the danger he undergoes in attempting to command her operations, where he does not. In the beautiful fictions of the Arabians, the genii come to a man's call and do his wildest bidding, if he is master of the ring which they serve. If he calls them without knowledge, they beat or frighten him to death. One would think that some of these stories had been written by Arabian alchemists. It appears highly probable, that alchemy suggested some of them: though they have a moral, not necessarily connected with any one kind of knowledge.

'If the laws of nature, on the one hand, are invincible opponents, on the other, they are irresistible auxiliaries; and it will not be amiss if we regard them in each of those characters, and consider the great importance of a knowledge of them to mankind,—

I. *In showing us how to avoid attempting impossibilities.*
II. *In securing us from important mistakes in attempting what is, in itself, possible, by means either inadequate, or actually opposed, to the end in view.*
III. *In enabling us to accomplish our ends in the easiest, shortest, most economical, and most effectual manner.*
IV. *In inducing us to attempt, and enabling us to accomplish, objects which, but for such knowledge, we should never have thought of undertaking.*

We shall therefore proceed to illustrate by examples the effect of physical knowledge under each of those heads:

'Ex. 1. It is not many years since an attempt was made to establish a colliery at Bexhill, in Sussex. The appearance of thin seams and sheets of fossil-wood and wood-coal, with some other indications similar to what occur in the neighbourhood of the great coal-beds in the north of England, having led to the sinking of a shaft, and the erection of machinery on a scale of vast expense, not less than eighty thousand pounds are said to have been laid out on this project, which, it is almost needless to add, proved completely abortive, as every geologist would have at once declared it must, the whole assemblage of geological facts being adverse to the existence of a regular coal-bed *in* the Hastings' *sand;* while this, on which Bexhill is situated, is separated from the *coal-strata* by a series of interposed beds of such enormous thickness as to render all idea of penetrating *through* them absurd. The history of mining operations is full of similar cases, where a very moderate acquaintance with the *usual order of nature*, to say nothing of theoretical views, would have saved many a sanguine adventurer from utter ruin.'

Ex. 2. The smelting of iron requires the application of the most violent heat that can be raised, and is commonly performed in tall furnaces, urged by great iron bellows driven by steam-engines. Instead of employing this power to force *air* into the furnace through the intervention of bellows, it was, on one occasion, attempted to employ the steam itself in, apparently, a much less circuitous manner; viz. by directing the current of steam in a violent blast, from the boiler at once into the fire. From one of the known ingredients of steam being a highly inflammable body, and the other that essential part of the air which supports combustion, it was imagined that this would have the effect of increasiag the fire to tenfold fury, whereas it simply *blew it out*; a result which a slight consideration of the laws of chemical combination. and the state in which the ingredient elements exist in steam, would have enabled any one to predict without a trial.

'Ex. 3. After the invention of the diving-bell, and its success in subaqueous processes, it was considered highly desirable to devise some means of remaining for any length of time under water, and rising at pleasure without assistance, so as either to examine, at leisure, the bottom, or perform, at ease, any work that may be required. Some years ago, an ingenious individual proposed a project by which this end was to be accomplished. It consisted in sinking the hull of a ship made quite water-tight, with the decks and sides strongly supported by shores, and the only entry secured by a stout trap-door, in such a manner, that by disengaging, from within, the weights employed to sink it, it might rise of itself to the surface. To render the trial more satisfactory, and the result more striking, the projector himself made the first essay. It was agreed that he should sink in twenty fathoms water, and rise again without assistance at the expiration of twenty-four hours. Accordingly, making all secure, fastening down his trap-door, and provided with all necessaries, as well as with the means of making signals to indicate his situation, this unhappy victim of his own ingenuity entered and was sunk. No signal was given, and the time appointed elapsed. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness his rising, but in vain; for the vessel was never seen more. The pressure of the water at so great a depth had, no doubt, been completely under-estimated, and the sides of the vessel being at once crushed in, the unfortunate projector perished before he could even make the signal concerted to indicate his distress.

'Ex. 4. In the granite quarries near Seringapatam, the most enormous blocks are separated from the solid rock by the following neat and simple process. The workman having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive, and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lays bare the upper surface, and marks into a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel, about a couple of inches in depth. Above this groove a narrow line of fire is then kindled, and maintained till the rock below is thoroughly heated, immediately on which a line of men and women, each provided with a pot full of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, and pour the water into the heated groove, when the rock at once splits with a clean fracture. Square blocks of six feet in the side, and upwards of eighty feet in length, are sometimes detached by this method, or by another

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equally simple and efficacious, but not easily explained without entering into particulars of mineralogical detail.'*

Another. Hardly less simple and efficacious is the process used in some parts of France, where mill-stones are made. When a mass of stone sufficiently large is found, it is cut into a cylinder several feet high, and the question then arises how to subdivide this into horizontal pieces so as to make as many mill-stones. For this purpose horizontal indentations or grooves are chiselled out quite round the cylinder, at distances corresponding to the thickness intended to be given to the mill-stones, into which wedges of dried wood are driven. These are then wetted, or exposed to the night dew, and next morning the different pieces are found separated from each other by the expansion of the wood, consequent on its absorption of moisture; an irresistible natural power thus accomplishing, almost without any trouble, and at no expense, an operation which, from the peculiar hardness and texture of the stone, would otherwise be impracticable but by the most powerful machinery or the most persevering labour.'

* 'Such a block would weigh between four and five hundred pounds. See Dr Kennedy's "Account of the Erection of a Granite Obelisk of a Single Stone about Seventy Feet high, at Seringapatam."—*Ed. Phil. Trans.* vol. ix, p. 312.'

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Pizarro.—A King's Fireside.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio.—And the Pantomime.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

WE did not expect, in the *Castle of Steinberg*, which was performed here last night, to recognize our old friend *Matrimony*, famous for Mrs JORDAN and Mrs DAVISON in the heroine, ELLISTON in the hero, and Irish JOHNSTONE in the German-Hibernian. We need not detail to the reader the plot of that highly-agreeable afterpiece of Mr KENNEY'S; in which a young couple who quarrel, are locked up with one another till they love again. It is related of President Henault, when he was in love with Madame du Deffand, that having agreed to pass a whole day together, they found the time get a little heavy by three, and become intolerable at night-fall. The lovers in the *Castle of Steinberg* reverse this picture; but then they "begin with a little aversion," which *Mrs Malaprop* says is the safest way. The truth is, Madame du Deffand and the President were neither in the flower of their youth, like the bride and bridegroom; nor were they in love at all. They were only in gallantry. Here we are presented with a young couple, who are kept apart only to teach them to come together again with more vehemence, and who do so because they are unspoilt and good-hearted.

The way in which the characters of this piece used to be represented by ELLISTON and the others, is among the pleasantest of our stage recollections. Mrs JORDAN as the heroine, did not look so much like the young lady as Mrs DAVISON: she was at too plump a time of life, and had never cultivated the more restrained part of gentility. But then what delicious, cordial tones! What a cordial *laugh!* (for nobody put so much heart in a laugh as she did) What a wonderful mixture of glee and anxiety, of raillery and affection! of pouting, overdone because it had no faith in itself; and readiness, in every gesture of hostility, to make it up! And ELLISTON, how well did he give us the dry pretence of indifference, contrasted with *his* natural cordiality! What glances he gave from off his book while pretending to read, and how he snatched back and froze them up with an instantaneous petrifaction of gravity! How peremptory and final was his manner, whenever they turned their backs on each other, as if there was to be no hope of their ever turning the other way! And then how the returning kindness was gradually suffered to warm their approaches! How well you saw all that was coming, in the little surprise that Mrs JORDAN expressed about his having taken to wearing powder! And how full of prophetic responsiveness was the assumed indifference of his "D'ye think so?" But we shall be mystifying perhaps two of our readers to one, with vaguely calling to mind what they never saw.

If we do not think Miss FOOTE so good in the lady's part as Mrs JORDAN or Mrs DAVISON (for the latter was excellent too after her less native fashion), it is partly owing, perhaps, to these first impressions left upon us from younger days. She looked, however, very handsome; was a bride that any lover might have been glad to be reconciled to; introduced the seducing raillery of a dance (which we do not remember is the original); and, in short, perhaps looked more like the real thing than either of those actresses: that is to say, she looked more like the young lady herself brought in to be locked up for her volatility, and just fitted to plague and delight the young officer, her husband. She cannot do so much for the part as Mrs JORDAN or Mrs DAVISON: but she seems more the part itself,—the bride herself come to act it.

Mr FREDERICKS makes a very respectable hussar husband. If this gentleman is young, he is a promising actor. He should take heart, study closely, and not be in a hurry.

The incidents of *Matrimony*, by the way, are a little caricatured in the *Castle of Steinberg*; especially in a certain see-sawing and shoulder-thumping of the lady and gentleman together in their tilted chairs, back to back, which the spectators found very lively.

We understand that the successful piece at the Olympic, called *Olympic Revels*, is the joint production of Mr CHARLES DANCE and Mr PLANCHE.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

YOUNG AND HIS BOOKSELLERS.—Tonson and Lintot were both candidates for printing a work of Dr Young's. The Poet answered both letters the same morning, but misdirected them. In these epistles he complains of the rascally cupidity of each. He told Tonson, that Lintot was so great a scoundrel, that printing with him was out of the question; and writing to the latter, decided that Tonson was an old rascal, but, &c. and then makes his election in his favour.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM KIT-CAT SIZE.—Tonson the bookseller had a country-house at Barn-Elms, Surrey, where he built a room for the occasional meetings of the "Kit-Cat Club," and ornamented it with Portraits of the Members. The room not being lofty enough for *half-lengths*, Sir Godfrey Kneller made use of a shorter canvas, which has been ever since denominated a Kit-Cat, and which is large enough to admit a hand; the size being, in fact, 36 inches long and 28 wide. These portraits now belong to Wm. Baker, Esq. late Member of Parliament for the county of Hereford, whose father married the eldest daughter of Jacob Tonson, junior.—*Memoirs of the Kit-Cat Club.*

JACOB TONSON the bookseller, when he published Dryden's translation of the Eneid, caused the hero to be drawn, in all the plates, with a hooked nose like King William. This piece of trickery gave rise to the following Epigram:—

Old Jacob, by deep judgment sway'd,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On young Eneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
And t'other sent his packing.

ADVERTISING HUSBANDS.—Among Grose's collection of popular advertisements, at the close of the last century, is the following, which really has an air of honesty and sense about it,—a remark that will certainly not apply to any other public matrimonial announcement we ever saw:—"Is there a girl of moderate fortune, who hath the good sense and generosity to prefer a good husband to a rich one, and whose delicacy is not so very refined, as to prevent her answering this address? There is a young man of a liberal education, whose age is 26, possessed of a sound constitution, a clear head, and a kind heart, who would be happy in her acquaintance. Direct, P. Q. at the Coffee-house, in Castle street, Leicester fields."—*Morning Post*, July 5, 1777.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—I do not think that what is called *Love at first Sight*, is so great an absurdity as it is sometimes imagined to be. We generally make up our minds beforehand to the sort of person we should like, grave or gay, black, brown, or fair,—with golden tresses or with raven locks; and when we meet with a complete example of the qualities we admire, the bargain is soon struck. We have never seen anything to come up to our newly-discovered goddess before, but she is what we have been all our lives looking for. The idol we fall down and worship is an image familiar to our minds. It has been present to our waking thoughts, it has haunted us in our dreams, like some fairy vision. Oh! thou, who, the first time I ever beheld thee, didst draw my soul into the circle of thy heavenly looks, and wove enchantment round me, do not think thy conquest less complete because it was instantaneous; for in that gentle form (as if another *Imogen* had entered) I saw all that I had ever loved of female grace, modesty, and sweetness.—*Hazlitt's Table Talk.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—Winter.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—Summer.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Burlesque Burletta, called

BILLY TAYLOR.

Mary Wagstaff, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Kitty Sligo, Miss M. GLOVER.
Billy Taylor, Mr J. REEVE.
Carolus, Mr O. Smith. Captain Flatbottom, Mr S. SMITH.
Old Nicholas, Mr Chapman. Ben Blockhead, Mr Sanders.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr Buckstone].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.

Columbine, Miss STALLARD.

Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE.
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight. Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott.
Lady Fleming, Miss King. Mattie, Miss Kabrey. Moggy, Miss Langley.
Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks. Lord Lindsay, Mr Brougham.
Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrell. Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith.
Roland, Mr Raymond. Dryedale, Mr Newcombe. Sandy, Mr J. Knight.

After which, a Comic Burletta, called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

To be succeded by an entirely New Burletta, called

THE LOST SON.

Lecatine, Miss FOOTE, in which character she will sing a New Song, composed for her, by C. E. Horn.
Madame Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper. La-Roche, Mr W. VINING.
Eugene de Nerseuil, Mr Raymond. Stranger, Mr Brougham.

The whole to conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of Colman's, by Mr Planché and Mr C. Dance.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Manufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.

IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.

Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Melodrame, entitled

ZAMOR, THE MEXICAN.

The Music, by Mr Blewitt.

Ora, Miss SOMERVILLE. Joan, Miss VINCENT.
Dame Mabil, Madame SIMON. Robert, Baron Fitzallan, Mr GOUGH.
Henry Fitzallan, Nicol Colbrande, Blid, and Broadland, Mr H. KEMBLE.
Zamor, Mr OSBALDISTON. Edmund Erpingham, Mr C. HILL.
Martin Walbourn, Mr DIBDIN PITT. Peter Poundtext, Mr Webb.
Abel Lackbrain, Mr Asbury. Walter Altringham, Mr VALE.
Ralph Perkyn, Mr Rogers. Monk, Mr Young.
Raymond and Hubert, Messrs. Hobbs and Tully.

After which will be produced a new Drama, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE TWO PUPILS; OR, THE PEDAGOGUE PUZZLED.

Miss Morley, Miss CHICHESTER, Fanny, Miss VINCENT.
Lord Henry Delmont, Mr C. HILL, Sir Thomas Morley, Mr D. PITT.
Doctor Dirliewhacket, Mr WILLIAMS, Samuel Silver, Mr VALE,
Sir Thomas' Servant, Mr Webb, Servant of the House, Mr Lee.

To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. Barrymore].

The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.

Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I. Regions of Time.—II. The Town of Newbury (Sunrise).—III. Cabinet in the Widow's Mansion.—IV. Splendid Temple of the New Year.—V. Picturesque Roadside Inn.—VI. Exterior of Public House and Saddler's.—VII. Suspension Bridge over the Menai.—VIII. Quiet Lodgings in a retired Neighbourhood.—IX. Race Course and Grand Stand.—X. Splendid Falls of Tivoli.—XI. Cavern (Moonlight).—XII. and last. Realms of Bliss in the Regions of Light.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr Sheridan.]

Lady Teazle, Miss CHESTER, Lady Sneerwell, Mrs FAUCIT,
Mrs Candour, Mrs Orger, Maria, Miss Faucit, Maid, Mrs Webster.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr FARREN, Sir Oliver Surface, Mr DOWTON,
Joseph Surface, Mr MACREADY, Charles Surface, Mr WALLACK,
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr HARLEY, Crabtree, Mr W. Bennett,
Careless, Mr Yarnold, Rowley, Mr Younge, Moses, Mr Webster, Trip, Mr Balls,
Snake, Mr Thompson, Sir Harry, (with a Song) Mr SINCLAIR.

Previous to the Comedy, Rossini's Overture to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. Barrymore.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.

Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,

Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 906 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, Werner; Turning the Tables; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY, Clorinda, Miss CAWSE,
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES, Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON, Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON,
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY, Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr MEADOWS,

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr Farley.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr Peake.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr F. MATTHEWS.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.

Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Fazio; and the Pantomime.

Coburg Theatre. — Wat Tyler and Jack Straw—Harlequin Silver Penny.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—A Deed of Blood.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.—Golden Pippin.

Published by J. Onwhyn, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. Chappel,—Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; A. Hays, 165 Regent street; J. Field, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; Marsh, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at Ebers's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.

C. and W. Reynell, Printers, Broad street, Golden square.

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N°. 118.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By John Frederic William Herschel, Esq. A.M. Late Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, &c. (Fourteenth Volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia). 12mo. pp. 372. Longman.

[Notice concluded.]

IT might be thought, that the progress of science would destroy the pleasure arising from the perusal of works of fiction, by showing us the mechanical causes of phenomena, and so leading us to conclude that the utmost wonders we could imagine might with equal reason be referred to similar causes. In other words, no wonder is greater than any other wonder; and, if once explained, ceases to be a wonder. "Wonder," it has been said, "is the effect of novelty upon ignorance." Perhaps it would have been said better, that wonder is the effect of want of familiarity upon ignorance: for there are many things that excite our wonder, though far from new to us or to our reflections; such as life and death, the phenomena of the planets, &c. But to say nothing of the inexhaustible stock of novelties, wonders could never cease in anything, till we knew their first as well as their final causes. We must understand how it is, that substance, and motion, and thought exist, before we can cease to admire them: the very power of writing a fairy tale, is as great a wonder as anything it relates: and thus, while we think to frighten away the charms of fable and poetry with the sound of our shuttles and steam-engines, they only return the more near to us, settle smiling on the very machinery, and (to say nothing of other sympathies) demand admiration on the very same grounds.

We have been much pleased to find Mr Herschel in this respect on a par with the rest of his knowledge, and capable of illustrating his philosophy with poetical images. Speaking of the astonishing force of gunpowder, twenty-eight grains of which "confined in a cylindrical space, which it just filled, tore asunder a piece of iron, which would have resisted a strain of four hundred thousand pounds applied at no greater mechanical disadvantage," he says,—

'But chemistry furnishes us with means of calling into sudden action forces of a character infinitely more tremendous than that of gunpowder. The terrific violence of the different fulminating compositions is such, that they can only be compared to those untameable animals, whose ferocious strength has hitherto defied all useful management, or rather to spirits evoked by the spells of a magician, manifesting a destructive and unapproachable power, which makes him but too happy to close his book, and break his wand, as the price of escaping unhurt from the storm he has raised. Such powers are not yet subdued to our purposes, whatever they may hereafter be; but, in the expansive force of gases, liberated slowly and manageably from chemical mixtures, we have a host of inferior, yet still most powerful, energies, capable of being employed in a variety of useful ways, according to emergencies.*

* * * * * *

'The transformations of chemistry, by which we are enabled to convert the most apparently useless materials into important objects in the arts, are opening up to us every day sources of wealth and convenience of which former ages had no idea, and which have been pure gifts of science to man. Every department of art has felt their influence, and new instances are continually starting forth of the unlimited resources which this wonderful science developes in the most sterile parts of nature. Not to mention the impulse which its progress has given to a host of other sciences, which will come more particularly under consideration in another part of this discourse, what strange and unexpected results has it not brought to light in its application to some of the most common objects! Who, for instance, would have conceived that *linen rags* were capable of producing *more than their own weight of sugar*, by the simple agency of one of the cheapest and most abundant acids?*—that dry bones could be *a magazine of nutriment*, capable of preservation for years, and ready to yield up their sustenance in the form best adapted to the support of life, on the application of that powerful agent, steam, which enters so largely into all our processes, or of an acid at once cheap and durable?†—that *sawdust* itself is susceptible of conversion into a substance bearing no remote analogy to bread; and though certainly less palatable than that of flour, yet no way disagreeable, and both wholesome and digestible as well as *highly nutritive*?‡ What economy, in all processes where chemical agents are employed, is introduced by the exact knowledge of the proportions in which natural elements unite, and their mutual powers of displacing each other! What perfection in all the arts where fire is employed, either in its more violent applications (as, for instance, in the smelting of metals by the introduction of well adapted fluxes, whereby we obtain the whole produce of the ore in its purest state), or in its milder forms, as in sugar-refining (*the whole modern practice of which depends on a curious and delicate remark of a late eminent scientific chemist* on the nice adjustment of temperature at which the crystallisation of syrup takes place); and a thousand other arts which it would be tedious to enumerate!'

The spirit of the following passage is excellent, and its picture well painted; but we doubt whether the particular deduction possesses our author's accustomed accuracy, or is of any importance if it did. The contrast in the picture is admirable:—

'The advantages conferred by the augmentation of our physical resources, through the medium of increased knowledge and improved art, have this peculiar and remarkable property,—that they are in their nature diffusive, and cannot be enjoyed in any exclusive manner by a few. An eastern despot may extort the riches and monopolise the art of his subjects for his own personal use; he may spread around him an unnatural splendour and luxury, *and stand in strange and preposterous contrast with the general penury and discomfort of his people*; he may glitter in jewels of gold and raiment of needlework; but the wonders of well contrived and executed manufacture which we use daily, and the comforts which have been invented, tried, and improved upon by thousands, in every form of domestic convenience, and for every ordinary purpose of life, can never be enjoyed by him. To produce a state of things in which the physical advantages of civilized life can exist in a high degree, the stimulus of increasing comforts and constantly elevated desires must have been felt by millions; since it is not in the power of a few individuals to create that wide demand for useful and ingenious applications, which alone can lead to great and rapid improvements, unless backed by that arising from the speedy diffusion of the same advantages among the mass of mankind.'—P. 68.

Surely it is one of the monstrous inequalities in the condition of an eastern despot, say the King of Persia for instance, that he can enjoy as many of the advantages as he chuses of European industry, while his provinces may be wasted with want and famine. It may be observed, by the way, that the increase of petty conveniences throughout the community, is only desirable inasmuch as it leads to a greater sense of the general welfare, and that in a state of society equally wise in mind, and healthy in body (which is the only proper one to look forward to), perfect healthiness and comfort of sensation would be the grand attainment, to the neglect and perhaps the scorn of thousands of pettier comforts, which are only desirable meanwhile as a set off to the irritabilities generated by the evils we have not got rid of. Our author touches upon this point, we see, a page or two afterwards; or at least intimates a similar conclusion from the past history of science. A poet, however, would object to his making a distinction between the "delights of poetry" and "comtemplative enjoyments," much of the delight of the highest poetry consisting in the subtlest exercise of the contemplative faculties, and, as a late writer beautifully expressed it, "feeling the air of truth." Milton, in his Pensieroso,

* 'See a very ingenious application of this kind in Mr Babbage's article on Diving, in the Encyc. Metrop.—Others will readily suggest themselves. For instance, the ballast in reserve of a balloon might consist of materials capable of evolving great quantities of hydrogen gas in proportion to their weight, should such be found.'

* 'Bracconot. Annales de Chimie, vol. xii. p. 184.'

† 'D'Arcet. Annales de l'Industrie. Fevrier, 1829.'

‡ 'See Dr Prout's account of the experiments of Professor Autenrieth of Tubingen. Phil. Trans. 1827, p. 381. This discovery, which renders famine next to *impossible*, deserves a higher degree of celebrity than it has obtained.'

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invokes "the cherub Contemplation;" and as he was justly of opinion that a great, that is to say an universally minded poem, was not to be written without an "insight into all seemly arts and affairs;" so he knew, that an insight into all seemly arts and affairs would have but a narrow eye, after all, if it could not discern and appreciate the fine points of knowledge and happiness to be reflected from a poetical consideration of its objects; or, as Bacon has finely expressed it, if he could not discern the same feet of nature treading in different paths. It is to this profundity in the profound of contemplation, that the modern poet beautifully alludes, when he says, that the sight of the meanest flower can give him

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."—*Wordsworth.*

The botanist anatomizes and classes the daffodil; the artist paints it; the chemist analyses and makes it useful: the poet's heart dances with its very motion in the breeze, and awakens a thousand trains of thought connecting it with all the beauty and sweetness of creation. Now imagination is a part of man as well as reason; and he is the highest contemplatist, who can unite both in the highest degree.

Our author again touches upon the subject of wants and comforts, to rise into a strain of politics worthy of the highest philosophy:—

'The improvement effected in the condition of mankind by advances in physical science, as applied to the useful purposes of life, is very far from being limitted to their direct consequences in the more abundant supply of our physical wants, and the increase of our comforts. Great as these benefits are, they are yet but steps to others of a still higher kind. The successful results of our experiments and reasonings in natural philosophy, and the incalculable advantages which experience, systematically consulted and dispassionately reasoned on, has conferred in matters purely physical, tend of necessity to impress something of the well-weighed and progressive character of science on the more complicated conduct of our social and moral relations. It is thus that legislation and politics become gradually regarded as experimental sciences; and history, not, as formerly, the mere record of tyrannies and slaughters, *which, by immortalising the execrable actions of one age, perpetuates the ambition of committing them in every succeeding one*, but as the archive of experiments, successful and unsuccessful, gradually accumulating towards the solution of *the grand problem—how the advantages of government are to be secured with the least possible inconvenience to the governed.* THE CELEBRATED APOPHTHEGM, THAT NATIONS NEVER PROFIT BY EXPERIENCE, BECOMES YEARLY MORE AND MORE UNTRUE. Political economy, at least, is found to have sound principles, founded in the moral and physical nature of man, which, however lost sight of in particular measures—however even temporarily controverted and borne down by clamour—have yet a stronger and stronger testimony borne to them in each succeeding generation, by which they must, sooner or later, prevail. The idea once conceived and verified, that great and noble ends are to be achieved, by which the condition of the whole human species shall be permanently bettered, by bringing into exercise a sufficient quantity of sober thought, and by a proper adaptation of means, is of itself sufficient to set us earnestly on reflecting what ends *are* truly great and noble, either in themselves, or as conducive to others of a still loftier character; *because we are not now, as heretofore, hopeless of attaining them.* It is not now equally harmless and insignificant, whether we are right or wrong; since we are no longer supinely and helplessly carried down the stream of events, but feel ourselves capable of buffetting at least with its waves, and perhaps of riding triumphantly over them: for why should we despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes, should (if permitted and assisted by the providence of God) achieve a far more difficult conquest; *and ultimately find some means of enabling the collective wisdom of mankind to bear down those obstacles which individual short-sightedness, selfishness, and passion, oppose to all improvements, and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted, and the fairest prospects marred.*'—P. 72.

At page 84, the knowledge of one fact by that of another is illustrated by a lively anecdote from the work of a living traveller:

'In Captain Head's amusing and vivid description of his journey across the Pampas of South America, occurs an anecdote quite in point. His guide one day suddenly stopped him, and, pointing high into the air, cried out, "A lion!" Surprised at such an exclamation, accompanied with such an act, he turned up his eyes, and with difficulty perceived, at an immeasurable height, a flight of condors soaring in circles in a particular spot. Beneath that spot, far out of sight of himself or guide, lay the carcass of a horse, and over that carcass stood (as the guide well knew) the lion, whom the condors were eyeing with envy from their airy height. The signal of the birds was to him what the sight of the lion alone could have been to the traveller, a full assurance of its existence.'

But this is nothing to the following. The author is speaking of the "observed relations among the *data* of physics, which show them to be quantities not *arbitrarily* assumed, but depending on laws and causes which they may be the means of at length disclosing:"—

'A remarkable instance of such a relation is the curious law which Bode observed to obtain in the progression of the magnitudes of the several planetary orbits. This law was interrupted between Mars and Jupiter, so as to induce him to consider a planet as wanting in that interval;—*a deficiency long afterwards strangely supplied by the discovery of* FOUR *new planets in that very interval*, all of whose orbits conform in dimension to the law in question, within such moderate limits of error as may be due to causes independent of those on which the law itself ultimately rests.'—P. 308.

The astronomer may thus be said to have discovered planets which he could not see.

Our choice is bewildered by the multitude of curious passages in Mr Herschel's book. We must content our limited pages by selecting a few more, almost at random.

'Between the physical sciences and the arts of life there subsists a constant mutual interchange of good offices, and no considerable progress can be made in the one without of necessity giving rise to corresponding steps in the other. On the one hand, every art is in some measure, and many entirely, dependent on those very powers and qualities of the material world which it is the object of physical enquiry to investigate and explain; and, accordingly, abundant examples might be cited of cases where the remarks of experienced artists, or even ordinary workmen, have led to the discovery of natural qualities, elements, or combinations which have proved of the highest importance in physics. Thus (to give an instance), a soap-manufacturer remarks that the residuum of his ley, when exhausted of the alkali for which he employs it, produces a corrosion of his copper boiler for which he cannot account. He puts it into the hands of a scientific chemist for analysis, and the result is the discovery of one of the most singular and important chemical elements, iodine. The properties of this, being studied, are found to occur most appositely in illustration and support of a variety of new, curious, and instructive views, then gaining ground in chemistry, and thus exercise a marked influence over the whole body of that science. Curiosity is excited; the origin of the new substance is traced to the sea-plants from whose ashes the principal ingredient of soap is obtained, and ultimately to the sea-water itself. It is thence hunted through nature, discovered in salt mines and springs, and pursued into all bodies which have a marine origin; among the rest, into sponge. A medical practitioner then calls to mind a reputed remedy for the cure of one of the most grievous and unsightly disorders to which the human species is subject—the *goître*—which infests the inhabitants of mountainous districts to an extent that in this favoured land we have happily no experience of, and which was said to have been originally cured by the ashes of burnt sponge. Led by this indication, he tries the effect of iodine on that complaint, and the result establishes the extraordinary fact that this singular substance, taken as a medicine, acts with the utmost promptitude and energy on *goître*, dissipating the largest and most inveterate in a short time, and acting (of course, like all medicines, even the most approved, with occasional failures) as a specific, or natural antagonist, against that odious deformity.'—P. 50.

'Our resistance against the destruction of the prejudices of sense, is commonly more violent at first, but less persistent, than in the case of those of opinion. *Not to trust the evidence of our senses, seems, indeed, a hard condition*, and one which, if proposed, none would comply with. But it is not the direct evidence of our senses that we are in any case called upon to reject, but only the erroneous judgments we unconsciously form from them, and this only when they can be shown to be so *by counter evidence of the same sort*; when one sense is brought to testify against another, for instance; or the same sense against itself; and the obvious conclusions in the two cases disagree, so as to compel us to acknowledge that one or other must be wrong. For example, nothing at first can seem a more rational, obvious, and incontrovertible conclusion, than that the *colour* of an object is an inherent quality, like its weight, hardness, &c. and that to *see* the object, and see it *of its own colour*, when nothing intervenes between our eyes and it, are one and the same thing. Yet this is only a prejudice; and that it is so, is shown by bringing forward the same sense of vision which led to its adoption, as evidence on the other side; for, when the differently coloured prismatic rays are thrown, in a dark room, in succession upon any object, whatever be the colour we are in the habit of calling its own, it will appear of the particular hue of the light which falls upon it: a yellow paper, for instance, will appear scarlet when illuminated by red rays, yellow when by yellow, green by green, and blue by blue rays; its own (so called) proper colour *not in the least degree mixing with that it so exhibits.*'—P. 81.

'*If the brain be an electric pile*, constantly in action, it may be conceived to discharge itself at regular intervals, when the tension of the electricity developed reaches a certain point, along the nerves which communicate with the heart, and thus to excite the pulsations of that organ. This idea is forcibly suggested by a view of that elegant apparatus, the dry pile of Deluc; in which the successive accumulations of electricity are carried off by a suspended ball, which is kept by the discharges in a state of regular pulsation for any length of time. We have witnessed the action of such a pile maintained in this way for whole years, in the study of the above-named eminent philosopher. The same idea of the cause of the pulsation of the heart appears to have occurred to Dr Arnott; and is mentioned in his useful and excellent work on physics, to which,

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however, we are not indebted for the suggestion, it having occurred to us independently many years ago.'—P. 343.

Is the writer of this discourse the same Mr Herschel that was put up the other day for the Presidency of the Royal Society, and defeated by the partizans of the Duke of Sussex? We presume so; certainly not because everybody who pretends to that office could write it, but because of the subject. If he is, it affords another striking evidence in proof of two points; first, that abilities do not raise men to such offices; and second, that the word President ought not to be understood in the sense usually implied, but revert to its literal meaning, of a man who sits at the head of any collection of persons, just as the host of an inn presides at an ordinary.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

The Paid and the Working.—Mr Pelham, brother to the Duke of Newcastle, used to say he grudged the *great* incomes of the *great* placemen, for that the *business* of the nation was done by the *clerks* in offices, who have but 50*l.* a-year; even as the business of the Church is not done by the *Bishops* and *Deans*, but by the Curates of 20*l.* and 30*l.* per annum.—*Critical Disquisitions.*

Wise and Foolish Princes.—Queen Elizabeth enriched none of her favourites at the expense of her people. She pretended that her people were her favourites. She had sense enough to observe a spirit of liberty rising, and humoured it prudently.—James the First and Charles the First had not the sagacity to imitate her.

Soldiers in Parliament—The brave free-spirited Fletcher of Scotland, who wrote A. D. 1698, speaking of the returning of military men for Members of Parliament, as a thing of a most formidable nature and dangerous tendency, says "The gentlemen of the sword are not proper representatives of a people, whose civic constitution abhors standing armies, and cannot subsist under them. The fortunes and expectations of these gentlemen depend upon observing the word of command; and it is but natural, that they should support power in which they are sharers. It is not to be expected, that even they should concur in a vote, on an address, to disband or reduce themselves, however desirable or necessary the same may be to us. My Lord's steward is a very honest man; but if I had an affair to settle with my Lord, I would choose my neighbour for a referee, rather than the steward."

Honesty Saves Time.—Always go the shortest way to work; now the nearest road to your business lies throngh honesty. Let it be your constant method to deal clearly and above-board. And by this means you need not fatigue it: you need not quarrel, flourish, and dissemble like other people.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

Wit and Luxury.—There was a bishop that was somewhat a delicate person, and bathed twice a day. A friend of his said to him, "My lord, why do you bathe twice a day? The bishop answered, "Because I cannot conveniently bathe thrice."—*Bacon's Apophthegms.*

Hope.—Things regarded impossible in one generation, may become easy in the next.—*Herschel's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.*—[Mr Herschel's book affords ample proofs of what he says.]

Lord Norbury's Predecessor.—In Chancery, one time when the counsel of the parties set forth the boundaries of the land in question, by the plot; and the counsel of one part said, "We lie on this side, my lord:" and the counsel of the other part said, "And we lie on this side:" the Lord Chancellor Hatton stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe."

General Run of Faculties.—Society is a more level surface than we imagine. Wise men or absolute fools are hard to be met with, as there are few giants or dwarfs. The heaviest charge we can bring against the general texture of society is, that it is commonplace; and many of those who are singular, had better be commonplace. Our fancied superiority to others is in some one thing, which we think most of, because we excel in it, or have paid most attention to it; whilst we overlook their superiority to us in something else, which they set equal and exclusive store by. This is fortunate for all parties. I never felt myself superior to any one, who did not go out of his way to affect qualities which he had not. In his own individual character and line of pursuit, every one has knowledge, experience, and skill:—and who shall say which pursuit requires most, thereby proving his own narrowness and incompetence to decide?—Particular talent or genius does not imply general capacity. Those who are most versatile are seldom great in any one department: and the stupidest people can generally do something. The highest pre-eminence in any one study commonly arises from the concentration of the attention and faculties on that one study. He who expects from a great name in politics, in philosophy, in art, equal greatness in other things, is little versed in human nature. Our strength lies in our weakness. The learned in books is ignorant of the world. He who is ignorant of books is often well acquainted with other things: for life is of the same length in the learned and the unlearned; the mind cannot be idle: if it is not taken up with one thing it attends to another through choice or necessity; and the degree of previous capacity in one class or another is a mere lottery.—*Hazlitt's Characteristics.*

Coffee and Tea—Deceptions in Trade.—How many, and how useless are the falsehoods told in trade! It seems to be one of the principal among its "arts and mysteries," to call things by names that do not belong to them. A person afflicted with a headache, or with indigestion, and understanding that coffee is an excellent remedy in such cases, sends to a neighbouring shop, to purchase some; to save time perhaps, it is bought ready ground; and the sufferer hastens to swallow the beverage that promises a quick relief. It is swallowed in vain;—for, a very small portion of the powder was the production of the coffee-tree; some of it grew on the broom-bush, some in the bean-field, and some, perhaps, had formed part of a quartern loaf. Innocent ingredients enough, they may be; but not coffee, nor answering the purposes of coffee. Let such compound be sold for what it really is, and many persons might be content to use it, as affording a pleasant beverage, less expensive than coffee; but let not that wholesome beverage be belied, and robbed of its reputation, by deception. We send to buy Mocha, and are supplied with Turkey coffee;—we send for Turkey, and are cheated with that from Java;—we send for the Java coffee, and are put off with the coffee of Jamaica; but if we send for Jamaica coffee, we have a compound made from the seeds of broom, beans, bed-straw, &c. The most secure way, is to buy it before it is ground;—we may then be sure of coffee of some kind. Similar deceptions are practised with tea:—send for Souchong, you have the better kind of Congo; send for Congo, and you have the best Bohea, mixed perhaps with some portion of the worst Congo; send for Bohea, and you have a portion of the worst sort, mingled with sloe-leaves, &c. It is the same with green teas. Souchong is derived from a Chinese word signifying little and good, and is not only made from the leaves of very young trees, but such as grow in the best soil. "Of true Souchong" says Bingley, "very little is produced. * * * Such is the delicacy of this tea—that, upon a hill planted with tea-trees, there may be only a single tree, the leaves of which are good enough to be called Souchong; and even of these only the best and youngest are taken." Yet what immense quantities of tea *called* Souchong, are sold in this country! It has been asserted by those who have been at Mocha, that less coffee is grown there in a year, than is sold as Mocha coffee, in this country, in a single day. Evil of various kinds may result from such deceptions: but what good can they produce; even to those who are at the trouble of practising them? Would the consumers of these, or any other articles, consume less of them if they were sold by their right names?—*A. A.*—[Perhaps the best answer on this subject to be given to our welcome correspondent, is to be found in the famous couplet,—

Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury Lane.—School for Scandal.—And the Pantomime.
Covent Garden.—Cinderella.—And the Pantomime.

Covent Garden.

The pleasure which Miss Inverarity gives the public, and which they manifest by undiminished houses and applause, enables her to improve every day in her acting, and begins to put into her manner a livelier confidence. There never was anything distressing in her newness to the stage; she was always modest, without a painful bashfulness; and showed a willingness to express the pleasure she felt at giving pleasure; but with the growth of her success and the improvement of her acting, she begins to be able to express it to some purpose. In making her acknowledgments last night for the plaudits bestowed upon her at the dropping of the curtain, her face reflected, as it were, the delight of the audience: to humble curtseys she added lively and grateful salutations with smiles and hand; and showed in the gladness of her countenance what good the public approbation had done her. *Lætos oculis afflavit honores.* Furthermore, whether it was owing to this vivacity of acknowledgment, or to her style of dress, we cannot say; but she appears to have suddenly plumped up after her late illness: her cheeks and her person seemed as expanded, as her eyes were glad: so that *Cinderella* was in all her glory.

☞

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. R. H. received, and will be read forthwith.

We are sorry Philoscaccharia has been delayed. His letter will appear tomorrow.

Certain epigrams that have been sent us, are highly gratifying to our feelings; but perhaps at the present moment might subject us to the charge of wishing to dwell on a painful subject. Renewal of the subject by *enemies* will renew it with us.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Burlesque Burletta, called

BILLY TAYLOR.

Mary Wagstaff, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Kitty Sligo, Miss M. GLOVER.
Billy Taylor, Mr J. REEVE.
Carolus, Mr O. Smith. Captain Flatbottom, Mr S. SMITH.
Old Nicholas, Mr Chapman. Ben Blockhead, Mr Sanders.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.

Columbine, Miss STALLARD.

Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, a Comic Burletta, to be called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY, (her 1st appearance.)
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
From the Royal Academy of Music, (his 1st appearance on the English Stage.
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, the New Burletta, called

THE LOST SON.

Leontine, Miss FOOTE, in which character she will sing a New Song, composed for her, by C. E. Horn.
Madame Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper. La-Roche, Mr W. VINING.
Eugene de Nerseuil, Mr Raymond. Stranger, Mr Brougham.

To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.

IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.

Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

To conclude with a Comic Burletta, called

THE LITTLE JOCKEY.

Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "The Boy in yellow wins the day,'
Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Mause, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Melodrame, entitled

ZAMOR, THE MEXICAN.

The Music, by Mr Blewitt.

Ora, Miss SOMERVILLE. Joan, Miss VINCENT.
Dame Mabil, Madame SIMON. Robert, Baron Fitzallan, Mr GOUGH.
Henry Fitzallan, Nicol Colbrande, Blid, and Broadland, Mr H. KEMBLE.
Zamor, Mr OSBALDISTON. Edmund Erpingham, Mr C. HILL.
Martin Walbourn, Mr DIBDIN PITT. Peter Poundtext, Mr Webb.
Abel Lackbrain, Mr Asbury. Walter Altringham, Mr VALE.
Ralph Perkyn, Mr Rogers. Monk, Mr Young.
Raymond and Hubert, Messrs. Hobbs and Tully.

After which, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].

The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.

Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

To conclude with, an entirely new Drama, entitled

NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.

Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Miss Vincent, in which she will sing a Parody on "Cherry Ripe," Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, Lord BYRON'S Tragedy of

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT, Ida Stralenheim, Miss MORDAUNT.
Werner, Mr MACREADY, Ulric, Mr WALLACK, Gabor, Mr COOPER,
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack, Frits, Mr Younge, Otto, Mr Cohen,
Henric, Mr Salter, Eric, Mr C. Jones, Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett,
Rodolph, Mr Cooke, Arnheim, Mr Fenton, Meister, Mr Eaton,
Ludwig, Mr Cathie, Herman, Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont," and Boledieu's Overture to "Les Deux Nuits."

After which, a New Farce, called

TURNING THE TABLES.

[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss FAUCIT. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. JONES.
Patty Larkins, Mrs ORGER. Mr Knibbs, Mr HUGHES.
Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr COOPER. Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr VINING.
Mr Thornton, Mr J. VINING. Jack Humphries, Mr LISTON.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.

Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 590 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, The Brigand; The Illustrious Stranger; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, (4th time) Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton.

Previous to the Tragedy, (4th time in this country) A Grand MS. Overture, by Friedrich Kuhlau.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Charactors by Mr BAKER and Mr F. MATTHEWS.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.

Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Chancery Suit; Hide and Seek; and the Pantomime.

COBURG THEATRE. — Wat Tyler and Jack Straw—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—A Deed of Blood.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.—Golden Pippin.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL,—EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.

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No. 119.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus. By Washington Irving. (Eighteenth Number of the Family Library). 18mo. pp. 337. Murray.

This is one of the most agreeable volumes of the 'Family Library.' The subject has the rare merit of being almost equally interesting to the lovers of history, of biography, and of fiction: for the adventures are all strongly mixed with personal character, and some of them are as wild as an Eastern tale. A passage in the introduction prepared us to entertain a high opinion of the way in which the author had executed his task: the first two or three chapters disappointed us: we thought them tame and colourless, and looked for no gusto in the work, no impression of difference between one set of things and another. A little further on, however, our hopes were renewed, and the author gratified them all the rest of the way. An Appendix contains a visit to Palos, made by the author two or three years ago, for the express purpose of seeing the little port in Andalusia, from which Columbus sailed to find out a world. This appendix is headed by an engraving of the spot, and contains a couple of illustrative wood-cuts. The title-page presents us with another, of the curious arms of the Pinzon family, in which the old Spanish heralds inserted an absolute sea-picture, which would delight Sir Francis Heard, and must puzzle the austere science of Sir Egerton Brydges: there is a map of the discoveries made by Columbus's companions; and a good frontispiece exhibits the Convent of La Rabida, near Palos, "at the gate of which Columbus asked bread and water for his child." How much is told in that little sentence! Finally, our author understands what belongs to the head of a chapter:—

'Alonzo de Ojeda, supposed by the savages to have a charmed life—Their experiment to try the fact.

'Disastrous voyage of Ojeda in the Pirate Ship.

'Vasco Nunez hears of a Sea beyond the Mountains.

'Expedition of Vasco Nunez in quest of the Golden Temple of Dobayba.

'Juan Ponce de Leon hears of a wonderful country, and Miraculous Fountain.

'Cruize of Juan Ponce de Leon in search of the Fountain of Youth.'

Are you not anxious, reader, to set off? especially if you are one of those who are liable to the malignant benediction of the poet—

——"God bless your middle-ageish face!"

Is it not like preparing for a story of Sadak or Sindbad? and were not the marvels of Sindbad founded on similar adventures? Among the dreams, by the way, which grown children entertain like the others, of *what they should like best*, is a delight we have in dreaming upon a new edition of the Arabian Nights, full of notes, and divided into chapters, the heads of which it would be a feast to write.

The first passage that we shall lay before our readers, is the one above alluded to in the introduction, which is a very striking one, and brings us at once into personal contact with the heroes of the book, so that we feel the gallant and lofty party about us, as if they were all preparing to set out for the New World in a body:—

'The expeditions here narrated, may be considered as springing immediately out of the voyages of Columbus, and fulfilling some of his grand designs. They may be compared to the attempts of adventurous knight-errants to achieve the enterprise left unfinished by some illustrious predecessor. Neither is this comparison entirely fanciful; on the contrary, it is a curious fact, well worthy of notice, that the spirit of chivalry entered largely into the early expeditions of the Spanish discoverers, giving them a character wholly distinct from similar enterprises undertaken by other nations. It will not, perhaps, be considered far sought, if we trace the cause of this peculiarity to the domestic history of the Spaniards during the middle-ages.

'Eight centuries of incessant warfare with the Moorish usurpers of the Peninsula, produced a deep and lasting effect upon Spanish character and manners. The war being ever close at home, mingled itself with the domestic habits and concerns of the Spaniard. He was born a soldier. The wild and predatory nature of the war also made him a kind of chivalrous marauder. His horse and weapon were always ready for the field. His delight was in roving incursions and extravagant exploits; and no gain was so glorious in his eyes as the cavalgada of spoils and captives driven home in triumph from a plundered province. Religion, which has ever held great empire over the Spanish mind, lent its aid to sanctify these roving and savage propensities; and the Castilian cavalier, as he sacked the towns, and laid waste the fields of his Moslem neighbour, piously believed he was doing God service.

'The conquest of Grenada put an end to the Peninsular wars between Christian and Infidel: the spirit of Spanish chivalry was thus suddenly deprived of its wonted sphere of action; but it had been too long fostered and excited to be as suddenly appeased. The youth of the nation, bred up to daring adventure and heroic achievement, could not brook the tranquil and regular pursuits of common life, but panted for some new field of romantic enterprise.

'It was at this juncture that the grand project of Columbus was carried into effect. His treaty with the sovereigns was, in a manner, signed with the same pen that had subscribed the capitulation of the Moorish capital; and his first expedition may almost be said to have departed from beneath the walls of Granada. Many of the youthful cavaliers, who had fleshed their swords in that memorable war, crowded the ships of the discoverers, thinking a new career of arms was to be opened to them—a kind of crusade into splendid and unknown regions of infidels. The very weapons and armour that had been used against the Moors, were drawn from the arsenals to equip the heroes of these remoter adventures; and some of the most noted of the early commanders in the New World will be found to have made their first essay in arms under the banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, in their romantic campaigns among the mountains of Andalusia.

'To these circumstances may, in a great measure, be ascribed that swelling chivalrous spirit which will be found continually mingling, or rather warring with the technical habits of the seamen, and the sordid schemes of the mercenary adventurer, in these early Spanish discoveries. Chivalry had left the land and launched upon the deep. The Spanish cavalier had embarked in the caravel of the discoverer. He carried among the trackless wildernesses of the New World the same contempt of danger, and fortitude under suffering; the same restless, roaming spirit; the same passion for inroad and ravage and vain glorious exploit; and the same fervent, and often bigotted zeal for the propagation of his faith, that had distinguished him during his warfare with the Moors. Instances in point will be found in the extravagant career of the daring Ojeda, particularly in his adventures along the coast of *Terra Firma* and the wild shores of Cuba; in the sad story of the "unfortunate Nicuesa;" graced as it is with occasional touches of high-bred courtesy;—in the singular cruize of that brave but credulous cavalier, Juan Ponce de Leon, who fell upon the flowery coast of Florida in his search after an imaginary fountain of youth;—and above all, in the chequered fortunes of Vaco Nunez de Balboa, whose discovery of the Pacific Ocean forms one of the most beautiful and striking incidents in the history of the New World, and whose fate might furnish a theme of wonderful interest for a poem or a drama.'—P. 4.

Extraordinary emergencies, they say, create extraordinary men. Among the settlers in St Domingo was a notary who voluntarily came forward in a public court to —— But we will not forestall the dramatic interest of our author's account. Don Diego de Nicuesa, one of the most accomplished of the cavalier adventurers, a warrior, a handsome man, a jouster, a reader of romances, a guitar-player, and one who could make his horse dance to the sound of the viol, was nevertheless in debt. He was about to sail with a gallant squadron for the coast of Veragua, when he was stopped by a most embarrassing affair:—

'Nicuesa,' says Mr Irving, 'was more of the courtier and the cavalier, than the man of business, and had no skill in managing his pecuniary affairs. He had expended his funds with a free and lavish hand, and involved himself in debts which he had not the immediate means of paying. Many of his creditors knew that his expedition was regarded with an evil eye by the Admiral, Don Diego Columbus; to gain favour with the latter, therefore, they threw all kinds of impediments in the way of Nicuesa. Never was an unfortunate gentleman more harassed and distracted by duns and demands, one plucking at his skirts as soon as the other was satisfied. He succeeded, however, in getting all his forces embarked. He had seven hundred men, well chosen and well armed, together with six horses. He chose Lope de Olano to be his captain-general, a seemingly impolitic appointment, as this Olano had been concerned with the notorious Roldan in his rebellion against Columbus.

'The squadron sailed out of the harbour and put to sea, excepting one ship, which, with anchor a trip and sails unfurled, waited to receive Nicuesa, who was detained on shore till the last moment by the perplexities which had been artfully multiplied around him.

'Just as he was on the point of stepping into his boat, he was arrested by the harpies of the law, and carried before the Alcalde Mayor to answer a demand for five hundred ducats, which he was ordered to pay on the spot, or prepare to go to prison.

'This was a thunderstroke to the unfortunate cavalier. In vain he represented his utter incapacity to furnish such a sum at the moment; in vain he represented the ruin that would accrue to himself, and the vast injury to the public service, should he be pre-

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vented from joining his expedition. The Alcalde Mayor was inflexible, and Nicuesa was reduced to despair. At this critical moment relief came from a most unexpected quarter. The heart of a public notary was melted by his distress! He stepped forward in court and declared, that rather than see so gallant a gentleman reduced to extremity, he himself would pay down the money. Nicuesa gazed at him with astonishment, and could scarcely believe his senses; but when he saw him actually pay off the debt, and found himself suddenly released from this dreadful embarrassment, he embraced his deliverer with tears of gratitude, and hastened with all speed to embark, lest some other legal spell should be laid upon his person.'—P. 58.

One of the most melancholy reflections in reading history, is occasioned by the sight of naturally good-hearted and generous men committing the greatest cruelties, out of some paltry excuse of superstition, or government. It is attended, however, with the great consolation of observing, that the cruelty is a mistake arising from circumstances and education; and thus enormities which render the cause of mankind apparently hopeless, enable us to discern the very greatest point of hope, by showing that nothing but mistake is in the way. The Spaniards, who committed all sorts of outrages upon the Indians, visited with the most dreadful revenge any counter-violence against themselves. The following sample of it took place under the orders of the accomplished Nicuesa. We select the passage for the vivacity of the American painting:—

'The village was buried in deep sleep, but the woods were filled with large *parrots*, which being awakened, made a prodigious clamour. The Indians, however, thinking the Spaniards all destroyed, paid no attention to these noises. It was not until their houses were assailed and wrapped in flames, that they took the alarm. They rushed forth, some with arms, some weaponless, but were received at their doors by the exasperated Spaniards, and either slain on the spot or driven back into the fire. Women fled wildly forth with children in their arms, but at the sight of the Spaniards, glittering in steel, and of the horses, which they supposed *ravenous monsters*, they ran back, shricking with horror, into their burning habitations. Great was the carnage, for no quarter was shown either to age or sex. Many perished by the fire, and many by the sword.'—P. 71.

The following is a striking instance of the presence of mind and daring resolution, which enabled the Spanish leaders to surmount their difficulties.

'Don Alonzo de Ojeda was observed by the Indians to slay "more of their warriors with his single arm than all their followers together." Though often exposed,' proceeds Mr Irving, 'to showers of arrows, none ever wounded him, and the Indians began to think he had a charmed life. Perhaps they had heard from fugitive prisoners, the idea entertained by himself and his followers of his being under supernatural protection. Determined to ascertain the fact, they placed four of their most dexterous archers in ambush, with orders to single him out. A number of them advanced towards the fort, sounding their conchs and drums, and uttering yells of defiance. As they expected, the impetuous Ojeda sallied forth immediately at the head of his men. The Indians fled toward the ambuscade, drawing him into furious pursuit. The archers waited till he was full in front, and then launched their deadly shafts. Three struck his buckler and glanced harmlessly off, but the fourth pierced his thigh. Satisfied that he was wounded beyond the possibility of cure, the savages retreated with shouts of triumph.

'Ojeda was borne back to the fortress in great anguish of body and despondency of spirit. For the first time in his life he had lost blood in battle. The charm in which he had hitherto confided, was broken; or rather, the Holy Virgin appeared to have withdrawn her protection. He had the horrible death of his followers before his eyes, who had perished of their wounds in raving frenzy.

'One of the symptoms of the poison, was to shoot a thrilling chill through the wounded part; from this circumstance, perhaps, a remedy suggested itself to the imagination of Ojeda, which few but himself could have had the courage to undergo. He caused two plates of iron to be made red hot, and ordered a surgeon to apply them to each orifice of the wound. The surgeon shuddered, and refused, saying he would not be the murderer of his general. Upon this Ojeda made a solemn vow that he would hang him unless he obeyed. To avoid the gallows, the surgeon applied the glowing plates. Ojeda refused to be tied down, or that any one should hold him during this frightful operation. He endured it without shrinking or uttering a murmur, although it so inflamed his whole system that they had to wrap him in sheets steeped in vinegar, to allay the burning heat which raged throughout his body; and we are assured that a barrel of vinegar was exhausted for the purpose. The desperate remedy succeeded; the cold poison, says Bishop Las Casas, was consumed by the vivid fire. How far the venerable historian is correct in his postulate, surgeons may decide; but many incredulous persons will be apt to account for the cure, by surmising that the arrow was not envenomed.'—P. 77.

One of the most remarkable adventures of Ojeda, was connected with a set of piratical traitors, who after confining him in irons on board their ship, were compelled by a violent storm to take off his chains, on condition that he should pilot the vessel. He did so; but was obliged to run it on shore upon the coast of Cuba; and here followed a terrible march through the morasses of that island, the account of which is deeply interesting. The reader must have the whole chapter.

'CHAPTER X.

'*Toilsome March of Ojeda and his Companions through the Morasses of Cuba.*

'Notwithstanding the recent services of Ojeda, the crew of Talavera still regarded him with hostility; but, if they had felt the value of his skill and courage at sea, they were no less sensible of their importance on shore, and he soon acquired that ascendancy oven them which belongs to a master-spirit.

'Cuba was yet uncolonised. It was a place of refuge to the unhappy natives of Hayti, who fled hither from the whips and chains of their European task-masters. Their forests abounded with these wretched fugitives, who often opposed themselves to the ship-wrecked party, supposing them to be sent by their late masters to drag them back to captivity.

'Ojeda easily repulsed these attacks; but found that the fugitives had likewise incited the villagers to hostility against all European strangers. Seeing that his companions were too feeble and disheartened to fight their way through the populous parts of the island, or to climb the rugged mountains of the interior, he avoided all towns and villages, and led them through the close forests and broad green Savannahs which extended between the mountains and the sea.

'He had only made a choice of evils. The forests gradually retired from the coast. The Savannahs, where the Spaniards had at first to contend merely with rank grass and creeping vines, soon ended in salt marshes, where the oozy bottom yielded no firm foothold, and the mud and water reached to their knees. Still they pressed forward, continually hoping in a little while to arrive at a firmer soil, and flattering themselves they beheld fresh meadow land before them; but were continually deceived. The farther they proceeded, the deeper grew the mire, until, after they had been eight days on this dismal journey, they found themselves in the centre of a vast morass, where the water reached to their girdles. Though thus almost drowned, they were tormented with incessant thirst, for all the water round them was as briny as the ocean. They suffered, too, the cravings of extreme hunger, having but a scanty supply of Cassava bread and cheese, and a few potatoes and other roots, which they devoured raw. When they wished to sleep, they had to climb among the twisted roots of mangrove trees, which grew in clusters in the water. Still the dreary mass widened and deepened. In many places they had to cross rivers and inlets; where some, who could not swim, were drowned, and others were smothered in the mire.

'Their situation became wild and desperate. Their Cassava bread was spoiled by the water, and their stock of roots nearly exhausted. The interminable morass still extended before them, while to return, after the distance they had come, was hopeless. Ojeda alone kept up a resolute spirit, and cheered and urged them forward. He had the little Flemish painting of the Madonna, which had been given him by the Bishop Fonseca, carefully stored among the provisions in his knapsack. Whenever he stopped to repose among the roots of the mangrove trees, he took out this picture, placed it among the branches and kneeling, prayed devoutly to the Virgin for protection. This he did repeatedly in the course of the day, and prevailed upon his companions to follow his example. Nay more, at a moment of great despondency, he made a solemn vow to his protectress, that if she conducted him alive through this peril, he would erect a chapel in the first Indian village he should arrive at, and leave her picture there, to remain an object of adoration to the Gentiles.

'This frightful morass extended for the distance of thirty leagues, and was so deep and difficult, so entangled by roots and creeping vines, so cut up by creeks and rivers, and so beset by quagmires, that they were thirty days in traversing it. Out of the number of seventy men that set out from the ship, but thirty-five remained. "Certain it is," observes the venerable Las Casas, "the sufferings of the Spaniards in the New World, in search of wealth, have been more cruel and severe than ever nation in the world endured; but those experienced by Ojeda and his men have surpassed all others."

'They were at length so overcome by hunger and fatigue, that some lay down and yielded up the ghost; and others, seating themselves among the Mangrove trees, waited in despair for death to put an end to their miseries. Ojeda, with a few of the highest and most vigorous, continued to struggle forward, and, to their unutterable joy, at length arrived to where the land was firm and dry. They soon descried a footpath, and, following it, arrived at an Indian village, commanded by a cacique called Cueybàs. No sooner did they reach the village, than they sunk to the earth exhausted.

'The Indians gathered round and gazed at them, with wonder; but when they learnt their story, they exhibited a humanity that would have done honour to the most professing Christians. They bore them to their dwellings, sat meat and drink before them, and vied with each other in discharging the offices of the kindest humanity. Finding that a number of their companions were still in the morass, the Cacique sent a large party of Indians with provisions for their relief: with orders to bring on their shoulders such as were too feeble to walk. "The Indians," says the Bishop Las Casas, "did more than they were ordered; for so they always do when they are not exasperated by ill treatment. The Spaniards were brought to the village, succoured, cherished, consoled, and almost worshipped as if they had been angels."'—P. 84.

[To be concluded tomorrow.]

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CHESS-PLAYING.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—Allow me, Sir, to make my very best bow to your correspondent and my monitor—"The Lover of Chess." I am, it seems, in his estimation illogical, unintelligible, ignorant of the *earlier* writers on chess, and stand convicted of a gross mistake.

As we are both agreed that no one had any right to give Cunningham's name to the Gambit in question, I was willing to leave my unfortunate assertion, that Stamma wrote before Philidor was born, fairly disproved as it was; expecting nevertheless that your correspondent's "curious account," if it contained any evidence of a right to the adoption, would have upset the theory of both of us. I waited accordingly, and the "curious account" turns out to be, that "some one told Philidor that Cunningham invented it or was fond of playing it." Of a verity, that *is* a curious account; "however," continues the gentleman, "in compliment to Sir Abraham (Janssen) and his friend, Philidor gave it the name of Cunningham's Gambit, *just as* he gave the name of the Gambit of Aleppo to the Queen's Gambit, because Stamma was fond of playing it." Particularly lucid and perspicuous this for a gentleman who piques himself on his logic. But agreeing as we do on the main point, I did look, from the candour of my monitor, for "much stronger reasons" for my opinion, which he tells me "I might have found." He has not supplied them, perhaps I could; but really the assertion about Stamma was thrown out so cursorily in pursuit of another object, that I did not, nor do I now, feel called upon to give every reason that might suggest itself on the subject to my memory.

Let us enquire into the "gross" blunder I have committed, and claiming a right to expect chronological accuracy from him who called it so, perhaps it will not be found to be quite so gross as represented. I had said that Stamma gave the attack and defence, under the title of the "Three Pawns Gambit," before Philidor was born. I did not say that Stamma *invented* it; our friend's allusion to Captain Bertin can, therefore, have nothing to do with the question. I neither exalted nor depreciated Stamma's play; it was sufficient for me to prove that the game was known under another title when Philidor published his book. But your correspondent, who founds his objection to my assertion on the date of Stamma's book, which he gives as 1745, should not have forgotten that an earlier edition was published at the Hague, in 1741, and a still earlier at Paris, in 1737. Now, if Philidor came to England, where he beat Stamma, at the age of twenty-one, which he did, it will appear that Stamma's book had been published then about ten years; and, consequently, that Philidor, although *born*, was only about eleven years old when it first appeared. The only excuse I have for making a stupid blunder so far, is, that I wrote hastily from memory, and without books. Further, it was not until Philidor was seventeen, and after three years close study under M. de Lagalle, then the best player in France, that he attained to any degree of eminence in the game; and even at that time his master was more than a match for him. The "curious account" has not then proved one tittle of *right* in Philidor to give Cunningham's name to this Gambit; and it has not advanced one step towards disproof of my assertion, that, so far as his book is concerned, no evidence is to be found of even his knowledge of the existence of Stamma's work, which is all I ever assumed. He either did, or he did not know it. Knowing it, he was guilty of a piece of impertinence in giving Cunningham's name to the Three Pawns Gambit, upon the *ipse dixit* of "some one," even to compliment his patron Sir Abraham: not knowing it, he was guilty of a piece of presumption in professing to give a complete Analysis of a Game, such as Chess, without due study of all works that preceded him, and were accessible. Let it be remembered, that although, according to the emphasis of your correspondent's *Italics*, writers of the last century,—to wit, Stamma, the anonymous Modenese, Lolli, Dal Rio, Greco, Carlo Cozio, &c., are to be classed amongst the *earlier* authorities (albeit I hold them to be amongst the *later*), yet Damiano wrote more than three centuries since; Carrera more than two; Gustavus Selenus more than two; Ruy Lopez, and a long list of others, more than two: yet what acknowledgments does Philidor make to any of them? Will your correspondent favour us with some anecdotes from among them? I suspect he can; and his time will be better occupied than in repeating the thousand and one times told tale of Buzeca, which he must have well known is to be found in almost every work on Chess of modern date, from Twiss downwards.

Sir, your very obliged servant,

Philoscaccharia.

[We beg leave to mention, without violating, we trust, any real spirit of confidence reposed in us, but for the purpose of enabling both our intelligent correspondents to do justice to one another, that when the "Lover of Chess" sent us his first communication, he expressed a wish, if we did not insert it, to be favoured with Philoscaccharia's address, which was certainly no uncomplimentary movement. On the other hand, we have grounds for knowing, that Philoscaccharia entertains a high opinion of the science and information, if not of the immediate argument, of his antagonist. We have thought it right to give his present letter insertion, as the one that brought it forth appears to have been of a sharper nature than we had observed.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury Lane.—Werner.—Tables Turned.—And the Pantomime.
Covent Garden.—Fazio.—And the Pantomime.

Olympic Theatre.

Among the pleasant little pieces that are so often borrowed from our neighbours across the channel, there is now and then one, hardly solid enough to bear the transportation. A little of the air and climate should be brought over to recommend it—a little French gesticulation to act it with, and not a little French apprehensiveness, good-humour, and indulgence to hear it with. It is like bringing a butterfly out of summer-time into winter; or importing a bottle of one of their lightest wines, which ought to be drank upon the spot. The French toss off these things so easily, and have such an abundance of them, that they have almost the extempore effect of conversation, and many sallies are accordingly allowed to pass, which, on repetition in another and less sprightly country, have too deliberate an air to obtain the like reception. What does not take effect, is attributed to want of wit; and what does, is sometimes thought gross, for want of the proper subtlety and airiness in the general audience to carry it lightly through their heads.

Of this kind is the new comic burletta, *The Chaste Salute*, which was brought out here last night, and which is taken (the bills inform us) from the "*Baiser au Porteur*" of M. Scribe (The Kiss Payable on Demand). *Colonel Derville* (Mr Spagnoletti), who is engaged to marry *Lucille* (Miss Fitzwalter), niece to the *Baroness de Blanchec* (Miss Stuart,) happens to encounter on her wedding-day *Madame Thibaut* (Miss Sidney) the wife of a *Young Farmer* (Mr Collier). Being a bit of a *Don Giovanni*, he makes love to her, and is in the act of offering her a kiss, when the husband comes rushing in, and protests against this innovation upon a man's wedding-day. The Colonel in vain assures him that it is the custom, and that everybody kisses people's wives, expecially on their wedding-days. *Thibaut* will not believe a word of it. He becomes afraid however of pressing the matter too vindictively, but argues that the Colonel would talk differently, if *he* were the married man. The Colonel assures him that so far from it, be will allow him to do the very same thing to his wife, whenever he marries: and to prove it, he writes him an order on his future bride, to the following effect:—

"Pay the Bearer, on demand, One Chaste Salute, value received. "Derville."

The happy man pockets the bill, goes away, and becomes the laugh of the village; of which he returns to complain: on the road he meets the Colonel's mistress, whom he knows, though he is ignorant of her engagement; and makes her laugh heartily at his grievance, the name of the criminal not happening to be disclosed. Upon seeing her subsequently, however, in the Colonel's company, and finding how the case stands, he brightens up, and reminding the lover of his promise, lets out the secret to the lady, who becomes as disconcerted as the poor man she laughed at, and threatens to give up the Colonel for ever. The old aunt comes upon the parties during this embroilment, and cannot understand it, till she is informed that the Colonel has debts,—more debts than she thinks for. The aunt, who is a good-natured, though lofty personage, is fond of the gallant officer, and, in her grand style, promises to settle *all* his debts. The dilemma into which she has brought herself restores good humour. *Mademoiselle Lucille* persuades the farmer that he is bound to give up the note he holds into the hands of the old lady, who has undertaken to discharge it on the spot. She reads, and threatens to faint, but does not:—in a word, she honours the bill, with much ceremony; and all are content but the farmer.

This piece is agreeably written; but, for the reasons above-mentioned, did not take much hold on the audience. They found themselves puzzled between the guarded propriety of the title of the piece, and the occasional intimation that a chaste salute might be a livelier thing in France than in England.

There were two new performers on this occasion, Mr Spagnoletti from the Royal Academy of Music, and Miss Sidney, we know not whence. Miss Sidney is a lively-looking girl, probably very young, who promises to be a better actress than singer, though she sang with more spirit and meaning than most debutantes. But her voice appears to be weak, and not of good quality. Allowance must be made, however, for a first appearance, both as regards lady and gentleman, especially as Mr Spagnoletti seemed hardly perfect in his part. Probably a little hissing helped to put him out. It was hardly fair, we think, in a first appearance, and towards a young singer; nor did he indeed any way deserve it; for though his voice is better in quality than in power, or at least he does not yet throw it out, he both sang and acted better than we have known many on their first appearance, who have been much encouraged. We liked in particular his walking to and fro as he sang, on one occasion. It suited the familiar style of these vaudeville pieces; and is natural in itself. Mr Spagnoletti's voice resembles Incledon's, and therefore the more disappointed, perhaps, those who found fault with him, in turning out to be comparatively

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so inefficient. Mr COLLIER sang his songs in the part of the young farmer with more spirit, and shewed symptoms of a promising actor; though he has no voice at all. Miss STUART made a very good pompous elderly gentlewoman; and Miss FITZWALTER was lively as well as handsome.

The music of *The Chaste Salute* is by Mr HORN; and though of no very solid character, is of reasonable goodness for a piece vaudeville. The words of the songs appear, from what we heard of them, to be translated with much spirit; particularly the one upon duelling, and the part in the trio beginning—

You marry Ma'amselle,
Then all will go well;

both of which are sang with much animation by Mr COLLIER.

☞

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge, Nicolo, Mr Webster, Fabio, Mr Hughes,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford,
Spoletto, Mr Bland, Uberto, Mr Robinson, Carlotti. Mr Yarnold.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," and Mozart's Overture to "Die Entfurung aus dem Serail."

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Irza, Miss FAUCIT, Fatima, Mrs WAYLETT,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr LISTON, Gimbo, Mr HARLEY,
High Priest, Mr Fenton, Officers, Mr C. Jones and Mr Honner.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV, Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830, With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, Werner; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the new Comedy of

THE CHANCERY SUIT.

Emily Travers, Miss E. Tree. Mrs Post, Mrs Gibbs. Mrs Snare, Mrs Pindar.
Jenny, Mrs J. Hughes. Miss Willowly, Mrs Daly.
Miss Sallowfield, Mrs Brown. Mrs Gravebury, Miss Appleton.
Mrs Tapsley, Mrs Tayleure. Sir Bernard Blazoncourt, Mr EGERTON.
Frederick Blazoncourt, Mr ABBOTT. Guy Thistlebloom, Mr BARTLEY.
Jeremy Thistlebloom, (under the assumed name of Courtington) Mr WARDE.
Murphy O'Doggrely, Mr POWER. Snare, Mr MEADOWS.
Winterfield, Mr BLANCHARD.
Tapsley, Mr F. Matthews. Michael, Mr Addison. Ben, Mr Evans.
Sheriff's Officer, Mr Fuller. Beadle, Mr Atkins.

Previous to the Comedy, Rossini's Overture to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."
After the Comedy, Bishop's Overture to "The Farmer's Wife."

After which, an Interlude, called

HIDE AND SEEK.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. TREE. Charlotte, Miss LAWRENCE.
Mordaunt, Mr DIDDEAR. Merton, Mr DURUSET. Moses, Mr KEELEY.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Fazio; Teddy the Tiler; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Burlesque Burletta, called

BILLY TAYLOR.

Mary Wagstaff, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Kitty Sligo, Miss M. GLOVER.
Billy Taylor, Mr J. REEVE.
Carolus, Mr O. Smith. Captain Flatbottom, Mr S. SMITH.
Old Nicholas, Mr Chapman. Ben Blockhead, Mr Sanders.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, a Comic Burletta, to be called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

After which, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE LITTLE JOCKEY.

Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "The Boy in yellow wins the day."
Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Mau e, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Melodrame, entitled

ZAMOR, THE MEXICAN.

The Music, by Mr Blewitt.
Ora, Miss SOMERVILLE. Joan, Miss VINCENT.
Dame Mabil, Madame SIMON. Robert, Baron Fitzallan, Mr GOUGH.
Henry Fitzallan, Nicol Colbrande, Blid, and Broadland, Mr H. KEMBLE.
Zamor, Mr OSBALDISTON. Edmund Erpingham, Mr C. HILL.
Martin Walbourn, Mr DIBDIN PITT. Peter Poundtext, Mr Webb.
Abel Lackbrain, Mr Asbury. Walter Altringham, Mr VALE.
Ralph Perkyn, Mr Rogers. Monk, Mr Young.
Raymond and Hubert, Messrs. Hobbs and Tully.

After which, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].

The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

To conclude with, an entirely new Drama, entitled

NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.

Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Miss Vincent, in which she will sing a Parody on "Cherry Ripe," Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Nod, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

COBURG THEATRE. — Wat Tyler and Jack Straw—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—A Deed of Blood.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.—Golden Pippin.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus. By Washington Irving. (Eighteenth Number of the Family Library). 18mo. pp. 337. Murray.

(Concluded from our last.)

One of the longest divisions of this entertaining volume is devoted to the adventures of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. He was one of the most enterprising and engaging of all this "ocean-chivalry," (as Mr Irving happily quotes it); frank as well as fearless; of an open, prepossessing countenance, generous, and one who knew how to touch the hearts of the Indians with music, as well as frighten them with his artillery. Item, he had a dog who was accounted as good as a man.

'The Spanish writers,' Mr Irving tells us, 'make particular mention of this animal, which was the constant companion, and as it were body guard of Vasco Nunez, and describe him as minutely as they would a favourite warrior. He was of a middle size, but immensely strong; of a dull yellow or reddish colour, with a black muzzle, and his body was scarred all over with wounds received in innumerable battles with the Indians. Vasco Nunez always took him on his expeditions, and sometimes lent him to others, receiving for his services the same share of booty allotted to an armed man. In this way he gained by him, in the course of his campaigns, upwards of a thousand crowns. The Indians, it is said, had conceived such terror of this animal, that the very sight of him was sufficient to put a host of them to flight.'—P. 167.

It would be a nice point to determine how far this animal, morally as well as physically speaking, was not as good as most of the Spanish soldiers. Boswell said of Foote, that if he talked with an ostler, the ostler would answer him; (meaning that he would not treat his observations with deference, clever as he was, but give him as good as he brought.) "Yes, Sir," said Johnson, "and Foote would answer the ostler." The dog of Vasco Nunez might in like manner claim to be as good as a Spaniard; and the Spaniard would claim to be as good as the dog. We suppose he was on the pay-list.

With this dog at his side, some more animals of the same species, and one hundred and ninety soldiers (when he ought to have had a thousand) Vasco Nunez set out from his little colony of Darien, to discover the great Pacific Ocean. We shall here lay nearly two whole chapters of the book before the reader, both on account of the greatness of the event, and because Mr Irving has given us a lively sense of the feelings, probably entertained by the Spaniards on realizing their object.

'Chapter VIII.

'*Expedition in quest of the Southern Sea.*

'It was on the 1st of September that Vasco Nunez embarked with his followers in a brigantine and nine large canoes or pirogues, followed by the cheers and good wishes of those who remained at the settlement. Standing to the north westward, he arrived without accident at Coyba, the dominion of the cacique Careta, whose daughter he had received as a pledge of amity. That Indian beauty had acquired a great influence over Vasco Nunez, and appears to have cemented his friendship with her father and her people. He was received by the cacique with open arms, and furnished with guides and warriors to aid him in his enterprise.

'Vasco Nunez left about half of his men at Coyba to guard the brigantine and canoes, while he should penetrate the wilderness with the residue. The importance of his present expedition, not merely as affecting his own fortunes, but, as it were, unfolding a mighty secret of nature, seems to have impressed itself upon his spirit, and to have given correspondent solemnity to his conduct. Before setting out upon his march, he caused mass to be performed, and offered up prayers to God for the success of his perilous undertaking.

'It was on the 6th of September that he struck off for the mountains. The march was difficult and toilsome in the extreme. The Spaniards, encumbered by the weight of their armour and weapons, and oppressed by the heat of a tropical climate, were obliged to climb rocky precipices, and to struggle through close and tangled forests. Their Indian allies aided them by carrying their ammunition and provisions, and by guiding them to the most practicable paths.

'On the 8th of September they arrived at the village of Ponca; the ancient enemy of Careta. The village was lifeless and abandoned; the cacique and his people had fled to the fastnesses of the mountains. The Spaniards remained here several days to recruit the health of some of their number who had fallen ill. It was necessary also to procure guides acquainted with the mountain wilderness they were approaching. The retreat of Ponca was at length discovered, and he was prevailed upon, though reluctantly, to come to Vasco Nunez. The latter had a peculiar facility in winning the confidence and friendship of the natives. The cacique was soon so captivated by his kindness, that he revealed to him in secret all he knew of the natural riches of the country. He assured him of the truth of what had been told him about a great pechry, or sea beyond the mountains, and gave him several ornaments ingeniously wrought of fine gold, which had been brought from the countries upon its borders. He told him, moreover, that when he had attained the summit of a lofty ridge, to which he pointed, and which seemed to rise up to the skies, he would behold that sea spread out far below him.

'Animated by these accounts, Vasco Nunez procured fresh guides from the cacique, and prepared to ascend the mountains. Numbers of his men having fallen ill from fatigue and the heat of the climate, he ordered them to return slowly to Coyba, taking with him none but such as were in robust and vigorous health.

'On the 20th of September he again set forward, through a broken rocky country, covered with a matted forest, and intersected by deep and turbulent streams, many of which it was necessary to cross upon rafts.

'So toilsome was the journey, that in four days they did not advance above ten leagues, and in the meantime they suffered excessively from hunger. At the end of this time they arrived at the province of a warlike cacique, named Quaraquà, who was at war with Ponca.

'Hearing that a band of strangers were entering his territories, guided by the subjects of his inveterate foe, the cacique took the field with a large number of warriors, some armed with bows and arrows, others with long spears, or with double-handed maces of palm wood, almost as heavy and hard as iron. Seeing the inconsiderable number of the Spaniards, they set upon them with furious yells, thinking to overcome them in an instant. The first discharge of fire arms, however, struck them with dismay. They thought they were contending with demons who vomited forth thunder and lightning, especially when they saw their companions fall, bleeding and dead beside them, without receiving any apparent blow. They took to headlong flight, and were hotly pursued by the Spaniards and their blood-hounds. Some were transfixed with lances, others hewn down with swords, and many were torn to pieces by the dogs, so that Quaraquà and six hundred of his warriors were left dead upon the field.

'After this sanguinary triumph, the Spaniards marched to the village of Quaraquà, where they found considerable booty in gold and jewels. Of this Vasco Nunez reserved one-fifth for the crown, and shared the rest liberally among his followers. The village was at the foot of the last mountain that remained for them to climb. Several of the Spaniards, however, were so disabled by the wounds they had received in battle, or so exhausted by the fatigue and hunger they had endured, that they were unable to proceed. They were obliged therefore reluctantly to remain in the village, within sight of the mountain-top that commanded the long sought prospect. Vasco Nunez selected fresh guides from among his prisoners, who were natives of the province, and sent back the subjects of Ponca. Of the band of Spaniards who had set out with him in this enterprise, sixty-seven alone remained in sufficient health and spirits for this last effort. These he ordered to retire early to repose, that they might be ready to set off at the cool and fresh hour of day-break, so as to reach the summit of the mountain before the noon-tide heat.'—P. 168.

'Chapter IX.

'*Discovery of the Pacific Ocean.*

'The day had scarce dawned, when Vasco Nunez and his followers set forth from the Indian village, and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn; but they were filled with new ardour at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships.

'About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests, through which they had hitherto struggled; and arrived

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at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended; and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence, from which they said the southern sea was visible.

'Upon this Vasco Nunez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit, the long desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known, by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannahs and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

'At this glorious prospect Vasco Nunez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend: "Behold, my friends," said he, "that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honour and advantage. Let us pray to him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and the land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be, as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and by the favour of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith."

'The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nunez, and promising to follow him to death. Among them was a priest, named Andres de Vara, who lifted up his voice and chanted *Te Deum Laudamus*—the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The rest, kneeling down, joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the deity from a sanctified altar, than from that wild mountain summit. It was indeed one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards. The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts. Was this the great Indian Ocean studded with precious islands, abounding in gold, in gems, and spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the East? or was it some lonely sea locked up in the embraces of savage uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark, excepting the light pirogue of the savage? The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms, and populous, and powerful and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilized in fact, though differing from Europe in their civilization; who might have peculiar laws and customs, and arts and sciences; who might form, as it were, a world of their own, intercommuning by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and continents; but who might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere.

'Such may naturally have been the ideas suggested by the sight of this unknown ocean. It was the prevalent belief of the Spaniards, however, that they were the first Christians who had made the discovery. Vasco Nunez, therefore, called upon all present to witness that he took possession of that sea, its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name of the Sovereigns of Castile; and the notary of the expedition made a testimonial of the same, to which all present, to the number of sixty-seven men, signed their names. He then caused a fair and tall tree to be cut down and wrought into a cross, which was elevated on the spot from whence he had first beheld the sea. A mound of stones was likewise piled up to serve as a monument, and the names of the Castilian sovereigns were carved on the neighbouring trees. The Indians beheld all these ceremonials and rejoicings in silent wonder, and while they aided to erect the cross, and pile up the mound of stones, marvelled exceedingly at the meaning of these monuments, little thinking that they marked the subjugation of their land.

'The memorable event here recorded, took place on the 26th of September 1513; so that the Spaniards had spent twenty days in performing the journey from the province of Careta to the summit of the mountain, a distance which at present, it is said, does not require more than six days travel. Indeed the isthmus in this neighbourhood is not more than eighteen leagues in breadth in its widest part, and in some places merely seven; but it consists of a ridge of extremely high and rugged mountains. When the discoverers traversed it, they had no route but the Indian paths, and often had to force their way amidst all kinds of obstacles, both from the savage country and its savage inhabitants. In fact, the details of this narrative sufficiently account for the slowness of their progress, and present an array of difficulties and perils, which, as has been well observed, none but those "men of iron" could have subdued and overcome.'—P. 173.

We must add the account of Vasco's reaching the sea, and taking possession of it!

'Vasco Nunez being rejoined by his men from Quaraquà, now left the greater part of his followers to repose and recover from their sickness and fatigues, in the village of Cheapes; and taking with him twenty-six Spaniards, well armed, he set out on the 29th of September, for the sea coast, accompanied by the cacique and a number of his warriors. The thick forests, which covered the mountains, descended to the very margin of the sea, surrounding and overshadowing the wide and beautiful bays that penetrated far into the land. The whole coast, as far the eye could reach, was perfectly wild, the sea without a sail, and both seemed never to have been under the dominion of civilised man.

'Vasco Nunez arrived on the borders of one of those vast bays, to which he gave the name of St Michael, it being discovered on that saint's day. The tide was out, the water was above half a league distant, and the intervening beach was covered with mud; he seated himself, therefore, under the shade of the forest trees until the tide should rise. After a while the water came rushing in with great impetuosity, and soon reached nearly to the place where the Spaniards were reposing. Upon this, Vasco Nunez rose and took a banner on which were painted the Virgin and Child, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon; then drawing his sword and throwing his buckler on his shoulder he marches into the sea until the water reached above his knees, and waving his banner, exclaimed with a loud voice: "Long live the high and mighty monarch Don Ferdinand and Donna Juana, sovereigns of Castile, of Leon, and Arragon, in whose name, and for the royal crown of Castile, I take real, and corporal, and actual possession of these seas, and lands and coasts, and ports, and islands of the south; and all thereunto annexed; and of the kingdoms and provinces which do or may appertain to them, in whatever manner, or by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present, or to come, without any contradiction; and if other prince or captain, christian or infidel, or of any law, sect or condition whatsoever, shall pretend any right to these lands or seas, I am ready prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these Indias, islands and *terra firma*, northern and southern, with all their seas, both at the arctic and antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoxial line, whether within or without the tropics of cancer and capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind."

'This swelling declaration and defiance being uttered with a loud voice, and no one appearing to dispute his pretensions, Vasco Nunez called upon his companions to bear witness of the fact of his having duly taken possession. They all declared themselves ready to defend his claim to the uttermost, as became true and loyal vassals to the Castilian sovereigns; and the notary having drawn up a document for the occasion, they all subscribed it with their names.'—P. 179.

It is difficult to think of the human being, thus taking fancied possession of a great ocean, without calling to mind the King of Lilliput drawing his sword in case the Man-Mountain should break loose. Moral grandeur, however, restores human nature to its dignity. Into this sea, Vasco Nunez afterwards transported the first ships that ploughed it, across the mountains; the inhabitants of its islands are able to laugh at the King of Spain, and the descendants of his followers, if they have any, laugh at him themselves, and are helping to extend liberty over the globe.

It is painful to reflect on the calamitous circumstances under which these high-minded adventurers were accustomed to terminate their careers, however brilliant their successes by the way. They got riches and territory for others, and generally died in poverty, often of wounds and disease, sometimes by the hands of the executioner. Pinzon, who first crossed the equinoctial line in the New Hemisphere, and discovered Brazil, got nothing by his voyage of discovery but heavy losses. Nicuesa disappeared, and was supposed to have perished at sea. Valdivia was killed and eaten by cannibals. Ponce de Leon, who thought to discover the fountain of youth, died of a wound exasperated by mortified pride and disappointment. The lofty and romantic Don Alonzo de Ojeda died so poor, that he did not leave money enough to provide for his interment; and so broken in spirit, that with his last breath he entreated that his body might be buried in the monastery of San Francisco, just at the portal, in humble expiation of his past pride, that "every one who entered might tread upon his grave." And Vasco Nunez de Balboa, "one of the most illustrious and deserving" of the whole brotherhood of discovery perished on the scaffold, "a victim to the basest and most perfidious envy." His fate, adds Mr Irving, "like that of his renowned predecessor, Columbus, proves that it is sometimes dangerous even to deserve too greatly." It is to be recollected, however, that such men accomplish the first object of their ambition—renown; and that life, and not death, is the main thing by which we are to judge of their happiness.

Mr Irving's book is written in his usual tranquil and pleasing style. We observed but one Americanism (or what we presume to be such) in the use of the word *tale* as a verb. Vasco Nunez ordered a brawling ruffian a hundred lashes, "which were taled out roundly to him upon the shoulders." The phrase in England, we believe, is never any other than *told*. Another word (at page 321) must be a momentary slip of the memory, and therefore we need not point it out to the author; but he will be glad to correct it when reprinted. Mr Irving, we hope, will go through the round of early American history; and give us a life of Cortes, with the fine head of him, after Titian, a print of which is to be found in the English translation of De Solis's 'Conquest of Mexico.'

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand.—The Illustrious Stranger.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—The Chancery Suit.—Hide and Seek.—And the Pantomime.

ADELPHI.

THE farce of *Billy Taylor* is one of the broad burlesques which they sometimes bring out at this theatre, and, we think, not one of the best, though there are some good touches in it, and REEVE is in high condition. The hero, like Æneas, who does not know? him, the the same false Billy Taylor, who forsook his mistress, as the other forsook Dido, and who fell by her hand, as the other deserved to do? His adventures are here told at greater length; but the author has departed from the heroic simplicity of the original.

Billy Taylor (Mr REEVE) a fat apprentice in an advanced stage of his youth, but habited like a boy, is observed by his Mistress (Mrs FITZWILLIAM), from her wooden balcony,

> '——————— walking the streets
> With two improper women'

(for the drama is in blank verse). *Billy* suddenly recollects that he is close to the lady's house, dismisses the two other ladies (who, having robbed him of his watch, beg him not to apologize), and turning to his injured but forgiving fair, commences a scene in the Romeo style, in which he is interrupted by his rival *Carolus* (videlicet, *Charley*, a watchman), who defies him to single combat. They fight to pleasing music, accommodating each other with harmonious blows; and *Carolus* is finally run through the body with *Taylor's bludgeon*, which is passed and re-passed through him several times. *Billy* struts off, conqueror. *Carolus* rises (for death, on these occasions, is always a trifle, not worth detaining a man) and proceeds to raise the Devil, by putting into a cauldron such ingredients as a pawnbroker's ball, the conscience of a Marshalsea attorney, a bad sixpence paid at the door of the Adelphi theatre, &c. The Devil comes up, and turns out to be a lawyer. *Carolus* (Mr O. SMITH by the way, who is generally the devil himself) requests his assistance against *Taylor*. The fiend turns himself into a pretty girl (Miss GLOVER), gets acquainted with *Taylor* at a Finish, and betrays him into the hands of a press-gang, who take him to sea. The watchman, now converted into a police-man, and claiming, in right of his office, the privilege of becoming acquainted with

> '——————— all the inmates of a house
> Particularly the cooks and chambermaids,"

proceeds to throw himself at the feet of *Mary*, *Taylor's* mistress, who rejects him, and resolves to follow her true-love. She accordingly dresses herself like a sailor-boy, and joining the ship's company, observes with anguish her false *Billy* solacing his captivity with the beauty of the she-devil. An engagement takes place between the vessel and a whole fleet, which, by the heroical exertions of *Billy* and his Mistress, are blown up; she discloses herself, and shoots him; the police-man, who has followed her, is followed by the Devil, who has cheated him in a bond he gave him, and comes to claim him at the end of two days instead of six years. *Taylor* then gets up, of course, from so small an overthrow as death, and the piece concludes by putting a cocked hat on the head of the forgiving bride, and making her a lieutenant.

The reader will guess at some of the pleasant touches we spoke of, by those we have quoted. REEVE is as burly, quaint, flustered-looking, and energetic as usual; kicks a hornpipe in good style; sings one or two songs (not good); and gives one of his very best pieces of gusto, where he tells the watchman that his life may be taken, "but his body *never*." At this last sentence he puts himself in warlike attitude, jumps up with his legs apart, and, in order to give the sentiment its proper energy, comes down upon the word in Italics with all his might. But this amusing actor, with all his cleverness, is too apt to confound humour with coarseness; and the writers here seem too anxious to encourage him in his mistake; which is a pity; for there is ample room for burlesque without it, and the audience, by a silence which does them credit, might surely prove to the managers that they would do well to clip the exuberance. We dislike the common cant and mistake about "vulgarity," as much as any one; but for that very reason, we love to see a large and liberal humour divested of what degrades any class of life.

We are sorry the author did not adhere to the simple incidents of the ballad. The piece would have been better for being shorter, and the pithy proceedings of the heroine would have had more justice done them. In the matter of the swords and pistols, for nstance, which she calls for—

> '(Strait she call'd for swords and pistols,
> Brought they was at her command,
> She fell on shooting *Billy Taylor*,
> With his lady in his hand).'

The beautiful improbability of this circumstance (Brought they was at her command) would have told much better in a street, than on board ship. Anybody may call for swords and pistols on board ship, and have them supplied; but to make a demand for them in Holborn or Ratcliffe Highway, and find them immediately put into one's hands by a start of unknown shopmen, is an incident worth keeping in all its truth. ☞

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

TRUE DISPATCH.—Sir Amyas Paulet, when he saw too much haste in any matter, was wont to say, "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner."—*Bacon.*—[This is a paraphrase on the adage *Festina lente*, of which we have a counterpart in the English saying, "Make a little slow haste." It is translated with great brevity in the name of ONSLOW. The Onslow family of baronets have *Festina lente* for a motto.]

ONE OF THOSE MAXIMS OF WHICH IT IS SAID THAT THEY "CANNOT BE TOO OFTEN REPEATED."—A knave will often succeed better, *for a time*, than an honest man. It is in the long run that he fails.—*Irving's Companions of Columbus*.—It may be added, that final success is impossible to a knave, however he may appear to attain it; because he will have spoilt in the process all true relish for enjoyment.]

LORD BACON'S FATHER—THE GENEROUS TURN HE GAVE TO A QUESTION ABOUT TREASON.—The book of deposing King Richard the Second, and the coming in of Henry IV, supposed to be written by Dr Hayer, and who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth; and she asked Mr Bacon, being then of her learned counsel, "Whether there were any treason contained in it?" Mr Bacon, intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the Queen's bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, "No, madam, for treason I cannot deliver opinion that there is any; but very much felony." The Queen apprehending it gladly, asked, "How? and wherein?" Mr Bacon answered, "Because he had stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus."

NATURAL SLUGGISHNESS OF THE PEOPLE TO RIGHT THEMSELVES.—(Patriotism therefore the more desirable.)—That the business of most kingdoms has been ill managed, proceeds from this; it imports the *lower* ranks of men only, and the *people* (whose cries seldom reach the Prince till it is too late, till all is past remedy) that matters should be *frugally* ordered, because Taxes must arise from the sweat of their labour. But the *great* ones who heretofore have had the Princes ear as favour, or who hoped to have him in their possession, were swayed by another sort of interest; they like profusion, as having had a prospect to be gainers by it, they can easily set their account even with the state; a small charge upon their land is more than balanced by a great place or a large pension.—[The correspondent who kindly sends us this, and other seasonable passages, quotes at the end of it, "Daven. ii. 268"—we presume Davenant, the statist.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The kind recommendation of Δ has been anticipated. He will see, before long, his wishes put in execution.

AMELIA has always our best thanks; and must not think ill of us, or of herself, if what she writes does not always happen to suit our pages.

An answer was left for Epsilon, as he desired; but has been returned us, uncalled for. It is again left at the office in Catherine street.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, Lord BYRON's Tragedy of

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs PAUCIT, Ida Stralenheim, Miss PAUCIT.
Werner, Mr MACREADY, Ulric, Mr WALLACK, Gabor, Mr COOPER,
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack, Fritz, Mr Younge, Otto, Mr Cohen,
Henric, Mr Salter, Eric, Mr C. Jones, Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett,
Rodolph, Mr Cooke, Arnheim, Mr Fenton, Meister, Mr Eaton,
Ludwig, Mr Cathie, Herman, Mr S. Jones.

Previous to the Tragedy will be performed, Heinrich Marschner's Overture to "Der Vampyr."

After which,

PERFECTION.

[By Mr BAYLY.]

Kate O'Brien, Mrs WAYLETT, in which she will sing "My own Blue Bell," and "Kate Kearney."
Susan, Mrs ORGER.
Charles Paragon, Mr VINING, Sir Lawrence Paragon, Mr W. BENNETT,
Sam, Mr WEBSTER.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

To-morrow, Rob Roy; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, (4th time) Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON. Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.

After which,

TEDDY THE TILER.

[By Mr G. H. RODWELL.]

Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly, Oriel, Miss Lawrence, Flora, Miss Nelson,
Julia, Mrs Brown. Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans, Henry, Mr Duruset,
Frederick, Mr Baker, Bombardine, Mr Henry, Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour,
Teddy Mulowney, the Tiler, Mr POWER,
Tim, Mr Addison, Stiff, Mr Mears, Apewell, Mr Irwin.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PRAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The following Performers will appear for the First Time in London:—
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. LEPEINTRE, Ainé, du Theâtre du Vaudeville.

This Evening,
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

LA DEMOISELLE A MARIER.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, de MM. SCRIBE et MELESVILLE.
Madame Dumesnil, Mme. Préval. Camille, sa Fille, Mlle. HERMINIE.
M. Dumesnil, M. Cloup. Alphonse de Luceval, Prétendu de Camille, M. Alfred.
Ducoudrai, Ami de M. Dumesnil, M. Gamard. Baptiste, Domestique, M. Guenée.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

JULIEN.

Vaudeville en Deux Actes, de MM. DARTOIS et XAVIER.
1er. ACTE.
Il se passe au Chateau du Baron, avant la Révolution.
Emilie, Fille du Baron, Mlle. St. Ange.
La Comtesse, Grand'maman d'Emilie, Madame Préval.
Fanchette, Villageoise, attachée a Emilie, Mademoiselle HERMINIE.
Le Comte d'Hercourt, M. ST AUBERT.
Le Marquis de Mirval, Futur d Emilie, M. Alfred.
Jacques, Fermier du Baron, Oncle de Julien, M. Laporte.
Julien, Neveu de Jacques, M. DERVAL.
Garou, Jardinier, amoureux de Fanchette, M. Gamard.
2me. ACTE,
Il se passe a Paris, chez le Baron de Stétin, après Vingt-cinq Ans d'entr'acte.
Camille, Fille du Baron, Mademoiselle FLORVAL.
Madame Dufour de Mirval, Mlle. St. Ange.
Fanchette, Femme de Garou, Mademoiselle HERMINIE.
Le Baron de Stetin, M. DERVAL. Jacques Sollié, son Oncle, M. Laporte.
Ernest, jeune Peintre, Fils de Mad. me de Mirval, M. PAULIN.
Garou, ancien Domestique de Madame Dufour, M. Gamard.
Lefleur, Comtois et Champagne, Valets du Baron, MM. Arnaud, Granville et Guenée.

On Finira par la Première Représentation de

LA FAMILLE DE L'APOTHICAIRE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, par MM. DUVERT, DESSERGES et VARIN.
Henriette, Femme de Barnabé, Mademoiselle St. Ange.
Heloïse, Fille de Benoit, Mlle. FLORVAL.
Gertrude, vieille Gouvernante, Madame Baudin.
M. Benoit, Pharmacien, M. Préval. Barnabé, son Neveu, M. Laporte.
Gusman, élove Pharmacien, M. Arnaud.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Burlesque Burletta, called

BILLY TAYLOR.

Mary Wagstaff, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Kitty Sligo, Miss M. GLOVER.
Billy Taylor, Mr J. REEVE.
Carolus, Mr O. Smith. Captain Flatbottom, Mr S. SMITH.
Old Nicholas, Mr Chapman. Ben Blockhead, Mr Sanders.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, a Comic Burletta, to be called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

After which, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

[From M. SCRIBE's "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE LITTLE JOCKEY.

Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "The Boy in yellow wins the day."
Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Maude, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Jocose, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN's, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Manufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young.
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Melodrame, entitled

ZAMOR, THE MEXICAN.

The Music, by Mr Blewitt.
Ora, Miss SOMERVILLE. Joan, Miss VINCENT.
Dame Mabil, Madame SIMON. Robert, Baron Fitzallan, Mr GOUGH.
Henry Fitzallan, Nicol Colbrande, Blid, and Broadland, Mr H. KEMBLE.
Zamor, Mr OSBALDISTON. Edmund Erpingham, Mr C. HILL.
Martin Walbourn, Mr DIBDIN PITT. Peter Poundtext, Mr Webb.
Abel Lackbrain, Mr Asbury. Walter Altringham, Mr VALE.
Ralph Perkyn, Mr Rogers. Monk, Mr Young.
Raymond and Hubert, Messrs. Hobbs and Tully.

After which, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].

The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

To conclude with, an entirely new Drama, entitled

NANCY OF PORTSMOUTH.

Nancy Bloomfield, Miss SOMERVILLE, The Widow Crabjuice, Mad. SIMON.
Constantia, Miss Jordan, Kitty Bustle, Miss Vincent, in which she will sing a Parody on "Cherry Ripe," Old Margery, Mrs Rogers,
Becky Sims, Miss Rummens. Sir Edward Gayton, Mr Gough,
Frederick Gayton, Mr Edwin, Captain Splashaway, Mr Hicks,
Joe Barton, Mr C. Hill, Fiery Ned, Mr D. Pitt, Tim Tipple, Mr VALE,
Bounce, Mr Rogers, Capt. Friendly, Mr Lee, Tapwell, Mr Hobbs,
Jemmy Gonimble, Madlle. Rosier, Long Bill, Mr Almar, Short Bill, Mr Webb.

COBURG THEATRE. — Wat Tyler and Jack Straw—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—A Deed of Blood.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.—Golden Pippin.

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No. 121.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Letter I, to Lord Viscount Althorpe, on the Ruinous Consequence of the Oligarchical System of Government. By J. V. 8vo. pp. 33. Ridgway.

We regard this pamphlet not only as a sensible production, but as a striking sign of the times. Its main object is one of great importance, hitherto little noticed, but which will force itself into notice more and more every day; and which arises out of a natural impatience of a people in a rapidly increasing state of knowledge, to be governed either in great or small matters, by a privileged few. In other words, thousands of Englishmen feel themselves better qualified to direct the nation, by dint of the sincerity which they unite with their intelligence, and the necessity there is for both, than men whose corrupt interests polute and neutralize what honesty they possess, who are no wiser by nature than the others, and not half so wise by zeal for the common good.

We do not agree with every one of the author's positions. We are surprised indeed at one or two of them which are plainly refuted on his own showing. He describes England, for example, as "the country that enjoys at this moment more intelligence, zeal and energy in its inhabitants, than can elsewhere be found;" but how can he say this, when he argues that the public voice has nowhere an opportunity of expressing itself? and that "cities and boroughs are generally ruled by a knot of self-elected rotten magistrates, sold to some aristocrat for court patronage?" On the same grounds, how does he make out that the House of Peers is "wisely hereditary?" We do not say whether it is so or not; though we have an admirable pamphlet by the side of us, by Mr Bentham, which we suspect will settle that question with many who doubt it at present. But what is there in the pamphlet before us, the express purpose of which is to show us the ruinous consequence of an oligarchical system of government, to prove that the House of Peers is "wisely hereditary?" The author says in his very next sentence, that the House of Peers nominates a majority of the House of Commons: and every page goes to prove that the undeserving few rule and misrule at the expence of the many, solely upon the ground of their having continued to do so. Now, what sort of wisdom of inheritance is this? If the sentence is a mere tub to the hereditary whale, thrown out to conciliate, we think it is high time for all intelligent men to put an end to these insincerities. They are but poor weapons for parrying hostility, and should be left to those who are in the habit of paying a cause the ill-compliment of thinking it needs them. State tricks should be left to the State. The cause of mankind is not to be argued in a barrister's gown, but without disguises and mummeries of any sort.

We gladly turn from these little defects in the pamphlet, to make some extracts from it, which we think highly deserving attention. If we do not agree with the author in thinking that Englishmen, just now, are more intelligent, zealous, and energetic than the inhabitants of any other country, we believe that there is a great desire among them to recover their reputation to that effect, and quite enough power to do all that the author wishes, if they set heartily about it. Nor is there any symptom of their wish to do so, that we hail with more pleasure than a pamphlet of this nature, and those inquiries, lately set on foot, into Select Vestries. The man that first inquired into the merits of select vestries, was doing more harm to the "select" of all conditions than he was aware of.

'It is but too well known,' says our author, 'that from the administration of Sir Robert Walpole until that of the Duke of Wellington, the measures of government, with all their jobs, have been carried through by a majority of the House of Commons, which majority was obtained by dealing out the government patronage to boroughmongers and others holding seats in the House. The tremendous profusion and profligate expenditure of Pitt's administration, enabled that minister, and those of his school who succeeded, to command more ample and devoted majorities than had ever been known before: but these were acquired by running the nation into debts and difficulties, and by forestalling the patronage of future administrations; and thus the system, which worked so long and so well for those who had a voice in the management of affairs, but so ill for the nation at large, has fairly worked itself to an end, and the utmost patronage now left to government is unable to purchase a majority in the House of Commons, and administrations must now be constrained to throw themselves and measures for support on the feeling and opinion of the public; and justice will be at last redeemed by there remaining no longer interests to contend against it; matters have been at the same time drawing fast to a head in another quarter. The middle and lower classes of the people had become too enlightened on the management of public affairs not to see with disgust the perversion of general interests to particular ones, and the baneful effects of the monopoly of power by the landowners, by which they had been enabled, in a great lapse of time, to build up an artful system of policy for their own immediate benefit; but tending to the slavery, the demoralization, and the misery of the poor, with whom, evil has increased to a degree full of alarm and danger to the monopolists themselves. These two causes, originating in such opposite points, and proceeding from such different classes of people, have met, as extremes generally do when things get to the worst.'—P. 2.

'*Laissons nous à faire*, was the answer of the French merchants to Louis XIV, when he desired to legislate for their interests, and that is the motto and the remedy I propose for all our evils. Let the people manage their own affairs; that is, let them be everywhere fairly and freely represented. From the aristocrats we have had thousands of acts of parliament, *mostly tending to make a plain question a confused one, to create a dozen mischiefs in stopping one, to make a worse appear a better reason, to prefer a bad precedent to a good argument*, to shield and uphold a false system of over-legislation and vexation; *for as one lie requires many, so does one unjust political act require many*. But enough of them: let us now try our hands. The King and the House of Peers are hereditary: so let them be. But the House of Commons, in the true spirit of our constitution, and in common sense and common honesty, is the patrimony of the people. Let us begin there to enjoy a free representation of the people! Let every man have a voice who has a stake in the welfare of his country, as the first step in our political redemption! *Next let the counties, cities, boroughs, hundreds, and parishes be thrown open to the management of those freely elected by the people.* Thus and thus only can we expect to find a force sufficiently wide and grasping to emancipate us from our burthens and wrongs; and from such a new order of things fairly developed, should I expect to see the British empire rise from its fallen state, and shake off its weakness and distress, as a lion shakes the dew from his mane. Questions of great national import would then stand on their naked merits, disencumbered of the difficulties thrown in by chicanery through interested motives, and all the talent and zeal of the nation would be embarked in the public direction of affairs through every grade of the state and the communities.

* * * * *

'At the present moment, the public mind looks too intensely to a reformation of parliament as a cure for all our evils. If this delusion prevails, disappointment must ensue: it is, indeed, the FIRST IN ORDER, *but not in importance*. It is in the provinces and parishes, with which our interests are most nearly allied, that we must look for the voice of the people producing its principal effect. We desire to live in a well-ordered town, but still more so in a well-ordered street, and most of all in a well-ordered house. Of what advantage to us is a voice in parliament, if deprived of one in our county and parish? It is in the details of the management that improvements must take place to produce great effects: there we must recover our influence, and there exercise our vigilance.

* * * * * * *

'This directly leads me to treat of another class of evils, that have materially assisted in the misrule and consequent distress of the country. I allude to the state of the *system of divisions and subdivisions of the empire*, of which it is impossible to speak, except as that of a mass of confusion, tending, instead of facilitating good management, to place difficulties in the way of every kind of management.

'Our very renowned king and lawgiver, Alfred of sacred memory, about the year 890, divided his kingdom into shires, hundreds, tithings, &c., creating a regular series of divisions, by which his code of laws found an easy and effectual administration. But it is now nearly one thousand years since that wise prince

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formed his code of laws, and founded the divisions of his empire. The first was, in a great measure, upset by William the First. But the divisions still remain, though no longer on the equable and useful plan of the founder: many alterations have been made since his time, to meet private purposes, but defeating public utility. In Henry the Second's time, Rutlandshire was taken out of Northamptonshire, and the boundaries of others have been varied, and parts of one county consigned to another; so that many of the faults and irregularities of the present system are not due to Alfred, but have been introduced since his time to meet selfish ends.

'No man who has paid attention to the administration and application of laws, and all those other regulations necessary to internal management and order, can have failed to perceive that nothing but a well-combined system of divisions can give due effect to these. It is to such a precise system that the modern armies of Europe maintain their discipline and order and facility of management, and, consequently, superiority; and I contend, that it is to the want of such a system in the British empire, that we owe much of our weakness and distress; for under the existing state of divisions, so varied in the size of the county and parish, that they are the same but in name, and would require separate enactments for the good government of each individual community. What is a parish in London? *Some of the large ones contain nearly* 100,000 *inhabitants; while in the same city there are one hundred parishes, the total amount of the inhabitants of which do not exceed* 100,000. Here we have one equal to one hundred, and one hundred equal to one, in the self-same city. I may ask, would no advantage arise from equalising and defining these communities? *Does not clerical patronage stand in the way?* And does not that patronage, continued for the interests of a few, stand successfully opposed to the interests of the many? *Let but the London parishes be remodified and restricted to a population of about one thousand souls, and there will be an end to parish jobbing and select vestries, &c.*

'It would not answer to make frequent changes in the divisions of the state; better to suffer some inconvenience from inequality of population than to be changing too often. But as one thousand years have now passed since a remodification has taken place, it cannot be deemed a too early or frequent reformation, if now carried into effect. Amongst the numerous evils of the first French Revolution, France obtained some important benefits, and one of the greatest was a new system of divisions, which ensured an efficacious and faithful application of the new laws and institutions of the empire; and indeed without which they could not have been framed: and such must also be the case in Britain, if any important improvement in the interior economy of the empire is ever permitted to take place.

'The following facts are selected from the population return of 1821, to show the state of disorder and irregularity into which the present system of divisions has fallen.

'England, Scotland, and Wales, contain eighty-four counties, of which, the three most populous contain an average of 1,146,200 inhabitants, and of which the three least populous contain an average of 7,500 inhabitants; that is, the average population of the three highest is one hundred and fifty-three times greater than the average of the three lowest.

'The average population of all the counties is 170,878; so that the county of York is seven times greater than the average, and the county of Selkirk is twenty-five times less than the average.

'England, Scotland, and Wales, contain 11,641 parishes, of these Norfolk has five parishes with an average population of only 14½ souls, and Middlesex has five parishes with an average population of 62,343, being four thousand two hundred and seventy times more than the average of the five smallest in Norfolk.

'The average population of all the parishes in Great Britain is 1,233, so that the most populous parish, Marylebone, is seventy-eight times greater than the average, and the five small Norfolk parishes are eighty times less than the average.

'*There are twenty-four counties with a population under* 50,000, *and there are about a dozen parishes with a population above it.*

'*A county is therefore a community containing from* 6,800 *souls to* 1,197,100; *and a parish is a community containing from* 10 *souls to* 96,040; *and a parish, which ought to be a subdivision of a county, may contain a population fourteen times greater.*'

The author adds, that

'In Norfolk, which consists of seven hundred and twenty-two parishes, about 30,000*l.* a-year is spent in litigation between them, for which there could neither be a pretext or necessity, if a well-defined chain of relations had existed between the parishes and counties.'

At page 12 is a long passage from Lord Byron's 'Age of Bronze,' remarkable for resembling the prosaic homeliness of De Foe's verses, as well as breathing his love of freedom; when it is well known, that there was no greater aristocrat than his Lordship, nor one who cared less for the people, except where he thought he could use their cause as a weapon of offence or a help to notoriety. He was one of those who adopt a popular side of politics, not out of sympathy with the many, but rivalry of the few;—a common mistake with proud men, and a rock on which, sooner or later, their reputation is sure to split.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Werner.—Perfection.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio.—Teddy the Tiler.—And the Pantomime.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

WE have been much pleased and interested with a little piece we saw here last night, called *The Lost Son*. There is an amiable domesticity about it, which before the late French Revolution would have induced us to think it taken from the German; for though we always thought that enough justice was not done to the social virtues of the French, yet the predominance of wit and raillery in their literature had not left us free from prejudice on that head; while, on the other hand, the enthusiasm of the German poets, and the pretty household pictures so common in the novels of Augustus La Fontaine, had induced us to people half Germany with the most loveable of young women. And we have great faith still in those novels and the pictures they paint; but after the late noble Revolution in France, there is not a virtue nor a charm under the sun for which we could not give credit to the French nation, particularly the younger part of it.—After all, there is nothing particularly virtuous in the piece before us; but it has a character of domestic simplicity and single-heartedness, not commonly to be found in the gay burlettas of our lively neighbours; and the novelty pleased us, as well as the matter.

Madame Sainville (Mrs KNIGHT) has a son (Mr BROUGHAM) who is an officer serving in Russia, and whom by some chance, of which we did not catch the elucidation, she has not seen since he was a child. At least, we presume so, for otherwise the subsequent events become unaccountable. We remember there was something said by the sister (Miss FOOTE) about not having seen him a great while; but though we saw the whole piece, we do not recollect the explanation of the mother's ignorance of his features This ignorance, however, is absolutely necessary to the story, and therefore we conclude it is accounted for, though we did not happen to hear it.—Well: *Madame Sainville* and her daughter expect every day to hear from her son, perhaps to see him. Madame is in bad health, which is not the better for her son's long absence; and in her anxiety for her child's welfare, she has found her a suitor, more lively than agreeable, in the person of the *Baron de Neirstein* (Mr COOPER) a fantastic gentleman in a large embroidered coat. A young officer (Mr RAYMOND) suddenly makes his appearance before this gentleman, (who haunts the house of his proposed mother-in-law) and requests to be shewn to the lady. The Baron refuses, on the groundof her ill health, till he understands that the stranger comes from Russia; upon which he darts off, in order to indulge his volatility and self-importance with being the first to announce the arrival of the long expected son,—which the stranger is not. *Madame* and *Mademoiselle Sainville* come rejoicing in, and embrace the young officer as son and brother; who, for his part, finds himself in a cruel state of perplexity. Charmed with the daughter, and not having the heart to undeceive the mother by telling her that her son is drowned (which he thinks him) he gives into the delusion: and here ensues the most amusing portion of the piece, which consists in what would be so much love-making on the part of the poor girl, if she did not think the young officer her brother. She rejoices in having such a brother, praises his handsomeness and his eyes, expresses to him her wonder that he does not embrace her, and to crown all, whispers into his fraternal ear, while the mother is sleeping, that she has no inclination for the proposed match with the Baron, her heart having been forestalled in a very singular manner by the praises which her brother's letters from Russia lavished on a certain *Eugene de Nerseuil*, a brother officer, who saved his life; that is to say, the man himself who stands before her. *Eugene* is delighted, but becomes full of uneasiness at his involuntary deception, dreading the effect which the disclosure will make on the mother's health, and which every moment nevertheless renders more necessary.

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Meanwhile the attentions of the unconscious *Leontine* (for such is her name) continue, and give rise to some amusing passages. At length, the disclosure is forced open upon all but the mother, by the arrival of *Henriette*, niece to *Madame* (Miss Nursey) who is the promised wife of the absent son, and must have been personally acquainted with him, for she knew him by sight, and therefore sees that the officer before her is not the man. The Baron, who happens to be present at this discovery, threatens to go and tell the sick lady, and is with difficulty prevailed upon not to do so. *Leontine* is now in a sad dilemma, on her side, and threatens to be angry with her new suitor for ever, for palming himself upon them for her brother (an accusation, by the by, hardly compatible with the innocence and kindliness of her nature). The mother, at this juncture, comes in, and after wondering what could have happened to make them all look so grave, gives her daughter a chain of the latter's hair, which she had been plaiting on purpose, and orders her to put it round her 'brother's' neck. She does it, with a very ill grace. Madame then tells the 'brother' to give his sister a kiss for it, which causes a new perplexity. In a word, the moment for the disclosure has now inevitably come, and the whole party are wondering how it can take place, when the *Doctor* (Mr W. Vining) who is always coming backwards and forwards to feel Madame's pulse, and who had been summoned to attend a stranger, makes his appearance, and gradually gives his patient to understand, that the officer before her is *not* her son, and that the stranger *is*; his life having been miraculously preserved, after his friend thought him gone. Due preparation having thus been made for the shock, the stranger (Mr Brougham) enters, embraces his mother and sister, gives the hand of the latter to his friend; and the curtain drops.

There is something extremely tranquil, natural, and home-like in the conduct of this little piece throughout; and it is acted in a manner highly creditable to the performers. Mrs Knight, in the mother, behaved very much as a lady under her circumstances would; took to her arm-chair in a very gentlewomanly, *unfussy* manner; and rallied her daughter and supposed son on their *gaucherie* in a style of affectionate pleasantry. Mr W. Vining is a good, gossipping, pulse-feeling, never-ending village doctor, as fussy as the lady is the reverse; and Miss Foote makes an excellent daughter and "good girl," as attentive as can be to the good mamma, and with enough heart in her to overflow at a minute's notice towards the gallant stranger, whom she takes for her brother, and to whom she confides the dreams of her love. And the others act very reasonably, especially Mr Cooper in the *Baron*. We would recommend Mr Raymond to return the embraces of the two ladies a little less remotely, while he is about it: and when the real son makes his appearance, surely there ought to be much more embracing than there is.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Pleasing Quartett.—Alphonso of Arragon said, that he was greatly pleased with four things, viz. dry wood for firing, wine of a year old for drinking, an old friend for conversation, and an old book for reading.—[This quartett, we fear, is old; but so are many of Mozart's, which we are yet pleased to "have again."]

Religious Unity.—There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.—*Pope.* [It might be added, that the same thing only is wanted, to make mankind of one opinion in politics.]

The Comet.—The presence of the comet in the constellation Ophineus, brings to memory the fine lines of Milton, describing the combat between Death and Satan:—

> So spake the grisly Terrour, and in shape,
> So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
> More dreadful and deformed. On the other side,
> Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
> Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
> That fires the length of Ophineus huge
> In the arctick sky, and from his horrid hair,
> Shakes pestilence and war.

Alas! it is now understood that comets have had much injured reputations; and that wars have been shaken out of the horrid wigs of the old gentlemen who have hitherto undertaken to rule this earth.

Tutors in Nubibus.—Happy those princes, who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction; who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their Royal pupils the real virtue of fame; who are ever showing the superior dignity of man to that of Royalty; that a peasant who does his duty is a nobler character than a king of even middling reputation.—*Goldsmith.*—[But where are these happy princes and fine tutors?]

Capacity for Friendship.—We may often exercise a choice as to who shall be our companions, but we have little control over the circumstances out of which friendship grows; and, therefore, instances of its successful formation, though delightful to hear of, can seldom be held forth for imitation. Yet the experienced may do well to warn the warm-hearted and confiding not to rely implicitly on any man, however kind and generous may be his present conduct, if he do not possess, besides a naturally amiable disposition, a conscience regulated by principle, and an understanding clear of discernment, and too strong to be swayed by the opinions of a multitude, or,—what is not less influential on the weak-minded,—the vicissitudes of fortune.—F. F.

Good in Evil.—There is a class of evils which afflict mankind, which are rightly called imaginary. It is not, however, disputed that their effects are real. What is the remedy? A resolute exercise of the judgment, for the disease has arisen from the improper ascendancy of the imagination. There is a reverse case; the evil is confessedly real, and it is felt but too painfully to be so. The mind, confined as within walls, is conscious of nothing but the present moment. Here the imagination is at fault, and the judgment is a sufferer by its undue depression. Otherwise, it would be remembered that troubles no less than pleasures are transitory; that at some future time, when altered circumstances shall have left no trace of present annoyances, the latter shall be reflected on, even with a sort of pleasure such as the traveller feels when he thinks of his hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures. Is it not strange that admitting, as men do, the uses of adversity, and conscious as they are that their past troubles have yielded them good fruit subsequently, cannot so project themselves into futurity as to be able to snatch from thence somethiug of that reversionary interest which, by the same rule, may be expected to result from their actual evils!—F. F.—[To the "resolute exercise of the judgment," so properly recommended by our correspondent, we would add a resolute exercise of the legs; to wit, bodily exercise in general. When the mind overbalances the body, it is the body that must restore the equilibrium.]

The Charms of Royalty.—Ungeronaumeth, the eldest son of Usumcassan, King of Persia, being impatient to ascend the throne, conspired against his father. The monarch was so much beloved by his subjects, that not one of them seconded the evil designs of the prince; who, finding himself unsupported, and dreading his father's resentment, secretly escaped from Persia, and took refuge in the Court of Mahomed the Second, with whom Usumcassan was at war. The King, irritated at his son's conduct, meditated revenge. To effect it, he feigned himself sick, had the gates of his palace all shut, and a report given out, soon after, that he was dead. The news quickly arrived at the Court of Constantinople, where the prince resided, who, pursuaded of the truth of what he heard, made all possible haste to take possession of the Kingdom of Persia. Usumcassan had his spies, who soon gave advice of his son's arrival. He ordered him to be received with great marks of joy and respect, and that, leaving him still in the dark, they should bring him into the palace, as if to assist at the funeral obsequies of the King his father. The poor prince, imposed upon by those about him, who appeared all in mourning, suffered himself to be conducted into the Palace Royal: but, how was he surprised when he saw the King himself sitting on his throne! His reception was such as he deserved. After reproaching him with his crime, Usumcassan had him locked up in prison, where within a few days he was strangled. Usumcassan died, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, a short time after the death of his son. Jacobus, or Yacubeck, his second son, succeeded him. This prince had a treacherous wife, who, being in love with a Persian lord, resolved to poison her husband, and advance her lover to the throne. For this purpose, she prepared a subtle poison, which she put into a liquor that she gave the King at his coming out of the bath. The king mistrusted her fidelity, and observing her countenance to turn pale at the instant, declared that he would not drink, unless after her. The Queen seeing her death inevitable, did not long hesitate. The poison seemed the easiest way: she still hoped the King would follow her example; and it was no small matter with a woman of her character, that she could have the consolation of destroying her husband with herself. She took the draught, and swallowed a part of it. The King, no longer apprehending danger, took also a reasonable dose, and gave the rest to his eldest son, a child about eight years old. They were all three found the next morning dead in their beds.—*History of Thomas Kouli Khan.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A "Reader and Admirer" is informed, that an article on the subject he speaks of, will appear at the beginning of the week.

Subscribers are informed, that some of the numbers of the present year which were out of print, have been reprinted, and complete sets from the commencement, may now be had of the Publisher.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—Winter.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—Summer.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Burlesque Burletta, called

BILLY TAYLOR.

Mary Wagstaff, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Kitty Sligo, Miss M. GLOVER.
Billy Taylor, Mr J. REEVE.
Carolus, Mr O. Smith. Captain Flatbottom, Mr S. SMITH.
Old Nicholas, Mr Chapman. Ben Blockhead, Mr Sanders.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr Buckstone].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.

Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, a Comic Burletta, to be called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

After which, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

[From M. Scribe's "Baiser au Porteur."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Derville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE LITTLE JOCKEY.

Arinette, Miss FOOTE, in which she will sing, "The Boy in yellow wins the day,"
Clotilda, Miss Nursey, Mause, Miss Kibrey.
The Baron D'Acourt, Mr W. VINING,
De Limburg, Mr Paget, Floriville, by a Gentleman, Joocse, Mr Collier,
Denis, Mr W. Young, Pierre, Mr Brown.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of Colman's, by Mr Planche and Mr C. Dance.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, a new Nautico-Domestic Drama, entitled

ROVER'S BRIDE.

[By Mr George Almar.]

Act. I.—Winter.

Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella Manners, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Dame Bellerton, Miss NICOL. Nancy Blackberry, Miss ELLIS.
Lawrence Glennon, Mr DIBDIN PITT.
Miles Bellerton, Mr C. HILL. Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE.
Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honor. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.

[Between the First and Second Acts a lapse of Five Years is supposed to take place.]

Act II.—Summer.

Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Mary Blackberry, Miss RUMENS. Kitty Spiteful, Mrs ROGERS.
Captain Glennon, Mr DIBDIN PITT.
Barbelot, Mr Jones. Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honor.
Culverdine and Avery, Mr Ransford and Mr Lee.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.
Bluff Laconic, Mr C. Hill.
Master Marmaduke Magog, Jun. Master Carberry.

After which, a new Drama, entitled

BARON TRENCK.

[By Mr Osbaldiston.]

Victorine, Miss SOMERVILLE. Countess of Hulsdorff, Madame Simon.
Countess of Lewemberg, Miss Rumens.
The Count of Linsdonn, Mr Gough. Augustus, Mr Edwin.
Major Muffledori, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Frederick Baron de Trenck, Mr OSBALDISTON.
Boltzheim, Mr Almar. François Passentromp, (with a Comic Song) Mr C. Hill.

To conclude with, an entirely new Melodrama, entitled

ZAMOR, THE MEXICAN.

The Music, by Mr Blewitt.

Ora, Miss SOMERVILLE. Joan, Miss VINCENT.
Dame Mabil, Madame SIMON. Robert, Baron Fitzallan, Mr GOUGH.
Henry Fitzallan, Nicol Colorande, Blid, and Broadland, Mr H. KEMBLE.
Zamor, Mr OSBALDISTON. Edmund Erpingham, Mr C. HILL.
Martin Walbourn, Mr DIBDIN PITT. Peter Poundtext, Mr Webb.
Abel Lackbrain, Mr Asbury. Walter Altringham, Mr VALE.
Ralph Perkyn, Mr Rogers. Monk, Mr Young.
Raymond and Hubert, Messrs. Hobbs and Tully.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Opera of

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

[Adapted by Mr Pocock.]

Diana Vernon, Miss PEARSON, in which she will introduce,
The Song—"He's what they ca' a Bonnie Lad."
Katty, Miss BRUCE. Mattie, Mrs CRAWFORD. Helen Macgregor, Mrs FAUCIT.
Sir Frederick Vernon, Mr Younge. Rasleigh Osbaldistone, W. H. Wallack.
Francis Osbaldistone, Mr SINCLAIR, who will sing,
"My Love is like the red red Rose;" "Auld Lang Syne;" "Hey! the bonnie Breast Knots;" and the Duet, "Tho' I leave thee now in sorrow," with Miss PEARSON.
Owen, Mr. W. Bennett. Captain Thornton, Mr Thompson.
Dougal, Mr Webster. Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, Mr MACREADY.
Major Galbraith, Mr Bedford.
M'Stuart, Mr Yarnold. Jobson, Mr Salter. Andrew, Mr Hughes.
Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Mr LISTON.

Previous to the Opera, will be performed the Overture to "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," (adapted chiefly from Scottish Airs.)

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. Barrymore.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands

On Monday, William Tell; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY,

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr Farley.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr Peake.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

On Monday, Fazio; and the Pantomime.

Coburg Theatre.—What Tyler and Jack Straw—Harlequin Silver Penny.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—A Deed of Blood.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.—Golden Pippin.

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Nº. 122.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 24, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

AN accident prevents us today from making our usual remarks upon the books we notice; we must content ourselves, therefore, with a few extracts. The first, which is taken from a new pamphlet written by the greatest jurist of the age, and one of the most enlightened and virtuous men that ever lived, casts a heavy additional shade on the memory of a prince who was cried up in his time as the "best of kings," and whose best excuse for being one of the most pernicious, was, that he was subject to an unhappy malady, which ought to have prevented him from being king at all.

Jeremy Bentham to his Fellow-Citizens of France, on Houses of Peers and Senates. 8vo. pp. 45. Heward.

'MR BENTHAM'S ACCOUNT OF GEORGE III.—The commencement of his reign was distinguished by the endeavours of many years to ruin a man for an indecorous word: this endeavour ended in making the man's fortune.

'His income was somewhat less than that of your Charles the Tenth: it did not satisfy him.

'In the course of that same reign, nine different bankruptcies did he commit. Nine different times did he make those Lords and Commons of his pay those debts which he had contracted without their consent. So at least it was said in that same House of Commons, and no contradiction given to it.

'As often as a tax was imposed upon all other incomes, those of all other functionaries included, he caused his own to be exempted from it.

'At his instigation, a King of Sweden afflicted Russia with a war as completely unprovoked as any that is to be found in history. To feed this war he laboured to plunge into it his own country:—he failed; and my latest breath will be cheered with the thoughts of my having been the author of that failure.

'He shared with my virtuous but misled friend, Brissot, the authorship of your Revolutionary war, with the debt under which we are everywhere still groaning.

'When war was made by England upon Spain (it would be foreign to the subject to enquire upon what grounds) he caused it to be begun in a piratical manner; and of this manner seventeen millions sterling, placed at his private disposal, was the fruit,—the faith of Parliament,—his own, with that of his Lords and Commons,—being thus broken, to the injury of the men, at the price of whose blood the booty had been earned,—the work of blood and plunder being begun by surprise—no declaration of war made, if at all, till this booty had been secured.

'If—with Peers, and nominees of Peers, for instruments of his *goodness*—such a king was the *best of kings*,—what think you of an *average* one?'

The Scientific Gazette: a Record of Discoveries and Improvements in Science, the Liberal and Fine Arts, Manufactures, Agriculture, Commerce, and Natural History; with proceedings of Scientific Societies. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. 8vo. (A new weekly publication.) Griffiths.

CASES OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—"Monsieur Bonureau, curé of Piergeur, near Dol,' says M. Le Cat, "wrote to me the following letter, dated February 22, 1749:"—

'Allow me to communicate to you a fact which took place here about a fortnight ago. Madame de Boiscon, about 80 years of age, extremely meagre, who had drunk nothing but spirits for several years, was sitting in her chair before the fire while her waiting-maid went out of the room for some moments. On her return, seeing her mistress on fire, she immediately gave an alarm; and some people having come to her assistance, one of them endeavoured to extinguish the flames with his hand, but they adhered to it, as if it had been dipped in brandy or oil on fire. Water was brought, and thrown on the body in abundance, yet the fire appeared more violent, and was not extinguished till the whole flesh had been consumed. Her skeleton, exceedingly black, remained entire in the chair, which was only a little scorched; one leg only and two hands detached themselves from the rest of the bones. It is not known whether the clothes had caught fire by approaching the grate. The lady was in the same place in which she sat every day; there was no extraordinary fire, and she had not fallen.—What makes me suspect that the use of spirits might have produced this, is, that I have been assured, that at the gate of Dinan an accident of the like kind happened to another woman under similar circumstances.

'The 'Journal de Medicine,' vol. 59, p. 440, contains an account of a similar case related by M. Muraire, a surgeon, as occurring at the town of Aix, in Provence. In the month of Feb, 1779, Mary Jauffret, widow of Nicholas Gravier, shoemaker, of a small size, exceedingly corpulent, and addicted to drinking, having been burnt in her apartment, M. Rocass, my colleague, who was commissioned to make a report on the state of her body, found only a mass of ashes and a few bones, calcined in such a manner, that at the least pressure they crumbled into dust. The bones of the cranium, one hand, and a foot, had, in some measure, resisted the action of the fire. Near these remains stood a table untouched, and under the table a small stove, the grating of which having been long burnt, afforded an aperture, through which it is probable the fire, which occasioned the melancholy accident, had been communicated: one chair which stood near the flames had the seat and fore feet burnt. In other respects there was no appearance of fire either in the chimney or the apartment; so that, except the fore part of the chair, it appears to me that no other combustible matter contributed to this speedy incineration, which was effected in the space of seven or eight hours.

'The other case contained in the 'Journal de Medicine,' occurred at Caen, and is thus related by M. Merille, a surgeon of that place. Being requested, on the 3rd of June 1782, by the King's officers, to draw up a report of the state in which I found Mdlle. de Thuars, who was said to have been burnt, I made the following observations:—The body lay with the crown of the head resting on one of the irons, at the distance of eighteen inches from the fire; the remainder of the body was placed obliquely before the chimney, the whole being nothing but a mass of ashes. Even the most solid bones had lost their form and consistence; none of them could be distinguished except the coronal, the two parietal bones, the two lumber vertebræ, and a portion of the tibia; and these even were so calcined, that they became dust by the least pressure. The right foot was found entire, and scorched at its upper junction; the left was more burnt. The day had been cold, but there was nothing in the grate except a few pieces of wood, about an inch in diameter, burnt in the middle; none of the furniture in the apartment was damaged. The chair, on which Mdlle. Thuars had been sitting, was found at the distance of a foot from her, and absolutely untouched. This lady was exceedingly corpulent; she was about sixty years of age, and much addicted to spirituous liquors; the day of her death she had drunk about three bottles of wine and *one bottle* of brandy, and the consumption of her body had taken place in less than seven hours.

'The town of Caen affords several similar instances, and M. Boufet, a physician of Argentan, author of a work on intermittent fevers, relates one of a female, who had only the extremities of her body spared.

'The case which we shall now relate was attended with circumstances of peculiar interest, because the unhappy man survived the accident some time, and gave an account of the various circumstances by which it was preceded and followed. The case was published in one of the journals of Florence for October 1776, by M. Battaglia, the surgeon who attended the unfortunate sufferer.—Gio. Maria Bertholi, resident priest at Monte Volente, went on business to a neighbouring fair; and having spent the day in walking about the country, arrived in the evening at Jernielle, intending to sleep at the house of his brother-in-law. He was immediately on his arrival, at his own request, conducted to his chamber, when he had a handkerchief placed between his shirt and shoulders, and immediately commenced his devotions. Scarcely a few minutes had elapsed when an uncommon noise, attended with cries, was heard issuing from his apartment. The people of the house were alarmed, and rushing in, found the priest stretched out upon the floor, and surrounded by a light flame, which receded as they approached, and ultimately vanished. He was immediately placed in bed, and on the following morning visited by the surgeon, who, on examination, found the skin of the right arm and fore-arm detached from the muscles, and hanging loose. From the shoulders to the thighs the integuments were similarly injured. These detached portions of skin having been altogether removed, and mortification being perceived on the right hand, which had suffered most severely, the parts were scarified. Notwithstanding this precaution, it had fallen the next day into a state of gangrene. On the third day, all the other scorched parts were discovered to have degenerated into the same condition. The unhappy man complained of unquenchable thirst, and was horribly convulsed; the discharges

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from his mouth were putrid and bilious, and his strength was exhausted by continual vomitings, accompanied with delirium and a burning fever. After lying two hours in a state of insensibility, he expired on the fourth day. While he lay in this lethargic sleep, his attendant observed with astonishment that putrefaction had made considerable progress, so that the body exhaled an intolerable odour; worms crawled from it on the bed, and the nails were spontaneously detached from the fingers of the left hand. This unfortunate man informed the surgeon, that first of all he had felt a blow, like that inflicted by a cudgel, upon the right arm; and that at the same time he saw a light blue flame attach itself to his shirt, which was instantly reduced to ashes, yet his wristbands at the same time remained untouched. The handkerchief across his shoulders remained untouched. His drawers and breeches had equally escaped, but his cap was entirely consumed, although not a hair of his head had suffered by the flame. All the symptoms of the disease were those of a severe burn. The night of the accident was calm, and the atmosphere very clear; no empyreumatic smell, nor appearance of smoke, was perceived in the chamber; but the lamp, before full of oil, was become dry, and its wick reduced to a cinder.'

The Mayor of Garratt, a Comedy. By Samuel Foote, with an Historical Account of the Mock Election. Illustrated with Designs, by R. Seymour; Engraved by Nesbit, Slader, Welch, and Johnson. 18mo. pp. 45. Miller.

Extract from the History of the Mock Election, with an account of the most illustrious Member of Parliament of Garratt.

'Manning and Brav, in their History of Surrey, 1826, say, "that the Hamlet of Garratt is on the road from Wandsworth to Tooting. About two centuries ago, it appears to have been a single house, called the *Garvett*: this house was pulled down about fifty years ago. Garratt now contains about fifty houses. This used to be, for many years, the scene of the celebrated *mock election*."

'Foote's "Mayor of Garratt" may be deemed a faithful epitome of the prevailing ludicrous manners observed by the populace at Wandsworth, during the farcical election. This dramatist sketched so much from the life, that it is doubtful whether every marked character in this comedy had not its living original.* It is well-known, that he drew *Major Sturgeon* from old Justice Lamb, a fishmonger at Acton, and a petty trading Justice, whose daughter was married to Major Fleming, a gentleman also "of the peace," yet every way a more respectable man than his father-in-law.

'The first edition of Foote's "Mayor of Garratt," was printed in 1764, and is called "a comedy in two acts; as is performed at the theatre royal in Drury Lane." On turning to the "dramatis personæ," it will be found, he performed *Major Sturgeon* himself, and, likewise, *Matthew Mug*, in the same piece: Mrs Clive playing *Mrs Sneak*, to Weston's *Jerry Sneak*.

'The truly ridiculous custom of electing a Mayor of Garratt, originated, says Mr Massey, of Wandsworth, "in a party of watermen, belonging to Wandsworth, dining at the Leather Bottle, a public house at Garratt, and, while spending a merry day, being the time of a general election, in the midst of their frolic, they took it into their heads, to choose one of their company a representative of that place; and having gone through the usual ceremonies of an election, as well as the occasion would permit, he was declared duly elected." In the Gentleman's Magazine, July 1781, it says, "several persons who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins to Garratt Lane, had formed a kind of club, not only to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that part of the common, and to prevent others being made for the future. As the members were most of them persons in low circumstances, they agreed at every meeting to contribute some small matter, in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights —When a sufficient sum of money was subscribed, they applied to a very worthy attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers, in the name of the president (or, as they called him, the *Mayor*) of the club. They gained their suit with costs; the encroachments were destroyed; and ever after, the president, who lived many years, was called *The Mayor of Garratt*." This event happening at the time of a general election, the ceremony upon every new parliament, of choosing *out-door* members for the Borough of Garratt, has been, till lately, constantly kept up.

'From this beginning, the mock usage gradually increased; but little account was taken of it till about 1750; Sir John Harper was elected 1777; and in 1781, he was again returned, the burlesque election being conducted with uncommon pomp and magnificence, in the plebeian mode of pageantry. At this election he had six rivals to contend with;—among whom was that formidable opponent, the celebrated Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, who was then unsuccessful. Sir John Harper was by trade a weaver, and qualified, by power of face and speech, and infinite humour, to sustain the burlesque character he assumed. His chief pretensions to represent Garratt was grounded on his reputation, circulated in printed handbills, which described him as a "rectifier of mistakes and blunders." In the year 1785, Sir John Harper vacated his seat by death, when Sir Jeffrey Dunstan again became a candidate for the suffrages of the virtuous and truly independent electors of Garratt, and issued his celebrated address to the electors On the day of election Sir Jeffrey left London in a splendid phaeton, his procession extending a mile in length; and he was triumphantly returned by an immense majority: it was his good fortune to retain his seat for Garratt until the general election 1796, when he was ousted by Sir Harry Dimsdale, a man as much deformed as himself.

'Sir Jeffrey Dunstan was a child of chance—a foundling. He was picked up in the year 1759, at a churchwarden's door in St Dunstan's in the East, and, not being owned, was reared in the workhouse, so as ultimately to attain about two-thirds the usual height of manhood, with knock-knees, and a disproportionately large head. At twelve years old he was bound apprentice, for nine years, to the "trade and mystery" of a green grocer: this period was too long for Jeffrey's soaring ideas of true independence, and having adopted the idea that "time was made for slaves," he broke through servitude, and ran away to Birmingham. During his stay in this "workshop of Europe," his mind gained strength, and he returned to London, in 1776, with his knees and his head knocking together much more than before. He soon afterwards formed a matrimonial alliance, and the fruits of this happy union were two daughters, "Miss Nancy" and "Miss Dinah," who testified their filial politeness, by uniformly calling him "Papa."

'At the persuasion of the Proprietors of the Haymarket, Sir Jeff. reluctantly consented to perform the part of *Doctor Last*. The announcement drew a crowded house; but, notwithstanding infinite tutoring, when the curtain drew up, the heart of our hero failed him, and he blundered on, making nothing of his part, until the hisses of the house at last in kindness dismissed him from the boards.

'At an early period of his life, he too frequently sacrificed at the shrine of "Sir John Barleycorn," and very seldom saw the inside of a pot of beer without going to the bottom of it; indeed, his love for the quart-pot was so great, that after drinking the beer, he sometimes took the liberty of carrying away the pot, which unfortunate propensity got him into many scrapes, and his body suffered imprisonment, as well as severe castigation at the cart's tail round Covent Garden Market. His invincible attachment to "free trade" was go great, that he had four wigs for his armorial bearings, with a quart-pot for his crest.

'What rendered Sir Jeffrey so very conspicuous in the metropolis, was the vending old wigs (which he used to carry in a bag carelessly thrown over his shoulder) and the singularity of his cry. He wore his shirt open, and the collar turned down, exposing his breast. In life, his face was dark and dirty, but when coffined, his skin was remarkably fair and clear. After the toils of the day, Sir Jeffrey would retire to the Horse and Leaping Bar, Bethnal-green, where, in a "regular" manner, he got "regularly" drunk. Here he amused the company by singing the "London Cries," reciting his mock speeches on the corruptions of parliaments, and, placed in an arm chair on the table, nightly afforded sport to a merry company.

'In 1790, this celebrated Member for Garratt exhibited a melancholy instance of a great man whose popularity is worn out. He still carried his sack, but it seemed a part of his identity, rather than an implement of his profession—a badge of past grandeur. His cry of "old wigs" had lost all its charms of eccentricity: his quips were silent too, and his brain was as empty as his sack; he slank, and seemed to decline popular observation. If a few boys followed him, it seemed rather from habit, than any expectation of fun—

> Alas, how changed from HIM,
> The life of humour, and the soul of whim,
> Gallant and gay, on Garrat's hustings proud.

But it is thus the world rewards its favorites in decay!

'We come now to the close of the life of this never-to-be-forgotten Mayor of Garratt. Having called at the Red Lion, (opposite the London Hospital) he was so abundantly supplied with "Hodges's best," that he soon became insensible, and being placed in a wheel-barrow, was carried to the door of his house, situate on the north side of the "Ducking-pond," and there left to perish, for he was found a corpse the next morning. Thus dying, like Alexander the Great and many heroes renowned in historic page—of suffocation from excessive drinking!'

* "Old Jack Jones, the sawyer," who was *Master of the Horse* at the last election, says, he remembers "when Foote, the player, came to Wandsworth, to have a full view of all the goings on." According to his account, the English Aristophanes "paid nine guineas for the fore-room at Surgeon Squire's, facing the church, for himself and friends to sit in, and see the fun."

Effect of Absence on Friendship.—Absence does but hold off a friend, to make one see him the more truly.—*Swift.*

Court Caution Penetrated.—I have know many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice; and this pedantry ariseth from a maxim themselves do not believe, at the same time they practice by it,—that there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.—*Swift.*

Philosophical Diffidence.—Mr Boyle, in the Preface to his Essays, makes an apology for the frequent use of the words "perhaps," "it seems," "'tis not improbable," as implying a diffidence of the justness of his opinions: and this diffidence arose, as he informs us, from repeated observations that what pleased him for a while, was afterwards disgraced by some further or more recent discovery.—*Percival.*

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COMMENCEMENTS OF CONVERSATION WANTED.

DEAR MR TATLER,—The excellence of your tattle upon paper sets one upon making comparisons between its wit, liveliness, and good sense, as well as originality, and the "chartered dullness" of common conversation. This disease, however, is in process of cure by the spirit of intelligence that is abroad; but there is an evil that admits of present remedy, and to you, Sir, as "the Tatler" *par excellence*, I beg leave to apply in this case. Will you be so kind and candid as civilly to tell the town what a community of dumbness and distrust it is? and that all those who "stand mute," when proper occasion allows them liberty of speech, will henceforth be deemed ciphers? The quiescent state is rarely a refuge for blatant absurdity or garrulous meaning; asses commonly bray, and *bores* (no pun) are insufferably noisy: it is of the more intelligent and intelligible part of the community of whose sealed lips I complain. Many of these mutes are so by temper, or habit, or constitution, or are "bound in the icy chain" of custom. But if it were decreed, that a sprightly address to a stranger seated next you at the theatre, or any place of public amusement, or on a bench in the Park or Kensington Gardens, were not only an evidence of good breeding and sense, but that the absence of such greeting were hoggish or asinine, I think we should find a great many pleasant tattlers where all seems "close as a ledger." Not only as regards individual gratification at the moment, but with a view to the diffusion of information, the interchange of opinion on public affairs, and all topics interesting to the intelligent part of the community, would such a practice be beneficial? It would be a great promoter of public feeling, also, among the middle and influential classes; and prejudices that would stand against a ponderous article in a review, would yield to the convictions awakened by urbane discussion, and logic tempered with amenity. I am, I beg to say, a listener, and mute through timidity; therefore I am arguing against myself: but I have sat with timorous hesitation, endeavouring to make up my mind and mouth to address a neighbour whom chance has thrown me beside, and have just opened my mouth to give utterance to the most unmeaning phrase I could have fixed on, when he has incontinently got up and walked away. So have I also endeavoured to break the ice of decorum to a fair neighbour—the sex makes one bold, and fearful of being set down for a dummy—and having stammered out a few words which only admitted of a monosyllabic reply, have wearied out my beautiful model of patience, so that, just as I was beginning to grow eloquent, she despairs of any entertainment but that at my expense, and with most provoking liveliness bids me good morning. The other night, at the play, dear Tatler, I luckily found myself next to a public man whom I honoured and admired, and whom I would have given my ears to know, and during the whole performance, and its intervals, I was intent upon making up my mind to address him, and at last had internally resolved, and I had actually gone so far as to fix upon a phrase with which to commence; but by the time I had selected one, and mustered courage to utter it—nay, had even got the word on my tongue with a desperate resolution, the curtain dropped, and my courage fell with it. I can't follow him, I thought, but I can ask him the time! —but perhaps he does not carry a watch—or if he did, what then?—He was gone, and I felt that I had been a bigger fool than I took myself to be. But I grow tedious. Will you be good enough to fix upon a formula of self-introductory phrases, to be used on all occasions by nervous people, that shall be a sign that the said nervous person would willingly try to converse; thus leaving it at the option of the party addressed to encourage or not his colloquial advances! Or, if you would make lively persons understand that it is a duty due from the strong to the weak to promote tattling, by giving the first word, it would be an inestimable service to the mutes. There is no fear—or little—of putting in motion a cherry-clapper sort of tongue to a hollow head, for physiognomy is a good help to the quick-witted; and there is many a one who is "not such a fool as he looks." All I would ask of you, in this gossipping letter, is to take the subject of "Tattling" into your consideration. I had some thoughts of writing a pamphlet, to be called 'Hints on Promiscuous Conversation, by a Silent Man;' or 'The Tattler's Vade-Mecum,' or 'Manual of Self-Introduction,' or 'Commencements of Conversation,' or 'The Lounger's Guide to Agreeable Chat,' or 'A Help to the Bashful:' but, on second thoughts, I preferred troubling you on the subject, knowing that your authority would do more good than twenty pamphlets.

Do, dear Mr Tatler, give this subject your attention, and oblige, amongst myriads of others,

Your grateful and admiring reader,

Dulwich, Jan. 21st, 1830. TIMOTHY TIMOROUS.

N.B. The only occasion when I mustered courage to address a man of genius was afforded me through the medium of *your paper*. I made *you* introduce me, by drawing his attention to one of your criticisms on a popular actress, of whose merits he had been hearing an opinion from an incompetent critic; with trembling hand I held out the number of the *Tatler* for the day, and pointing to your remarks, left him to read them. (I was at the theatre, where I always enjoy your writings.) He was pleased, and returning the paper with an assenting remark, I was induced to rejoin, and enjoyed (thanks to you) a delightful conversation, and one which I shall ever remember with pleasure. He seemed not to have been a reader of the *Tatler*, at which I was surprised, and recommended to him a political article for perusal at his leisure: he put your journal in his pocket, since which he has (I am sure) been a constant reader of it.—Ever since, I always brandish a *Tatler* when I want to address any one at the theatre; but unluckily I was unable to avail myself of this challenge to conversation, in the instance of my stupid (what shall I call it) which I before mentioned.

T. T.

[If we have many such letters written to us as this, we shall take ourselves for "Tatler" indeed; for it reminds us of the correspondence in "our great original." We regret we cannot answer it on the spot; but if we can hit upon anything which we think will please our lively mute, he shall hear of it.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Rob Roy Macgregor.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—And the Pantomime.

DRURY LANE.

WE took a farewell view, on Saturday night, of the magnificent Diorama in the pantomime at this theatre: not that it is to be seen no longer, (we exhort those who care nothing for pantomimes, to go nevertheless and see it, if they care for beauty and grandeur) but because, among the other infelicities of critics, it is not allowed us to see a good thing as often as we like. Something new is expected of us, albeit we are contented with the old. We are already, it seems, thought to be in love with Miss INVERARITY, because we have seen her seven times; which is surely very little for lovers. However, we confess the charge. We have a trick of being in love, whenever we find cleverness and amiableness united, or what appears to be the union. What is it that BEN JONSON says?

> 'I do claim a right
> In all that is call'd lovely. Take my sight
> Sooner than my affections from the fair:
> No face, no hand, proportion, line, or air
> Of beauty, but the Muse hath interest in:
> There is not worn that lace, pearl, knot, or pin,
> But is the "critics" matter; and he must
> "If he's a true one," love.'

Unfortunately we carry this principle so far, in our critical character, and are such very general lovers, that we fear the individual objects of our attachment would have nothing to say to us. We are in love, for instance, besides Miss INVERARITY, with the honest good-humoured smile of little HARRIET CAWSE; with Madame VESTRIS, in *Fra Diavolo*, when she holds out her hand to the forgiven lover; and with Miss FOOTE, in the *Lost Son*, when she wheels out the chair for her sick mamma. Miss MORDAUNT much inclined us, once or twice, when she acted her serious parts at the Haymarket; and (unless the truth is no longer in her) we shall be exceedingly in love with Madame PASTA next March, as we were two years ago.

But to return to the Diorama. We have only to express our thanks once more to the painter, and again to exhort the "unacquainted" to go and see it. It really is like giving the mortal man the pleasure of a spirit, and making the earth roll its fair scenes before his eyes. Instead of taking a journey over the Alps, the Alps take a journey for us; mountains arise and pass before us, like things conscious; secluded vallies unbosom themselves; Italy and her lakes come swimming into our ken,—a golden summer! One of the scenes, by a pleasing anachronism, presents Bonaparte, in his cocked hat, standing on one of the fine parapeted roads that he made afterwards, and seeing a regiment of his troops *march up to him*; for it actually does so; the whole body moves up to him, while he himself and the rest of the scene are stationary. We think there is something affecting in this scene. That great soldier and mistaken man seems restored to the world a moment, only to render us more sensible of his downfall, and to make him seem the broken tool of destiny. Surely, whatever were his mistakes, the bitterness of his end was enough to expiate them; nor (considering his military education) can even the lovers of liberty (who alone have a right to reproach him) grudge him the previous comfort of having lived, a few lustres, with the music of glory in his ears.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Play of

WILLIAM TELL.

Emma, Miss HUDDART.
Annell, Miss FAUCIT' Agnes, Miss FAUCIT.
Gesler, Mr H. Wallack. Sarnem, Mr Thompson. Struth, Mr W. Bennett.
Rodolph, Mr Howard. Lufold, Mr Howell. Braun, Mr Ross.
William Tell, Mr MACREADY.
Albert, Miss Poole. Melchtal, Mr Younge. Erni, Mr Cathie.
Furst, Mr Fenton. Verner, Mr Cooke. Waldman, Mr Hughes.
Michael, Mr COOPER. Jagheli, Mr J. VINING.
Pierre, Mr Eaton. Theodore, Mr Honner.
Savoyards—Miss Crawford. Mr Price. Mr S. Jones.

Previous to the Play, Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

To-morrow, School for Scandal; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]
Marchesa Aldabella, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, (6th time) Miss P. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.

After which will be revived, a Farce, in One Act, called

THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

Caroline, Mrs Pindar. Louisa, Miss Lawrence. Cubba, Mrs Brown.
Mr Frost, Mr F. Matthews. Capt. Seymour, Mr Duruset.
Mr Colloony, Mr Baker. Edward, Mr Parry. Cymon, Mr Addison.
Murtoch Delaney, (first time) Mr POWER.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The following Performers will appear for the First Time in London:—
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. LEPEINTRE, Aîné, du Theâtre du Vaudeville.

This Evening,
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

LE PAYSAN PICARD.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. BRAZIER.
Eliza, Fille de Gercour, Mlle. Coba. Marton, sa Femme de Chambre, Mlle. Eliza.
M. Gercour, ancien Négociant, M. Cloup. Ernest, son neveu, M. Alfred.
St. Léon, Capitain de Hussards, amant d'Eliza, M. PAULIN.
Frontin, Valet d'Ernest, M. Gamard.

Suivi de

YELVA; OU, L'ORPHELINE RUSSE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Parties, par MM. SCRIBE et DEVILLENEUVE.
La Première Partie se passe a Paris dans une Maison de la Rue St. Jacques, La Deuxième dans la Pologne Russe, à quelques lieues de Wilna.
Yelva, jeune Orpheline, muette, Mlle. HERMINIE.
La Comtesse de Césanne, Mlle. St. Ange.
Feodora, Cousine de Tcherikof, Mademoiselle Eliza.
Gertrude Dutilleul, Gouvernante d'Yelva, Madame Préval.
Alfred, fils de Comte de Césanne, M. PAULIN.

Tchérickof, Seigneur Russe, M. Alfred. Kalouga, Cosaque, M. Gamard.

LES VISITANDINES.

Opéra Comique en Deux Actes, Paroles de M. PICARD, Musique de M. Devienne.
L'Abbesse, Mlle. Eliza. La Tourrière, Mme. Preval.
Euphémie, Novice, Mlle. FLORVAL.
Religieuses—Agathe, Mlle. Emma. Ursule, Mlle. Corra. Agnese, Mme. Gamard.
Josephine, Mlle. Victorine. Augustine, Mlle. Pauiin.
M. DERVAL, remplira le Role de Belford Fils.
M. Belfort, Père, M. Cloup. Gregoire, Jardinier du Convent, M. Préval.
Le Cocher, M. Granville. Frontin, Valet de Belfort Fils, M. Laporte.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, an entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Franzel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster.
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, to be called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Manufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe.

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, the admired Play, entitled

THE STRANGER.

[By KOTZEBUE.]
Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. POOLE, (her first appearance)
Countess Wintersein, Miss Scott. Charlotte, Mrs Vale.
Savoyard, (with a Song) Miss SOMERVILLE. The Stranger, Mr OSBALDISTON.
Count Wintersein, Mr Honor. Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Peter, Mr Vale.
Solomon, Mr Williams, Francis, Mr C. Hill. Tobias, Mr Gough.
The Count's Son, Master Carbery. The Stranger's Children, M. and E. Clarke.

After which, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].
The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

COBURG THEATRE.—Peter the Great and Charles XII. Harlequin Silver Penny—Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Harlequin and Mother Goose—A Deed of Blood—The Morning after Marriage.

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N° 123.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1831.

TWENTY-THREE REASONS

WHY THE MANAGERS OF THE GREAT THEATRES OUGHT NOT TO PREVAIL AGAINST MR ARNOLD.

A CORRESPONDENT has expressed his surprise at our having said nothing on this question; but the truth is, that it appears to us so easy of solution, and we look upon the result as so inevitable, in the hands of the accomplished lawyer and philosopher who now presides in the Chancery Court, that we held *our* good word to be unnecessary. It is true, there may seem to be an assumption in this remark, resembling the pleasantry of Swift, who said, that he had an infallible test for knowing whether an author was in the right,—to wit, whether he thought or not as he himself did. But we are paying ourselves no such compliment, when we speak of a subject upon which it appears to us that every impartial person must agree; and what we mean, by thinking it safe in the hands of the present Chancellor is, that we look upon him to be free from those prejudices of station and profession, which have given judges, otherwise intelligent, a confined view of the interests of humanity, and of the wisdom of diffusing liberal pleasures. We mean, in short, that there have been judges who would take a precedent for a larger thing than a principle, and their own ignorance of an accomplishment for a perception of its inutility. The last Chancellor but one fancied that he threw discredit upon all the professors of music, from Orpheus downwards, by declaring that he would not give sixpence to hear all the finest singing in the world; a judgment that would have been heard with equal horror by Plato and M. Laporte. The public need fear no such blunders as these from Lord Brougham. If he differ with them, it will be for some reason that has not yet struck them If he agree, no false pride, nor foolish value for a difference of opinion as such, will hinder him from expressing his agreement; that is to say, from giving the universal opinion on this subject the sanction of his concordance. He will even understand (no man better) that an accordance with the public is desirable on its own account, especially where a tranquil and intellectual pleasure is concerned. Law will be no obstacle in the court where Equity presides; and law, equity, common sense, common feeling, the common interest, are surely all arrayed against the claims of the great theatres.

The case may be briefly stated thus:

Mr Arnold, the proprietor of the English Opera, petitions for a license to perform all the year round, in order to indemnify him for losses occasioned by the fire at the Lyceum. His original license, which was granted him in 1809, by George III, for the purpose of cultivating English music in contradistinction to the Italian, allowed him the whole range of the year which he at present requires: but during the late reign was restricted, as at present, to the summer months, which are stated to be the most unfavourable season for theatrical performances.

The patentees of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres protest against the re-extension of Mr Arnold's license, on two grounds; first, on that of justice, because it will be injurious to their own interests, which are of a larger nature than Mr Arnold's, and have long been struggling with difficulties; and second, on that of law, because they inherit the exclusive right of acting plays, derived from a patent granted by Charles the Second to Killigrew and Sir William Davenant.

Mr Arnold does not pretend to any right: he merely petitions for a kindness, which he conceives, however, to be desirable, not only for his own benefit, but for that of the public.

The patentees of the two great theatres request a kindness, and at the same time demand a right. We are not aware that they argue upon grounds of public benefit, as their case, at this present writing, has not yet been fully stated by counsel; but they are peremptory on the ground of right, arguing, that no license can be given by the crown, in prejudice to a patent given already.

Now we will state, as briefly as we can, the reasons why we conceive these positions of the patentees to be untenable We say nothing in depreciation of the motives of either party. There are doubtless men now living, and their numbers will increase with the growth of knowledge and freedom, who if they happened to enter into a theatrical concern, would sacrifice any ordinary notions of self-interest to what they conceived to be the public good, and be content to share and share alike with the chances common to all: but, as it would be unfair to look for Benthamites or Fayettites among those men of the town, however respectable, in whose class the managers of theatres are to be found, we take it for granted that neither party has reason to complain of the other,—that Mr Arnold, if he were a patentee of Covent Garden or Drury Lane, would think, that justice consisted in maintaining monopoly,—and that the patentee of Drury Lane or Covent Garden, if they were in the situation of Mr Arnold, would be loud against a monopoly of kindness. We have, therefore, no partiality on either side. We are sorry that either party suffers, or is likely to suffer; but we should be more sorry if the public good suffered from the success of either: and it is because we think it would, that we desire to see the triumph on the side of Mr Arnold.

1. In the first place it would be difficult, we conceive, for the complainants to prove that they hold their present possession from the patent granted by Charles II, that patent having been at various times contested, suspended, superseded by licenses, and overgrown with various interests derived from family connexions and shares.

2. Supposing the derivation of the right to be traceable to the patent, the holders of it have been so doubtful of the tenure, as to obtain repeated licenses for playing; so that by their own shewing, they would seem to have no more right to the patent than Mr Arnold has; for he only seeks to maintain himself by a similar permission.

3. They argue, that no license can be granted to the prejudice of a patent; but on this principle the licenses obtained by the great theatres from time to time were themselves to the prejudice of the patent, because they shew that the patent was not sufficient of itself; and a patent which is not sufficient for its purposes, is no patent.

4. If the claimants of a new license have no right to injure the property of the patentees, neither have the latter any right to injure the property of any possible claimants of public favour, by abusing their own right of patent; that is to say, by abusing it to purposes never contemplated by the granter; which we hold to have been the case, by overbuilding and setting up whole companies of shareholders: in other words, by forcing all speculators in theatrical entertainments to come into their set, and thus elude those natural demands of new times which would have produced, (as they will assuredly do,) a variety of new houses. For,

6. In a court of Equity, we must look for a question to be discussed on the ground of equal dealing, and of the spirit of a patent as well as its letter; and, therefore, it is necessary to consider,

7. On what ostensible grounds Charles II granted the patent. This patent, which was given in 1662, was preceded by a grant in 1660, at which time a company which had set up for itself, was suppressed on the ground of its acting scandalous plays, of raising the price of admission, and of acknowledging no authority.* In the Grant,† it is expressly stated that the holders must carefully abstain from acting any dramatic entertainment, containing matter of "profanation, scurrility, and obscenity;" and in the Patent‡, the same injunction is repeated. Now the present applicant for a license has offended in none of these points, though the great theatres have in one of them, (the raising the price,) and how far the former patentees acted up to the spirit of the directions, we shall see in the next section.

8. On what real grounds Charles the Second granted the patents. These were, unquestionably, to bring, and to keep, an important branch of public amusement under the control of government; and to oblige one or two persons at court. Davenant, besides being a wit, a poet, and a gay liver, had been an active sufferer in the cause of royalty. Killigrew was one of his Majesty's merry companions, full of wit and want. Charles's mistresses did not leave him sixpence to give his friends; and therefore he helped them (when the

* See a petition of Robert Shatterel and others in Malone's *Historical Account of the English Stage*, Prolegomena to Reed's Edition of Johnson and Stevens's Shakspeare, Vol. iii. p. 306.

† See a Grant in the same vol. p. 302.

‡ The Patent was published in yesterday's *Morning Chronicle*.

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humour was upon him) in other ways. But do we suppose that he cared a jot for what should come to the patents in after times? The only points looked to in granting them, were the king's pleasure and the government's authority. As to the debauching of manners, we all know what sort of plays were written up to the time of the Georges: and in little more than a year after the first grant to Killigrew and Davenant, the price at the latter's theatre was doubled.* There is nothing said about prices in the patent; we gather the objections on that score, and upon the ground of authority, from the petition above referred to: but the last patent, as well as the first grant, especially enjoined the avoidance of "profaneness, scurrility, and obscenity." How was that injunction attended to?

9. In the reign of William the Third, the managers of the united companies, acting under the authority of the patents granted to Davenant and Killigrew, behaved in a manner so arbitrary, especially to the great actor Betterton, that he obtained a new patent from the crown, and set up a theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. What then became of the exclusive right derived from the patent of Davenant and Killigrew?

10. The managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden allege, that they are in difficulties; or that their task is beset with difficulties, and must be guarded. They might have added, that proprietors and managers of theatres have been beset with difficulties ever since they existed, and that no privileges have saved them from ruin. How then does this allegation make out their case? It is the nature of an unjust tenure to make people abuse it; and it is the nature of what may be called the social instinct of things, to make them suffer for the abuse. No one man, or set of men, ever did or can obtain real success from endeavouring to monopolize a good which ought to be common to all. This is the secret, in various shapes, of the whole present misfortunes of society; and the managers of the theatres have certainly not escaped. But is this a reason why the selfish interests of a monopoly should be continued? The managers may undoubtedly suffer at the moment, but so do others in the transition from particular good to general, and there is nothing in the nature of a theatrical tenure to make it an exception to the rule.

11. When Charles granted his patent, the size of London was but that of a second-rate city to what it is now; and the multitude of play-goers had been considerably diminished by the growth of puritanism, which long continued to influence the middle classes of society, notwithstanding the gaiety of the court. Now the number of theatres must of necessity increase with the number of houses; and if modern methodism answers in some degree to old puritanism, it affects the population of London in nothing like the same degree; and the population has wonderfully increased. Suppose (to put a case more in unison with the feelings of the patentees, than with the dramatic dignity which they do not consult) that there had been at one time in London but two public-houses, and that these two public-houses had got a patent for the exclusive sale of beer: do the managers mean to say, that no other public-houses than those two ought ever to have been set up in London? or that if there had, the sale of the beer should be restricted to those two during the season in which people were most thirsty?

12. Since the time of Charles, and especially in our time, knowledge has been wonderfully diffused, and the tastes for intellectual pleasures of all sorts of course augmented, for in diffusing one part of knowledge we inevitably open channels for all. The number of theatres, therefore, must increase upon that principle.

13. The reign of Charles II was notoriously an arbitrary reign, and therefore of necessity at variance with the free growth of intellectual amusement. It is the interest of a freer government to show that it can afford to do better; and the present government values itself upon being able to do so. A seasonable article in the *Court Journal* of Sunday week, informs us, that during "the sixteen years of theatrical freedom" which preceded the Imperial Government in France, there were never less than sixteen theatres in Paris; that during that whole period many of these theatres succeeded brilliantly; that not one of them was in a state of bankruptcy; that a galaxy of fine actors and composers were then at their greatest lustre; and that the whole of the theatres together did not cost the state a sous; while, on the other hand, from the moment that Napoleon restricted the number of theatres to seven, and placed them under the protection of government,—that is to say, made them patent theatres,—the entertainments fell off, managers got poor and displaced one another, and annual subsidies charged on the civil list did not hinder the most ruinous consequences, bankruptcies included, which have continued up to the present time, though the number of theatres has risen again to thirteen or fourteen, in spite of the law.

14. One of the consequences of a patent is, that the entertainments are meted out to the public according to the limited intellect of the patentees, and their notions of their own interest; whereas all intellectual pleasures should be suffered freely to grow out of the amount of the general intellect of the times.

15. At the time when tragedy most flourished in this country, which was in that of Shakspeare, and comedy, which was in that of the late Stuarts and King William, the principal theatres were small to what they are now. In fact, the two great winter theatres are several theatres in one! They have evaded the spirit of the patent in this, as in every other respect; and in so doing, is not the patent forfeited by law? Is it not certainly nullified in equity? The increasing wants of successive periods have demanded several theatres, instead of two: the two theatres have pretended to obviate those wants by swelling themselves into the dimensions of several, and thus destroyed the means of enjoyment, by rendering sight and hearing difficult, often impossible. Now suppose when people were going to see three or four different sights, and to hear discourses at three or four different places, the persons who had hitherto occupied two such places were to get the others suppressed, and in answer to the complaints made in consequence, were to say, "Oh, but if you come to us, you shall sit in a grand place, where you can hear and see nothing at all."

16. As people, however, have been unable to hear and see properly in these large theatres, spectacles and sounds were obliged to be got up, which they could hear and see; and the consequences have been notorious: show has taken the place of substance, and actors have been encouraged to bawl and rant. The boast of a principal theatre ought to be, that we can hear good plays, and see the fine expression and the faces of good actors; but, as Sir Edward Sugden observed, people are compelled to resort, first to eye-glasses, then to lunettes and opera-glasses, and finally, he supposed they must have recourse to telescopes; with the addition of a speaking trumpet to hail their friends in the pit. Everybody feels this caricature to be founded on truth. Surely it would require a telescope to discern the modesty of the patentees, when, under such circumstances, they ask for a stoppage of minor theatres.

17. It is argued, that Mr Arnold, on his side, has violated his license, because he obtained it from George III, on the sole ground of encouraging native music, in contradistinction to foreign; whereas he has adapted to the English stage, and brought out, with great and shameful painstaking, several foreign operas. This enormity, we grant, violates the letter of the license; but we maintain that it preserves the spirit of it, for Mr Arnold was not aware, when he made his application to George III, that music, notwithstanding a pleasing composer here and there, was an art yet to be created in England, and that one mode of creating it, was to bring the natives acquainted with the productions of musical countries; nor can we think that George III, who was so fond of Handel, would have been displeased to see Mr Arnold bringing forward the compositions of two other natives of Germany, Winter and Mozart. The English are of German origin themselves; and it may not be too great a refinement to suppose, that if ever they become a musical people, except by an alteration of climate, or some other equally unlooked for source of pleasure put into their veins, it will be by something of a complexional sympathy with productions from the same parent stock.

18. The interruption in 1829 of Mr Arnold's license for performances throughout the year, took place upon no public grounds, or if it did, the public are not acquainted with them. It is understood to have been owing to the superior interest obtained by the managers of the great theatres with the predecessors of the present Lord Chamberlain. We lay no stress on the recognition of Mr Arnold's license by Mr Sheridan, when the latter entered into an agreement with him for the use of his theatre until Drury Lane was rebuilt; for Mr Sheridan, if it had been convenient to him, would have acknowledged Mr Arnold's right to the moon; besides, recognition would prove nothing, under whatever circumstances. But it is much to show that individual interest, and not public, is alone opposed to him.

19. All monopoly is bad, and all competition useful. One of the consequences of Mr Arnold's own encouragement of music is, that another musical theatre is announced; and no sooner is this the case, than Madame Vestris announces a new singer at the Olympic, taken fromt he same Academy of Music which furnishes the principal singer to this new Opera House. Thus, out of many singers, the public obtain a choice, and in the long run have a chance of obtaining a variety of good singers. The same prospect holds good with performers; whereas, at present, the managers of the great play-houses think it their interest, like the most sordid traders, to give us as bad wares as possible for our money; trying to do with three or four good performers, and fifty indifferent ones, and subjecting the character of the Management to charges not only of personal vanity (which is excusable, of all men, in actors) but the grossest favouritism. At both the great theatres there is a lamentable deficiency both in first-rate and second-rate actors, and at one of them the town have been astonished to see dull and inefficient performers thrust before them, for whose appearance they could not account; nor is it pleasant to be told that we must learn the secret in the green-room. The town has nothing to do with green-rooms; nor ought the influence of the green-rooms to be forced upon their cognizance.

20. The proprietors of the great theatres have been warned, after the destruction of the houses by fire, not to rebuild them of the same size. They have been advisedto build four theatres rather, instead of two. They have been recommended even to break up their theatres, and convert them into smaller ones. These, it may be said, are desperate steps, and the last one is so; but managers have taken nothing but desperate steps ever since management existed. They have only avoided being forced into a reasonable one. They will be forced into it at last, but this is surely nobody's fault but their own.

21. The truth is, that managers have aimed at being too rich, and cutting too great a figure; and as they are more inclined, for various short-sighted reasons, to encourage mediocrity rather than genius,

* Pepys. 8vo. Vol. 1. P. 235.

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they have made so much use of indifferent declamatory actors, that the latter have obtained far more pay than they deserve, while better ones, from a natural pique as well as a sense of their superiority, have raised their demands to such a height, that they are either seldom employed, or entirely laid aside: an attempt is then made to force somebody into notice, in order to take their place, or to see how far it is possible to work some favourite actor, short of killing him; while others go and set up those very houses for themselves, of which the managers who have driven them to the necessity complain. Now middling actors ought not to have fourteen, and fifteen, and twenty guineas a week, merely because they are obliged to be much used, and are invited to stand between the self-love of those who employ them, and the pretensions of their betters. They ought not to be used so much: they ought not to stand in those places. It has been often wondered, why the profession of an actor is not held in more respect than it is, and various reasons have been found for the mystery, such as the superstition once existing against them in Catholic countries, their personal subjection to the chance of public displeasure, the loose lives of some of them, &c. These reasons have no doubt had their influence, at different times, but they are not sufficient to account for them at all others. The public are better instinctive reasoners than conscious ones. Millions can approve and disapprove in the right places, when sitting in a theatre, who have not the misfortune of being able to see a critical reason for their disapproval; and we have no doubt, that the real cause of the low estimation in which actors in general are held is, the instinctive certainty in the public mind that such acting is a very easy art, and might be attained to with no more trouble than that of shoemaking. *Natio comœda est.* Everybody is more or less capable of being an actor, by the very fact of his being a member of society. He may be taught to strut like the proud, or to grin like the foolish, though he may be able to do neither of these things well. A truly great actor is as rare as other men of genius, and partakes of their sensibility and intuition. Any performer who does in a particular line what others cannot, supposing it to be worth doing, is a performer of merit, and deserves respect; but as for the common run, they are mere accidents; occupiers of places, for which they are no fitter than for twenty others; and one of the advantages of a multitude of theatres would be, that such persons would be reduced to their just pretensions, and society would be hampered with a dull falsehood the less.

22. But it is not so much for the purpose of setting aside dull persons, as for bringing forward clever and entertaining ones, that the contemplaters of theatres in this point of view must wish for their extension. We do not hold it to be necessary, at this time of day, to argue upon the utility of theatrical amusements. The diffusion of knowledge is of necessity accompanied with a spirit of mild and humane indulgence, and with as great diminution as possible of those austere notions, which are found to be ill guardians against false pleasure, and are a pain in themselves. The theatres teach a large and liberal humanity. They inculcate all the generous virtues. The faults which they seem most to tolerate, are at least not those of intolerance and self-interest, or which put us in a state of unwillingness to consider the comfort of others. Tragedy inspires us with fortitude and forbearance, and teaches us, with its poetry, that we have something within us worthy of a more elevated language than the one which we naturally find suitable to us in ordinary. Comedy satirizes false taste and artificial manners, and hinders us from thinking too highly of worldly success and intrigue. The great poet finds out the "soul of goodness in things evil;" and possessing at the same time the sweetest of natures, he teaches us, that such a discovery, so far from being hostile to improvement, saves us from the most dangerous of all its enemies, despair and scorn.

23. The parties claiming under the patent have submitted, it seems, after all, to the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, not pretending to be placed beyond it; the Lord Chamberlain has referred the case to the Lord Chancellor, who is consulted also by his Majesty, in consequence of Mr Arnold's petition. Our good-natured Sovereign, doubtless, wishes to oblige the greatest number of people; that is to say, supposing nobody to be unjustly treated, no abuse maintained, and that no ultimate harm can come of the obligation. Now we hold, under the circumstances, that Mr Arnold is the person to be obliged;—

1st. For all the reasons above-mentioned; 2dly. Because his theatre has violated no good taste and no spirit of improvement, as the others have; 3dly. Because all his exertions have gone to do the reverse; 4thly. Because his present difficult situation is the consequence of misfortune, unconnected with any conduct of his own; 5thly. Because the managers of the great theatres will ultimately be compelled to convert them to their proper purposes, or change them for others; and 6thly. Because, though there may be a greater show of distress in the event of a decision against two establishments employing a greater number of persons, yet any transition of things even to a better state is accompanied with a certain portion of trouble, and the more theatres there are, the more will all persons connected with theatres ultimately find themselves advantaged, with the exception of those whose prosperity is at variance with that of the public.

And so we leave the matter in the hands of Lord Brougham, with much the same feeling as we should have entertained could we have seen it in the hands of Lord Bacon, in times more favourable to the exercise of his wisdom.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—William Tell—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio.—Irishman in London.—And the Pantomime.

OLYMPIC.

THE town was so full of novelties last night, that we were at a loss which to see first, and which to postpone. There was a new piece at the Adelphi, with Mr MATHEWS in it; another at the Olympic with Madame VESTRIS; Mr KNOWLES's revived play of *William Tell* at Drury Lane, with Mr MACREADY; and the *Irishman in London* at Covent Garden, with Mr POWER. Perplexed into our abundance, and growing luxurious upon it, we bethought ourselves of the custom which our gallant printer has introduced into these pages, of setting the ladies' names first in the play-bills, and accordingly we resolved upon paying our first duties to Madame VESTRIS. Besides, we like the short, smart pieces they are in the habit of playing at this theatre; there is a sort of French vivacity and good humour in its arrangement; the ladies take the lead in the discourse, and as Mr WORDSWORTH said of them in Paris, are "very subtle;" Madame VESTRIS sees so far into a generosity, that she has collected a number of handsome and pretty women about her; and then there is Mount Olympus itself, with all its gods and goddesses, brilliant and coloured as in a new French book of mythology. In a word, we find our steps involuntarily turn thither, before we have settled our arguments for going, out of a certain instinct of diversity, as if the grave business of the day would certainly find its proper contrast and amusement. At the Adelphi we hardly know what is going to happen; and at the great theatres they have a trick lately of reviving disagreeable plays, full of sordid passions (not assuredly Mr KNOWLES's), as if there were not mud and dirt enough all day long in the rest of the world. Hail then, thou little back drawing-room of a theatre, full of the younger, and merrier, and fairer branches of the great histrionic family! Hail, thou sublimation of little laughs! thou bit of the millinery part of heaven! thou empyrean forty feet in height!—*Viam affectomus Olympo.*

The new trifle here (*the Grenadier*) is of the usual sort, and is soon described. *Capt. Doughty* (Mr FREDERICKS) is jealous, and is to be cured by the object of his attachment (Madame VESTRIS) who disguises herself as a Savoyard and a grenadier, carries messages to herself in the former character, makes love to herself in the latter, and puts the poor Captain in a dreadful state. He, for his part, assumes the disguise of a housewife, in order to watch her for an opposite lodging, and is very violent in his petticoats, especially when he sees the "tall grenadier." At length, an old lady requests an interview with the old gentlewoman, who is taken for the Captain's aunt, and requests to see the young officer. The Captain goes out, returns in *statu quo*, and to his horror, has a passion disclosed to him on the part of his reverend visitor. Suddenly, the old face turns young; the visitor laughs at him, and drops her disguise; and his affectionate mistress stands before him, claiming his gratitude for taking so much trouble to cure him of ungenerous suspicions.

There is a little under-plot, in which the footman thinks it necessary to put on his master's fault, as if it were a sort of moral livery, and be jealous of the lady's maid; who for her part, reflects the good sense of her mistress, and contrives to cure the footman. Miss PINCOTT did the part very well, and looked as smart and pretty as became the maid of a handsome mistress. Madame VESTRIS sang two or three songs with her usual mixture of sound musical taste and the style popular: and surprised us by the old age of the face she contrived to put on. We confess, that the more handsome and agreeable a woman is, the less, in general, we like her to be a mimic; but there is an address in all things, which can reconcile them; and Madam VESTRIS seems never to lose it, except when she plays sentimental young ladies. Mr FREDERICKS cut a very proper unbearable figure in the woman's dress; but when left by himself, he might have shown occasionally a more humorous forgetfulness of it, or still more humorous consciousness; have lounged more on his chair, beaten his boot with his stick, &c.

Our first article to-day has gone to such length, that we are obliged to leave off without noticing Mr POWER, whom we saw after this piece.

ALTER ET IDEM.—You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology.—*Gay to Swift.*

A SHREWD GUESS.—A lad, delivering milk, was asked what made it so warm. "I don't know," replied he, with much simplicity, "unless they put in *warm* water, instead of *cold.*"—*New York Paper.*

A PLAIN ANSWER TO A PLAIN QUESTION.—A few years ago, a couple went to a country church to be married. When, in the course of the marriage service, the minister asked the bridegroom, in the usual form, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" he coolly answered, "To be sure I will; I'm come o' purpose.

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TELL ME YOUR GOVERNMENT, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT COMPANY IT KEEPS.—Vice and ignorance are the only support of tyranny, as virtue and knowledge are the only support of freedom. Tell a wise man what kind of government is established in any particular society, and he will tell you what are the manners and what are the understandings of the members of that society. The Court sycophant, Clarendon, makes it a matter of wonder, that the Parliament's army was more orderly than the Tyrant's. But it was to be expected that the better cause should have the better defenders, and contrarywise.—*From a Correspondent.*

INSURRECTIONARY MOVEMENTS.—Lord Cartaret's speech in the House of Peers, A. D. 1737, on occasion of the affair of Porteus, is very just, and applicable to the present state of affairs.—The people seldom or ever assemble in any riotous or tumultuous manner, unless when they are oppressed, or imagine at least they are oppressed. If the people should imagine they are oppressed when they are not, it is the duty of the next magistrate to endeavour, first, to correct their mistake by fair means—just reason? In common humanity, he is obliged to take this method, before he has recourse to such methods as may bring death and destruction upon a great number of his fellow countrymen, and this method will generally prevail where they have not met with any real oppression: but when this happens to be the case, it cannot be expected they will give ear to their oppression, nor can the severest laws, nor the most rigorous execution of those laws, always prevent the people's becoming tumultuous; you may shoot them, you may hang them, but, till the oppression is removed or alleviated, they will never be quiet, till the greater part of them are destroyed.—*The same.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROAYL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of
THE JEALOUS WIFE.
[By G. COLMAN, the Elder.]
Mrs Oakly, Miss CHESTER. Lady Freelove, Mrs ORGER.
Harriet, Miss MORDAUNT. Toilet, Mrs NEWCOMBE.
Mr Oakly, MACREADY. Major Oakly, Mr FARREN.
Charles Oakly, Mr COOPER. Russet, Mr DOWTON.
Sir Harry Beagle, Mr HARLEY. Lord Trinket, Mr VINING.
Captain O'Cutter, Mr H. Wallack. Paris, Mr B. Hill.

In the course of the Evening, F. Schndider's Grand Overture, "A la Chasse;" and Mozart's Overture to "La Clemenza di Tito."

After which,
DEAF AS A POST.
[By Mr POOLE.]
Sophy Walton, Mrs Newcombe. Amy Templeton, Miss E. Absolon.
Sally Mags, Mrs Orger. Mrs Plumpley, Mrs C. Jones.
Captain Templeton, Mr COOPER. Tristram Sappy, Mr LISTON.
Old Walton, Mr W. Bennett. Crupper, Mr Hughes. Gallop, Mr Salter.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV, Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 500 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

To-morrow, Werner; Turning the Tables; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called
CINDERELLA.
The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY,

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
☞ Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Rourk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. he Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake o Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Fazio; the Youthful Queen; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (Iris Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Franzel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster.
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called
THE CHASTE SALUTE.
[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, to be called
CLARISSA HARLOWE.
Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young.
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play of
THE IRON CHEST.
[By G. COLMAN, the Younger.]
Helen, Miss Scott. Blanche, Mrs Vale. Judith, Madame Simon.
Barbara, Miss SOMERVILLE. Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr OSBALDISTON.
Fitzharding, Mr D. Pitt. Wilford, Mr C. Hill. Adam Winterton, Mr Williams.
Rawbold, Mr Gough. Samson Rawbold, Mr VALE. Armstrong, Mr Almar.
Orson, Mr Asbury. Robber, Mr Webb. Robber's Boy, Miss Ellis.
Gregory, Mr Lee. Peter, Mr Boulanger. Walter, Mr Grammer.

After which, a Drama, entitled
THE DIAMOND ARROW.
[By W. T. MONCRIEF.]
Lucille, Miss SOMERVILLE. Dame Lodoline Fontaine, Mrs VALE.
Mons. Fontaine, Mr VALE. Mons. Anselm, Mr Young. Courier, Mr Lee.
Hilaire, Mr Edwin.

To conclude with an entirely New Historical Drama, called
THE BEGGAR OF CRIPPLEGATE.
Marian, Miss SOMERVILLE, in which she will introduce, "Tell me my heart."
Millicent, Miss VINCENT. Mother Middoll, Mrs Rogers. Alison, Miss Boden.
Annot, Miss Nicol. Kate, Miss Rumens.
King Henry VIII. Mr D. Pitt. Godfrey Osgood, Mr Gough.
Vincent Lorimer, Mr Honor. Sir Piers Mantravers, Mr Almar.
The Beggar of Cripplegate, Mr C. Hill. Barnaby, Mr Williams.
Cocke Lorell, Mr VALE. Father Ignatius, Mr Ransford. Fabian, Mr Asbury.
Valentine, Mr Rogers. Wynkin Cross-eye, Mr Webb. Ambrose, Mr Young.

COBURG THEATRE.—Peter the Great and Charles XII. Harlequin Silver Penny—Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Harlequin and Mother Goose—A Deed of Blood—The Morning after Marriage.

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№ 124.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1831.

SEVEN MORE REASONS

WHY THE GREAT THEATRES OUGHT NOT TO SUCCEED AGAINST MR ARNOLD'S PETITION.

SINCE writing our yesterday's article on this subject, we have seen the report in the newspapers of the continuation of the arguments of counsel against Mr Arnold's petition. Had we been aware that any gentleman at the Chancery bar would in candour have thought himself bound to confess the little amount of his information upon theatrical matters, compared with that of the ordinary readers of a newspaper (for such is the inference from one of the answers put to a question made by the Lord Chancellor), we should have entered upon the question at an earlier period, in the hope of facilitating its progress. But though changes of times bring all sorts of changes along with them, we have been so much in the habit of allowing ourselves to fancy every Templar a Templar of the days of Congreve and Wycherley, or at least, that every young lawyer, like a young Somers, Cowper, or Hyde, looked upon an acquaintance with such matters as a part of his *literæ humaniores*, or the requisite universality of his stock of knowledge, that we no more thought of supplying the bar with information on such points than of reminding them of the unbounded variety of subjects which they may be called upon to discuss. We do not say this in any spirit of disrespect towards the gentleman alluded to, who is probably an excellent lawyer of his standing in other respects; but out of regret at seeing the interest in theatrical subjects decline in any quarter; since nothing can do away with their importance, whether we consider the wide circle of knowledge the drama deals with, or the influence of theatres upon society. At the same time we have the pleasure of knowing, that one of the very best theatrical critics, and of the highest description, is a young lawyer whose practice at the bar promises to equal the knowledge he brings to bear upon it: and we should be surprised indeed, if the decision of the present Chancellor did not prove him equal or superior to his accomplished predecessors above-mentioned, in his ability to settle the question on the very broadest grounds. We do not assume that these must be our own; but we should certainly be greatly surprised, if in giving a different opinion from what we look for, his Lordship did not supersede those broad grounds by others still broader, and of still greater concern to the common welfare.

The new arguments of the counsel amount to these; which we shall answer as we go:—

1. That if the present renters of Drury Lane Theatre had supposed the possibility of Mr Arnold's obtaining an extension of his license, they never would have thought of entering into their engagements. But this proves nothing, if the exclusiveness of the patent is in itself injurious to the public good and amusement. Otherwise, it might be as well argued, that if any persons had been laying out money in doing an expensive wrong, nobody should propose to do a less expensive right. Nor in any point of view does a want of moral calculation, however remote, determine the rights of an arithmetical one.

2. We are told that the share-holders of the two theatres "relied upon the word and good faith of his Majesty, George III, that no third theatre would be allowed:"—or to phrase it in the language of another report, that the word of that prince might be almost said to have been "pledged and embarked in the maintenance of the present position of the theatres." But to say nothing of the indiscretion of reminding us of all that may be said with regard to the good faith of this prince, what has the word of a king, who reigned in other times, to do with the necessities of the present,—or why is the opinion of George III on any point, to influence that of posterity? Besides, George the Third notoriously wished well to Mr Arnold; and we believe if he were living, he would wish him still better, both on account of the German and English Operas which he has brought out at the Lyceum, and for reasons (we do not say whether right or wrong), which he would think he had, to object to the present use of the patent.

3. Lord Sidmouth, the Chamberlain in 1816, gave an opinion favourable to the present application of the great theatres; in consequence of which it is asked, "what situation is theatrical property placed in, if, after fourteen years, when all the circumstances remained the same, the whole question was to be opened again, merely because there was a new Sovereign on the throne." Why the natural situation in which all property is placed, which is of doubtful tenure, more than doubtful management, and liable to modifications of times and manners. We have a great respect for the private character of Lord Sidmouth, however we differ with him in matters of public opinion; but as he is fallible on one point, he may be fallible on others; and as the decisions of government officers, under one particular system, are apt to be modified on all points by considerations connected with that system, so it would be unreasonable to expect, that new views of policy would not occasion new views upon any other question. A "new Sovereign" is much! as we all know to our great pleasure.

4. It is stated, that the great size of the winter theatres, and the other inconveniences complained of by the Solicitor-General, have nothing to do with the present question, which is said to "relate only to the performance of musical dramas and of ballets of action;" and that for such performances the great size of the theatre is a positive advantage. But the anti-petitioners are bound, in the spirit of the question, to shew that their patent gave them a right to set up theatres as large as two or three others, and so hinder the increase of patents with the growth of the town. The great size of the theatres, though favourable to powerful singing like that of the Italians, is injurious to that expression of the countenance and goodness of acting which ought to be visible in fine performers of any kind. The patentees ought to prove, that they have a right to devote their theatres to sound and spectacle, or to monopolize the right without an entire devotion to it. And, as the Lord Chancellor observed, this question is thrown open to discussion with regard to the whole of its merits, and to the spirit of it as affecting the public, and not merely upon the narrow grounds here assumed.

5. Mr Arnold, though he obtained his license on the ground of affording encouragement to English composers and singers, is said not to have hitherto produced a single eminent English musician, or an approved musical work; whereas the patentees, besides bringing out an immense number of performers, who have received the highest salaries, have produced "upwards of fifty works of English musicians, with various success, since the year 1790.' Yes; that is to say, nineteen years before Mr Arnold's theatre was in existence, and about two hundred years from the appearance of a theatre in Drury Lane. Most of the composers enumerated in the report, namely, Mazzinghi, Storace, Dibdin, Arne, Shield, Linley, Jackson, and Bishop, flourished before the reign of the present managers,—all, indeed, but Bishop, and he, we believe, was a theatrical composer before the Lyceum existed. The Lyceum has produced the most admired English male singer that has appeared for a long time—Mr H. Phillips. Miss Paton, the most celebrated female singers, came out at one of the smaller theatres; and Mr Arnold's moderately sized stage has the credit of having brought into due popularity, the talents of one of our most interesting and affecting actresses—Miss Kelly. Theatres, like everything else, must have time. But we refer to what we have said before on this head. The real question is, not merely whether Mr Arnold is to be allowed his musical theatre, but whether the great theatres are to monopolize music and everything else, at the seasons when the town is most desirous of entertainment, and when it must be at the mercy of their judgment, convenience, and creditors.

6. There has been a considerable falling off in the receipts of the great theatres for the last thirty-five years, which the counsel for the patentees attribute to "the combined influence of religious feeling, the weight of taxation, and late dining hours." We do not think that religion is to be taken into the account: for though methodism has been on the increase till of late, an unmethodistical population has been encreasing also. The hours of dining have had an influence, and the weight of taxation. But the deficiency of good plays and performers has been too much complained of by everybody, to be left out of the calculation; and the feeling on this point has been aggravated by that very growth of knowledge, which otherwise tends to encrease the number of play-goers. We must with candour add, however, that this tendency does not immediately develope itself; and we have no doubt that one of the very greatest causes of the decreased inclination for the theatres, observed up to a late period, has been owing to that spread of a love for books and music, which conspiring with the necessity of retrenchment has enabled people to find so much entertainment in their own homes. The, love, however, of theatrical entertainments, is reviving; or why should Mr Arnold wish to rebuild his theatre, and so many theatres start up in different parts of the town? On what instinct is it also, that the great theatres are so afraid of Mr Arnold, if

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their merits are so obvious and exclusive with the public, and yet theatrical entertainments decline? Is it not likely that his would be the ruined concern, and not theirs? No; the truth is that they feel they should have to lower their pretensions, and that the public would ultimately get many good small winter theatres instead of two large bad ones. Their best way would be to produce at once nothing but opera and spectacle, and to let all the other theatres do as they please. Even this would not hinder a house a size smaller, from beating them even in opera; and we are convinced that if these enormous theatres, are not either entirely devoted to spectacle, or to opera singing for a certain portion of the year, like the King's Theatre, (which would be impossible perhaps for both) managers must still consent to be ruined, as their custom has been, or the theatres must come down. The reasonable progress of the age is no more to be hindered in this than in any other respect. Wherever a temporary license should be wanted, it would by some means or other be gained, upon the mere strength of its reasonableness; and before long such an increase of theatres could, and will, put an end to the monopoly, even if the wisdom of the Chancellor should not think fit to anticipate the blow, by recommending a deliberate acquiescence with circumstances.

7. "The Lord Chancellor.—What is the date of the last stock-piece produced at the large theatres—I mean a play that is acted frequently—a rational comedy or tragedy, fit for the amusement of men and women? (*A laugh*).

Mr Harrison, after some hesitation, mentioned Lord Byron's *Werner* and Mr Milman's *Fazio*.

The Lord Chancellor.—How long has *Werner* been acted?

Mr Harrison.—Three weeks.

The Lord Chancellor.—How long has *Fazio* been acted?

Mr Harrison.—It was acted some years since, and is now reproduced.

The Lord Chancellor.—How long is it since any play was produced like the *School for Scandal*, or the *Rivals*?

Mr Harrison said he attended so little to these matters that he was unable to afford his Lordship much information on the point.

The Lord Chancellor.—Has there been any play of the description I have mentioned produced since 1804?

Mr Harrison replied, that *John Bull*, a very popular play, had been produced and repeatedly acted since that period.

The Learned Counsel afterwards said, that "before he sat down he would read to their Lordships the titles of several stock-pieces produced since 1804, which had been handed to him since the Lord Chancellor proposed the question. Their titles were as follow:—*Speed the Plough*; *A Cure for the Heart-Ache*, by Morton; *The Heir at Law*; *the Poor Gentleman*; *The Wheel of Fortune*; *The Iron Chest*, by Colman; *Brutus*, by Mr Howard Payne; *Virginius*, by Mr Knowles; and *Bertram*, by Maturin."

But none of the comedies here mentioned are at all to compare with the *School for Scandal* or the *Rivals*. *Fazio* is a poor tragedy, founded on poor passions: and *Werner*, though with a powerful dramatic surprise in one part of it, is another. *Virginius*, indeed, is a tragedy eminently and emphatically deserving the attention both of "men and women." But it appears to us, that it is less the want of good plays which is to be complained of at the great theatres, than the inability to hear and see properly any plays at all. The power to create or even to improve dramatic talent, is perhaps not to be looked for, in any managers, however liberal or wealthy. An existing drama springs out of the nature of the times. Comedy is the flower of manners; tragedy of passion and thought. The greatest era of tragedy in England was when the minds of people had been set free, and their purposes invigorated, by the reformation. The most flourishing period of comedy, was when artificial manners were predominant, and the greatest things in people's heads were the feathers in their caps. The mind of the age has been again shaken up by the revival of noble doctrines, by the diffusion of that knowledge of which his Lordship has been so eminent a promoter, and by the glorious example of the second French revolution, which has exhibited the social virtues in a new and almost unhoped-for light, and given confidence to the noblest expectations. On all these accounts, and in common with every other improvement, the drama is likely to revive. At all events, a social feeling, including a love of the drama and delighted to draw on the theatrical stock of our lively and illustrious neighbours, is rapidly on the increase, as may be seen by the increasing number of theatres and the pieces they produce. All the goods, intellectual as well as otherwise, of Europe, promise to be interchanged; monopolies of all sorts are decried and thought vicious; and the more widely the sphere of competition is thrown open, the sooner will the best and worst things find their proper level, and intellect in every shape maintain the rule it ought.

Mr Morris says, that if Mr Arnold is allowed to perform all the year, the theatre in the Haymarket should be allowed to perform too. We need not add, that everything which has here been said in favour of Mr Arnold, applies with equal justice to Mr Morris. The point is, not that this or that person should succeed, but that equity should succeed, and that the spirit of the times should be forwarded, in a manner equally conducive to its necessities and tranquillity.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

THEATRICAL RIVALRIES.—It is curious, that Drury Lane Theatre at one time used to complain of the expensive splendours of an elder sister house, then existing in the present Dorset street, Strand. The following lines in one of Dryden's prologues are a hit at the great rival.

We, broken bankers, half destroyed by *fire*,
With our small stock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer strive,
We yield in both, and only beg—to live;
Unable to support their vast expence,
Who build and treat with such magnificence,
That like the ambitious monarchs of the age,
They give the law to our provincial stage.
Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
While they impose their splendour on the less.

RIVAL SINGERS.—Dr Arne was once asked by two vocalists of Covent Garden Theatre, to decide which of them sung the best. The day being appointed, both parties exerted themselves to the utmost, and when they had finished, the Doctor, addressing the first, said, "As for you, sir, you are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." "Ah, ah! sir," said the other, with an air of triumph, "I knew I should win my wager." "Stay, sir," says the Doctor, "I have a word to say to you before you go,—as for you, sir, you cannot sing at all."

COLONIES WEAKEN THE PARENT STATE.—It is in the politic as in the human constitution; if the limbs grow too large for the body, their size, instead of improving, will diminish the vigour of the whole. The colonies should always bear an exact proportion to the mother country; when they grow populous, they grow powerful, and by becoming powerful, they become independent also. Thus subordination is destroyed, and a country swallowed up in the extent of its own dominions.—*Goldsmith*.

WORLDLY ECCLESIASTICS.—The worldly ecclesiastic cries, "No innovations [reformations he means, and reformations he dreads] in the Church. They will produce disturbances." He is pretty sure of this fact, for he intends to produce disturbance by opposing every salutary proposal. Yet we know that Christianity was an innovation upon Heathenism—the Protestant Religion upon Popery. The reformers of states and churches, the deliverers of mankind from tyranny and bigotry, the friends of human nature, the prime benefactors of our world, thought it worth while to risk a temporary disturbance for a lasting advantage.—J. B., 1775.

PENSIONERS.—If the nation is to be plundered, it would be some comfort to think that the spoil was divided among the deserving, if it might be supposed any deserving person would be concerned in plundering his poor indebted country. But it is too notorious, that Courts reward according to a different system of morales from that which the ancient philosophers, prophets, and apostles taught: which makes Dr Johnson's definition of the word *Pension* appear but too accurate, viz. "Pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country!"

COMMON-PLACE NOVELS.—That class of fictitious works called *novels*, though much more like real life than the romances which preceded them, is yet full of lucky incidents and adventures, which are introduced as the chief means towards the ultimate success. A young man without fortune, for instance, is precluded from making his addresses to a young female in a superior situation, whom he believes not indifferent to him, until he can approach her with such worldly advantages as it might not be imprudent or degrading for her to cast a look upon. Now how is this to be accomplished? Why, I suppose by the exertion of his talents in some practicable and respectable department; and perhaps the lady, besides, will generously and spontaneously condescend to abdicate, from partiality to him, some of the trappings and luxuries of rank. You really suppose this is the plan? I am sorry you have so much less genius than a novel-writer. This young man has an uncle, who has been absent many years, nobody knew where, except the young man's lucky stars. During his absence, the old man has made a large fortune, with which he returns to his native land, at a time most opportune for every one but a highwayman, who, attacking him in a road through a wood, is frightened away by the young hero, who happens to come there at the instant to rescue and recognise his uncle, and to be in return recognised and made the heir to as many thousands as the lady or her family could wish. Now what is the intended impression of all this on the reader's mind? What if he certainly *have* no uncle in any foreign fortune-making country? But there are rich old gentlemen who are uncles to nobody. Is our novel-reader to reckon on it as a *likely* and *desirable* chance, that one of these, just after returning from the Indies with a ship-load of wealth, shall be set upon by a highwayman; and to take it for certain that in that case, he, the novel-reader, shall have the luck to come to the very spot in the nick of time, to send the dastard robber galloping off, to make an instant and entire seizure of the old gentleman's affections, find himself constrained to go and take a present share of the opulence, and the heirship of the whole, and have his patron to join his pleading that Amelia, or Alicia, or Cecilia (as the case may be), may now be willing and be permitted to favour his addresses?—*Foster's Essays*.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Jealous Wife.—Deaf as a Post.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—And the Pantomime.

ADELPHI.

HAD we been aware of the fine moral contained in the new piece which was brought out here last night, called *The King of the Alps and the Misanthrope*, we should have waived our gallantry towards the Olympic, and gone there first; for though in general we do not like to have a moral thrust in our faces, especially if there be vice in it (which is not seldom the case), yet the one inculcated by this new piece is so truly deserving of the name, so undogmatical, so good-natured, as well as enforced in so very new and surprising a manner, that everybody is interested in giving it precedence. It is a comment, but a very genial one, upon the wish expressed by the poet that heaven would give us the power

To see ourselves as others see us.

Bishop TAYLOR informs us, that when he passed a bad man, he used to say, "There goes my wicked self:" which was a very good and Christian speech for a bishop, but still left the speaker at a genteel distance, and perhaps did not always do justice to the passenger. The piece before us makes a violent, bad-tempered man behold, in the person of another, his *mistaken self*,—mistaken, because *he had thought others wicked when they were not so*. This is a higher strain of Christian philosophy than the bishop's.

John Rappelkoff, a retired *bookseller* (these German authors have long got rid of Tory distinctions in tragedy!) has acquired a morbid suspicion of all about him, in consequence of some ungrateful deceptions he has experienced from others. His first wife deceived him. He thinks his second is like her. He thinks his daughter leagued with her: he suspects his brother; he hates a young painter who wishes to become his son-in-law; and he fancies that his servant intended to murder him. He leaves home in loathing and despair and hastens into a mountain solitude. *Astragalus, King of the Alps*, a benevolent spirit, takes pity on the poor man; and assuming the form of a hunter, obtains his acquaintance by his blunt manners, and endeavours to reason him out of his misanthropy. *Rappelkoff* is not to be convinced. *Astragalus* tells him, that his opinions are owing in great measure to his own defects; that self-love, as well as misfortune, blinds him; and that others are not what he takes them for, nor he himself quite so good as he supposes. The *Misanthrope* is not convinced. The spirit then appears in his own shape, kingly, and with his clouds about him; and the solitary, in the dangers of a tempest, and the visitations of supernatural beings, undergoes the hard lessons of physical and mental suffering. Even these do not convert him. His benevolent and pertinacious monitor then tells him, that he shall change shapes with his brother; that his brother shall be taken for himself, and *vice versa*; and that being thus put into a state not to be imposed upon, he shall finally be made sensible of his error. The spirit then himself takes the shape of *Rappelkoff*, *Rappelkoff* that of the brother (who does not otherwise appear); and the latter returning home to put the experiment to the test, finds everything just as the spirit had described it. The wife laments to her fancied brother-in-law her husband's disappearance; the daughter is bitterly grieving; the young painter, her suitor, says he would have done anything to gain *Rappelkoff's* good will; and all express the greatest pity and regard for him, except the servant; who startles him by describing him as a very devil, a fellow of a horrible temper who makes everybody wretched,—a perfect "household fiend." *Rappelkoff* is not convinced at once: he at first still doubts his wife; he is astonished and mortified, yet not convinced, by the servant; he cannot bear the sight of the painter; but the unaffected sorrow of his daughter, aided by her likeness to himself, makes a deep impression upon him; and this is completed by the appearance of his brother in his own likeness, who begins displaying his suspicions and bad temper in the most violent way, treats wife, daughter, and painter with the greatest scorn, at length challenges his brother (while the family stand round in horror), threatens to shoot himself, and finally rushes out in order to throw himself in the river. In horror, despair, and remorse, the now converted misanthrope sinks to the earth and calls upon the *King of the Alps* for assistance. His prayer, after a while, is heard; *Astragalus* re-appears in his own shape; and the reader may guess the rest.

There is a little underplot, not quite worthy of the other, in which a drunken coal-burner (REEVE) is made to lose his little boy in a forest. One of the benevolent spirits of Astragalus comes to his assistance, and upon a promise that he will abide by a certain condition, undertakes to see the child restored. He promises: the condition is, that he shall become sober. He pronounces it "hard," but undertakes it, and regains his boy. The truth of the supposed circumstance is here sacrificed to a pleasantry, or to the moral lesson. No parent would think any condition hard, by which a lost child could be restored. The difficulty of a drunkard's reformation however is thus exhibited with an extreme force.

There is another striking lesson still to be mentioned. The character of a dumb man is introduced, for the purpose of showing the violent passions generated by any extreme accident of difference from the rest of mankind, and the necessity of treating it kindly. We did not thoroughly see this part; but such we suppose to be the inference. What we did see of it was excellently performed by Mr O. SMITH, who has more in his face and acting than we were aware of. His heavy mode of speaking is not in his favour.

Upon the main plot, and upon all concerned in it, we have almost unqualified praise to bestow. The German author, Mr FERDINAND RAIMUND, whose name we become acquainted with for the first time through the medium of the play-bill, and whose original piece under the title of "*Alpenkonig*" (*The Alp-King*) is stated to have been produced at Vienna with "extraordinary success," is evidently a writer of no common cast of mind. The plot is a new invention, as far as we remember. Misanthropy has been described before, and its self-love retorted upon it; hypochondria might with reason have been allowed to effect more than it does, though perhaps not upon a man undisciplined with intellectual pursuits; but the enabling him to discern the thoughts of others, was a happy hit, worthy of a resort to supernatural means; *dignus vindice nodus*; and the process is excellently contrived and performed. The household scenes are highly striking, and calculated to go home to many a bosom. *Rappelkoff* is not a mere gloomy, frowning misanthrope, always talking in one humour, like the man in the *Stranger*. The author was wiser than KOTZEBUE, and has made him full of jests as well as taunts. He describes himself as being naturally of a mirthful disposition, and his mirth has not forsaken him in the very thick of his melancholy; which is a point of nature, at once consolatory and affecting. Then the author has very pleasingly as well as naturally made the female part of the family equally aware of *Rappelkoff's* mistakes and his merits. They suffer bitterly on his account; but we do not cease to love people, merely because we suffer for them. If they have good hearts, we suffer *with* them also, and continue to love them. The gross clown of a servant, who has no tincture of knowledge, is the only person who entertains a thoroughly bad opinion of his master; which is a mistake of the true vulgar sort, and admirably in character. Mr BUCKSTONE performs this part very well. Mrs YATES is natural and affecting, as usual, in the daughter; REEVE surprised us by exhibiting real touches of pathos when he regains his child (and yet perhaps we ought not to say so, for what a fund of feeling is there not in almost every bosom, especially where there is imagination to help it)? MATHEWS highly interested, but did not surprise us, by shewing a natural and serious vein of feeling in the midst of his gibes and jokes; for anybody may see by his face, that he is a man of sensibility. But YATES astonished us by his admirable and almost startling personation of MATHEWS. In walk, manner, voice, gesture, and very countenance, it is as near to a *fac-simile* as the difference of two persons can make it. His look seemed withered on the sudden,—at least altered from its

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greater look of robustness to one more *used* and sensitive. He has the same peculiar voice, modified by the turn of the mouth; the same restless energy; the same vitality of the head and body triumphing over the weaker extremities: in short, it is so much the very MATHEWS, that MATHEWS himself, when he looks in the glass of the other's face, seems with difficulty to control his surprise; and the audience break out into repeated manifestations of delight.

Now here is a piece which is far superior to the common run of the novelties at the Great Theatres, and which affords another reason why there should be no patent monopolies.

We ought not to have omitted, that the making the *King of the Alps* a benevolent spirit, instead of the usual grim piece of malignity, is another instance of the author's refinement, and an evidence of wise insight into the powers and operations of nature, even in their most awful shapes.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE verses written in a lady's diary, speedily.

The letter of Mr J. T. is received with thanks.

The Correspondent who has pleasantly pointed out some critical blunders in a certain periodical publication, is informed, that we do not wish to trouble ourselves with attacking the Editor, as long as he abstains from attacking us. We believe the rogue got the start of us once, the other day, in a kind of side manner; but we shall let the score be in his favour, till he "aggravates;" when he shall be paid double.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Lord BYRON'S Tragedy of
WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.
[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT, Ida Stralenheim, Miss FAUCIT.
Werner, Mr MACREADY, Ulric, Mr WALLACK, Gabor, Mr COOPER,
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack, Fritz, Mr Younge, Otto, Mr Cohen,
Henric, Mr Salter, Eric, Mr C. Jones, Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett,
Rodolph, Mr Cooke, Arnheim, Mr Fenton, Meister, Mr Eaton,
Ludwig, Mr Cathie, Herman, Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, H. Marschner's Overture to "Der Vampyr," and P. Lindpainter's Overture to "Der Vampyr."

After which, a New Farce, called
TURNING THE TABLES.
[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss FAUCIT. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. JONES.
Patty Larkins, Mrs ORGER. Mr Knibbs, Mr HUGHES.
Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr COOPER. Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr VINING.
Mr Thornton, Mr J. VINING. Jack Humphries, Mr LISTON.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

To-morrow, The Brigand; the Illustrious Stranger; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of
FAZIO.
[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, (6th time) Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.

After which,
THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN.

Christine, Miss E. TREE. Emma, Miss LAWRENCE.
Count d'Oxenstein, Mr F. MATTHEWS. Frederick Bury, Mr ABBOTT.
Steinberg, Mr WRENCH. Officer, Mr Irwin.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, The Resource of a Day; the Omnibus; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Frassel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster.
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nancy Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Corridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called
THE CHASTE SALUTE.
[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Della, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, to be called
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young.
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play, entitled
THE STRANGER.
[By KOTZEBUE.]

Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. POOLE, (her 2nd appearance)
Countess Wintersein, Miss Scott. Charlotte, Mrs Vale.
Savoyard, (with a Song) Miss SOMERVILLE. The Stranger, Mr OSBALDISTON.
Count Wintersein, Mr Honor. Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Peter, Mr Vale.
Solomon, Mr Williams, Francis, Mr C. Hill. Tobias, Mr Gough.
The Count's Son, Master Carbery. The Stranger's Children, M. and E. Clarke.

After which, a Drama, entitled
THE DIAMOND ARROW.
[By W. T. MONCRIEF.]

Lucille, Miss SOMERVILLE. Dame Ledoine Fontaine, Mrs VALE.
Mons. Fontaine, Mr VALE. Mons. Anselm, Mr Young. Courier, Mr Lee.
Hilaire, Mr Edwin.

To conclude with a new Drama, from SCRIBE, entitled
BARON TRENCK.
[By Mr OSBALDISTON.]

Countess of Hulsdorff, Madame Simon. Countess of Lewemberg, Miss Rumens.
Victorine, Miss SOMERVILLE.
The Count of Linsdonn, Mr Gough. Major Mufflefdorf, Mr D. Pitt.
Frederick, Baron de Trenck, Mr OSBALDISTON. Augustus, Mr Edwin.
Boltzhelm, Mr Almar. François Bassontrompdorf, with a Comic Song, Mr C. Hill.

COBURG THEATRE.—Peter the Great and Charles XII. Harlequin Silver Penny—Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Harlequin and Mother Goose—A Deed of Blood—The Morning after Mariage.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1831.

PATENT THEATRES AND MR ARNOLD.

THE further consideration of this question before the Lord Chancellor is postponed till Monday. Meanwhile it has been once more resumed, but we find nothing new in the arguments. The most ingenious thing in the whole discussion is the eschewal of the real spirit of the question. His Lordship in vain endeavours now and then to bring it a little into play.

'The Lord Chancellor.—In a book published by the late Lord Carlisle—a person of no mean authority in theatrical opinions and affairs—it was stated, that the largeness of the theatres was inimical to the developement of the expression of the actors' faces, &c. which, accordingly, prevented the representation of any fine comedies. This was an argument used by many persons, and he only wished, for his own information, to know whether such was the case or not.

'Mr Adam said it certainly was not the case in either of the theatres. Not only old pieces, but new were represented—amongst which was *The Chancery Suit*, a piece of five acts, and one which bade fair to be a stock-piece. For the sake of the many eminent persons who had written the comedies, he wished their Lordships to be informed, that the drama had not decreased in such a way as might appear from the discussion on the preceding evening.'

The use of the word "any" in the Lord Chancellor's speech (if the report be correct) here enabled the learned Counsel to answer truly, as far as regards the letter of the question: but the spirit of it is always evaded. The largeness of the theatres has certainly not prevented the representation of every fine play; but as certainly, it is inimical to the habit of representing fine plays. A few of the best pieces produced, in later times, such as the *School for Scandal* and the *Rivals*, Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, and some of the pieces of O'Keefe, are kept alive by the inheritance of certain favourite parts from one popular actor to another. These actors, when they make their debut, try their strength in them, in order to prove their claims to be considered successors to the others; and a certain small round of good plays are repeated in consequence, as long as these principal performers can render them attractive. But the rest of the pieces, with the exception of one of Otway's and a few of Shakspeare's, which are, for the most part, ill performed, and which struggle on between the marvellous force of their appeals to nature, and the appearance of a single good actor or so in one of the characters, are generally of a mediocre description. There are the plays of Morton, for instance, of Murphy, of Tom Dibdin, of Colman, &c. and a world of melodramas and other feeble monsters, which generally die soon after they are born, but how often is it that we hear of Congreve, Wycherley, and Farquhar? and what a mine is there of precious dramatists of the old time, includin; Beaumont and Fletcher, which, if it depended for fame on the theatres, would almost remain unknown? The managers tell us that the productions of these writers, however beautiful, would not attract audiences. True; not in immense theatres where they cannot be heard, and with bad actors, who exist there upon the strength of their faces being invisible. What would be the use of being invited upon one side of Salisbury Plain, to hear Handel performed on the other, or to see one of the paintings of Raphael? The plays of Shakspeare, of Massinger, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Decker, Webster, and others, came out in small theatres, not bigger sometimes than those yards of inns from which they were in fact copied, and of which our present pit and boxes are imitations. The very best actors only draw occasionally and for short periods; and when they do, only half the house can hear and see them properly; which is the reason why they are not more attractive. Now and then some new debutante attracts the public curiosity, generally to no lasting purpose, and with injury to the very powers evinced, because of the temptation to rant. The most genuine satisfaction is caused by singing and spectacle, because in those cases the appeals to hearing and eyesight are on a large scale, and the new stars pierce the remote regions of the upper boxes. Acting, too, is not expected of singers, partly because they have been accustomed to do without it. As to melodrama, nobody looks for expression in the whiskered cheeks and Tamerlane gestures of a bandit: an elephant can dispense with delicacy of inspection; and storms, murders, Newgate-Calendar plots, shipwrecks, crashes of music, dogs, horses, real water, anything, in short, but real plays, are at length not only tolerated but desired by the public, out of an instinctive sense that they are the best things which the houses are fit for. For our parts, we have no objection to a spectacle when it is good of its kind, still less if it is founded on one of those fairy or Eastern tales, which are not less full of genius and delight because they are the delight of children. But the success of these upon the stages most fit for them ought not to hinder the creation of other stages fitter for the performance of tragedy and comedy. The counsel for the patentees the other night mentioned, as a curious fact illustrative of this question, that the same dramas which had attracted full houses in the large theatres, were performed by the same actors in the Haymarket Theatre to half-empty benches. Name! Name! as they cry in parliament. We know not how truly this gentleman may have been informed nor does he mention how often the fact occurred, or under what circumstances; but we will venture to affirm, either that the dramas must have been bad ones, or of such an inferior nature as to demand a large house, or else that it was wholly owing to difference of season and the emptiness of the town. On the other hand, if our memory does not greatly deceive us, the same dramas which attract full houses at the Haymarket, have been acted to half-empty benches in the great theatres, though we cannot say whether or not in the same hands. At all events, the argument nullifies itself; for, as the Solicitor-General observed, if little theatres cannot draw full houses, and great ones can, why do the latter fear them? and if it is not desirable to see and hear in the very best manner, why are good actors requisite at all? and how is it that the great theatres do not get rich? Sir Charles Wetherell, who appeared for Mr Morris during the last mooting of the question, said, that Mr Arnold, instead of producing musical dramatic entertainments and ballets of action, had done little but emulate the "spurious performances" of Sadler's Wells and the Olympic; while he gave us to understand that no such performances were represented at what he called the "three regular theatres." The truth is, that the Haymarket is the most regular theatre at present existing; if by that term we are to understand a theatre devoted to regular plays, farces and opera; and accordingly, with the help of its being a small theatre, it is in general well filled, in spite of its performing during the summer months only. We may venture on this occasion to observe, as speaking from critical experience, and a love of the stage, that it is on that account solely our own favourite play-house, and that we have often expressed our pleasure at sitting there, and coming as it were into social contact with the dramatis personæ. Nor has this opinion been expressed by ourselves only. People have been in the habit of observing how well the Haymarket fills, in spite of the heat of summer time, and of adding, that it must be owing to the facilities afforded for seeing and hearing. We do not think, we confess, that the heat of the summer is so great an objection as people suppose it, the greater amount of animal spirits during that season being perhaps more than an equivalent for any inconvenience occasioned by the smallness of the accommodation. But not to lose sight of Sir Charles Wetherell, the two great theatres notoriously partake to a great extent in the spurious performances which he attributes exclusively to Sadler's Wells and the Olympic. The Adelphi complains, that they deprive it of its nautical after-pieces. Their condescension to show and spectacle, to dogs and horses, have been repeatedly burlesqued by the minors; and in brigands and bandits, and Old Bailey plots, they absolutely strive hard to outdo Sadler's Wells and the Coburg. The very best pieces they have produced for a long time are such as those which the Olympic, the Adelphi, Mr Arnold's theatre, and Mr Morris's, have been producing every

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day, namely, light little pieces from the French: the only other good novelties, with the exception of the appearance of Miss Inverarity, (and we speak with the utmost deliberation, and from the experience of nightly attendance) have been the beautiful series of landscape scenery in the present pantomime at Drury Lane, and the custom introduced in the orchestras of playing the finest pieces of Mozart and others. Even the two pantomimes now running at the great theatres, notwithstanding the means possessed of giving them the greatest effect, are in the universal opinion of the town inferior to the pantomime at the Adelphi. The Adelphi is constantly producing new pieces that do it great credit; the Olympic, in its light way, promises to do as much; the Haymarket has always maintained its reputation; and from what we hear of the Coburg and the Surrey, and have seen of a variety of printed dramas which have been sent us, performed at those theatres, and written by Mr Jerrold, they have been making the most praiseworthy exertions for informing as well as amusing the important multitudes that visit them; a circumstance, we may venture to say, which is not unworthy the serious consideration of the Lord Chancellor, as serving to shew him the importance of exciting intellectual emulation among a variety of play-houses. Sir Charles Wetherell has given it as his opinion, that a multiplicity of theatres is injurious to good morals, and he says that this opinion was *confirmed*, many years ago, by a speech which he heard at Oxford from the lips of the present Archbishop of Canterbury. What the Archbishop said, or how this confirmation of ancient date has withstood all the precious accumulation and vigorous coherency of Sir Charles's ideas in the interval, we are not told; neither do we think it necessary to repeat anything on the point. Liberal knowledge must advance in a liberal manner, and in a just confidence that real morals and intellectual freedom will flourish together. The more the world know, the more they will know wisely; and the more good naturedly they are taught the knowledge, the sooner it will come.

There was one thing we were very sorry to see in the report of these later arguments. It was the appearance of a gentleman on the behalf of the Duke of Bedford, who joins the patentees in opposing the extension of Mr Arnold's license, in consequence of his being the ground landlord of Covent Garden. His Grace, we presume, who has the reputation of being a good-natured man, has condescended to come forward for the benefit of others. We are sorry for it, because he is very rich, and might have afforded to let the question take its most liberal course.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Behaviour towards Superiors.—The highest point of good-breeding, if any one can hit it, is to show a very nice regard for your own dignity, and with that in your heart, express your value for the man above you.—*Steele.*

Battle of Agincourt.—A gentleman, long famous for the aptitude of his puns, observing a violent fracas in the front area of a gin-shop, facetiously termed it "The battle of a-gin-court."

Yorkshire Wit.—"Now, John," says Mrs P. to her man-servant, "you must go with my compliments, and enquire how *old* Mrs Q. is?" (there being two Mrs Q.'s). "Yes, ma'am." On his return, John said, "Mrs Q. will be 84 next birth-day, ma'am."

Microscopic Wonders.—A few twigs, full of sap, were placed in a small quantity of water for several days, until a part of the sap became incorporated with the water. A drop of this water was put on the head of a large pin, and by the solar microscope it was found to contain more than thirty thousand living creatures!

A Politic Resolution.—I believe Mr Anderson talks partially of me as to my looks; I know nothing of the matter, as it is eleven years since I have seen my figure in a glass, and the last reflection I saw there was so disagreeable, that I resolved to spare myself such mortification for the future, and shall continue that resolution to my life's end.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

A Useful Hint.—The vain man takes praise for honour; the proud man, ceremony for respect, the ambitious man, power for glory. These three characters are indeed of very near resemblance, but differently received by mankind. Vanity makes men ridiculous, pride odious, and ambition terrible. The foundation of all which is, that they are grounded upon falsehood: for if men, instead of studying to appear considerable, were in their own hearts possessors of the requisites for esteem, the acceptance they otherwise unfortunately aim at, would be as inseparable from them, as approbation is from truth itself. By this means they would have some rule to walk by; and they may ever be assured, that a good cause of action will ever receive a suitable effect. It may be a useful hint in such cases, for a man to ask of himself, whether he really is what he has a mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himself much further anxiety—*Steele.*

Economical Obsequies.—"So you bury attorneys, in this country," said a stranger to a farmer, as a funeral procession entered the churchyard.—"Bury them!" said the farmer, "to be sure we do, don't you?"—"Oh! no, when an attorney dies, we lay him out, throw open the windows, and lock the door,—in the morning the body is gone. There is, to be sure, a strong smell of burning brimstone, but it goes off."—*American Paper.*

Seeing the Good one does.—I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.—*Pope.*

False Punctuation.—By the misplacing of a comma, the grocers in a certain village in America, are licensed by the legislature to be drunk in their own houses for a year together. The passage runs thus:—"And it shall be lawful for such grocer or grocers on receiving such license and giving such bond to sell such strong and spirituous liquor, to be drunk in the building in which he, she, or they, shall keep such grocery, for the term of one year from the date of such license." In one of the American papers, a further improvement was made, by printing the word awful, for lawful. It was an apt one.

Court Courtesy.—The Ministry is like a play at Court; there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrusting hastily forward, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

Cure for a terrible Disorder in the Mouth, commonly called Scandal.—Take of "Good-nature" one ounce; of an herb, called by Indians "Mind your own business," one ounce; mix these with a little "Charity for failings," and two or three sprigs of "Keep your tongue between your teeth." Simmer them together in a vessel called Circumspection, for a short time, and it will be fit for use.—*American paper.*

Conversation.—If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them.—*Steele.*

Fine Sense.—If things were put in a true light, and we would take time to consider that man, in his very nature, is an imperfect being, our sense of the matter would be immediately altered, and the word imperfection would not carry an unkinder idea than the word humanity. It is a pleasant story that we, forsooth, who are the only imperfect creatures in the universe, are the only beings that will not allow of imperfection.—*Steele.*

Music and Murder.—Alessandro Stradella flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a fine singer, and an excellent performer on the harp. He held for some years the situation of composer to the opera at Venice, and also taught music there. A mutual passion arising between him and one of his pupils, named Hortensia, the mistress of a nobleman, they agreed to elope, and escaped to Rome. On discovering their flight, the Venetian dispatched two assassins, with directions to murder both Stradella and the lady, wherever they should be found. The assassins understanding Stradella was to give an oratorio in a church, attended the performance, determined to follow the musician and his mistress out of the church, and then strike the fatal blow.—The exquisitely pathetic music, however, softened the hearts of the murderers. They not only desisted from their purpose, but exerted all their influence to preserve the lovers, who having thus escaped the malice of their enemy, fled to Turin, and the assassins returned to their employer, whose disappointment served but to sharpen his resentment. He found means to attach the father of Hortensia to his interest, and instigated the old man to become the murderer of his daughter. In this he succeeded, and joining two others, they set off, with the resolution of destroying the unfortunate pair. The Duchess of Savoy was at this time Regent of Turin, and being informed of their situation, placed the lady in a convent, and retained Stradella as her principal musician.—Thus secured, his fears began to abate; but one evening taking the air on the ramparts, he was attacked by three assassins, who each stabbed him in the breast. The villains escaped through the protection of an ambassador. Stradella's wounds not proving dangerous, he was soon cured. A year elapsed, and no fresh disturbance having been made, he thought himself secure; but the Venetian had placed spies over him, who were watching a favourable moment for revenge.—The Duchess, deeply interested for two persons who had suffered so much, herself united them in marriage. After the ceremony, they wished to visit Genoa, and went thither, with a resolution of returning again to Turin. They reached the end of their journey, but the moment of their arrival terminated their existence; the murderers rushed into their chamber, and stabbed them both to the heart. This is, perhaps, as remarkable an instance of the perseverance of Italian revenge as any upon record.—*Musical Biography.*

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AWFUL SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The butler of a gentleman of my acquaintance, living at ——, in Surrey, imbibing the martial spirit of the times, and entertaining the propriety of providing for future emergencies, has had his child christened by the name of "Major John;" and when asked the reason for such an absurdity, stated his conviction that his son would at no distant period be called upon to rally round the standard of liberty, and fight in common with others, for his country's wrongs; and as his means would not allow him to purchase a commission for his son, he therefore thought it right, in order to support the dignity of the family, to provide him with one at the baptismal font.—*From a Correspondent.*

MODERN MEANINGS TO OLD WORDS.—*Incumbent.* One on income bent.—*Satisfaction.* The pleasure of compelling a fellow to shoot you through the head, because he had called you an ass.—*Palpable absurdity.* Anything discordant to your opinions.—*Knowing fellow.* One who suspects every one to be a rogue.—*Luxuries.* Any dainty used by your neighbour.—*Necessaries.* Any luxury used by yourself. *Seditious rascal.* A fellow out of work, who cannot starve without complaining.—*Minister.* One whom half the parish are bound to minister to.—*To die universally lamented.* To die without paying your debts.—*American Paper.*

CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM.—Extract of a letter from Hobart-town, Van Diemau's Land, dated March 26, 1829.—There is no want here; there are none of those pallied, care-worn, anxious faces, that look from every corner and street in London. There is no misery but what results from idleness, debauchery, and unwarrantable speculations. The black population is not very numerous, but utterly insensible to the blessings of civilization. They are such arrant idiots as to prefer nakedness in a climate where clothes are not requisite, to being incased with woollens offered to them in exchange for their liberty; and they prefer a life of ease and independence to one of labour and restraint. The whites, wisely disgusted by such brutel folly, express their difference of opinion, by arguing upon them from the musket; and the blacks acknowledge these appeals to their undertaking, by spearing the whites at all convenient opportunities. The controversy must be interminable until one color has extinguished the other.

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.—The most extraordinary piece of *Musical Biography* in the work so entitled, is that of Thomas Britton, the *musical small-coal man.* He was not a composer of music, but his history is so interesting, says the editor, that we cannot avoid inserting some account of it. He served an apprenticeship to a dealer in small-coal, and after some time, hired a stable in Clerkenwell, which he converted into a dwelling-house, and began the trade for himself. He was celebrated for an extensive knowledge of chemistry, and for a great degree of skill in the theoretical and practical parts of music. He collected a number of books, many of them on the occult sciences, and after his death his collection of musical instruments were sold for eighty pounds. The prudence of Britton's deportment to his superiors in wealth, procured him great respect. Sir Robert L'Estrange, and many other men of wit, learning, and rank, honoured his musical society with their company. He was so much distinguished, that when passing the streets he was frequently accosted with such expressions as "There goes the musical coalman, a lover of learning, a performer of music, and a companion for gentlemen." Notwithstanding the meanness of his habitation, its attractions were so great, that the genteelest audiences were frequently present at his musical entertainments. Among many others of great note, Handel performed there—and that afterwards-celebrated performer, Mr Matthew Dubourg, then a child, played for the first time in public a solo on the violin, in Britton's poor abode, being elevated on a stool for the purpose. About this time the rage for collecting old books had seized many of the nobility. Britton was well skilled in the prices and titles of these articles, and in conjunction with the Earls of Pembroke, Oxford, Sunderland, Winchilsea, and the Duke of Devonshire, every Saturday morning during the winter was spent by him in search of old books and manuscripts. It was the custom of these persons to assemble at a bookseller's in Paternoster-row, at twelve o'clock, when Britton would regularly make his appearance, clad in his blue frock, and with his sack of small-coal on his shoulder. He would pitch his sack on the bulk of the shop window, and then go in and join his noble friends, who, after an hour's conversation, adjourned to a tavern to spend the remainder of the day. The artist Woolaston was one of Britton's friends and admirers, and painted a picture of him, now in the British Museum. The occasion of its painting was as follows:—Britton had nearly emptied his sack earlier than usual, and finding himself close to the abode of his friend, wished to call on him. He did not like to make his appearance dressed as he was, but he determined to cry small-coal while passing through Warwick lane, and thereby stand a chance of attracting that gentleman's notice. Mr Woolaston, who had never heard him there before, immediately beckoned him in, and intimated a desire to take his picture, which Britton modestly yielded to, and was painted with his blue frock and small-coal measure in his hand. The circumstances of his death are not less remarkable than those of his life. Mr Robe, a magistrate, secretly introduced a *ventriloquist* into his house during one of the musical meetings, for the purpose of terrifying him. The ventriloquist announced from a distant part of the room, that Britton would die in a few hours, unless he repeated the lord's prayer on his knees. The poor man did as he was told, but he was so dreadfully alarmed that he died in a few days.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Werner—Turning the Tables—and the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio—The Youthful Queen—and the Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.

THERE was nothing new at the theatres last night. Tomorrow there will be a new opera, and on Monday Mr KEAN re-appears. Meanwhile we have nothing better to offer the reader but a remark or two on Mr POWER's *Irishman in London;* for the piece itself is hardly worth notice, though there are one or two other parts in it which afforded opportunities for clever actors to draw them out, and garnish them with jokes of their own. Its title explains the humour of the principal character, who is an Irishman suddenly brought by his master into the English metropolis, hustled about by the crowd, having his *pocket* picked of a banker's check that he holds in his *hand,* standing up in defence of his country when his master (who would fain be a Londoner, and says *leedies*) wishes to cut it, and thrusting himself before him in company to instruct the young ladies how they ought to admire the oyster-beds in Poolbeg, the foundling and lying-inn hospitals in Dublin, and other *manufactories.*

We need not say that Mr POWER acquitted himself to admiration. He does not seem able, like the late Mr JOHNSTONE, to throw in those little touches of heart and serious feeling which are sometimes to be found in the broadest and most comic characters. He always stops short of a sentiment. He never seems, for instance, to be moved into any real tenderness towards the sable maid-servant, who in her simplicty makes love to him. JOHNSTONE, in the midst of raillery and laughter, would have contrived to show, now and then, that his heart really misgave him for the poor girl. He would not have merely uttered a word or two of sympathy. He would have made a real humanity of it, and shewed us that his nature was above the jest into which his humour, and two bottles of wine, had betrayed him. Mr POWER cannot do this: neither can he sing, and we understand he cannot perform genteel Irishmen. But in all the main points of such a character as the one before us, nothing can surpass him, we doubt whether JOHNSTONE equalled him. If the latter seemed to have come from a more refined part of Ireland, POWER appears like the native of one given up to a more entire spirit of drollery and carelessness. JOHNSTONE stood firmly, though quaintly, as if upon the pavement of a town; POWER, with an equal Irish aversion to locomotion, as though he would not trouble himself with taking a step in life, balances himself and sways to and fro with indolent security, as if he stood upon the borders of the bog-trotters, and was prepared to hop and skip a few yards on occasion; which he does: for your genuine bog-trotter has something of the sailor in his legs, and while he skips over the more treacherous ground, as the sailor does to his deck, commits the rest of his body to what may happen. Then the words are perpetually sliding out of POWER's mouth, as if he loved to do nothing else but talk: there is no interruption to them: his style is the most flowing conceivable, welling out of a perpetual spring head of quaintness and confidence; and nothing can surpass the repose of it. In these two latter respects we think JOHNSTONE might have envied him.

THE CONSTANT TURNER.—An American paper contains the marriage of *Master* David Turner of Palermo, aged *seventeen,* to Miss Almina Brown, of Liberty, aged *fourteen,* after a courtship of *five* years. Certainly the little god was in one of his finest frolics, when he aimed his darts at the breasts of 12 and 9 years.—He must have taken a sip of nectar too much. We can imagine Master David—"a curly-headed little urchin with a *bib* on chin" discoursing love to the little Miss Brown.—After a courtship of five years, he thought that she had been Brown long enough on one side—so he would Turn-her. He was, however, much more constant than the swain mentioned in the old epigram:—

When I was young and debonnaire,
The *brownest* girl to me was *fair;*
But now I'm old, and wiser grown,
The fairest girl to me is *Brown.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Lingro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Fransel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster.
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, to be called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe.
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,

SURREY THEATRE.

The Opera of

GUY MANNERING.

Lucy Bertram, Miss SOMERVILLE, in which she will introduce 'The Soldier's Tear.' Julia Mannering, Miss VINCENT, in which she will introduce 'Rise Gentle Moon.' Gypsey Girl, Miss M. Somerville. Flora, Mrs Vale.
Mrs M'Candish, Madame Simon. Meg Merrilies, Miss M. C. POOLE.
Henry Bertram, Mr EDWIN, in which he will introduce 'Be mine, dear Maid,' 'Draw the sword, Scotland,' 'Oft in the stilly Night,' 'The Pilgrim of Love,' and the Duet, 'Now Hope, now Fear,' with Miss Vincent.
Colonel Mannering, Mr C. Hill. Gilbert Glossin, Mr Gough.
Baillie Mucklethrift, Mr Williams. Dominie Sampson, Mr VALE.
Dandie Dinmont, Mr D. Pitt. Dirk Hatteraick, Mr Almar.
Gabriel, Mr Ransford. Sebastian, Mr Lee. Franco, Miss Ellis.
Jock Jabos, Mr Asbury. Serjeant M'Crae, Mr Hobbs.

To conclude with an Operatic Extravaganza, (in Two Acts) entitled

GIOVANNI IN LONDON.

[By W. T. MONCRIEFF.
Miss Constantia Quixote, Miss VINCENT. Mrs Leporello, Mrs Rogers.
Mrs English, Miss Rumens. Squalling Fan, Mrs Vale. Mrs Porous, Miss Boden.
Mrs Drainemdry, Madame Simon. Mrs Simpkins, Miss Perry.
Proserpine, Miss Withers. Succubus, Miss Rayner. Tartarus, Miss Jones.
Don Giovanni, Miss SOMERVILLE, she will introduce 'I've pluck'd the fairest flower,' and 'Come where the sapens quiver.' Leporello, Mr VALE.
Finikin, Mr Honor. Popinjay, Mr Lee. Deputy English, Mr Young.
Pluto, Mr Almar. Charon Mr Gough. Firedrake, Mr Ransford,
Drainemdry, Mr Eden. Porous, Mr Webb. Simpkins, Mr Rogers.
Shirk, Mr Nichols. Cobbler, Mr Asbury. Styles, Mr Grammer. Nokes, Mr Ford.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]
Maria Grazia, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge, Nicolo, Mr Webster, Fabio, Mr Hughes,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford,
Spoletto, Mr Bland, Uberto, Mr Robinson, Carlotti. Mr Yarnold.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," and Mozart's Overture to "Die Entfurung aus dem Serail."

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]
Irza, Miss FAUCIT, Fatima, Mrs WAYLETT,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr LISTON, Gimbo, Mr HARLEY,
High Priest, Mr Fenton, Officers, Mr C. Jones and Mr Horner.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

To-morrow, Werner; the Lady and the Devil; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The New Comedy of

THE CHANCERY SUIT.

Emily Traverse, Miss E. Tree. Mrs Post, Mrs Gibbs. Mrs Snare, Mrs Pindar.
Jenny, Mrs J. Hughes. Miss Willowly, Mrs Daley.
Miss Sallowfield, Mrs Brown. Mrs Gravebury, Miss Appleton.
Mrs Tapsley, Mrs Tayleure. Sir Bernard Blazoncourt, Mr EGERTON.
Frederick Blazoncourt, Mr. ABBOT. Guy Thistlebloom, Mr BARTLEY.
Jeremy Thistlebloom, (under the assumed name of Courtington) Mr WARDE.
Murphy O'Doggrely, Mr POWER. Snare, Mr MEADOWS.
Winterfield, Mr BLANCHARD.
Tapsley, Mr F. Matthews. Michael, Mr Addison. Ben, Mr Evans.
Sheriff's Officer, Mr Fuller. Beadle, Mr Atkins.

Previous to the Comedy, Rossini's Overture to "Il Barbiere di Saviglia."
Previous to the Farce, Mozart's Overture to "Die Zauberflote."

After which,

TEDDY THE TILER.

[By Mr G. H. RODWELL.]
Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly, Oriel, Miss Lawrence, Flora, Miss Nelson,
Julia, Mrs Brown. Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans, Henry, Mr Duruset,
Frederick, Mr Baker, Bombardine, Mr Henry, Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour,
Teddy Mulowney, the Tiler, Mr POWER,
Tim, Mr Addison, Stiff, Mr Mears, Apewell, Mr Irwin.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

COBURG THEATRE.—Peter the Great and Charles XII. Harlequin Silver Penny—Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Harlequin and Mother Goose—A Deed of Blood—The Morning after Mariage.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M. A. M. R. S. L. With twenty medallion portraits. 3 vols. 8vo. Bull.

A BIOGRAPHY of the Italian Poets has long been a desideratum. Mr Stebbing has here supplied one, which, if more defective in some respects than might be wished, is not a common-place production, and will be gladly placed on his shelves by the lover of Italian literature. To ourselves, to whom a set of book-shelves is one of the most delightful of sights, and who never behold a set of the Tuscan bards upon them, without thinking we see a lump of sunshine, it will be no small pleasure to contemplate the very backs of the books, with the title upon them,—LIVES OF THE ITALIAN POETS. What particular objections we have to make to any of Mr Stebbing's remarks, or what agreement to express with them, will appear as we go through his volumes. To speak generally, we have to thank him for an addition to the stock of biography, containing evidences of elegant scholarship and graceful feeling; while we cannot help regretting that he has not given us a little more criticism, with occasional specimens; that he has inserted the lives of some authors who are hardly to be called poets, (Lorenzo di Medici for instance, Aretin and Politian); brought in such a man as Pulci under Politian's cloak, as if he had not been far more worthy of a chapter than twenty Politians; said not a word of Redi and Forteguerri, two of the most popular poets of their kind, the former an original; and among his minor poets, made distinguished mention of Apostolo Zeno; omitting altogether the names of Rucellai, Tansillo, Pastorini, the Zappi, Cassiani, Morando, and twenty others, far better than some to whom he has given an elevated station. Politian was only a scholar, read him as you will: we are not aware of one touch of poetry in that bully of his time, Aretin: and much as we admire and love the author of the Basil story, the Falcon, Griselda, &c. we cannot think that even Boccaccio has a right to be admitted among the Italian poets, though his passionate admiration of poetry was something more akin to the possesion of it, than the highest powers of some of the writers admitted into Mr Stebbing's work. Boccaccio was mastered by what he admired. His finest things, (and divine they are,) are like the reports of a wondering child. He could not concentrate at will, as the poet does; his poetry is languid prose. If he had lived now, he could have written the Waverley Novels, and put finer women into them. But no real poet could have written his Filocopo, and his Amorosa Fiametta.

The lives written by Mr Stebbing, are those of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Lorenzo di Medici, Politian, Boiardo, Sannazzo, Ariosto, Bembo, Vittoria Colonna, Aretin, Tasso the father, Trissino, Berni, Alamanni, Guarani, Tasso, Chiabrera, Tassoni, Marini, Metastasio, Zeno, Filicaia, Guidi, Parini, and Alfieri: with incidental notices of Pulci, Frugoni, Achillini, Testi, and others.

It is difficult to know what to make of the character of Dante, according to the notions entertained of him. He has a grave and almost holy reputation with the world, something analogous to that of Milton, and no poet has been bitterer upon licence than he, yet during some period of his exile, we find that he formed an "illicit connexion." He married at a time when his thoughts are said to have been occupied with another woman, and the marriage is said to have become unhappy on that account, yet he seems to have taken no pains to conciliate his wife. To take for granted the poetical justice of his great work, he has condemned and eulogized none but such as deserved it: yet upon the least investigation it turns out to be written in the most violent party spirit: good men are damned without mercy, and fellows put into heaven, who according to orthodox morality, have no more business there than the devil himself. Nothing can be more certain, nevertheless, than that he was a very great poet, and that he was capable of writing with great occasional tenderness and sweetness; though we think that the entireness of his feeling in the latter respect has been overrated, and that something of a morbid wish to give pain, or at least to dwell upon painful inconsistencies, is apt to mingle with his kindness. We cannot conceive, for example, on what principle of benevolence or compliment, public or private, he thought it necessary to put the daughter of his host, Guido Novello, into hell, while his host was alive and a reader of him, however gently he has done it, or whatever pity has been pleased to bestow upon her. He also might have refrained from damning several of his friends and acquaintances. Some have conjectured that he wished to bring the belief in an infernal region into contempt. But, it is to suppose him long-sighted, indeed, beyond his time, to think that he had an intention of this sort, when he has put so many enemies there, as well as friends.

The illicit connexion, except on the part of a man of so austere a character, would not prove so much as might be thought in that age; since it is the nature of excessive theories of restraint to produce laxity, as was the case with the church-men who kept mistresses; and it is remarkable, that out of the four great poets of Italy, three had illegitimate children, (Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto,) and the fourth (Tasso) had no objection to them, if we are to trust his "Rime Amorose," and his famous ode on the "Golden Age." We have a favourite theory, which we think it worth while to insist upon, when speaking of the inconsistencies of a great man, and this is, that they are traceable to his progenitors. Dante may have had a very austere father, and a kind mother: he would partake of the nature of both; and hence the perplexity in his character. He was the greatest, though certainly not the most pleasing poet in Italy. It would be unnatural to like to live in his world, as we do in the good-natured one of Ariosto, or the love-haunted solitudes of Petrarch. His poem, seldom amiable, sometimes affecting, but always forcing the thoughts strongly upon themselves, is rather calculated to work out some ultimate good, by seconding the vigour of particular minds, than to become popular even in a small degree. It is like a capricious book of martyrs, furnishing pictures for children, and reflections destructive of its own dogmas to men; but can never take hold of the world at large.

The person of this extraordinary man, and the general aspect of his moral character, are well described by Mr Stebbing: "The person of Dante, according to the descriptions of contemporary writers, and the various medals and paintings which have multiplied his likeness, are strikingly representative of his intellectual character. The expression of his visage, which was long, and deeply embrowned, was grave and severe; his eyes were large and penetrating; his nose aquiline; his under lip advanced beyond the upper; and the hair, both of his head and beard, thick, black and crisp. In stature he was not above the middle size, and as his years advanced, he was somewhat bowed by infirmity: but his appearance was always haughty and dignified, and his slow step and composed countenance impressed all who saw him with respect. With regard to his general character, its principal features were great ardour in whatever he undertook, unrestrained freedom of both acting and speaking, according to his own ideas of right, great warmth in his attachments, and an impatience of flattery or dissimulation. His sentiments were pure, and the natural temper of his mind inclined to devotion. For the most part, his life seems to have corresponded to his principles; but the discontent which existed between him and his wife, and the consequent unsettled state of his affections, led him, during some period of his exile, into an illicit connexion. We have scarcely, indeed, any opportunity of judging correctly of his character as a father and a husband. He certainly was open to the accusation of having thrown all the asperity of his feelings into his domestic relations, and of having deserted or neglected them through a large portion of his life. But, from the time of his being elected prior, to the day of his death, he seems to have been wholly occupied with politics or with the studies, which either abstracted him from the world or ministered nourishment to the bitter and

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passionate emotions with which he regarded his faith. He was hence borne along by a torrent which swept all milder sympathies and regards from his bosom,—the only channel through which any tender feeling could insinuate itself into his heart was memory; but, with the recollection of his native city and the scenes of his youth, were too intimately blended the deep-seated resentment o the injured citizen; and thus, both in his life and poetry, the gentler feelings of his nature cast only a rare and fitful gleam over the prevailing gloom."—*Vol. I, p. 57.*

We may add, that Dante, perhaps, partook of more of the scepticism for which some of his friends were famous, than might be supposed from his designing a department in hell to unbelievers, and putting them in it. He was a Platonist and metaphysician, and probably refined upon his doubts in some such way as to reconcile them, or fancy he reconciled them, with the opinions required of him.

[To be continued.]

THE SLAVE.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

In the pleasant island of Martinique, there lived, about thirty years ago, a rich planter, named Monsieur Haima. Possessed of a princely fortune, gifted with a polished address, and a mild and friendly character, he was one of the most influential colonists on the island. His plantations were numerous and flourishing, and he was master of many hundred slaves, whom he treated with humanity and gentleness. To one of these, a young man of colour, he accorded the most implicit confidence. Antoine was a slave in nothing but the name. He had but to express a wish, and it was gratified. His master made him general overseer of his property, and manager of his affairs; and Antoine might be seen mounted on a superb charger, with silver bit and spurs,—the adopted son, it seemed, rather than the servant, of the opulent planter. M. Haima had large droves of mules, and numerous herds of oxen, which, for a long period, increased year by year. At last a mortality appeared among them, and he lost a great number. A few of his negroes, too, died suddenly; and the disease which carried them off, was not understood. The next year the mortality increased. The negroes died in numbers, and, among them, the parents and other relations of Antoine. The ablest physicians were consulted, and several gave it as their opinion that the mortality was caused by poison. The third year, it raged to a yet more frightful extent: men, women, and children died daily. The symptoms of poison were now too evident to be mistaken, but he who administered it remained unknown and unsuspected. M. Haima had always lived upon friendly terms with his neighbours.

One day, when the mortality was at its height, several of M. Haima's friends called to consult and condole with him. "Let me advise you," said one of them, "to apply to the Sorceress who lives at the foot of the mountains."

"What!" said M. Haima in surprise, "old Catiche! You surely do not suspect me of giving credit to the foolish stories which are circulated and believed among the slaves of her supernatural powers?"

"By no means, but a reputation like her's is seldom acquired without some foundation. Do not imagine that I give her more credit than yourself for her powers of witchcraft. But for shrewdness and sagacity, I do give her credit. By her spies, or otherwise, she obtains information regarding even the most secret doings of her neighbours. Scarce a whisper can be spoken, but it comes to her ears; and if any one can inform you who is your secret enemy, it is old Catiche."

M. Haima recurred next day to his friend's advice. "I shall be a beggar," thought he, "if this mysterious mortality continues much longer. And, after all, a wise man may profit even by the superstition of fools. At all events, I cannot lose much by the trial."—So he mounted his horse, and rode unattended to the hut of the sorceress.

She sat in its furthest corner, muffled in a huge blanket, and muttering unintelligibly to herself; and did not, by word or gesture, intimate her recognition of the planter as he entered. He seated himself by her, and inquired if she could throw any light upon his late misfortunes.

"How should I?" returned the hag in her sharpest key. "How should a poor old creature like me know anything of such doings?"

M. Haima replied,—"I do not suppose, as many do, Catiche, that you have other means of obtaining information, than any one else might have, with the same acquaintance and opportunity; but you do get to know almost everything that passes in the island."

"And if I cannot speak with spirits, why do you come to me? You have your own eyes and ears, and can use them as well as I can."

M. Haima drew from his pocket a couple of gold pieces, and as he put them into her withered hand, he said, "Catiche, I have not time to argue with you. Tell me, if you can tell me, who it is that poisons my slaves and my cattle."

The old woman looked at the gold, cast a searching glance round the room, and then, approaching her lips close to the planter's ear, pronounced in a low whisper, the name of "Antoine!"

"How!" said M. Haima, out of all patience, "him whom I have treated as a son, and loaded with benefits! You rave. What are your proofs?"

Catiche remained silent;—and not another word could the planter draw from her. So he was forced to take his leave, very ill satisfied with his visit.

"I told you how it was;" replied he to his friend's inquiry regarding his success, "the old fool knows nothing of the matter; and, out of envy, for aught I know, or for want of some one else to accuse, she lays the blame on poor Antoine. But I deserved no better, for my folly in going to consult a sorceress."

"Be advised," returned his friend, "Catiche is well informed regarding all that passes on our plantations, and she would not hazard such an assertion without good reason. You have an unlimited confidence in Antoine, but see that it is not misplaced; he has opportunity enough to do you this injury, if he be so disposed."

"But how should he be so disposed? I have shown him more favour, than any one else on the plantation. He has whatever he asks, or wishes for. Interest, if not gratitude, would make him regard my welfare as his own."

"Well," said his friend, "do not trust too much to probabilities. Order Antoine to be seized, and brought before you. Tell him that all his villainy is discovered, and see how he will conduct himself."

M. Haima was exceedingly loth to agree to a proposal which seemed to cast an unjust imputation on his favourite; but, at last, his friend's repeated representations induced him to adopt it. Antoine was manacled and brought before him. He uttered no complaint, nor did he evince any signs of trepidation or guilt. His master already repented the course he had adopted; and, as he looked on Antoine's steady eye, and collected demeanour, found no little difficulty in acting the part he had consented to assume.

"It is you, then," at last he said, "who have been my secret enemy, who have wantonly destroyed my property, and all but effected my ruin."

"I, Monsieur Haima?"

"Yes, you. Disguise is no longer necessary. All your plots are discovered. Everything is known to me, except the motive that could have induced one on whom I have conferred such benefits, to act the serpent towards his protector and benefactor."

Antoine was silent, but a slight, scarcely perceptible, yet contemptuous curl of the upper lip aroused his master's suspicions, and determined him to follow up the examination in a similar tone.

"I treated you with the care and confidence of a father. I distinguished you above all your companions, and you have abused my favour—repaid my kindness with the blackest treachery. You have plotted, and but too successfully effected, a revenge, such as the cruellest mind conceives against its bitterest enemy."

Antoine still remained silent, but the kindling, almost exulting, expression of his eye, confirmed M. Haima's surmises. "Antoine," continued he, with increasing emotion, "have I merited this at your hands? Have I given cause for such deadly revenge? Interest, if not gratitude, might surely have secured your fidelity. What was wanting to your comfort and happiness? Say!—What could you wish for, that you did not possess?"

"My liberty!" said the African, in a tone of mingled pride and bitterness.

"And did I not grant you more than liberty could have afforded you?"

"I was your slave!" and Antoine drew up his tall and handsome form to its full height, and clenched the manacles that bound his hands, as if he would crush the iron chain in his grasp.

"Wretched man!" said his master, as a conviction of the truth at last settled on his mind; "these, then, were your motives! But your own father and mother—your nearest relations?"

"Had I not poisoned them, I should myself have been suspected."

"Good God!" exclaimed the planter, "and this is the man I had treated as my own child, and to whom I had confided all I possess?"

"He was but a part of your property," said the slave, with a scornful smile.

"Do you feel no compunction—no remorse, for the multiplied and ungrateful crimes you have committed?"

"None."

"Had I ever given you the shadow of a cause to complain of my conduct towards you?"

"Never."

Antoine was forthwith conducted to prison, tried, and executed.

M. Haima's fellow-planters, as the story circulated among them, moralised on the danger of evincing partiality for a slave; and bade their overseers double their vigilance and increase their severity. While the philosopher and the friend of freedom thence deduced, with greater reason, a striking argument against slavery itself, be its form or disguise what it may.

I have not related a tale of fancy. I hold the above facts from a French gentleman who resided on the island at the time they happened, who was personally acquainted with M. Haima, and who had seen the high-spirited and misguided Antoine in the height of that favour and prosperity, which could not weigh with him against the name of SLAVE.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand.—The Illustrious Stranger.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—The Chancery Suit.—Teddy the Tiler.—And the Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE new opera that was to have been produced last night, is postponed; and the *Chancery Suit* was performed instead, probably in consequence of its having been mentioned before the LORD CHANCELLOR, during the question between the great theatres and Mr ARNOLD. The reader knows our opinion of this play. It is creditable to the author; but it is not a comedy, in the high sense of the term; nor will it be a stock piece. Mr PEAKE has a genuine turn for humour; and, in his character of *Geoffrey Muffincap*, has shewn that he has even invention; but it is all of the smaller kind. He wants the knowledge, and literature, and high wit, necessary to sustain a comedy. He can run up pleasant little tents, to laugh and make merry in; but he cannot build a house of five stories.

There was nothing new at the theatres. In our notice of the *Irishman in London*, yesterday, we omitted to mention Mr BAK whom we do not remember to have seen before, and who performed the part of the footman with good bustle and effect. But why does Mr BAKER dress as if he were undressed? When he took his coat off, we were alarmed lest he should lay aside his waistcoat also; in which case it seemed doubtful what would have remained to be doffed. Now this is not so well at any time; and though Mr BAKER's lower extremities appear to have been turned by nature with much symmetry, he seems to have forgotten that a good deal of fat has been superinduced upon his proportions; so that as he walked up and down before the stage lamps, gallantly refusing to put on the injured coat, of which his master had ordered him to strip, we were in that painful state of mind which is felt by people sitting in a conscious multitude, who know that they are all making the same objection internally, but feel it to be inexpressible. Milton's Adam, in the French translation, always appears to us to be a naked gentleman in a cocked-hat. Now, if this gentleman had exchanged his cocked-hat for a round one, and his character for that of a footman, and could have made his astounding reappearance in the world, in the farce of the *Irishman in London*, having in the meanwhile grown fat, he would have looked as Mr BAKER did, when he walked up and down before the lamps the other night, dazzling the stage-boxes, and lifting the eye-brows of the pit.

The readers of the TATLER will not accuse us of prudery; but by reason of our very contempt for it, we feel bound to caution the fat and lively against these extreme overt-acts of innocence.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

INCENDIARIES.—Fancy to yourself a man sets the city on fire at Cripplegate, and that fire continues, by means of others, till it comes to Whitefriars, and he that began it would fain quench it: does not he deserve to be punished most that first set the city on fire? So 'tis with the incendiaries of the state. They that first set it on fire (by monopolizing forest business, imprisoning Parliament-men, &c.)—[In our age we may say,—by *Corn laws*, *Game-laws*, *Power of Imprisonment-laws*, and fifty other cruel oppressions]—are now become regenerate and would fain quench the fire: certainly they deserve most to be punished for being the first cause of our distractions.—*Selden.*

WHAT THEN?—In all times the Princes in England have done something illegal to get money: but then came a Parliament and all was well: the people and the prince kissed and were friends; and so things were quiet for awhile. Afterwards there was another trick found out to get money, and after they had got it, another Parliament was called to set all right, &c. But now they have so outrun the constable. . . .—*Selden.*

There is no stretching of power: 'tis a good rule—"Eat within your stomach." Act within your commission.—*Selden.*

[Abuse of power, or of stomach, will assuredly recoil upon the aggressor, sooner or later.]

SUPERIORITY TO REVENGE.—The illustrious Descartes used to say, that when an injury was offered to him, he seated himself so high above it, that it could not reach him.

THE MANY AGAINST THE FEW.—"In the beginning of Queen Elizabeth there was a difference between the Protestants and Papists, and Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Chancellor, was appointed to be judge; but the conclusion was, the *stronger party* carried it: for so religion was brought into kingdoms, so it has continued, and so it may be cast out, when the State pleases."—*Selden's Table Talk.*—[And when the State does *not* please, the people, if they know their own power, will cast out the State.]

SELDEN'S OPINION OF THE CLERGY.—All confess there never was a more learned clergy; no man taxes them with ignorance. [N.B. This opinion was not written in the nineteenth century.] But to talk of that is like the fellow that was a great wencher: he wished God would forgive him his carnalities, and lay *usury* to his charge. *The clergy have worse faults.—Selden.*

MAGNANIMITY AND PARVANIMITY.—A gallant man is above ill words: an example we have in the old Lord Salisbury (who was a great wise man) Stone had called some lord about court "Fool," the lord complains, and has Stone whipped. Stone cries, "I might have called my Lord Salisbury "Fool," often enough, before he would have had me whipped."—*Selden.*

AN AMERICAN CALCULATION.—The annual income of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who lately died in England, was no less than 25,000*l.* This is equal to the compensation that we allow to our President and Vice-President, the four Secretaries of the great departments, the Post-master General, the Chief Justice, and the Six Associate Judges of the Supreme Court, and the support of our Minister at London into the bargain. The Bishop of London succeeds to this golden manager of "the Church."—*American Paper.*

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—It is a remarkable coincidence that five successive Presidents of the United States have gone out of office in the 66th year of their age:—

Washington,	born Feb. 22, 1732.	Inaugurated	1789.
J. Adams,	Oct. 19, 1735.	—	1797.
Jefferson,	Apr. 2, 1743.	—	1801.
Madison,	Mar. 5, 1751.	—	1809.
Monroe,	Apr. 2, 1759.	—	1817.

JOY AND GRIEF.

None can be always one: our griefs and joys
Hold several sceptres in us, and have times
For their divided empires.—*Chapman's Bussy d'Ambois.*

COURT SIGHTS AND TRANSFORMATIONS.

I'll tell you what you shall see;
You shall see many faces of man's making,
For you shall find very few as God
Left them: and you shall see many legs too;
Amongst the rest you shall behold one pair,
The feet of which were in times past sockless, but are now,
Thro' the change of time (that alters all things)
Very strangely become the legs of a knight
And a courtier; another pair you shall see,
That were heir-apparent legs to a glover,
These legs hope shortly to be honorable;
When they pass by they will bow, and the mouth
To these legs will seem to offer you some courtship,
It will swear, but it will lie; hear it not.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman Hater.

TEMPERANCE IN DRINKING.—Whenever you begin to consider whether you may safely take one draught more, it is then high time to give over.—*Jeremy Taylor.* [A similar maxim would be found equally salutary with respect to eating; excess in which has been, until recently treated with undue indulgence,—particularly by the clergy.—F. F.]

LILLIPUTIAN NEWSPAPER.—The smallest newspaper in the known world, has just reached us from Salem. It is called "*The Hive*," and may be read profitably by all our little statesmen and stateswomen, in the nursery, before breakfast. The paper is five inches long, by three in width.—*Boston Palladium.*

WOMAN.—Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she become attached to you, it will be from seeing and valuing similar qualities in yourself. You may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence; you may consult her, for she is able to devise, and does so at once with the firmness of reason, and the consideration of affection. Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been lightly won: it will be strong and ardent, for weak minds are not capable of the loftier grades of passion. If you prefer attaching yourself to a woman of feeble understanding, it must be either from fearing to encounter a superior person, or from the poor vanity of preferring that admiration which springs from ignorance, to that which approaches to appreciation.

The best and most forcible sense of a word is often that which is contained in its etymology.—*Coleridge.*

AN ELEGANT SOPHISM AGAINST REVOLUTIONARY INNOVATION.—I might refer our hurrying enlighteners and revolutionary amputators to the gentleness of nature, in the oak and the beech, the dry foliage of which she pushes off only by the propulsion of the new buds, that supply its place. My friends! a cloathing even of withered leaves is better than bareness.—*Coleridge.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Lord BYRON's Tragedy of

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT, Ida Stralenheim, Miss FAUCIT.
Werner, Mr MACREADY, Ulric, Mr WALLACK, Gabor, Mr COOPER.
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack, Fritz, Mr Younge, Otto, Mr Cohen,
Henric, Mr Salter, Eric, Mr C. Jones, Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett,
Rodolph, Mr Cooke, Arnheim, Mr Fenton, Meister, Mr Eaton,
Ludwig, Mr Cathie, Herman, Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening will be performed Sphor's Overture to 'Alruna;' and Mozart's Overture to 'Il Don Giovanni.'

After which,

THE LADY AND THE DEVIL.

Zephyrina, Mrs WAYLETT, Negombo, Miss CRAWFORD.
Wildlove, Mr VINING, Signor Rafael, Mr ANDREWS,
Claudian, Mr COOKE, Jeremy, Mr HARLEY.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

To-morrow, William Tell; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr HUNT. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PRAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, the Carnival at Naples; and the Irishman in London.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time in London.

Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Théâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Théâtre des Nouveautés.
M. LEPEINTRE, Aîné, du Théâtre du Vaudeville.

By General Desire. The favorite Pieces of JEAN, and LA SECONDE ANNEE; ou, A QUI LA FAUTE? having been received with unbounded applause from a fashionable and crowded audience, will be repeated this Evening.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

LES MAUVAISES TETES.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. SEVRIN.

Madame de Granville, Sœur de Richardin, Madame Préval.
Sidonie, Mariée secrettement a Alphonse, Mademoiselle HERMINIE.
Lisette, sa Suivante, Mlle. Emma.
Alphonse Dermont, Officier de Hussards, M. Alfred. La Medaille, M. Gamard.
Richardin, Oncle de Sidonie, M. Préval. Fribourg, vieux Suisse, M. Guenée.

Suivi de

LA SECONDE ANNEE; OU, A QUI LA FAUTE?

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. SCRIBE.

Caroline, Femme de Denneville, Mademoiselle FLORVAL.
M. DERVAL remplira le Rôle de Denneville. Gervault, Caissier, M. Gamard.
Edmond, Comte de St. Elme, Ami de Denneville, M. PAULIN.

On Finira par

JEAN.

Pièce en Quatre Parties Mêlée de Chant, par MM. THEAUDON et A. SIGROL.

Madame de Ligny, Mlle. FLORVAL.
Madame de Sirval, Parente de Madame de Ligny, Mlle. Eliza.
La Marquise d'Olban, amie de Madame de Ligny, Madame Paulin.
Madame veuve Chapin, Limonadière, Mme. Préval.
Adelaïde, sa Fille, Mlle. St. Ange. Louise, Femme de Chambre, Mme. Gamard.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Fraasel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY,
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Della, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, to be called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Opera of

ROB ROY MAC..REGOR.

Diana Vernon, Miss SOMERVILLE, in which character she will sing 'The Young Cavalier,' and 'A Highland Lad my Love was born,'
Helen Macgregor, Miss M. C. POOLE, Mattie, Mrs VALE,
Jean M'Alpine, Miss RUMENS, Martha, Miss NICOL.
Rob Roy, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Sir Frederick Vernon, Mr GOUGH, Rashleigh Osbaldistone, Mr D. PITT,
Francis Osbaldistone, Mr EDWIN, in which character he will sing 'My love is like the red, red rose,' 'Auld lang syne,' 'The lass o' Gowrie,' and the Duets, 'Though I leave thee now in sorrow,' and 'Forlorn and broken hearted,' with Miss Somerville.
Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Mr WILLIAMS, Owen, Mr YOUNG,
Major Galbraith, Mr Ransford, Dougal, Mr Asbury, Captain Thornton, Mr Almar,
M'Stewart, Mr Lee, Saunders Wylie, Mr Webb, Andrew, Mr Rogers.

After which, a Drama, entitled

THE DIAMOND ARROW.

[By W. T. MONCRIEF.]

Lucille, Miss SOMERVILLE. Dame Lodoline Fontaine, Mrs VALE.
Mons. Fontaine, Mr VALE. Mons. Anselm, Mr Young. Courier, Mr Lee.
Hilaire, Mr Edwin.

To conclude with the Nautico-Domestic Drama, entitled

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

[By Mr G. ALMAR.]

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella Manners, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Dame Bellerton, Miss Nicol. Nancy Blackberry, Miss Ellis.
Lawrence Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Miles Bellerton, Mr C. Hill. Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE.
Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honnor. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.

[Between the First and Second Acts, a lapse of Five Years is supposed to take place.]

Act II.—SUMMER.

Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Mary Blackberry, Miss Rumens. Kitty Spiteful, Mrs Rogers.
Captain Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Barbelot, Mr Jones. Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honnor.
Culverdine and Avery, Mr Ransford and Mr Lee.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.
Bluff Laconic, Mr C. Hill. Master Marmaduke Magog, Jun. Master Carbery.

COBURG THEATRE.—Peter the Great and Charles XII. Harlequin Silver Penny—Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Harlequin and Mother Goose—A Deed of Blood—The Morning after Mariage.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Substance of a Speech delivered by Henry Revell, Esq. before a Special Board of the Select Vestry of the Parish of St Pancras. December 23, 1830. 8vo. pp. 22. Hilton. Ribau. Onwhyn.

We are happy to see gentlemen of intelligence and information come forward to oppose the pretensions of Select Vestries. Parish influence, not in its old dull and corrupt shape, but in the shape of the most intelligent private individuals, is destined before long to come into play all over England, and if reform be deferred, or not commenced with sufficient spirit, into formidable play; and it is highly desirable, that men should come forward, like the maker of this speech, equally alive to the necessity of reform, and capable of advocating it in a kindly spirit. It is curious to see this gentleman enlightening a Select Vestry to their faces on the demerits of their institution, and this too with the chance of making an impression. Such an effect, however, was not altogether to be unlooked for. The very fact of so addressing them without violence, implies that they are men capable of appreciating a reason, which to a Select Vestry is no small compliment: and when Mr Revell intimates to his hearers, that the prince whom we have now the good fortune to possess is a man of the world, he gives them to understand, that even men of the world have perceived the folly of the old system, and that the present is one of those rare epochs, most rare, in the history of mankind, in which cunning and wisdom find themselves miraculously seated together. This marvellous conjunction, however, being really the case, we do not see that it was a part of the Speaker's candour to repeat certain common-places respecting a prince like George III, who is long gone by, and who is here designated as a man of "most excellent moral character." George III, as many respectable people have not scrupled to repeat of late years, obtained a character for moral excellence with the last generation, because he lived with his wife, went to church, eat mutton, and took care of the main chance. But without denying the merits of some of these passages in his history, he was also, as Mr Benthain and others have shewn, not omitting his tutor Lord Waldegrave, sulky, obstinate, avaricious, capable of violent antipathies, vindictive, and could persevere (as America shewed) in continuing to waste the blood and treasure of others, when everybody protested that it was of no use. How such a man can be of most excellent moral character, we cannot conceive; nor can we discover what such a panegyric has to do with a character drawn of his son William, who however excellent, as we believe him to be, has not always shewn his morality in precisely the same style as his father. His sympathies have been a little less ceremonious, and his antipathies none. At least if he has any, he has not let the public feel the ill effects of them.

This little blemish excepted, (and we have been more particular in noticing it because it must form part of our extract,) we have no fault to find with Mr Revell's speech, and shall proceed to lay a good long passage from it before the reader. The speech becomes the more interesting from a circumstance related by the publisher in his introduction, which we shall quote first:—

'It may not be deemed irrelevant,' says he, 'to offer a few words in explanation of the motives which have led to the present publication, and also of the causes which have prevented its earlier appearance from the press.

'On the first of these points, it is only necessary to say, that the following speech, on its delivery, made a considerable impression on the minds of many persons who heard it; and, conceiving that its publication would have a most useful tendency in other parishes, as well as that of St Pancras, they felt a desire to see it in print. But for this purpose, it was requisite to obtain the consent of the author, and this leads us to the subject of the delay to which we have adverted.

'The speech was delivered at a private board, to which reporters were not admitted; and as it was wholly unpremeditated, the author had considerable difficulty in recalling the passages to his mind, in the same order and language which he adopted in the spontaneous effusion of his opinions. Some time and enquiry were, therefore, necessary to render the report, in substance, as faithful and accurate as circumstances would permit. The following pages, excepting on this account, would have appeared sooner.'

We now extract the passage alluded to, and hope it will incite all readers who can turn their acuteness and public spirit to the same account, to do all they can towards extending the same opinions:—

'Permit me,' says Mr Revell to the Select Vestry, 'to put you a case. The present sovereign is descended from one of the most ancient families in Europe; his father was a man of most excellent moral character; he himself has received an admirable education; he has seen a considerable portion of the globe; he has mixed with general society, and is fairly entitled to the character of what is commonly called a man of the world. Now, suppose that this excellent prince were to dismiss both houses of parliament, and to rule, after the manner of this board, by the advice of a council of his own selection; suppose he were to erect palaces, build and equip fleets, and raise armies, of his own will, and with the advice of such a council as I have described, and that he were to tax the people of England to pay the cost of these buildings and armaments, would this board, brought up as its members have been in the principles of the British constitution, tamely and quietly submit to such jurisdiction? I am certain of your reply. As members of a free state, you would consider such proceedings as the acts of tyranny and not of government. You must confess, that were you so situated, your masters would be tyrants, and yourselves slaves. And yet the power of which you, in this case, would naturally complain, is the identical authority which you exercise over us; and, therefore, you have no cause to wonder that we are dissatisfied with the institution and acts of a self-elected board.

'I would strongly impress upon your mind this maxim of an ancient writer—I would recommend you to imprint it upon your memory as you walk through the streets, or as you lay your head upon your pillow, that the slave makes the tyrant, rather than the tyrant makes the slave.

'A board like this is not suited to the atmosphere of the British metropolis, but it may be well adapted to that of St Petersburgh. Suppose there were in the latter city, one hundred and twenty-two gentlemen, self-elected, and for life; suppose them sitting in deliberation, having under their charge all the poor of the city; suppose them authorized to create offices and officers, and to distribute large emoluments; suppose them, also, empowered to tax the people for these purposes, and for the maintenance of the poor—why, a board of this description would be considered by the inhabitants of that city as the acme or perfection of civilization. It would be hailed as a redeeming quality under a government of absolute sway: and if any Englishman were to enquire how the inhabitants of St Petersburgh could endure to live under such dominion, they would point to that board, and say, here we have the principle of your boasted constitution, here we have a deliberative parliament, and, in fact, in this board we have all the united authority of your King, Lords, and Commons. Yes, in that city such a board would be hailed with delight and satisfaction. It would command the affections of all the subjects of a country in which the sovereign, by his arbitrary conduct, daily soils the ermine of royalty with blood, converts the sword of justice into the dagger of the assassin, and consigns those of his wretched vassals, who dare "to hint a fault or hesitate dislike" against his supreme will, to the dungeons of Cronstadt or the mines of Siberia. But the citizens of a free state, such as that in which we live, consider all institutions, whether of general or of local jurisdiction, exercising the power of taxation, independently of the right of representation, as unwarrantable and tyrannical.

'All governments depend upon opinion. De Lolme, in his *Essay on the Constitution of England*, says, (I quote his words from memory), that the government of even the Grand Signior is dependant upon the superior influence of opinion. That writer says that, if he were allowed the use of only a single mosque, and permitted freely to express his opinions for the instruction of the people, in less than six months he would tear the crescent from the turban and roll it in the Bosphorus.

'The opinion of the inhabitants of this parish is at war with this board,—a board assuming the power of taxation while it refuses the right of representation; and if public opinion

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be so powerful as to be able to overthrow such a government as that of the Grand Signior, how absurd is it to suppose that, in a country like England, a board of this stamp can long protract its existence against the utterance of the general voice. Now, what are our complaints? A great city, under the denomination of a parish, containing 120,000 inhabitants, raising a revenue sufficient to have enabled the ancient kings of England to have conquered France; a parish equal in population, knowledge, and wealth, to many first-rate cities in the realm, and which even send members to Parliament; this great parish is under the direction of a board, in the appointment of the members of which the inhabitants have no voice nor control whatever. What, Sir, we want, is, that the principle of election should be adopted in the appointment of those by whom we are governed,—that those who are invested with office of trust should be subject to responsibility.

'Mr Hobhouse has introduced a bill into the House of Commons, for the better regulation of all parishes in England and Wales, which bill, even when amended, or rather, shaped, by a committee of that house, establishes the right of election in the appointment of committees of vestries. But observe, Sir, I do not come to this board to advocate the grand principle of public right. That right will be determined and established by a power over which neither you nor I have much control. I feel, in the present state of the times, that if I, as an advocate, were endowed with tenfold the powers of persuasion I possess, and if you were masters of a much greater resisting authority than any to which you can lay claim, I know that I, on my part, could neither advance that right or principle, nor can you, on your part, retard it. All that at the present time is passing before our eyes—in France, in Belgium, in Poland, in England, is tending to confirm the right of the people to elect the persons by whom they are governed. The people of England know, perhaps to a man, the constitutional axiom, that no man shall be taxed, except by his own consent, given through his representative. All that I require of you is, for the sake of your own reputation, for the sake of your own interests, to yield to general opinion. The King of England himself has set you an illustrious example. When he came to the throne, he found an administration, at the head of which was the intimate friend of his late Royal brother, that friend, a nobleman who had advanced the glory and promoted the security of these realms, by a long series of splendid military achievements. That minister lost his popularity by his opposition to the public will. The voice of the country demanded a cheap government, and a reform in the mode of returning its representatives. The King accepted the resignation of the minister and his colleagues, because his Majesty felt that they had lost the confidence of the people.

'Permit me to tell you what a great writer, Mr Burke, in a publication entitled "*Thoughts on the Cause of our late Discontents*," written during the period of the American war, says of the great value of the confidence of the people. He supposes himself addressing the sovereign, and he says, "Sire, you have lost the confidence of your people; do not imagine that the annual Mutiny bill gives you all the power of your standing army, or all the strength of your navy. I tell you, no. Without the confidence of the people, your standing army is nothing better than an idle rabble, and your boasted navy of no more value than rotten timber." But if you are inclined to be inattentive to the great example of your monarch, who has one quality which I would earnestly intreat you to imitate as well as admire,—I mean the virtue of yielding to circumstances, and bending to public opinion. I would, nevertheless, exhort you, upon another ground, to follow the course I now recommend, if even as a matter of policy, and that is, to adopt the line of conduct of a neighbouring board—that of the parish of Mary-le-Bone; in which the ruling authorities have not only conceded the right of election to the parishioners, but they have done so in a tone and spirit of conciliation, which prove them not to be insensible to the temperament of the times in which they live.

'Never forget the advice of Lord Chesterfield to his son: "My son, the great art of life consists in saying 'No!'" If that proposition of my Lord Chesterfield be a truth, by a parity of reasoning, the converse of that proposition must be equally true. All sovereigns and all parties in authority should learn, that the great art of government consists in say, "Yes," in conformity to public opinion. When governments depart from first principles, they are certain to fall into error. Taxation without representation, is as great a folly as a crime. Taxation without representation has lost Charles the Tenth of France his kingdom. Taxation without representation, has lost William of Nassau the beautiful provinces of Brabant. Taxation without representation, lost the King of England the united provinces of America. Taxation without representation, has lost this board the confidence of the inhabitants of the parish of St Pancras: and taxation witout representation, if the present system be continued, either in small or in large districts, or throughout the kingdom, will lose the King of England what is of far more value than the united provinces of America—the confidence and affections of his people.'

UTILITY OF METHOD.—There were some mathematicians, that could with one fetch of their pen, make an exact circle, and with the next touch point out the centre: is it therefore reasonable to banish all use of the compasses? Set forms are a pair of compasses.—*Selden.*

MISTAKEN MODE OF CORRECTING VIOLENT TEMPER.

TO THE TATLER.

MR TATLER,—I do not know whether, in your admiration of your predecessor, you are willing to defend all his maxims and opinions; but having a complaint to lay against the *Tatler* of September 30, 1710, I know not where I could more properly seek redress, than from yourself. Although Mr Bickerstaff in several of his papers throws out observations upon the general injustice shown to women, yet he has himself aided and abetted that injustice, and given it a sanction; the more mischievous, as proceeding from a man of so much genuine feeling and wisdom. You will remember, Sir, that the paper in question turns upon the violent temper of a young lady, who is brought to the habits of *obedience*, by the yet greater violence affected by the man who marries her. This has been a favourite subject:—'Rule a Wife and have a Wife,' 'Catherine and Petruchio,' and the modern comedy of 'The Honeymoon,' all represent this insulting conduct as a great and manly triumph. It *may* be the way to render a violent woman obedient, to reduce female tyranny to servile hypocrisy; for, whether in a male or female spirit, the bully and the coward, the tyrant and the slave, are most commonly united. But where is the great triumph of this? If a man merely wants a spaniel, to fawn on him the more, the more he kicks, let him possess himself of one in its true form, and leave his friends to decide which is the nobler animal, the dog or its master. But we are generally given to suppose that the hero is a man of superior understanding, that he would have a wife who should be his dearest companion, his best friend, his other self; who, with affectionate sympathy, should heighten his pleasures, solace his troubles, and shed the general light of cheerfulness upon his home. Wishing, and by his own amiable temper deserving such a wife, he unhappily finds his affections engaged to a woman of a violent and wayward spirit; he perceives, however, that she has qualities which give him hope that this temper may be amended; he woos, wins, and marries her. Not having been so blinded by love as to be insensible to the lady's faults, it would seem to have been more judicious, as well as ingenuous, had he commenced his plans of reformation before marriage. Conceding this point, however,—let me ask—could such a man adopt so absurd and unamiable a mode of admonishing the woman he loved? Would any man of common sense for one moment suppose that it could be efficacious? Surely not. Her *real*, taking a license from his *assumed*, violence, and wanting the restraint of respect, might probably become *greater* than before; in a mean spirit, it might be held down by fear, but only to break out the more fiercely upon occasions where fear did not operate. Would such a change satisfy an amiable and sensible man? Had Mr Bickerstaff told his story without commending any of the parties,—had he spoken of it as the silly scheme of a silly man, who had married a silly woman, it would have been innocent enough, and natural enough; for, taking away the comments, and judging the lady by her conduct, the result would appear just what might be expected. The hero showed, indeed, that of four men married to four sisters, he was "the most *master* at home;" but he does not show that he was the most happy in his wife. Had he really sought her good, he would have worked upon her love, not her fear; he would have endeavoured to convince her reason, not to shatter her nerves; but it seems that he wanted a slave; and if so, he selected and treated the poor creature who was to become that slave, judiciously enough; and he attained his object. Upon such conduct, Mr Bickerstaff might have been expected to bestow censure, rather than applause. In 'The Honeymoon,' the plan of the bridegroom is, perhaps, somewhat less absurd than usual, but scarcely less objectionable on the whole. The violence used is of a different kind, but it is violence still; women's hearts are not won, nor their tempers corrected by violence, falsehood, and injustice. I would humbly suggest, Mr Tatler, that another and more liberal treatment of the subject would be new to the drama, and more worthy of the times, and might have a beneficial influence upon many who are yet so far behind the age they live in, as to admire what, in common justice, they should condemn. When *men* are superior to all infirmities of temper, then let them, if *then* they are so disposed,—triumph thus insultingly over the frailties of women. A. A.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.—(Extract of a Letter from that place.)—"This is indeed a lovely country! Take the climate of Italy, the mountain scenery of Wales, the fertility of England,—combine these, and you have Van Dieman's Land. Of fruits, and other productions of the earth, there is a constant succession, for in this place there is no winter, unless about two months of rain and wind in June and July may deserve the name of that season. All fruit, grain, and vegetables, have a finer flavor, and grow to much greater perfection than in England. I think, if Dr Gall had examined the cranium of the world, he would have discovered the bump of philoprogenitiveness on this spot, for positively, cattle, sheep, hogs, dogs, children, and other animals, increase so fast as to become a nuisance. * * * Here are no game laws; the possession of a gun is the only qualification, and your ability to walk and to take good aim your only certificate for shooting when, where, and what you please. Wild ducks are fine and fat, and so numerous, that I saw a man bring down twenty-four at one discharge of his gun.—*American Paper.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Werner—The Lady and the Devil—and the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella—and the Pantomime.

DRURY LANE.

BETWEEN the tragedy and the pantomime here last night, they played *The Lady and the Devil.* It is a *pannel* story, and looks like some older piece re-made. A young lady (Mrs WAYLETT) finds her way by chance through an unexpected door in a wall, and overhears a gentleman (VINING) who has been introduced to her for her suitor giving a rakish opinion about marriage. She likes him, and speculates upon making him like herself well enough to forego the opinion in her favour; to which end she addresses him out of doors as an *incognita* in a veil, and leaves letters upon his writing-table. A letter taken away by herself from this table (which is in the apartment communicating with her uncle's house) induces the gentleman's servant (HARLEY) to suppose that *the devil* has been in the room; which makes him subsequently enter it in fear and trembling, and occasions a very diverting scene. The servant, after gaining courage by the security in which he finds himself, sits down, in a fit of enthusiasm, to write some verses. The lady, who observes him through the pannel, and who has left a letter on the table which she does not wish him to see, steals softly into the room in her black gown and veil, and is in the act of filching her letter back, when the servant, who has suddenly got a poetical thought, exclaims, "I have it!" and clapping his hand on the table as he utters the word, finds that he has got the hand of the diabolical fair one. He retains sufficient courage (not very naturally) to keep hold of it; the lady begs him to let her go; he refuses, and calls out for his master; the lady, in despair, seeing a snuff-box on the table, seizes a pinch of it, and throwing it in his eyes, escapes back through the pannel, just before the master and some friends of his come in. The scene falls on the first act, amidst hundreds of enquiries and hustles, which the poor footman endures from all around him, his body being twisted from one to another, while his eyes are tortured by the snuff.

In the next act, the lady appears in a park as the *incognita*, and after coquetting with the young officer (for such he is) and trying in vain to get him to offer marriage, is taking her leave, when he forcibly detains her. She pretends a sudden and dreadful headache, sinks on a seat, and sends him for *sal-volatile*. Next time she is again caught in the haunted room, by servant and master together. The latter recognizes her manner, and tells her she shall not escape this time. She motions to him the request that he will send the servant out of the way. He does so; and she then, begging him to turn away his face in order to accommodate even her veiled blushes, confesses to him in a song the tender regard she has for him. Her maid-servant, a negress, comes through the pannel meanwhile, to see if she is safe; the mistress beckons her to her assistance, and while the song is concluding, shifts her black gown and veil on to the negress's person, and putting the latter's hand on the Captain's shoulder, slips gently away, leaving her place thus fondly supplied. The negress, on her young lady's departure, making little helpless sobs and lamentings, full of a strange sort of pathos, instead of continuing the song, the Captain is induced to turn round in order to comfort her. The footman returns to see how his master gets on, bringing a friend of the latter's with him, who has come to make a call. They find the Captain in the act of kneeling to the unknown, with triumphant love in his face, which becomes the more lively at seeing them. He entreats the "fairest of her sex" to remove the veil; he offers it a pleasing violence: it falls, and discloses—the devil! as the footman thinks. The Captain, with astonishment, laments his mischance, and vows he shall never have any peace if he does not see the lady again. The gentleman, who is in the secret, tells him he may do so, upon one condition. The lover consents: it is marriage. In fine, the lady is brought back, and finds her end obtained.

Mr HARLEY gives us some of his best acting in the scene where he makes acquaintance with the haunted room. His terrors, his tremblings, his sudden musterings up of courage, his occasional abrupt hems! and other daring evidences of misgiving, were very ludicrous, and obtained him hearty laughter and applause. Mrs WAYLETT sang one or two songs with an agreeable neatness.

COVENT GARDEN.

Instead of BAKER, we find that the lively actor at this theatre, who appeared in the undress the other night, is PARRY. We shall have pleasure in seeing him speedily again; by which time, we presume, his toilet will be finished. ☞

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

An author's pen, like children's legs, improves by exercise.—*Coleridge.*

WORDS AND ACTIONS.—The soldiers say they fight for honour; when the truth is they have their honour in their pocket. And they mean the same thing that pretend to fight for religion. Just as a parson goes to law with his parishioners he says, for the good of his successors, that the church may not lose its right; when the meaning is to get the tythes into his own pocket.—*Selden.* [Witness the disinterested zeal of our fire-act clergy.]

A POET'S CRITICISM.—After quoting Mr Wordsworth's poem—"My heart leaps up when I behold," &c.,—Mr Coleridge subjoins the following note, which no one could have written but a poet at heart, and a man of exquisite sentiment. "I am informed, that these lines have been cited as a specimen of despicable puerility. So much the worse for the citer. Not willingly in *his* presence would I behold the sun setting behind our mountains, or listen to a tale of distress or virtue; I should be ashamed of the quiet tear on my own cheek. But let the dead bury the dead! The poet sang for the living. Of what value indeed to a sane mind, are the likings and dislikings of one man, grounded on the mere assertions of another? Opinions formed upon opinions—what are they but clouds sailing under clouds, which impress shadows upon shadows.—*Coleridge's Friend.*

A SPLENDID IMAGE.—Legitimate reasoning is impossible without severe thinking, and thinking is neither an easy nor an amusing employment. The reader who would follow a close reasoner to the summit and absolute principle of any one important subject, has chosen a chamois-hunter for his guide. Our guide will indeed take us the shortest way, will save us many a wearisome and perilous wandering, and warn us of many a mock road that had formerly led himself to the brink of chasms and precipices, or at least in an idle circle to the spot from whence he started. But he cannot carry us on his shoulders: we must strain our own sinews as he has strained his; and make firm footing on the naked rock for ourselves, by the blood of toil from our own feet.—*Coleridge.*

A COMMON SPECIES OF INTEGRITY.—Tom Courtly never fails of paying his obeisance to every man he sees, who has title or office to make him conspicuous; but his deferences is wholly given to outward considerations. I, who know him, can tell within half an acre, how much land one man has more than another, by Tom's bow to him. Title is all he knows of honour, and civility of friendship: for this reason, because he cares for no man living, he is religiously strict in performing what he calls his respects to you. To this end he is very learned in pedigree; and will abate something of the ceremony of his approaches to a man, if he is in any doubt about the bearing of his coat of arms. What is the most pleasant of all his character is, that he acts with a sort of integrity in these impertinences; and, though he would not do any man a solid kindness, he is wonderfully just and careful not to wrong his quality. But as integrity is very scarce in the world, I cannot forbear having respect for the impertinent: it is some virtue to be bound by anything. Tom and I are upon very good terms, for the respect he has for the house of Bickerstaff. Though one cannot but laugh at his serious consideration of things so little essential, one must have a value even for a frivolous good conscience.—*Steele.*

THE LADIES OF SAXONY.—The ladies are models of industry; whether at home or abroad, knitting and needle-work know no interruption. A lady going to a route, would think little of forgetting her fan, but could not spend half an hour without her implements of female industry. A man would be quite pardonable for doubting, or entering such a drawing-room, whether he had not strayed into a school of industry. At Dresden, this is carried so far, that even the theatre is not protected against sticking wires. I have seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of Thekla, in Wallenstein's death, had brought into her eyes, and immediately resume her knitting. The Weimarese have not yet found it necessary to put softness of heart so absolutely under the protection of the work-bag. They are now more attached to music than to dancing, and sometimes a desperate struggle is made to get up a masquerade; but they want the vivacity, without which, a thing of that sort is the most insipid of all amusements. The higher class leaves the masquerade to the citizens, who demurely pace round a room in black dominoes, and stare at each other in black faces.—*Russell's Tour in Germany.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Fransel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.

Columbine, Miss STALLARD.

Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Noscy Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE HOUR OF TWELVE.

Flora, Mrs EDWIN.
Isabella, Miss Fitzwalter. Donna Francesca, Miss Stuart.
Marquis Fernando, Mr Raymond. Don Sciprano, Mr W. VINING.
Pedro, Mr Knight, Nicolo, Cooper. Lopez, Mr Newcombe. Ambrose, Mr Coates.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.

IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.

Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe.
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play, entitled

THE STRANGER.

[By KOTZEBUE.]

Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. POOLE.
Countess Wintersein, Miss Scott. Charlotte, Mrs Vale.
Savoyard, (with a Song) Miss SOMERVILLE. The Stranger, Mr OSBALDISTON
Count Wintersein, Mr Honor. Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Peter, Mr Vale.
Solomon, Mr Williams, Francis, Mr C. Hill. Tobias, Mr Gough.
The Count's Son, Master Carbery. The Stranger's Children, M. and E. Clarke.

To conclude with, the Grand Serious Spectacle, in Two Acts, entitled

OBI: OR, THREE-FINGER'D JACK!

With the original Music, by the late Dr Arnold.

Rosa, Madame Simon. Quashee's Wife, Mrs Vale. Sam's Wife, Miss Jordan.
Captain Orford, Mr Honor. Planter, Mr Almar.
Overseer, Mr Edwin. Three-Finger'd Jack, Mr C. Hill.
Quashee, Mr T. Hill. Sam, Mr Asbury. Jonkanoo, Mr Grammer.
Old Woman, Mr Webb. Officer, Mr Lee. Tucky, Mademoiselle Rosier.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Play of

WILLIAM TELL.

Emma, Miss HUDDART.
Anneli, Miss FAUCIT' Agnes, Miss FAUCIT.
Gesler, Mr H. Wallack. Sarnem, Mr Thompson. Struth, Mr W. Bennett.
Rodolph, Mr Howard. Lufold, Mr Howell. Braun, Mr Ross.
William Tell, Mr MACREADY.
Albert, Miss Poole. Melchtal, Mr Younge. Erni, Mr Cathie.
Furst, Mr Fenton. Verner, Mr Cooke. Waldman, Mr Hughes.
Michael, Mr COOPER. Jagheli, Mr J. VINING.
Pierre, Mr Eaton. Theodore, Mr Honner.
Savoyards—Miss Crawford. Mr Price. Mr S. Jones.

Previous to the Play, Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.

Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,

Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

On Monday, Richard the Third; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Play, in Three Acts, called

THE CARNIVAL AT NAPLES.

Music by John Barnett.

Duchess di Fontana, Mrs Lovell. Aurora di Cosenza, Miss Hughes.
Zoranthe, Miss H. Cawse, Rodriga, Mrs Tayleure. Nina, Miss TAYLOR.
Theresa, Miss Phillips. Female Mask, Mrs Brown.
Duke di Fontana, Mr Egerton. Count Cosenza, Mr Blanchard.
Manfredi, Mr WALDE.
Valentine, Mr Henry. Benedetto, Mr G. Bennett. Harry Fortescue, Mr Abbott.
Dermot O'Donovan, Mr Power. Rufo, Mr Evans.
Gaspero, Mr F. Matthews. Guiscard, Mr Irwin. First Mask, Mr Mears.
Second Mask, Mr Hall.
Neapolitan Lovers, Mons. D'Albert, Mrs Bedford, Mirth, Mrs Vedy.
Cupid, Miss Kendall.

After which will be revived, a Farce, in One Act, called

THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

Caroline, Mrs Pindar. Louisa, Miss Lawrence. Cubbs, Mrs Brown.
Mr Frost, Mr F. Matthews. Capt. Seymour, Mr Dunsett.
Mr Calloony, Mr Baker. Edward, Mr Parry. Cymon, Mr Addison.
Murtoch Delaney, Mr POWER.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.

Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

On Monday, Fazio; The Omnibus; and the Pantomime.

COBURG THEATRE.—Peter the Great and Charles XII. Harlequin Silver Penny—Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Harlequin and Mother Goose—A Deed of Blood—The Morning after Mariage.

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№ 128.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. M. R. S. L. With Twenty Medallion Portraits. 3 vols. 8vo. Bull.

[Continued.]

It is a "refreshment" to turn from the character of Dante to the gentler affections, the elegance, and entire humanity of Petrarch. We do not even think the less of him for his having been a *dandy* in his youth! for the word applies to this great man in all its nicety, at one period of his life. He and his brother Gerard, when they first collected their little property after the death of their parents, became two of the greatest beaux in Avignon: but the poet evinced at the same time what was in him, by his studies and his generosity:—

'Influenced,' says Mr Stebbing, 'by the love of gallantry and the desire of being esteemed the most accomplished men in Avignon, they generally appeared drest in the most valuable costume, and frequented the society most esteemed for its selectness and elegance. Petrarch reminded his brother, some time after they had lost their taste for such a course of life, how carefully they were accustomed to consult their looking-glasses in arranging their habits, the least spot on which, or the rumple of a fold, would have been a matter of serious concern; how they wore shoes, so tight, that it was martyrdom to walk in them: and how carefully they curled their hair, losing their sleep often to make it lie gracefully. But while thus engaged in the absolute laws of fashion, he was neither idle nor corrupt, and his benevolence to his aged master, Convenevole, deserves to be recorded in every narrative of his life. The poor old grammarian, after spending near seventy years of his existence in teaching rhetoric, was now shivering on the brink of the grave in almost abject poverty. Petrarch alone supplied him with the comforts necessary to his infirmities; his purse was always open to him as long as anything remained in it, and when all was spent and the old man wanted more, he gave him his books to pledge, which was the greater instance of benevolence, as he valued them above everything in the world, and lost several through the negligence of Convenevole: among others, a copy of Cicero's treatise on glory, which has been lamented by every succeeding generation of scholars.—Vol. i. p. 82.

Petrarch has become so great a name with posterity that the following letter of his good friend Cino da Pistoia, exhorting him to give up his poetical studies and become a good lawyer, is read by us with smiles, as if it were a piece of dotage; though it was probably reckoned a very sensible letter at the time.

'"My dear Francis," says the good professor, "I have many times deplored your blindness, I have often prayed the lord to lead you back to a more profitable course of life or to destroy the recollection of you in my mind. I can never think of you, and think of you I do night and day, without repenting that I ever loved you so much. In one word, you must be yourself again, and change your manner of living, or I hope I shall ever again hear of a man so unworthy of having been my pupil. I had prepared a solemn discourse for your promotion to *the degree of doctor*. I wished to do you an honour which I had never rendered to any one else,—but the gods have not heard my vows; your studies and my labours have been all in vain. What efforts, what toil are all lost! How can you suffer yourself to be deceived by false appearances? What can the family to whom you trust procure you, although it be very illustrious and very noble? Who will repay you for that which you will lose? Might you not have lived honourably at Avignon in the court of the Pope, *with the title of Jurisconsult?* But I have, perhaps, said too much. I fear my friendship has carried me too far. If you retain any of your former sentiments of respect for your master, give these counsels such a place in your heart as his friendship merits. May the Lord induce you to return to the studies which you have forsaken. This would be a great consolation to me, and a great happiness to you."—Vol. i. p. 88.

Cino had written verses himself, and love verses; which probably furnished his young friend with a provoking reply.

In speaking of Petrarch, it is impossible to pass over the subject of Laura. We extract the well-known opinion of the Abbé de Sade, for the purpose of adding Mr Stebbing's comment:—

'Laura desired,' says the Abbé de Sade, 'to be loved by Petrarch, but never to hear him speak of his love. She treated him with the greatest rigour when he attempted to tell his passion, but when she saw him despairing and ready to abandon all hope, she re-animated him by a slight favour, a look, or a single word. This alternative of great punishments and little favours, so distinctly indicated in Petrarch's poems, is the key to Laura's whole conduct. It was by this artifice, called by our author an innocent one, but not altogether, perhaps, deserving such an epithet, that she contrived, he says, to hold in captivity, for more than twenty years, a man of the most ardent and impetuous disposition, and without making even the smallest sacrifice of her honour. Those, concludes he, who would understand Petrarch aright, ought never to lose sight of this circumstance.

'Supposing, indeed, that Petrarch wrote a sonnet for each variation which he thought he could discover in Laura's countenance, the theory of this excellent biographer may be correct; but with great respect for the ingenuity with which he has thus formed a perfect chronicle of his hero's love, it may reasonably be doubted whether the sonnets admit of so absolute and close an application. That the lover might, in his visits to Avignon, and his meetings with Laura in public places, watch her very earnestly, is not unlikely; that she did not always appear with the same frown or the same smile on her countenance, is still more probable. It is also equally possible, that Petrarch might be affected according to the chance expression which her features wore; but it is almost more than theorizing, to assert that each sonnet may be taken out of its place, and so arranged as to form, with its companions, a sort of chronological table, from which, having put them into prose, we may write a veritable history of the loves of Laura and Petrarch.

'There is something, however, so pleasing in every discovery which tends to prove that the inspiration of poetry, and true fervent feeling are the same, that we might be fairly tempted to leave the Abbé's theory untouched; but it involves another question than that respecting the truth of the poet's sentiments at the moment he was writing. Supposing de Sade to be correct in his explication of the sonnets, Laura is proved beyond question to have been one of the greatest and most perfect coquettes that ever existed. Her ingenuity in so duly apportioning her smiles and frowns, the keenness of her penetration in discovering the true state of the poet's feelings, and the selfish indifference with which she seems to have sacrificed his peace to her pride, would bespeak a sterner appellation than coquetry; but the exquisite delicacy in which Petrarch himself placed the chief beauty of Laura, renders as unwilling to suppose that she was so hackneyed in the vulgarest arts of her townswomen. Avignon was remarkable for the almost rude licentiousness of its inhabitants; but it was for the most angelic purity, both of manners and sentiments, and for a modesty which gave her whole figure the air of a Madonna, that she was beloved so passionately by our poet. It is difficult to believe that this attractive sweetness of demeanour, which preserved her image fresh and unsullied in her lover's mind to his latest day, could have been kept unmarred had she exercised so much art. Nor is it likely, we may add, if her purpose had been so decidedly to hold Petrarch in her trammels for the gratification of her pride, that he could have failed to discover some sign of her intentions, which, it is not improbable, would have broken the spell with which admiration of her modest beauty had at first possessed his soul. He was neither unacquainted with the world, nor unskilled in the knowledge of the female heart; he had suffered too much, if his love was real, not to seize on the discovery of Laura's coquetry as an argument to forget her; and if he only wanted an object on which to bestow immortality by his verses, or by a pretended passion for whom he might acquire, the name of a devoted lover, Laura would have had no occasion to practise any art against him; and if she had, a reputed coquette would have been the least suited of all women for the ethereal portraitures of Francesco.'—Vol. 1, p. 108.

The truth, we suspect, lies between the Abbé and Mr Stebbing. To suppose Laura capable of the excessive artifice attributed to her, and yet to call it innocent, is an opinion worthy of an abbé under the old regime. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence in her lover's poetry, to shew that she portioned out the shade and sunshine of her countenance in a manner that had the instinctive effect of artifice, though we do not believe there was any intention to practise it.' [And this is a reasonable conclusion, warranted by the experience of the world. It is not necessary to sup-

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pose Laura a perfect character, in order to excite the love of so imaginative a heart as Petrarch's. A good half, or two thirds of the love, may have been assignable to the imagination. Part of it was avowedly attributable to the extraordinary fidelity with which she kept her marriage vow to a disagreeable husband, in a city so licentious as Avignon, and therefore partook of that not very complimentary astonishment, and that willingness to be at an unusual disadvantage, which makes chastity cut so remarkable a figure amidst the nauseous rakeries of Beaumont and Fletcher. Furthermore, Laura may have not understood the etherialities of Petrarch. It is possible that less homage might have had a greater effect upon her; and it is highly probable (as Petrarch, though he speaks well of her natural talents, says she had not been well educated), that she had that instinctive misgiving of the fine qualities attributed to her, which is produced, even in the vainest women, by flights to which they are unaccustomed, and which makes them resent their own incompetency upon the lover who thus strangely reminds them of it. Most women, however, would naturally be unwilling to lose such an admirer, especially as they found the admiration of him extend in the world: and Laura is described by her lover as evidently affected by it. Upon the whole, we should guess her to have been a very beautiful, well meaning woman, far from insensible to public homage of any sort (she was a splendid dresser, for instance) and neither so wise nor so foolish, as to make her seriously responsible for any little coquetries she practised, or wanting in sufficient address to practise them well. Her history, perhaps, as far as regards herself, is only a lofty comment upon the line in the Beggar's Opera,

"By keeping men off, you keep them on."

With regard to the sonnets with which this great man immortalized his love, and which are full of the most wonderful beauties, small and great, (the versification being surprisingly various and charming, and the conceits of which they have been accused being for the most part as natural and delightful as anything in them, from a propensity which a real lover has to associate his mistress with everything he sees). Mr Stebbing has done justice to their gentler beauties in some graceful criticism, but not, we think, to their intensity and passion. Romeo should have written a criticism on Petrarch's sonnets. He would have done justice both to their "conceits" and their fervour. We think it is Ugo Foscolo who remarks, that Petrarch has given evidences of passion felt in solitude, amounting even to the terrible. His temperament partook of that morbid cast which makes people haunted by their ideas, and which, in men of genius, subjects them sometimes to a kind of delirium of feeling, without destroying the truth of their perceptions. Petrarch more than once represents himself in these sonnets, as struggling with a propensity to suicide; nor do we know anything more affecting in the record of a man's struggles with unhappiness, than the one containing a prayer of humiliation to God on account of his passion, beginning

Padre del ciel, dopo i perduti giorni,
(Father of heaven, after the lost days)

which the commentators tell us was wri.ten on a Good Friday, exactly eleven years from the commencement of his love.

[To be continued.]

May Ball in America.—On Thursday evening last, May the 1st, Mr Lewis Caruci gave his anniversary May Ball, in his spacious hall, which was decorated with great elegance and taste for the occasion, with every green and every flower of the season. It was truly an interesting spectacle; for, according to the best calculations, there were assembled more than a thousand persons, of every age, from two years old up to seventy-five; but all seemed of the same age in the enjoyment of the scene. At eight o'clock, the May Queen elect, a young lady of about fourteen, was ushered in for coronation. This was done with a very pretty ceremony; twelve Maids of Honour, of nearly the age of the Queen, attended her, and then followed twenty-four Floras, sweetly dressed, and ornamented with flowers, carrying with them baskets of flowers garnished with evergreen. After these ceremonies were over, the dance began. The groups were formed without any bustle, and the cotillions commenced with the children, amidst their brothers, sisters, parents, and grand-parents, and strangers from the frozen, the temperate, and the torrid zones; and all seemed to enjoy the offerings that Youth, Innocence, and Beauty brought for the Goddess of Flowers. This is one of the oldest holidays that is now kept up. It was observed at Rome from her primitive days, and in England ever since she became acquainted with Roman customs. It contains in it a perpetual principle,—the flow of gratitude for the beauties of Spring, coming from the hearts of purity, gaiety, and affection, as yet untainted by suffering or evil.—*An American paper of* 1828.

TO THE TATLER.

My Dear Mr Tatler,—My object is to enlighten the world, and I know no better medium to be selected for that purpose, than your delightful paper, if you can be persuaded to afford me a corner of it. There is a phrase, very often and generally used, which has puzzled me not a little, and which I have been sometimes tempted to believe very ill applied. I doubt not but others have been at a loss to reconcile this phrase with its application, as well as myself. "She has *finished her education*," says an old lady, with a proud glance towards her grand-daughter. Follow her eyes, and you will see a pretty girl smiling with conscious importance, as she suffers herself to be led to the piano-forte. She takes her seat, plays and sings a few modern ballads, and is almost deafened with admiration.—(Admiration is as noisy on these occasions, as she is silent on some others.) You desire to hear some fine composition of some of the more popular of the great composers, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Winter, &c. She is very sorry, but she does not know it;—you put it before her, but she has not practised it. She plays 'the Light Guitar,' 'Cherry Ripe,' 'Oh, no, we never mention her,' &c. Well, some of these modern ballads are pretty enough,—and you are willing to be pleased. You petition for some favourite Scotch or old English ditty;—the young lady smiles with scornful pity, as she replies she does not play those "common old-fashioned things." In the course of the evening you endeavour to converse with this young lady;—she is willing enough to talk; but of what?—of the company present:—one lady makes so ridiculous a figure, that she should be ashamed to be acquainted with her, for,—look at her sleeves!—why, they are not more than an ell wide!—and then, what a waist; it is, at least, a quarter of an inch too short! And that short lady on the other side—she has actually got on green ribbons, when nobody "who knows anything at all," wears any colours but lavender or primrose! You endeavour to turn her attention to something more interesting; you lose your pains—she does not understand, she does not even hear you. Ah! she is young, she has gay spirits, she is volatile; you resolve upon getting better acquainted with her another time. She does not look stupid, and as she has *finished her education*, she must be able to speak about something rational. It happens that you pass weeks in the same house with this educated damsel; you discover that she can dance, perhaps sketch a butterfly or a flower, can talk nonsense, either in French or English, play the fashionable game at the card-table, make fire-screens, weave toy-baskets with straws or feathers, embroider muslin, and do various other such things, very well as occasional pastimes, but not altogether satisfactory for the sole employments of life. She reads novels and annuals, it it true; but her mind is totally uninformed, and she is far less companionable than a child. She has no ideas, but of dress and fashion. How should she? Books, conversation, and nature, are alike unknown to her; and her whole time being spent in one eternal *pastime*, she has not leisure to suspect her own deficiencies. Deficiencies! Has she not *finished her education?* If she is not fitted to be a rational companion, she would look pretty and fashionable at the head of her husband's table. If she is totally unfitted for the care of a family, she could give orders to her servants. If she should be unable to teach her children, she could send them to school. If she could not cheer a sick room, she could hire a nurse. If she could give no solace in affliction, she could avoid its presence. She is not perhaps qualified for the duties of a wife, a mother, or a friend;—but her *education is finished.* Ah! Mr Tatler, how much I have been mistaken! I had a notion, that to educate a young lady was to qualify her for the duties, the pleasures, and the troubles of life; that it was to enrich her mind with knowledge; to cultivate her natural tastes; to give grace to her person nnd her movements, through the medium of mental refinement; to qualify her for society, companionship, and solitude; to enable her to respect herself as a rational human being, without forgetting that she was but one among many.—No such thing.—Education is nearly connected with what is termed "coming out." It is indeed almost the same thing. You will pity my ignorance, Mr Tatler, but as there are many of your readers who are no better informed, it will be useful to make the confession, that it was but the other day I discovered the real meaning of the word. I consulted an etymological work, which informed me, that to educate is to lead forth. So that it seems, the only difference between education and coming out is, that the latter signifies the actual introduction to the company in the drawing-room of the world; the former, the progress to it, and the "Hold up your head" and "Turn out your toe," directions given by the way. To have *finished her education*, merely signifies that a young lady has reached the drawing-room door; it has no sort of reference to her attainments, be they what they may. I have known some well-informed persons who never finished their education, and some ignorant persons whose education was finished many years ago. If you ever finished your's, Mr Tatler, you will have too much gallantry to refuse admission to this useful hint, from one who subscribes herself

Your constant and cordial Admirer.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

CROSS-READING.—"On Tuesday Doctor Bedale and Mr Vipond of Manchester, *crossed the* (*river*) *Mersey* from Liverpool to Runcorn.—The road, which has been recently Macadamised, was very dusty. It ought to be more frequently watered."

A COURTEOUS ANSWER.—At a country election, the popular candidate of a Northern County *waited on* a shoemaker to solicit his vote. "Get out of my house, Sir," said the shoemaker, "you once turned me out of your estate, and I was determined to turn you out of my house; but for all that, I will give you my vote."—*Crispin Anecdotes—(an American Publication.*

TRAVELLING TITLES.—The *Washington Chronicle*, speaking of titles, says that some time since, twenty-five gentlemen, strangers to each other, assembled together at dinner, on board a steam-boat on the Ohio. They were principally from the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio. At dinner, the Captain said, addressing one of the company whom he knew,—"General, shall I help you to a piece of roast-beef?"—Upon which, twenty-three of the twenty-five replied to his civility.

SIR SIMON EYRE.—The annals of commerce present few instances of successful speculation more memorable than is exhibited in the life of Sir Simon Eyre, and none to which shoemakers ought to feel more indebted, when they visit the great mart of their staple commodity, Leadenhall. He was originally a shoe-maker in Leadenhall street, and hearing that a vessel laden with leather from Tripoli, was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, conceived that he might make great advantages from purchasing. He accordingly collected as much money as his narrow means would permit, and departed, on foot, from London to Penzance, where he bought the leather, returned to London, commenced dealer in that article, and soon amassed a considerable fortune, sufficient to build Leadenhall, obtain a knighthood, fill the office of Lord Mayor, and form a splendid ecclesiastical brotherhood.—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

GEORGE FOX—the founder and head of the English Quakers, was born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in the year 1624, and died in 1681. He was brought up a shoe-maker, and followed his trade at Nottingham. Whatever may be objected to some of his erratic procedures and mental vagaries, *all* of which, his friends themselves do not attempt to justify, he certainly was an extraordinary man; and has had the honour of founding a sect, the most amiable in their social manners, and the most praiseworthy in their public intercourse; to whom the legislature have made concessions and granted dispensations, denied to every other sect. A high character of George Fox's spirit of piety and depth of understanding, is given by William Penn, in the "Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers."—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

HOW TO ENJOY A BATH.—The spring hath come—"refreshing earth, reviving all but *man*"—your head aches, and you feel occasionally drowsy, languid, and uncomfortable. Take a warm bath; it will relieve you in an hour. But take it in the proper way—

"When 'tis done, 'twere well
'Twere *not* done *quickly*"—

for in this lies the mischief of warm-bathing. A man generally posts to a bath, as if he were carrying an express. He is out of breath and in a perspiration on his arrival. He undresses himself in a great hurry, souses his body in the hot water, kicks about for five minutes, emerges with every pore open, puts on his garments, looks complacently in the mirror, and thinks he has taken a warm bath! No such thing; he has taken nothing but a cold! In one hour he begins to sneeze, and the next day he commences coughing and cursing the bath. Philosophy grieves over his folly, but will not relieve his head and lungs. Why did the bath give him a cold? Because he was in a perspiration when he went into the water, which said perspiration was incurred by the heat, and checked as soon as he raised his body from the water into the colder region of the air. The order of nature must be reversed to prevent a man from taking cold under such circumstances. Now, reader, we will tell you how to take a bath. In the first place, if you have any quarrel on hand, whip, or get whipped at once; tranquillity of mind is all-important in rendering the warm bath beneficial. Walk leisurely to the house of ablution, and disrobe yourself with moderate haste. You may have the water hot enough to parboil you, if you choose—that is left to your own taste. In with you, and to beguile the time, you may read a newspaper or smoke a cigar; taking care, however, to keep the cigar above water. If you don't, it will go out. In about half an hour, the water will cool to nearly the temperature of the air, and you will have gone gradually and safely through half a dozen climates. You will have left the torrid for the temperate zone. Then let in the cold water very slowly, almost drop by drop, and in the course of twenty minutes you will find yourself in a cold bath. Your pores will have closed grndually and moderately, your sensations will be exquisite during the process, and you will feel strength and elasticity in every limb. You emerge from the cold water into the warmer air—dry your body thoroughly with a coarse towel, and feel like a new man. It is an impossibility for you to take cold; if you do, you are at liberty to come and box our ears for giving you bad advice.—*An American paper.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—William Tell—and the Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Carnival at Naples—The Irishman in London—and the Pantomime.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE farce of the *Midnight Hour* was produced here on Saturday night under the title of *The Hour of Twelve*, the part of *Flora* by Mrs EDWIN, who performed it at Drury Lane in 1821. We do not exactly see the reason why old dramas are produced at this theatre under new titles; but the alteration has one pleasant effect. Any gloss of novelty, even in a name, gives something of a new zest to old favourites. We believe we should read the "Soliloquy of Hamlet" itself with new pleasure, if another title were given to it in the Enfield Speaker.

We are loth to say anything in dispraise of Mrs EDWIN, who might perhaps have been a very frequent as well as useful actress, had she contented herself with parts purely subordinate; but there was always a studied articulation and formal energy in her style, more favourable to the letter than to the spirit of the stage; and we are under the necessity of saying, that years have not mended it.

A fine theatrical week has arrived;—Mr KEAN to-night; a new piece to-morrow at Covent Garden; a new operatical playhouse called the *Queen's Theatre* to open on Thursday (we understand in a genuine spirit of emulation) and the opera itself on Saturday, with glorious PASTA in the perspective! Madame VESTRIS must summon round her all her graces; Miss INVERARITY must be put in double requisition; YATES in the new piece must be excessively MATHEWS; in short, the more theatres there are, the more all must try to excel; and it is hard if we do not get the very best of which they are capable, out of all of them. ☞

THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER.—The Abbé La Caille, who ranked among the first astronomers of the age, was the son of the parish clerk of a village. When he was ten years old, his father sent him every evening to ring the church bell, but the boy always returned home late. His father was angry, and beat him, yet still the boy returned an hour after he had rung the bell. The father suspecting something mysterious in his conduct, one night watched him, and saw his son ascend the steeple, ring the bell as usual, and remain there during an hour. When the unlucky boy descended, he trembled like one caught in the fact, and on his knees confessed that the pleasure he took in watching the stars from the steeple, was the real cause of detaining him from home. As the father was not born to be an astronomer, like the son, he flogged the boy severely. The youth was found weeping in the streets, by a man of science, who, when he discovered in a boy of ten years of age a passion for contemplating the stars at night, and who had discovered an observatory in a steeple, in spite of such ill treatment, decided that the seal of nature had impressed itself on the genius of that boy. Relieving the parent from the son, and the son from the parent, he assisted the young La Caille in his passionate pursuit, and the event completely justified the prediction.—*The Literary Character Illustrated by the History of Men of Genius.*

JOHN KNOX.—Thevet, writing of the affairs of Scotland, thus speaks of this celebrated Scotch Reformer:—"This Diaphorist, who was fond of dissentions, was not contented to tread in the steps of Luther and of his master Calvin, who had lately redeemed him from the gallies of Cupua, in which he had remained three years for his crimes, unlawful amours, and execrable whoredoms, and for his dissolute living, and for having been convicted of parricide and murder, committed on the Archbishop of St Andrewes;—this Simonist, who had been a Priest before in our Church, and fattened with benefices, which he sold for ready money, seeing he could not prove his cause to be good, fell into the most horrid blasphemy in the world. First, he denied the power of God; he preached openly that virginity was no better than marriage; and he induced many devout wives and religious virgins to prostitute themselves," &c. &c.—Are not people, observes the judicious Bayle, that write with so little judgment, well qualified to make us question the truths they advance, supposing any such escape them?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend R. and another Correspondent will have seen that we corrected the error which they were good enough to point out.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of

KING RICHARD III.

[By SHAKSPEARE].

Elizabeth, Queen of Edward the Fourth, Mrs FAUCIT.
Lady Anne, Miss FAUCIT. Duchess of York, Mrs Webster.
King Henry, Mr Younge. Prince of Wales, Miss Chikini.
Duke of York, Miss Poole. Duke of Norfolk, Mr Thompson.
Duke of Glo'ter, Mr KEAN.
Earl of Oxford, Mr Howard. Lord Stanley, Mr Hammerton.
Duke of Buckingham, Mr COOPER. Earl of Richmond, Mr WALLACK.
Lord Mayor, Mr Andrews. Sir Robert Brackenbury, Mr Yarnold.
Sir William Catesby, Mr Cooke. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Mr Cathie.
Sir Walter Blunt, Mr Eaton. Tressel, Mr J. Vining. Tyrrel, Mr Honner.

Previous to the Tragedy, Lindpainter's Overture to 'Der Bergkonig.'

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.

Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,

Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory. and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV, Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

Tomorrow—A Melo-dramatic Opera; the New Pantomime; and Masaniello.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Adabella, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, (8th time) Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.
After the Tragedy, A. Romberg's Overture to 'Scipio.'

After which, a Farce, in one Act, called

THE OMNIBUS.

[By Mr TAIN.]

Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Tayleure.
Miss Damper, Mrs Daly, Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton.
Mr Ledger, Mr BLANCHARD. Mr Dobbs, Mr BARTLEY.
Tom Dobbs, Mr KEELEY. Pat Rooney, Mr POWER,

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

Tomorrow—Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time in London.
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY. du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. LEPEINTRE, Aîné, du Theâtre du Vaudeville.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

MALVINA; OU, UN MARIAGE D'INCLINATION.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de M. SCRIBE.
Malvina, Fille de M. Dubreuil, Mlle. St. Ange.
Marie, Nièce de M. Dubreuil, Mademoiselle FLORVAL.
Catherine, Femme de Charge et Gouvernante, Madame Baudin.
M. DERVAL remplira le Rôle d'Arved Dubreuil.
M. Dubreuil, M. ST. AUBERT. M. de Barentin, Ami de la Maison, M. Alfred.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

MADAME GREGOIRE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de MM. ROCHEFORT et DUPEUTY.
La Scène est a Paris, en 1760.
Madame Grégoire, Cabaretière, Mlle. St. Ange.
Fanchette, Auvergnate, et Femme supposée de Benoit, Mademoiselle Eliza.
Manon Giroux, Blanchisseuse, Mme. Gamard. Mariotte, Servante, Mlle. Emma.

On Finira par

LE CHATEAU DE MON ONCLE.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. DESAUGIER et ARMAND.
Laure, Fille du Baron, Mlle. FLORVILLE. Mme. Derbois, son Amié, Mlle. Corra.
Madame Grimardeau, Gouvernanle du Chateau, Madame Baudin.
Rose, Fille du Chateau, Mlle. HERMINIE.
Le Baron de St. Val, M. Cloup. St. Ernest, Officier de Cavalerie, M. Alfred.
M. Grimardeau, Intendant du Chateau, M. Préval. Labrie, M. Arnaud.
Le Franc, Hussard, Domestique de St. Ernest, M. Gamard. Simon, M. Granville.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Fransel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

Lady Courtall, Miss DALY. Grace Gaylove, Mrs FITZWILLIAM.
Sir Charles Courtall, Mr YATES. Sharp, Mr J. REEVE.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE HOUR OF TWELVE.

Flora, Mrs EDWIN.
Isabella, Miss Fitzwalter. Donna Francesca, Miss Stuart.
Marquis Fernando, Mr Raymond. Don Sciprano, Mr W. VINING.
Pedro, Mr Knight, Nicolo, Cooper. Lopez, Mr Newcombe. Ambrose, Mr Coates.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Miss Bramble's Maid, Miss Berresford. Frank Hartley, Mr Raymond.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.
Police Officer, Mr Worrell. Shopmen, Messrs Young and Hutchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe.
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,

SURREY THEATRE.

Will be revived the celebrated Drama, entitled

THE ITALIAN WIFE.

Bianca, Miss M. C. POOLE,
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott, Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Venice, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Gonsalvo, Mr Gough, Falsetto, Mr Honner,
Giraldi Fazio, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Bartolo, Mr Williams, Philario, Mr Almar, Antonio, Mr Young,
Theodore, Mr Webb, Piero, Mr Lee, Gentleman, Mr Tully, Keeper, Mr Hobbs.

After which, a Drama, entitled

THE DIAMOND ARROW.

[By W. T. MONCRIEF.]

Lucille, Miss SOMERVILLE. Dame Lodoline Fontaine, Mrs VALE.
Mons. Fontaine, Mr VALE. Mons. Anselm, Mr Young. Courier, Mr Lee.
Hilaire, Mr Edwin.

To conclude with, the Grand Serious Spectacle, in Two Acts, entitled

OBI: OR, THREE-FINGER'D JACK!

With the original Music, by the late Dr Arnold.
Rosa, Madame Simon. Quashee's Wife, Mrs Vale. Sam's Wife, Miss Jordan.
Captain Orford, Mr Honor. Planter, Mr Almar.
Overseer, Mr Edwin. Three-Finger'd Jack, Mr C. Hill.
Quashee, Mr T. Hill. Sam, Mr Asbury. Jonkanoo, Mr Grammer.
Old Woman, Mr Webb. Officer, Mr Lee. Tucky, Mademoiselle Rosier.

COBURG THEATRE.—Bonaparte's Destiny—The Silver Knight—Jack Sheppard—And All Halow Seen.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose—And Satisfied.

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Nº 129.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. M. R. S. L. With Twenty Medallion Portraits. 3 vols. 8vo. Bull.

[Continued.]

We must again express our regret that Mr Stebbing has not devoted a chapter to Pulci. His 'Morgante Maggiore' was published seven or eight years before the 'Orlando Innamorato' of Boiardo; and he, therefore, may claim to be considered the founder of Italian Romance. He looks like the founder of modern banter and burlesque. His poem would deserve to be regarded as a curiosity, were it only for containing passages which seem to be the germ of the style of Voltaire; but, while it has others of a less entertaining singularity,—attributable, perhaps, to a half-admiring, half-bantering imitation of the popular story-tellers, and, as Dryden says of another poet, sometimes "runs upon a flat" for too long a time, it is highly worthy of perusal throughout. Morgante is a good-natured, friendly giant. Onthe other hand, we have a giant named Margutte, who is a personification of an impudent and disgusting worldliness. The poem concludes with a fine description of the death of Orlando at Roncesvalles. We cannot read the first canto without discovering the author's genius, both for tenderness and wit. Of the latter, in corroboration of what we have said respecting the style of Voltaire, we will lay a specimen before the reader, in a few stanzas from that canto. The passages respecting the manna are highly Voltairesque.—

Orlando comes upon a set of monks in a desert, who are pestered by three giants, their neighbours. The giants, who are of course infidels or Mahometans, are in the habit of throwing great stones at the abbey, so that the monks cannot go out for provisions. Orlando, in his knight errantry, comes to the abbey door and knocks for some time in vain. At length he is let in, and the abbot apologizes by stating the blockade in which they are kept. The holy father then proceeds to make some very singular comments:—

'Gli antichi padri nostri nel deserto,
Se le lor opre sante erano e giúste,
Del ben servir da Dio n' aver buon merto:
Né creder sol vivessin di locuste:
Piovea dal ciel la manna, questo è certo;
Ma qui convien che spesso assaggi e guste
Sassi, che piovon di sopra quel monte
Che gettano Alabastro e Passamonte.

E'l terzo, ch' è Morgante, assai piu fiero,
Isveglie e pini e faggi e cerri e gli oppi,
E gettagli infin qui: questo è pur vero,
Non posso far che d' ira non iscoppi.
Mentre che parlan cosi in cimitero,
Un sasso par che Rondel quasi sgroppi;
Che da 'giganti giù venne da alto
Tanto, ch' e' prese sotto il tetto un salto.

Tirati dentro, cavalier, per Dio,
Disse l'abate, che la manna casca.
Rispose Orlando: caro abate mio,
Costui non vuol che'l mio caval piu pasca:
Veggo che lo guarrebbe dal restio:
Quel sasso par che di buon braccia nasca.
Rispose il santo padre: io non t'inganno;
Credo che'l monte un giorno gitteranno.'

The eremites of old, if just and true
And righteous in their works, had blessed cheer;
God's servants in those days no hunger knew,
Nor lived on those same locusts all the year;
Doubt not they had the rain of manna too:
But as for us, our pretty dishes here
Are stones; which Passamont and Alabaster
Rain down upon our heads, by way of taster.

And yet those two are nothing to the third:
He tears me up whole trees, whole horrid oaken
Trunks by the roots: he does, upon my word—
Our heads infallibly will all be broken."

While thus, as if he could be overheard
The monk stood talking low, there came a token
So close upon the horse, it seemed all over
With the poor devil, who leaped under cover.

"For God's sake come in doors, Sir!" cried the priest
"The manna's falling!" "'Tis, indeed, said t'other;
They seem to grudge his feed to the poor beast·
They'd cure his restiveness. Well, such another
Stunner as this, proves no weak arm at least,
No son, dear abbot, of a feeble mother."
"The Lord!" exclaimed the monk, "look down upon us!
Some day, I think, they'll cast the mountain on us."

Boiardo, the other father of romantic Italian poetry (for these authors were probably occupied with their productions at the same period, and the Orlando Innamorato was the undoubted precursor of the great work of Ariosto), was a poet of singular good fortune. He was successful in the world, and yet unspoiled by it. He was one of those feudal barons of whom we read in romances, and yet accomplished enough to write a romance himself. He was rich, admired, beloved; and, though he shone at courts and festivals, passed the greater part of his time in sylvan shades, and the composition of poetry.

'Sometimes in Ferrara,' says Mr Stebbing, 'and at others at Scandiano, he shared his honours between the splendid amusements of a courtier, and the luxurious reveries of a poet. The rank and fortune he possessed secured him from the cares to which by far the greater number of literary men are subject; and, which was still further conducive to the tranquillity of both his mind and his life, he reaped the golden harvest of fame as quickly as he sowed the seed. Unlike most other writers, especially of long narrative poems, he had not to wait for years before he could meet the encouraging smile of applause;—or to labour at correction, and then depend, when all is finished, on the capricious humour of the public. As soon as a Canto was composed, he took it with him to Ferrara, and there, in the presence of a brilliant Court, of which every member from the Prince to the youngest page, was prepared to applaud him, he recited his gay and charming inventions.'—Vol. II. p. 10.

We are not acquainted with the poem of Boiardo. We have that pleasure to come, and are enabled to indulge it by its long-desired re-publication, with which the zeal of Signor Panizzi has at length favoured the world. It is so rare, even in Italy, that we enquired for it in vain among the booksellers of two of the principal cities in that country. Berni's Rifacimento we know, and a very charming poem it is, more abundant in some of the delights of fiction and scenery than the Furioso itself; but we never supposed that the most serious and earnest parts of it were furnished by the wit and man of the world, who remodelled the original. These we fully expect to find in the old romancer. Boiardo's name and title sound like a romance,—Matto Maria Boiardo, Count of Scandiano. Mr Stebbing relates a popular anecdote of him, which is of doubtful authenticity, but which, from the very singularity of it, and the romance of the poet's habits, we are inclined to believe. Speaking of the scenery in the neighbourhood of his estate, the feudatories of which are supposed to have furnished him with appellations for his heroes,—Gradasso, Mandricardo, Sacripante, and others,—his biographer adds (noticing at the same time the doubtfulness of the tradition), 'It was while hunting in the woods of Fracasso, a short distance from Scandiano, that he discovered a name for his chief character. He had been long, it is said, in vain endeavouring to invent one which should be sufficiently sounding for a hero of the highest prowess and valour. All at once, Rodomonte started into his mind, and instantly turning his horses head towards Scandiano, he rode rapidly to the castle, and ordered all the bells to be rung in honour of Rodomonte, filling his vassals, it is said, with astonishment, as they had never heard before of such a saint.'—Vol. II. p. 7.

The mixt pleasantry and enthusiasm of this incident, renders it, we think, exceedingly probable. It is very like what one should expect from a man who united the vivacity of a court gallant with the fervour of a bard. The ostentatious magniloquence of the character in his poem, which he thus christened, has made the name pass into a proverb. From Rodomonte we have *rodomontade*.

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Before we proceed further, we must correct a mistake in our former article. We said that Mr Stebbing had made no mention of Rucellai. We had overlooked the name. He speaks of him in the second volume under the head of his friend Trissino, but he says nothing of his only popular poem, Le Api, a Virgilian composition, of great taste and sweetness. The mistake in the notice of Ariosto, of attributing to Pope an epitaph by Cowley, must be a slip of the memory. With the remarks on the want of a moral in Ariosto's poem, we do not altogether coincide; but the following passage appears to us to be beautifully written by Mr Stebbing, and to contain a delightful image:—

'Morality is the true foundation of unity, and the latter never exists in poetry or painting but when the writer or artist is powerfully impressed with some ruling sentiment, round which his thoughts and the creations of his imagination may cluster, and which may be as an imperishable altar of gold, on which love and romance may safely burn their incense, rendered more precious and odorous by the very sacredness of the altar.'—Vol. II. p. 82.

Upon the whole, the criticism on Ariosto's poem is one of the best in the book.

'Imagination,' says Mr Stebbing in one part of it, 'never gave birth to a greater, or more splendid variety of scenes, incidents, and characters; and never did poet hold the minds of his readers more completely captive to the charm of his song. At one time, we seem carried by some magic car over wide-stretching countries, varied with every wonder and glory of Nature; at others, led by a hermit, or the singing of a solitary bird, through green and quiet dells; then again transported through the air, and, making our passage amid gorgeous clouds, we find ourselves on tented battle-fields, or surrounded by throngs of dames and barons, in the hall of some lordly castle. Nor does the charm of the poet consist only in this wild variety and brilliancy of the objects with which it regales the fancy. Both the sentiments and incidents are often exquisitely tender and impassioned: gaiety and splendour give way to pathos, and the music of the verse becomes as deep and plaintive as it was before light and flowing.'—Vol. II. p. 86.

[To be concluded.]

THE WHITE HUNTER AND HIS INDIAN BRIDE.

A TALL athletic white man, as the sun sunk slowly behind the western foreign shade, was seen to enter a lonely cabin, upon the woody shores of the Miami. He had scarcely thrown off his hunting apparatus, before the horrid war-cry of the ferocious Sioux struck upon his ear; and soon a numerous band bounded, like startled deer, through the frail barrier of his dwelling. Here, however, they met with an unfriendly reception; for, soon the sharp report of the hunter's rifle announced the departure of an Indian's spirit to the hunting-ground of the blest. They then bound him, and departed towards the setting sun; and, on the evening of the succeeding day, drew near to the village of their tribe. Here they halted, and sent forward a deputation to inform the chiefs of their return. On the return of the messengers, the whole party moved onward. The village exhibited a long dark row of swarthy old men, squaws, and children, who lined both sides of the open trail; and upon seeing their well-known friends, screamed out with horrid yells. One singularly-dressed squaw (the wife of the fallen chief), tore handfuls from her dishevelled locks, while she laid her flesh open to the bone with a sharp instrument, and continued howling the death-cry of the Sioux; but, upon seeing the white hunter, as he ran the gauntlet, she caught a hatchet from the hands of a warrior, and gave the victim a deep wound in the thigh; then, pressing the crimson fluid to her lips, she returned the hatchet to its owner: and, shaking her finger at the hunter with a hollow laugh, entered a neighbouring lodge, while the hunter was conducted to prison. As the first rays of morning gleamed upon the hill, the hunter saw through the crevises of his prison, numerous swarthy chieftains moving amid the vistas of the forest, towards the council fire. Half an hour or more passed, and the hunter, tortured with suspense, turned from the openings in his apartment, and threw himself upon the boughs of pine which composed his bed. At that instant, he heard a rustling outside, and immediately a window opened in what heretofore had appeared to him to be solid logs, through which a young Indian maiden entered. She at once, with a sharp knife, severed the withs that confined his arms, and set him at liberty. She then placed her hand upon her breast, while a deep sigh burst from her lips; and, raising her eyes, said, in the hunter's tongue. "The Sioux chiefs have doomed you to be burnt;—but the Sioux maiden loves the pale chief. She has set him at liberty;—will the pale face, in return, let the light fawn live in his wigwam?"

"God knows I will!" cried the young hunter in ecstacy.

"It is enough," said the maiden: then turning, she blew a small reed, and presently three savages entered, bearing each a knapsack, gun, and other equipments for a march. She pointed to a heap of dry drift wood, which the savages quickly moved; and handed to the hunter his trusty rifle, and a knapsack well lined with provisions. They then assisted the maiden to climb to the window, and she was safe on the other side, followed by the hunter, and the three Indians, who struck off into a lonely and rugged trail, and were soon far from the Sioux lodge. When the evening shades settled down upon the leafy forest, they reached a Chippewa village. Here, upon declaring their wishes to a French Jesuit, who married them, they were received with open arms by the chiefs, who gave them a beautiful hut on the borders of a pleasant stream, and bade them live in safety. The white man soon became a favourite with the Chippewa chiefs, and one morning against the wishes of his lovely wife, joined a hunting expedition towards the west. Three tedious weeks had rolled away, and nought was heard of the little band; but on the evening of the first day of the fourth week, an Indian runner, breathless with haste, entered the village, and soon communicated to the Indian girl the sad news of her husband being captured and doomed to death by a party of her incensed nation. She spoke not,—for a long time she stood motionless; then, as though a ray of hope had dispelled the forebodings of her imagination, she departed towards the west, with the utmost secrecy, and in the course of the next day, stood upon a high ascent, which overlooked the village of the Sioux. Loud war-hoops fell upon her ear, sending back the warm blood to her heart. She looked again towards the village, and perceived a prisoner led out, and bound to the stake. She uttered a faint scream, darted down the hill with the rapidity of the elk, entered the circle, and threw herself upon her husband's neck. "The squaw of the pale chief will die with him," answered she, to her husband's reproof for seeking him.

The eyes of the painted warriors glistened with tears of admiration, at this token of love; but their hearts were changed to stone, by the hoarse voice of their chieftain, commanding them to sing the war-song of the Sioux, as he advanced with his lifted tomahawk towards the prisoner. For a moment he gazed upon the hunter's features, and then with a horrible denunciation, let fall the glittering hatchet, but the girl sprang forward, and received the blow. Then, with an angelic smile, she pressed the hand of her husband, and fell lifeless into the arms of her agonized father. The chief cast one look upon the remains of his once lovely daughter —and then bidding the hunter depart in safety to the land of his fathers, he buried his head in his blanket, and was led by the young warriors to his lodge. The hunter, after shedding tears of deep sorrow over the light fawn's grave, returned to the settlement of the whites on the shores of the Atlantic, while the Sioux chief wandered forth upon the banks of the Miami, an unhappy maniac.—*The Boston Traveller.*

THE GAME OF CHESS.—This game is generally allowed, we believe, to possess as great or greater interest than any other of the sedentary ones. But this is not its only recommendation. There are many people, to whom a certain degree of excitement is necessary, which they procure by various means, and among them by playing at cards. But one great objection to all games at cards is, that being mainly, or at least in a great degree, dependant on chance, they are so insipid as to require, to make them at all interesting, the additional strong stimulus of money, and that to no fixed amount, but just according to the extent of the gambling spirit in the players. They frequently defeat, besides, their own legitimate object, amusement, by giving rise to all sorts of petty animosities and contentions, the more common, as success or failure cannot be accurately divided between chance and skill. Chess is liable to none of these objections. It is not played for gain, because it supplies sufficient excitement without that aid. Its interest is formed by the multitude of the pieces, the variety and close connection of their movements. Another advantage is, that it is played by the smallest number that can play at any game. The idea entertained by many, that it is an abstruse and difficult game, and requires a great deal of time and study to get a knowledge of it, is perfectly erroneous. Like anything else where skill is concerned, it would take some time to excel in it; but that is not at all necessary in order to be amused; and any one, who had played a few games, enough to make him feel interested, would derive as much (or more) pleasure in his progress to farther knowledge, as if he already knew all that he could learn. It is a game that very well suits all countries, but more particularly the very cold or very warm ones: in the former, where out-door amusements must necessarily be few, it is a good fire-side companion; in the latter, the intensity of the heat, for the greatest part of the day at least, makes all violent exercise and even great talking painful, and renders this quiet game very acceptable, whether played in the house or in cool shady places in the open air. A great and often effectual obstacle to some amusements (billiards, for instance) is the expence. It is none to this. The first cost is the whole, and that is so small, that a good and durable set of men and board might be purchased for one pound—a price which could not well be heavy to those who had any time for recreation. The merits of Chess then are these: its cheapness, its adaption to the climate, the great interest it creates, and its freedom from those ill consequences which attend most other great excitements; it will not, like excessive drinking, insure a headache, or, like great eating, a nightmare, to those who indulge in it. It affords room, besides, for a little pleasant politics, and will give cause for triumph, in the various changes of the game, to men of all opinions. The loyal man will delight to see the king trampling upon the hostile plebeians; and how the Jacobin will exult (the Habeas Corpus being restored) when an insolent pawn, regardless of rank and dignity, arrests the progress of a king, or captures a helpless bishop! It has been thought that chess might, by long study and practice, be reduced to a mathematical calculation. This may possibly have been done in Turkey or the East, where the people are fond of it to excess, and frequently play it all day, or by some individuals elsewhere; but it is not at all likely that the inhabitants of this country, considering the coldness of the climate, and the general attention to business, will ever pursue it with much ardour.—*Yellow Dwarf.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT

DRURY LANE.—King Richard III.—and the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio—The Omnibus—and the Pantomime.

DRURY LANE.

THE manager of this theatre says he has prevailed on Mr KEAN to re-appear for a few nights in some of his best characters; and Mr KEAN accordingly presented us last night with that of *Richard III.* He was welcomed, if not with the thunder of a whole house, yet with the acclamations and waving hats of an enthusiastic pit; nor was a good deal of applause wanting from some other parts of the house. It was not the deafening crash of his most favoured times; but considering the formal dislike of some persons to any kind of broken word, the jealousy of others, and the grudges of various sorts which may be supposed to beset the return of such a man to the stage, it was a handsome reception. For our parts, we think the broken promises of a man of genius much more excusable than those of lovers; and, in our critical capacity, we felt thankful to Mr KEAN for letting us again behold him. He is unquestionably the finest actor we ever saw. Nobody comes near him except MACREADY; and he, we think, even surpasses him in one point,—the expression of domestic tenderness. KEAN'S tenderness is a voluntary grace; MACREADY'S, a real emotion. In everything else, though more approached by that fine actor than any other, he reigns lord paramount.

We say reigns, for he still does so, having resumed his dominion; but we are sorry to add. that he does not grasp his sceptre with the same physical force, nor can he issue his commands so loudly. In plain words, his voice, which was never of the strongest, painfully fails at times; nor does he distribute over his evening's performance the same amount of vigour as formerly. But we look upon the falling off as entirely physical; at least there was nothing in the performance of last night, to indicate that it had anything to do with mental decay. All the fine points appeared to us as well conceived as ever, and only impeded (when they were so) by manifest bodily weakness. In the tent scene for instance, where he starts up from his horrid dream, he made such a feeble business of the rush forward (or coming rather) that the house seemed inclined to be angry with it:—yet he began it, on first awaking, with as fine a dismal and natural groan as tragic spectator could desire; and it was clear to us, that his bodily strengh suddenly failed him. So in "a horse! a horse! my kingdom for horse!"—he could hardly get the words out; and a similar want of power was observable throughout the play generally It was thought at first, that he was husbanding his strength; but it did not turn out so. We could not help persuading ourselves that Mr KEAN might recover all that he wanted. There is nothing in his time of life to hinder it, if the excitements of his style of acting and the consequences but too natural to them do not hinder it. We have always wondered how actors of sensibility could bear up as they have done; and we have had a profane notion in consequence, that GARRICK could not have been quite so fine as he was described. KEMBLE had no more wear and tear than a statue. We fancied Mr KEAN looked a little larger than he used in the cheeks.

While speaking of deficiencies, we will notice the only fault we observed in this great actor last night,—which we take to be a common one with him, and hardly to have been expected in a man of his extreme sense of the natural. We do not mean to applaud the homely natural at the expense of the proper tragic mixture of the natural and ideal, which no man exhibits better than he, even in the passages in which he seems most familiar; for the ideal is only the imaginative added to the extreme of feeling, or rather the extreme in the most imaginative state of which it is capable; and there is always a certain grace as well as force of truth in what appear to be the homeliest of Mr KEAN'S ebullitions. But in the instances we allude to, which are those of the more tranquil kind, he appears to us to abandon his usual relish of the truth, for a strange kind of acquiescent commonplace, little to be expected of him. Thus, last evening, in speaking the fine lines descriptive of the noises of either army the night before the engagement, he did not pause, and hearken (as it were) over them,—he did not lay forth his ear to catch the sounds, or look as if he was particulrrly sensible of them. He did little but repeat the verses with an undulating tranquillity of recital, like some mild gentleman with an Enfield Speaker reading them out of the book.

But low fine he is, when he *is* fine! how true! how full of gusto! how intense! what a perfect amalgation there is of the most thorough feeling and the most graceful idealism! The first four lines which *Richard* utters on coming on,

'Now is the winter of our discontent, &c.'

were as beautifully delivered as they ever could have been, especially the last:

'And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

KEAN, in speaking this last line, held forth his arm, and in a beautiful style of deliberate triumph, uttering his words with inward majesty, pointed his finger downwards; as if he saw the very ocean beneath him from some promontory, and beheld it closed over the past.

Several of his favourite passages were given with their old effect, notwithstanding what has been said above. Among them was the question about *Stanley's* friends, "What do they in the North?" &c. and particularly the order for *Buckingham's* execution. We think we never heard the latter given even so finely. There was a contemptuous levity on the word "*Buckingham*,"—a sort of fondness and *forsoothness* of sarcasm (if the expression be allowed us) which seemed to set the poor Duke and his pretensions at a distance ludicrously immeasurable. The points in the wooing scene with *Lady Ann* were also much applauded,—the only unnatural scene (for we cannot help thinking it so) in SHAKSPEARE.

But the crowning point was the look he gave *Richmond*, after receiving the mortal blow. This has been always admired; but last night it appeared to us that he made it longer and therefore more ghastly. He stood looking the other in the face, as if he was already a disembodied spirit, searching him with the eyes of another world; or, as if he silently cursed him with some new scorn, to which death and its dreadful knowledge had given him a right. We thought he overdid the subsequent length of the *talk of him*, while lying on the ground: but his look was still very terrible.

Mr WALLACK came forward after the tragedy, to give the new pieces,—and afterwards did give them out,—but Mr KEAN was obliged to make his appearance in the interval. The reader, who was not present, may guess how unfit these enormous theatres are for sick actors, when we tell him, that although we sat within a short distance from the stage, and are quick of hearing, we could not distinguish above half he said. To be sure, he was, as he said, "exhausted;" but two-thirds of the audience must have been unable to hear properly the whole evening. The upshot is, that we cannot give a proper account of Mr KEAN'S speech. We understood him to say that he was very grateful,—exceedingly grateful;—that he should always be so;—and that he wished all the ladies and gentlemen as much pleasure ever afterwards, as they had given him at that moment. It was expected, that he would act again on Wednesday; but "Monday next" only was mentioned, the character the same as last night. We are surprised, by the way, that Mr KEAN chose so trying and loud a one at present. Would not *Shylock* be better? or the finest of all his characters, *Othello?* The season is also against him. We felt for him while lying upon the cold boards on this enormous stage, as if inviting the winds to make his hoarseness worse. The house was full, but not outrageously so.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.A. is received with thanks. Item, the CHESS-PLAYER.

The space will be reserved for the article enquired about last night.

O. G.'s feelings do him credit, but he has not yet learnt the art of putting them into verse.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Scrio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Franzel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
THE MARRIED BACHELOR.
Lady Courtall, Miss DALY. Grace Gaylove, Mrs FITZWILLIAM.
Sir Charles Courtall, Mr YATES. Sharp, Mr J. REEVE.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called
THE CHASTE SALUTE
[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.
[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Miss Bramble's Maid, Miss Berresford. Frank Hartley, Mr Raymond.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.
Police Officer, Mr Worrell. Shopmen, Messrs Young and Hutchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe.
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,

SURREY THEATRE.

The Nautico-Domestic Drama, entitled
THE ROVER'S BRIDE.
[By Mr G. ALMAR.]
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella Manners, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Dame Bellerton, Miss Nicol. Nancy Blackberry, Miss Ellis.
Lawrence Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Miles Bellerton, Mr C. Hill. Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE.
Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honnor. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.
[Between the First and Second Acts, a lapse of Five Years is supposed to take place.]
Act II.—SUMMER.
Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Mary Blackberry, Miss Rumens. Kitty Spiteful, Mrs Rogers.
Captain Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Barbelot, Mr Jones. Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honnor.
Culverdine and Avery, Mr Ransford and Mr Lee.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.
Bluff Laconic, Mr C. Hill. Master Marmaduke Magog, Jun. Master Carbery.

After which a New Drama (from SCRIBE) entitled
BARON TRENCK!
[By Mr OSBALDISTON.]
Victorine, Miss SOMERVILLE. Countess of Hulsdorff, Madame Simon.
Countess of Lewemberg, Mr Rumens.
The Count of Lindonn, Mr Gough. Augustus, Mr EDWIN.
Major Muffleddorff, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Frederick, Baron de Trenck, Mr OSBALDISTON. Boltzheim, Mr Almar.
François Bassontrompdorf, (with a Comic Song) Mr C. Hill.

To conclude with the Melo-Drama of
FOREST OF BONDY! OR, THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.
Dame Gertrude, Madame Simon. Ursula, Miss Vincent.
The Seneschal, Mr Almar. General Gontran, Mr Gough. Landry, Mr Asbury.
Chevalier Macaire, Mr D. Pitt. Aubri di Mont Didier, Mr C. Hill.
Bertrand, Mr VALE. Eloi, (the Dumb Boy) Mlle. ROSIER.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

First time, a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called
THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.
[Adapted to the English Stage, by A. LEE.]
Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs ORGER. Zulina, Mrs WAYLETT.
The Concerted Music, by Misses Byfeld, Bruce, S. Phillips, Russell, and Mrs Bedford
Fra Diavolo, Mr WALLACK.
Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr HARLEY. Lorenzo, Mr SINCLAIR.
Lucro, Mr Bedford.
Banditti—Beppo, Mr Latham. Giacemo, Mr Bedford. 1st Carabineer, Mr Bland.
Postilion, Mr Honner. Francisco, Mr Eaton.

After which the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory. and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV, Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

To conclude with the Grand Opera of
MASANIELLO.
[By M. AUBER.]
Elvira, Miss Byfield. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Masaniello, Mr SINCLAIR. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke.

To-morrow—The Merchant of Venice; Turning the Tables; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called
CINDERELLA.
The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr HUNT. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.
Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.
Tomorrow—Fazio; Married Lovers; and the Pantomime.

COBURG THEATRE.—Bonaparte's Destiny—The Silver Knight—Jack Sheppard—And All Halow Seen.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose—And Satisfied.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. M. R. S. L. With Twenty Medallion Portraits. 3 vols. 8vo. Bull.

[Concluded from our last.]

It may be added, that one of the charms of Ariosto, as of Spenser, consists in his contriving to give us an absolute flesh and blood familiar interest in his wildest fictions. There is a beautiful instance, in the second or third canto (we forget which), where the Hipogryff is introduced. Bradamante riding towards *a village*, sees the people coming out of their doors *and looking up at some object in the air*. He looks up, and perceives a human being in some shining armour, riding upon a strange winged creature, which sails with him along, *till he dips, and disappears among the hills*. It here seems as if such things might really happen in villages, and it was natural for hills to receive into their bosom such extraordinary inmates.

'The person of Ariosto is described by his biographers with little variation in their language. His figure was large and well-formed, except about the shoulders, which were disproportioned to the rest of his person, and rendered still more so in his appearance by his habit of stooping as he walked. His step was slow and measured, and the expression of his countenance indicative of habitual contemplation. His thin cheeks and dark complexion added still further to the gravity of his looks, while his bald and lofty forehead, the rest of his head being covered with dark curly locks, his black penetrating eyes, and thick bushy beard, gave him the appearance of a man different from the common race of mortals. Nor was he wanting in the milder graces of person. His lips were beautifully formed, and when he smiled, expressed the soft and amiable sentiments, which so often grace his description; his voice was clear and harmonious, and all his gestures indicative of a lofty but affectionate disposition.

'Of his general character and sentiments, we may form, says one of his biographers, an accurate opinion from his poems, and especially from his satires, in which the opinions he utters seem to have been dictated by the purest morality, "and I will courageously assert," says the same writer, a man of learning and gravity, "that if he had lived in our days he would have afforded an example worthy of imitation, and made a conspicuous figure among the men whom we are accustomed to regard as most moral in their habits." And certainly if the love and exercise of justice, forbearance under injuries, temperance in living, humanity and kindness towards inferiors, and a pure and unshaken attachment to independence can make a man worthy of this praise, Ariosto richly deserved it, but we must not forget to lament his errors while we admire his virtues, nor buckle on charity as an armour, that we may fight with security against truth. The amours of Ariosto are a difficult theme for both his eulogists and his biographers.'—Vol I, p. 72.

This difficulty might have been lessened, perhaps, if the manners of the times had been properly considered, and due attention paid to that anomaly between the lawful and the permitted relations of the sexes, which appears to have afforded so remarkable a subject for reflection at all periods.

'Of the lighter amusements of Ariosto, "gardening was that in which he took most pleasure; and it was curious to know that he was as fond of altering the plan of both his house and grounds, as he was of re-modelling the stanzas of the Orlando. His son Virginio, proposed writing an account of his illustrious father's life; but, unfortunately, he never pursued his design beyond the commencement; and a few memorandums are all that have come down to us. From these, however, we learn the singular fastidiousness of Ariosto in his horticultural amusements, and some other traits of his character, which render him not less an object of our veneration, by shewing the simplicity as well as power of his mind. "In gardening," says Virginio, "he pursued the same plan as with his verses, never leaving anything he had planted more than three months in the same place: and if he set a fruit tree, or sowed seed of any kind, he would go so often to examine it, and see if it were growing, that he generally ended with spoiling or breaking off the bud. As his knowledge also of flowers was very limited, he many times mistook the plants which might be springing up by chance in the neighbourhood, for those he had set, and he would watch them with the greatest care till he was put beyond doubt as to his mistake. I remember, that having once sowed some caper-seed, he went every day to see what progress they were making, and was delighted, in a short time, with observing that they flourished extraordinarily well: he at last, however, discovered that he had mistaken a young elder-bush for his capers, and that his plants were not yet above-ground."

'We learn, from the same interesting document, that he had at first no intention of building a house for constant residence in this garden, but that, having raised a mere cottage for temporary shelter, he grew so fond of the spot, that he wished never to leave it. The structure, after all, was not fully suited to his taste, and he felt as great an inclination to improve it by continual alterations as his garden. His constant lamentation was, that he could not change the arrangement of his house as he could that of his verses; and a person having asked him one day, how it happened that he who could describe castles and palaces so magnificently, had built such a cottage, he replied, that he made his verses without the aid of money. That he was not a little proud, however, of his small but pleasant retreat, is proved by his putting an inscription over the door, signifying its convenience and adaption to his circumstances:—

"Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus."

'In his favourite garden he passed many hours of the day, deriving new inspiration from its green and refreshing solitudes.'—Vol. II, p. 57.

The other lives which are most interesting in Mr Stebbing's work are those of Aretin, Guarini, Tasso, Metastasio, and Alfieri; but several of the others are of a nature to make us wish them longer; and a reader of the English poets, who is not so well acquainted with their Italian brethren, will be forcibly struck, throughout, with the stir and vivacity of the careers of these southern geniuses, compared with those of the former. This is owing to the division of Italy into petty states. Individuals of striking character naturally come more prominently into action where the emulation is smaller, and the pride and necessities of the state more interested in their services. It is remarkable, that almost all the Italian literati of any eminence have been employed in government or diplomacy; and it is highly to the credit of the greatest of them, that they showed their sense of the dignity and demands of their pursuits by a high love of truth and independence.

Mr Stebbing has given the best account of Aretin that has yet appeared in English; but we must again express our surprise at seeing the life of this trader in abuse thrust among the poets, in whose company he has no more right to appear, indeed much less so, than numbers who are left out.

Too large a space is given to Bernardo Tasso, though an interesting person, and worthy to be Torquato's father.

It was right to speak of Trissino, on account of his connexion with the early Italian drama: (it was from his epic poem, the 'Italia Liberata,' that Spenser took the name of his goddess of luxury, Ærasia.)

We think Mr Stebbing, though his good-nature, upon the whole, is on a par with the other graces of his knowledge, is a little too severe on the character of Berni, whose love of the poem of Boiardo is alone an evidence in his favour.

Guarini's family wars present a most painful picture.

Metastasio's courtly timidity and prudence make a figure more curious than pleasing. We do not wonder at Alfieri's disgust at seeing him kneel with a fawning face to Maria Theresa. We should dislike him worse than we do, for his desertion of poor Marianna the singer, who first helped him to grow rich, and who continued to live with his father and mother till she died, long after he left them all, to become laureate to the German emperor, if we did not look upon his timidity and prudence as amounting to the morbid. Mr Stebbing thinks he led a happy life; but he was a sickly little shattered man, with a face full of jaundice, and subject to all the sedentary horrors, as may be seen from his 'Life and Correspondence,' by Dr Burney; (Mr Stebbing, by the way, never mentions any of the Italian biographies written by his countrymen before

him.) As to the illegal nature of that connexion, the author, in speaking of such matters in Italy, never makes sufficient allowance for national manners; and there is no reason to believe that Metastasio led a more legitimate life at Vienna. He died worth a hundred and thirty thousand florins, solely produced by devoting a taste for simplicity and nature to the flattery of courts. The weakness of his temperament stinted the growth of the man.

Parini had a body unworthy of his mind; but in him the consciousness of infirmity took the nobler turn of sympathy with others, instead of a timid selfishness. This excellent, honest man, in his conscientious satire, his love of freedom, and perhaps in the amount of his genius, though not in style, bore considerable resemblance to Cowper, but with a fortunate difference on the score of religion. Parini's ideas of the Divinity were consolatory. An anecdote is related of him, delightfully illustrative of the spirit with which he approved of the French Revolution, at that time making its way in Italy:—

'Some violent demagogue wanted to force him one evening, at the theatre (at Milan), to join the mob in crying death to the aristocrats, instead of which he shouted, with so terrible a voice, "*Live the Republic! Death to no one!*" that tranquillity was immediately restored. The square opposite the theatre where this occurred, is still pointed out to the stranger as the scene of one of the best triumphs of virtue and a good character over popular feeling, that can be found recorded in history.'—Vol. III, p. 288.

Here is the device of Lafayette anticipated thirty years by the prophetic spirit of poetry.

Mr Stebbing's account of Alfieri is upon the whole an excellent abridgment of the auto-biography of that singular person; though some points are touched with a clerical caution, which in these times will be thought a little superfluous. At page 342, is a comparison of him with an eagle crossing the sea, which would be as happy as it is striking, if eagles were migratory.

We conclude our extracts with an account of the Platonical spirit with which Tasso in the nobler moments of his lofty excitement thought himself visited, and with which he fancied he held lofty dialogues. There is not a grander instance of illusion in the history of spectrology. Tasso's deep persuasion of the fact, his calling upon his friend to look at the window when the vision came, and the high strain in which he took his part in the fancied dialogue, present a most striking picture, and would almost incline us to imagine, that when a mind so great, is loosened from the common circle of impressions, it is put in a state, however unhealthy or unfit for this world, of real communication with the world about us:—

'Tasso, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, had as many friends as most men, and the Marchese della Villa was one of the warmest. Contented with rambling about the hills and woods, amidst which the monastery was embosomed, the poet resisted as long as he could all the invitations of his acquaintances to visit their houses. But Manso, a man of elegant mind, and whose perception of Tasso's feelings was as quick as his desire to soothe them, won his confidence, and rendered his society agreeable to him by that unobtrusive but warm friendship, which is especially acceptable to a mind so desirous of sympathy, yet so irritable and suspicious as that of Tasso. Having thus gained the confidence of the poet, Manso at length succeeded in persuading him to accompany him to his estate at Bisaccio. Besides the beautiful situation of the villa, Tasso there enjoyed the society of numerous persons distinguished for their talents, while to the graver pleasures of literary conversation were added the lighter ones of gay and splendid assemblies in which the Marquis sought to dissipate the melancholy of his venerated guest by light and festive amusements, and the songs of improvisatori, whose facility of versifying he is reported to have said he envied, nature having denied him the command of such fluency. But his mind was still under the dominion of the strange illusions which had begun to affect it before he left the hospital of St Anna. A change, however, it is worthy of remark, had in some degree taken place in the character of his supernatural visitants. While in the hospital, and agitated night and day by the apprehension of secret enemies, he was haunted by a demon whose chief attribute was a malicious cunning. Now that he was restored to freedom, and had been able to seek repose, and pass his meditating among the grand and soothing scenes of nature, his intercourse was with a loftier spirit—with one that seems to meet his thoughts midway to heaven, and to be sent to make his meditatious more solemn and sublime. Manso in a letter to the Prince of Conca, written while Tasso was staying at Bisaccio, gives a full account of the circumstances respecting the poet's supernatural visitant, having received the particulars from his own mouth as they used to sit conversing together before the fire. The writer observes, that he had used all the arguments in his power to convince him that his visions were the effect of a disordered imagination, showing the improbability of their reality, from the consideration that he had no reason to fear that demons would be permitted to torment him, and that it would be presumptuous to suppose that an angel would be visibly sent for his consolation. To these arguments Tasso replied, that the uniform character of the vision with which he had now for some time past been haunted, disproved the idea of its not being real, imagination working more capriciously and wildly. He remarked also, that the mind had not the power of reasoning distinctly while deluded by fancy, whereas he had held many and long and continued conversations with the spirit which attended him, and had heard from it things which neither he nor any other man had ever before heard, or read, or known. "To which remark," observes Manso, "I still continued to object, till one day in the heat of our argument, he said, 'Since I cannot convince you by reason, I will undeceive you by experience, and will make you see with your own eyes the spirit which you will not believe in from my words.' I accepted the proposal, and the following day, while we were sitting alone by the fire, he turned his face towards the window, on which he fixed his eyes, and when I spoke to him, he made no answer. At last, he said, 'See! the friendly spirit has courteously come to speak to me; attend, and you will perceive the truth of my words.' I instantly turned my eyes in the direction to which he pointed, but though I looked intently, could perceive nothing except the rays of the sun, which entered the room through the window. While, however, I was looking, I head Torquato commence a most sublime conversation with something or other, for neither saw nor heard anything but himself. His words, as the propounded and replied, were like those used by a person in earnest debate. From what he said, I could easily comprehend what the replies were which he received, though they were unheard by the ear. And these reasonings were so grand and marvellous, from the sublimity of the things they contained, and from a certain something not common in discourse, that I was almost stupified with wonder, and dare neither interrupt Tasso, nor make any inquiry respecting the spirit with which he made me acquainted, but which I saw not. I therefore continued to listen, full of wonder and delight, and unheeded by Tasso, till, as I understood from his words, the spirit was leaving him, when he turned to me, and said, "All donbts will now be for ever banished from your mind." To which I answered, they are but increased; for I have heard many things worthy of marvel, but have seen nothing that you promised to show me to dissipate my incredulity He replied, "You have perhaps seen and heard much more than . . . . . ." but there he stopped; and as I did not dare to trouble him with any further questions, the conversation ended.'—Vol. III, p. 125.

With the above interesting story some of our readers will have been already acquainted, through the medium of Black's Life of Tasso, an elaborate and excellent work, in two volumes, quarto, which deserves to be better known. Of other works illustrative of Italian literature, and not mentioned by Mr Stebbing, besides Dr Burney's Life of Metastasio, mention may be made of the treatises of Ugo Foscolo, and Lord Woodhouselee, upon Petrarch, Greswell's Lives of Fracastoro and others, Walker's Life of Tassoni, the same writer's Memoirs of Italian Tragedy, and two admirable essays, we believe by Ugo Foscolo, one in the *Edinburgh Review* of September 1818, upon *Dante*, the other in the *Quarterly* upon the *Narrative and Romantic Poems of the Italians*. We cannot mention the date of the latter, because we possess it only in a selection made from those two *Reviews*, and there are no dates in the pages of the *Quarterly*, as there are to those of its nobler contemporary.

By the by, we have a word to say, in a day or two, to our friend of Albemarle street.

CHEMICAL DANGERS.—Mons. Rouelle was an eminent French chemist, but not the most cautious of operators. One day, while performing some experiments, he observed to his auditors, "Gentlemen, you see this cauldron upon this brazier: well, if I were to cease stirring a single moment, an explosion would ensue, which would blow us all into the air."—The company had hardly time to reflect on this comfortable piece of intelligence, before he *did* forget to stir, and his prediction was accomplished! The explosion took place with a horrible crash: all the windows of the laboratory were smashed to pieces, and two hundred auditors whirled away into the garden. Fortunately, no serious injury was received by any one, the greatest violence of the explosion having been in the direction of the chimney. The demonstrator himself was quit with the loss of his wig only.

MONSIEUR GEOFFRIN.—A wag who was in the habit of sending books to M. Geoffrin, sent him several times in succession the first volume of Father Lobbat's Travels. The good man, with all the composure possible, always read the book over again without perceiving the mistake. "How do you like these Travels, Sir?"—"They are very interesting; but the author seems to be somewhat given to repetition." He read Bayle's Dictionary with great attention, following the line with his finger along the double columns! "What an excellent work," he said, "if it were only a little less abstruse."—However deficient the poor man was, he was permitted to sit down to dinner, at the end of the table, upon condition that he never attempted to join in the conversation. A foreigner, who was very assiduous in his visits to Madame Geoffrin, one day, not seeing him as usual at table, enquired after him. "What have you done, Madame, with the poor man whom I always used to see here, and who never spoke a word?"—"Oh! that was my husband—he is dead."

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.
DRURY LANE.—The Devil's Brother.—The Pantomime.—And Masaniello.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—And the Pantomime.

Being prevented from writing our usual theatrical article last night, we present the reader with some observations on Mr KEAN's first appearance in the character of *Richard*, from a collection of masterly criticisms by the late Mr HAZLITT.

It is as well perhaps to state, that we were mistaken in supposing that Mr KEAN's impaired health prevented his appearing again till Monday, as we find, on looking at the bills, that he plays *Shylock* to-night, and *Sir Edward Mortimer* (in the *Iron Chest*) on Saturday.

Mr KEAN's manner of acting this part has one peculiar advantage: it is entirely his own, without any traces of imitation of any other actor. He stands upon his own ground, and he stands firm upon it. Almost every scene had the stamp and freshness of nature. The excellences and defects of his performance were in general the same as those he discovered in *Shylock*; though, as the character of *Richard* is the most difficult, so we think he displayed most power in it. It is possible to form a higher conception of this character (we do not mean from seeing others, but from reading SHAKSPEARE) than that given by this very admirable tragedian; but we cannot imagine any character represented with greater distinctness and precision, more perfectly *articulated* in every part. Perhaps, indeed, there is too much of this; for we sometimes thought he failed, even from an exuberance of talent, and dissipated the impression of the character by the variety of his resources. To be perfect, it should have a little more solidity, depth, sustained and impassioned feeling, with somewhat less brilliancy, with fewer glancing lights, pointed transitions, and pantomimic evolutions.

The *Richard* of SHAKSPEARE is towering and lofty, as well as aspiring; equally impetuous and commanding; haughty, violent, and subtle; bold and treacherous; confident in his strength, as well as in his cunning; raised high by his birth, and higher by his genius and his crimes: a royal usurper, a princely hypocrite, a tyrant, and a murderer of the House of Plantagenet.

> "But I was born so high
> "Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
> "And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun."

The idea conveyed in these lines (which are omitted in the miserable medley acted for *Richard III*), is never lost sight of by SHAKSPEARE, and should not be out of the actor's mind for a moment. The restless and sanguinary *Richard* is not a man striving to be great, but to be greater than he is; conscious of his strength of will, his powers of intellect, his daring courage, his elevated station, and making use of these advantages, as giving him both the means and the pretext to commit unheard-of crimes, and to shield himself from remorse and infamy.

If Mr KEAN does not completely succeed in concentrating all the lines of the character, as drawn by SHAKSPEARE, he gives an animation, vigour, and relief to the part, which we have never seen surpassed. He is more refined than COOKE; more bold, varied, and original than KEMBLE, in the same character. In some parts, however, we thought him deficient in dignity; and particularly in the scenes of state business, there was not a sufficient air of artificial authority. The fine assumption of condescending superiority after he is made king—"Stand all apart—Cousin of Buckingham," &c. was not given with the effect which it might have received. There was also, at times, a sort of tip-toe elevation, an enthusiastic rapture in his expectations of obtaining the crown, instead of a gloating expression of sullen delight, as if he already clutched the bauble, and held it within his grasp. This was the precise expression which Mr KEAN gave with so much effect to the part where he says, that he already feels

> "The golden rigol bind his brows."

In one who *dares* so much there is little indeed to blame. The only two things which appeared to us decidedly objectionable, were the sudden letting down of his voice when he says of *Hastings*, "Chop off his head!" and the action of putting his hands behind him, in listening to *Buckingham's* account of his reception by the citizens. His courtship scene with *Lady Anne* was an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villainy. The progress of wily adulation, of encroaching humility, was finely marked throughout by the action, voice, and eye. He seemed, like the first tempter, to approach his prey, certain of the event, and as if success had smoothed the way before him. We remember Mr COOKE's manner of representing this scene was more violent, hurried, and full of anxious uncertainty. This, though more natural in general, was, we think, less in character. *Richard* should woo not as a lover, but as an actor—to shew his mental superiority, and power to make others the play-things of his will. Mr KEAN's attitude in leaning against the side of the stage before he comes forward in this scene, was one of the most graceful and striking we remember to have seen. It would have done for TITIAN to paint. The opening scene in which *Richard* descants on his own deformity, was conceived with perfect truth and character, and delivered in a fine and varied tone of natural recitation. Mr KEAN did equal justice to the beautiful description of the camps the night before the battle, though, in consequence of his hoarseness, he was obliged to repeat the whole passage in an under-key.* His manner of bidding his friends good night, and his pausing with the point of his sword, drawn slowly backward and forward on the ground, before he retires to his tent, received shouts of applause. He gave to all the busy scenes of the play the greatest animation and effect. He filled every part of the stage. The concluding scene, in which he is killed by *Richmond*, was the most brilliant. He fought like one drunk with wounds: and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is taken from him, had a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had a withering power.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

The Theatre in Tottenham-street, which closed so abruptly a short time since, is to re-open on Thursday next, under the above name. Last night visitors, to whom cards had been presented, were admitted to view the entire structure, and the consequence was, a house as well filled as the Proprietors can desire for the whole season. The pit has been enlarged, and the stage appears to be considerably deepened; and a mild and sufficient light is afforded by a handsome chandelier. These improvements, together with the usual good effect resulting from new painting and decorations are likely, if the essential of good acting be made equally the concern of the managers, to give to this little theatre all the attraction of which it is susceptible.

* The defects in the upper tones of Mr KEAN's voice were hardly perceptible in his performance of *Shylock*, and were at first attributed to hoarseness.

CITY CONCERTS.

These performances, of which we hope to give a regular report as they occur, commenced on Monday evening. The orchestra is, we believe, in a great measure composed of amateurs, who are supported by some of the leading members of the musical profession. There were, for instance, Dragonetti, and his clever pupil, Mr Flower; Lindley, and Harper, and Mackintosh; and, unless our ears greatly deceived us, (for we could not see them) Tully and Willman and young Cooke. These, with one exception, are all Philharmonic men. The Directors therefore have only to exercise a little judgment in appointing the *vocal* compositions for the evening, to render their concerts a complete intellectual treat: the instrumental selection was all that could be wished: in proof of which, we need only state that it consisted of a new overture by Kuhlau, dedicated to William Shakspeare; (a gratifying piece of homage to the kindred spirit of the composer's countryman—Mozart) a duet from Corelli; the Jupiter symphony; a fantasia by De Beriot; and Weber's overture to Euryanthe.

> "We hope here be proofs!"

As we desire to quit this notice with pleasant recollections, we commence by stating that we were somewhat disappointed with the vocal performances. A Madame Mesi made her debut in this country upon the present occasion. Her first exhibition was 'Una voce poco fa.' In stating that her style does not please us (which is ornamented to a fantastical redundancy) we merely express an opinion opposed to a numerous class who prefer roulade to sentiment; leaps, flutterings, slurrings of semi-tones—and, in short, the very antipodes to the true cantabile style, to the just expression and feeling of the author: but the quality of Madame Mesi's voice does not please us; it wants weight and richness of tone: its compass is considerable, but her highest notes, when they were forced out, produced little more than a whistle through a straw. We say nothing of her getting all abroad from the key in one of her vagaries; that might be the effect of accident, or of confusion, or over-anxiety to exhibit at once to her audience all she could do in vocal gymnastics—and an unfortunate exhibition it was; but we cannot excuse her overpowering the four other singers in a quintett from Rossini's 'Turco in Italia'—here was total ignorance of the true spirit of concerted singing.

Miss H. Cawse sang with appropriate feeling and expression a plaintive ballad, composed by Mr Severn, in which she was encored. If Mr Parry would cultivate a little more energy he would become a valuable singer. His voice is a good baritone, and his style is agreeable and musician-like. As Mr Bregrez at no time of his life ever gratified us, either as to style or voice, so is he unlikely to do this when both have become inveterate. The air he introduced from Paer's 'Agnese' was, from the beginning to the end, little better than a determined and steady wail.

And now we turn to the real pleasures of the evening. The duet from Corelli, originally composed for the violin and violoncello, was performed by Messrs Lindley and Dragonetti on the violoncello and double bass in such exquisite perfection, that the last movement, a most extraordinary effort in point of execution, was accomplished by Dragonetti with such marvellous power and precision as to produce a universal and vehement encore. The Jupiter symphony, alone worth going to a concert to hear, was upon the whole very well performed. Surely that finale, with its four subjects so miraculously interwoven, is the ne plus ultra of counterpoint.

Mr Dando, the leader, played from memory a fantasia by De Beriot. This of itself was no child's work, but he played it beautifully: with one little exception only worth notice, correctly in tune; with neat and brilliant execution, and with a sweet tone. His cantabile movements we think his best performance. We must also take this occasion to compliment him upon

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Frasnel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
THE MARRIED BACHELOR.
Lady Courtall, Miss DALY. Grace Gaylove, Mrs FITZWILLIAM.
Sir Charles Courtall, Mr YATES. Sharp, Mr J. REEVE.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called
THE CHASTE SALUTE
[From M. Scribe's "Baiser au Porteur."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.
[By H. Bayly, Esq.]
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughby, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
[By Mr C. Dance.]
Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Miss Bramble's Maid, Miss Berresford. Frank Hartley, Mr Raymond.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.
Police Officer, Mr Worrell. Shopmen, Messrs Young and Hutchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of Colman's, by Mr Planche and Mr C. Dance.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe.
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,

SURREY THEATRE.

The Nautico-Domestic Drama, entitled
THE ROVER'S BRIDE.
[By Mr G. Almar.]
Act I.—Winter.
Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella Manners, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Dame Bellerton, Miss Nicol. Nancy Blackberry, Miss Ellis.
Lawrence Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Miles Bellerton, Mr C. Hill. Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE.
Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honnor. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.
[Between the First and Second Acts, a lapse of Five Years is supposed to take place.]
Act II.—Summer.
Alice Manners, Miss SCOTT. Bella, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Mary Blackberry, Miss Rumens. Kitty Spiteful, Mrs Rogers.
Captain Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Barbelot, Mr Jones. Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honnor.
Culverdine and Avery, Mr Ransford and Mr Lee.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr VALE. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.
Bluff Laconic, Mr C. Hill. Master Marmaduke Magog, Jun. Master Carbery.

After which, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,
THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.
[By Mr W. Barrymore].
The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

To conclude with an entirely New Historical Drama, called
THE BEGGAR OF CRIPPLEGATE.
Marian, Miss SOMERVILLE, in which she will introduce 'Tell me my heart,'
Millicent, Miss VINCENT. Mother Milldoll, Mrs Rogers.
Alison, Miss Boden. Annot, Miss Nicol. Kate, Miss Rumens.
Henry VIII, Mr D. Pitt. Godfrey Osgood, Mr Gough. Vincent Lorimer, Mr Honor.
Sir Piers Maltravers, Mr Almar. The Beggar of Cripplegate, Mr C. Hill.
Barnaby, Mr Williams. Cocke Lorell, Mr VALE.
Father Ignatius, Mr Ransford. Fabian, Mr Asbury. Valentine, Mr Rogers.
Wynkin Cross-eye, Mr Webb. Ambrose, Mr Young.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
[By W. Shakspeare.]
Portia, Miss PHILLIPS. Jessica, Mrs WAYLETT. Nerissa, Miss FAUCIT.
Duke of Venice, Mr Younge. Salanio, Mr Cathie. Salarino, Mr Cooke.
Bassanio, Mr COOPER. Antonio, Mr H. Wallack. Gratiano, Mr Balls.
Shylock, Mr KEAN.
Lorenzo, Mr SINCLAIR. Launcelot, Mr HARLEY.
Gobbo, Mr Webster. Tubal, Mr Hughes. Balthazar, Mr Horner.
In the course of the Evening, Onslow's Overture to 'L'Alcade de la Vega,' and Boieldieu's Overture to 'La Dame Blanche.'

After which,
DEAF AS A POST.
[By Mr Poole.]
Sophy Walton, Mrs Newcombe. Amy Templeton, Miss E. Absolon.
Sally Mags, Mrs Orger. Mrs Plumpley, Mrs C. Jones.
Captain Templeton, Mr COOPER. Tristram Sappy, Mr LISTON.
Old Walton, Mr W. Bennett. Crupper, Mr Hughes. Gallop, Mr Salter.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. Barrymore.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

To-morrow, (By Special Desire), The Brigand; The Illustrious Stranger; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of
FAZIO.
[By Mr Milman.]
Marchesa Adabella, Mrs CHATTERLEY, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.
After the Tragedy, a favorite Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

After which, a New Petite Comedy, to be called
MARRIED LOVERS.
The Songs, composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss PORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.
Pierre, Mr Irwin. Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr Farley.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr Peake.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.
Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, The Romance of a Day; and the Pantomime.

Coburg Theatre.—Bonaparte's Destiny—The Silver Knight—Jack Sheppard—And Ali Halow Seen.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose—And Satisfied.

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C. and W. Reynell, Printers, Broad street, Golden square.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library. Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 307. Longman.

A Royal Equivoque.—A well-known individual, some time deceased, who was admitted to the Prince's familiarity upon his first entrance into life, and for several years after, described, or rather dramatized, with much humour, a scene which he professed to have had from the Prince himself. So much depends upon tone and manner, that the spirit of these pleasantries evaporates on paper. The story was in substance as follows:—'A new suit, destined for a ball that night at Cumberland-house, was brought home to the Prince, but ordered back by him for the purpose of undergoing immediate alterations. He gave directions that the tailor's return with it should be instantly made known to him. The Prince happened to pass the early part of the evening with the King and Queen at Buckingham-house. Whilst he was seated in the Royal group, a German page entered, and pronounced in a tone meant for his particular ear, but loud enough to be heard by every one present, "Please your Royal Highness, *she* is come." There was a moment's awful pause. "Who is come?" said his Royal Highness, in a tone between surprise, embarrassment, and anger. "Sir, *she* is come," repeated the page, with his bad English and German phlegm. "Eh! what, what! who is come?" exclaimed the King. "*She*, your Majesty," reiterated the unmoved German. "She is come!" cried the Queen, bursting with wrath, and supposing the visitor was one of the house of Luttrell, who already sought an undue influence over the Prince. All was for a moment inexplicable confusion. The Queen summoned another page, and asked him, with fury in her looks, "*Who* is *she* that dares enquire for the Prince of Wales?" "Please your Majesty," said the second oracle, "it is *Shea*, his Royal Highness's tailor!"'

First Meeting and Marriage of George IV and Queen Caroline.—Having arrived at three o'clock, she was introduced to her apartments in the palace. Lord Malmesbury stood prepared to present the Prince; the approach of the bridegroom was announced; he was in the next room; and Lord Malmesbury was on the alert, when the Princess, anticipating his services, and dispensing with forms, ran to meet her future husband. The gentleman, whether from the vivacity of the lady, or from other causes, was agitated; but soon rallied gallantly, and complimented her on the facility with which she expressed herself in English.—When the betrothed pair met next day, the Prince's behaviour was forced and cold. This has been ascribed to the suggestions of Lady Jersey in the mean time; but it may be accounted for as the result of his own reflections during the preceding night; for night, they say, brings counsel. Retreat, however, was cut off, and he led his ill-starred bride to the altar on the evening of the 8th of April 1795. The ceremonial was in substance the same as on other Royal marriages—but the conduct of the bridegroom was different: he manifested the bewildered absence of mind of one who scarce knew what was passing around him, and rose impatiently from his knees before the ceremony was half performed. The Archbishop stopped short; the King restored order, and the ceremony proceeded to its close. It has been stated in a variety of publications, that "the good old King,"—as George III has been styled for the imposing regularities of his private life, by canting sycophants and the common herd,—"shook his son's hand with a force which brought tears into his eyes." If tears came into the eyes of the Prince, it is more likely that they flowed from the same cause which produced his agitation at the altar;—from the consciousness of committing a moral, though not a legal offence; of violating an obligation which he had contracted, under the sanction of the law of honour and the forms of religion; and of being under the eyes of some who had also been present at his previous marriage.

William IV.—Prince William was refused leave to quit his ship at Cork, for the purpose of visiting Dublin; and at Plymouth, the absence of invitation from the King, or leave from the Admiralty, apprised him that his presence was not desired at Buckingham House. The Prince of Wales and Duke of York joined and passed some days with him at Plymouth, which for the time was enlivened by festivities and illuminations. Prince William could not obtain leave to quit his ship; but it was said that, like a true sailor, he consoled himself by falling in love. The supposed object of his affection was a young lady named Wynne, the daughter of a merchant. He was passing his time very agreeably at Plymouth, when a sudden order sent him to sea again, in command of the Andromeda, with Admiral Gower. The motive of this order was to separate him from the lady, and a trick was at the same time played upon him by the Admiralty. His ship, when he sailed, not being provided for a foreign station, he supposed himself going only on a short cruise. When the day came for the separation of the Andromeda from the squadron, he was informed that his destination was the West Indies; and that, to prevent the delay of his returning for stores, the Andromeda should be provided from some of the other ships, which "had luckily brought out the proper supply." He obeyed the signal for parting, walked the quarter-deck in no very tranquil mood, "muttered a prayer or two," with more energy than devotion, for the First Lord of the Admiralty, and ordered the master to direct his course for Antigua.

Private Memoirs of George III.—It was well known to be a habit of George III to write in various folios, for an hour after he rose in the morning. This practice was not obviously consistent with his want of facility and taste in any sort of composition; but his manuscripts were only registers of names, with notes annexed of the services, the offences, and the characters, as he adjudged them, of the respective persons. "In addition," says a publication of 1779, "*to the numerous private registers always kept by the King*, and written with his own hand, he has lately kept another, of all those Americans who have either left the country voluntarily rather than submit to the rebels, and also of such as have been driven out by force; with an account of their loses and services." It is somewhat cruel to lay bare "the bosomed secrets" of any man, even after the grave has closed upon his passions and weaknesses; but if these registers of George III still exist, and should ever come to light, they will be as curious private memoirs as have ever appeared: they doubtless promoted the remembrance and compensation of loses and services; but they also produced his petty long-cherishad resentments, less hurtful to their objects than injurious to his own character and torturing to his breast.

Extracts from the Harmonicon for February 1831.

Amateur Composers.—It seems pretty certain that an Italian Opera, composed by an Irish gentleman named Monck Mason, will be performed at the King's theatre during the ensuing season. Here is another Dilettante to be added to the swelling list; and I, as well as all lovers of music, and good patriots, must heartily wish him success. It is said that the English Opera House will open this year with an Opera written by a member of a celebrated dining club, well known in private society for his admirable comic songs, and set to music by a young northern dilettante, whose musical talents, particularly for composition, are of the highest order, and bid fair to rank him hereafter with the Meyerbeers, the Onslows, and the Mendlesohns of the age.—Art: *Journal of a Dilettante.*

Liberalism and Music.—It seems that the day is come again when musical airs are ranked in political importance with proclamations, manifestoes, &c. Everybody knows the story of the Swiss hired troops, the *Ranz des Vaches*, and the prohibition of this tune in France. A Polish air, the *Dombrowski Mazourka*, which the regiment of General Szembek played on entering Warsaw, has been forbidden by the Grand Duke Constantine, on pain of a penalty of 400 florins; the consequence of which is, that it has become the outward and audible sign of patriotism in every part of Poland; just as the Marseilles March and *La Parisienne* are, in France and the Netherlands, the signals of liberalism. During Mr Pitt's administration, an organ-grinder was committed to Newgate for playing 'Ah! ça ira' in the streets. This was a silly step but the fellow excited little commiseration, for the tune was the war-whoop of a few savages who were at that time deluging France with blood. It affords another proof, however, of the power ascribed by statesmen to instrumental music, interpreted by words, in exciting ideas and producing associations.

Rossini, Tell, the Tri-colour, and the Prussian Court.—A curious *coup d'état*, of the minor kind, has caused the failure of Rossini's *Guillame Tell* at Berlin. This opera was put into rehearsal, but government did not much relish the name of a man who made so noble and successful a struggle for freedom; so the music was applied to a translation of our drama, *Hofer*, the latter having been a loyal Austrian—that is to say, opposed to the tyranny of Bonaparte, which was infinitely more odious than that of the Court of Vienna. But when it became a question what colours were to be given to the French soldiers, the Prussian ministers were puzzled. In 1809, the year of Hofer's resistance, they bore the tri-colour. At length it was determined to throw a covering over the caps of the grenadiers, by which dignified contrivance the tri-coloured cockade was concealed! So ingenious a device exceedingly pleased the courtiers, but disgusted the people, and the failure of the piece was the result.

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CHESS-PLAYING.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—Before paying my devoirs, as in duty bound, to Philoscaccharia, I beg to return my best thanks for the courtesy with which you have treated me in making the explanation subjoined to his last letter. In truth, I felt considerable doubt whether the discussion that might ensue, would be of sufficient interest with a great majority of your readers or even with nine-tenths of those who are Chess-players, to justify us in occupying a part of your valuable miscellany, which could be filled to better purpose; and for this reason I expressed the wish to be favoured, if possible, with Philoscaccharia's address.

As the matter *now* stands, I must in self-defence go on; but first two or three words with regard to "blunders." I frankly acknowledge that my account of the circumstances which I *supposed might have* induced Philidor to introduce Cunningham's name—for, in the absence of better proof, it was but a supposition—may not be "curious;" but there it must rest, till better reasons appear, for or against; and I shall feel obliged to Philoscaccharia to give us those he apparently is in possession of. He next rates me for having forgotten the two previous editions of Stamma (1737 and 1741). I did not forget them, having open before me at the moment, Twiss's book, where they are all enumerated. But it happens, oddly enough, that the edition of 1737, which I had seen, contains no openings; being nothing more than Stamma's famous hundred situations, which did not bear at all on the question; I trust to your correspondent's word, Mr Tatler, that there is a full edition of that date also. With respect to the edition of 1741, as I intend to prove by and bye, that Stamma's name and book are of no earthly consequence to our argument, I shall only add here, that I took the edition of 1745, as being printed in England, and the nearest in date to Philidor's first appearance here.

So much, Mr Tatler, for *my* blunders: now for Philoscaccharia's *further* mistakes, which, considering that he has buckled on his armour, and wields his books, I confess I am at a loss to account for. Had I known that he wrote his first letter from memory, and at a distance from his books, most certainly I would not have applied the epithet "gross," to his first mistake. But what shall we say *now*, when we find him falling into more—*two* devils worse than the first? In his *second* letter, Philoscaccharia deliberately says, that "so far as his (Philidor's) book is concerned, *no evidence is to be found* of even his knowledge of Stamma's work." I must be permitted to call this assertion strange, because if he turns to Philidor's work, he will find a note on the third move of the Queen's Gambit, where it is said, "A certain *author*, otherwise a very good player, teaches," &c. Not even Philoscaccharia will venture to deny that Stamma is here referred to; and I ask him, is not this evidence? Again, in his first letter, Philoscaccharia says, "he (Philidor) *does not appear to have ever heard of the game* (*the Giuoco Piano*), or of its commentators"—naming many of them—then he adds, "or even Greco." And in his *second* letter, he adds to his list many more Italian writers, amongst whom is Carrera; and he repeats the name of Greco. Here I *must* ask what offence has our old acquaintance, Dr Salvio, committed, to deserve a total exclusion from this list of his illustrious countrymen. I need not tell Philoscaccharia, that Salvio was an eminent writer, and a much better Chess-player than many of those whom he has announced with so much pomp; and that he has treated of the *Giuoco Piano* game. But I suppose I must tell him, that Philidor *has* given and commented on some of Salvio's games. I will not be ungenerous or malicious enough to surmise, that Philoscaccharia omitted Salvio's name intentionally; but the fact is as I have stated; and there I leave it, to return to Carrera and Greco; two more of those of whom he asserts Philidor was totally ignorant. I am afraid that, in his haste to decry Philidor, he has not properly examined his work. Philidor's preface mentions both Carrera and Greco; the latter, however, under his *cognomen* of the Calebrois; I need not further acquaint him that some of those Italians have called Philidor "an admirable player." Philidor therefore is held in high estimation in other countries than England, though Philoscaccharia seems to wish to inculcate the reverse.

So much, Mr Tatler, for blunders or mistakes. Let us now return to the question originally mooted—What right had Philidor, in 1749, to give Cunningham's name to the Gambit in question? To which Philoscaccharia answers, None! But why? Because Stamma had, a very few years before, called that game by another name, viz. "The Three Pawns Gambit;" and he further draws the conclusion,—certainly a very strange one,—that because Stamma had so called it, Philidor knew nothing of Stamma's book. In his *second* letter, he somewhat changes his ground, and gives us a sort of syllogism as lame as ever saw the light. Either (says he) Philidor did know it, or he did not. If he did know it, he was guilty of an impertinence in using Cunningham's name upon the *ipse dixit* of some one; not knowing it, he was guilty of presumption in professing to give a Complete Analysis of Chess without the study of all works that preceded him, and were accessible. I have proved that he *did know* it; therefore I leave the second leg of his proposition to rest in peace; but knowing it, as he did, he is guilty of impertinence in using Cunningham's name upon the *ipse dixit* of *some one*, or of any one. Indeed! Then Philoscaccharia may as well argue that the *ipse dixit* of Cunningham himself is not to be received. But after all, what has the unfortunate Philidor done? He has given a name that pleased him, to an opening of a game of Chess, just as Stamma did. Nor by so doing, has he deprived any one of a right. I cannot concede to Philoscaccharia that *Bertin* has nothing to do with the question; because, if there had been no such person as Stamma, every argument used by my opponent would be equally applicable to Bertin, and in some points better, inasmuch as he wrote *earlier*. Philoscaccharia has tortured this word into a meaning very different from that I gave to it. The context shews that I employed it only comparatively, as between Bertin and Stamma, and not with reference generally to the writers who preceded the former.

Philoscaccharia further asks, will "your correspondent favour us *with some anecdotes from them?*" And he adds, "*I suspect he can.*" There are abundance of anecdotes *of all kinds* to be found in them, but unless your correspondent favours me with a specification of the nature and bearing of those he wishes for, I must decline the task; otherwise you, Mr Tatler, would curse the day which gave birth to the inventor of the game, whether he was of Greece, Tartary, India, or China.

In return, may I venture to impose a much more easy task upon Philoscaccharia—one which he may perform in three minutes—namely, the grounds upon which he rests his assertion, so dogmatically laid down,—That many players in the present London Chess Club would (I presume he means *could*) have given a rook to those contemporaries of Philidor who played against him in the different matches, without seeing the boards? But methinks, Mr Tatler, I hear you exclaim, Ohe! jam satis.

And I remain, your obliged humble servant,

A Lover of Chess.

LATE THEATRICAL HOURS.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—It is a common saying that "we cannot have too much of a good thing," and, surely it is a very false one,—unless it is intended as a quibble, by which we are meant to understand that the "too much" immediately converts a good thing into a bad one. If this be the case, it is undoubtedly applicable to our great theatres. This you have clearly shewn; and, as their merits and demerits are just now so much the subject of discussion, I wish you would say a few words of the "too much," in the entertainments, as well as the buildings. I will not presume to say, but these, too, may be good things in themselves. Entertainment is a good thing, and if the pieces represented afford it, so far, at least, they are good; but we may have too much even of entertainment. We may "make a toil of pleasure" The majority of those who visit the theatres, have some kind of employment during the day. They seek there an agreeable recreation after their hours of toil; and, a few hours so spent, would doubtless be a refreshment, giving them fresh vigour for the duties of the ensuing day; but they sit there for a period of six hours; the noise, the music, the lights, and the general excitement, are too powerful for so long continuance, and many return to their homes with weary frames and aching heads. They lie till a late hour in the morning, they rise unfit for business of any kind, and after a restless night, have to go through a day of languor. The late hour to which the performance is continued, prevents many persons from visiting, or taking their families to the theatre, but upon rare occasions. Every such indulgence deranges the usual habits of the family. It is more especially inconvenient to those who reside at a distance. Occasionally, people may be willing to pay this tax for their pleasure; but it will naturally deter them from a frequent enjoyment of it; and when people stay away from the theatre a long time, they become indifferent about it; the more they go, the more they wish to go; and finding the inconvenience so great, many persons find it easier to abstain altogether, than in part. It is true, that people are not compelled to sit out the whole performance; but, going seldom, the pieces being consequently new to them, and paying a high price for admission, they are tempted to make the most of it; not to mention that those whose habits of business would render the late hours the most inconvenient, are the very persons who would be most bent upon having their "pennyworth for their penny." Were two pieces performed instead of three, and the prices reduced in proportion, I am sure that many persons would go, *at least* two or three times, where they now go once. Here again the large houses are in fault. The managers being at great expense, charge high prices; they are anxious to attract full audiences, and they think they shall do this in proportion to the *quantity* they give in return. Having a large company in pay, the performance of a third piece is a small addition to their expense, and they believe it a great addition to their profits. There are, probably, some half-price visitors, who are tempted by this addition; but I am persuaded they are few in comparison with those who are thereby kept away from the whole performance.

A few hints on this subject from you, who are understood to wield the sceptre of dramatic criticism, might have good effect. Meantime, I hope you will not consider as an impertinence, the humble suggestion of one who has been many years

Your Reader and Admirer, A. A.

P.S. I do not speak from my own opinion only, but from the many complaints I have heard, not *only* of the lateness of the hour, but of the length of the entertainment itself, which overtires the attention. I have repeatedly heard people say that they preferred going at half price, on this account.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.
DRURY LANE.—The Merchant of Venice.—Deaf as a Post.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Pasio.—Married Lovers.—And the Pantomime.

DRURY LANE.

If the re-production of the plays of SHAKSPEARE were the only good effect attending the return of Mr KEAN to the stage, the lovers of nature and genius, as distinguished from the admirers of stage-tact and cold declamation, would have ample reason to be pleased; but when to this is added the opportunity of witnessing acting of the first order, and, although with some physical decay, increased mental vigour and the maturity of a fine judgment, they surely must have a disposition to consider things too curiously, who can feel regret that the actor who can be least spared should be once more in the sphere which most becomes him. The part of *Shylock*, the part in which Mr KEAN first appeared in London, was last night performed by him with all his original excellence. Unlike *Richard the Third*, the interest of this play is less concentrated in the principal character; and although the continual exertion, and consequent necessity for a great deal of bodily vigour, renders the former part one of the most arduous in the whole range of the drama,—demanding, as it equally does, corresponding mental powers,—the part of *Shylock*, to be played as SHAKSPEARE conceived it, makes hardly less demand on the capacity of the performer. Revenge is the master passion in the breast of *Shylock*, but in that breast there is also a strong sense of the injustice to which his nation is subjected, and a shrewd perception of the inequalities which the professors of a creed, whose real character is good-will to all men, are notwithstanding willing to perpetuate. Mr KEAN penetrates this feeling of the character; and there is no striking passage which he does not make strikingly expressive of it. Throughout, he vindicates with the calm dignity of reason the rights of his common nature, and shows but too truly that he *may* revenge even by *Christian* example.

The scene with *Tubal*, in which vexation at the elopement of his daughter, alternates with joy at the news he hears of *Antonio's* disasters, presented fine scope for varied talent; and the audience by their acclamations seemed to feel that the most was made of it. When he hears that one of *Antonio's* argosies has been cast away, the innate delight with which he "thanks God," and the subsequent rubbing of his hands, as he enquires, "Is it true? is it true?"—as if the intelligence were too good to be credited—was one of those fine touches of nature, of which the modern stage affords but too few examples. In the trial scene, *Shylock* justifies his demand to the letter of his bond, as one that has a right "to do what he wills with his own;" and in the consciousness that his cause is strong in law, he betrays no anxiety about mere opinion. Yet, not unwilling to have the advantage of the most influential person in court, he propitiates the favor of the judge, by insinuating that his pertinacity is to be attributed to his regard for truth.

> "An oath, an oath; I have an oath in heaven.
> Shall I lay perjury on my soul?
> No, not for Venice."

The whole scene abounds in opportunities for the display of such talents as only Mr KEAN possesses; and almost every part of it might be mentioned as displaying some kind of excellence; but it is sufficient to remark, that whether in the manifestation of the revengeful feeling, the confidence of ultimate triumph, which could submit to the tediousness of form while it brooded over the moment of its arrival, or the contending expressions of contempt for his judges and distraction at his own disappointment,—Mr KEAN challenged for himself the praise of being the legitimate representative of the *Shylock* of SHAKSPEARE.

The other performers exerted themselves creditably; but there was nothing to merit particular comment. The speech on Mercy was well delivered by Miss PHILLIPS, and called forth deserved applause.

F. F.

We yesterday gave Mr HAZLITT'S account of Mr KEAN'S first performance of *Richard*. To many of our readers it may not be uninteresting to read a critique, by the same masterly hand, on Mr KEAN'S first appearance in London, in the character of *Shylock*.

'Jan. 27, 1814.

'Mr KEAN (of whom report had spoken highly) last night made his appearance at Drury-lane theatre in the character of *Shylock*. For voice, eye, action, and expression, no actor has come out for many years at all equal to him. The applause, from the first scene to the last, was general, loud, and uninterrupted. Indeed, the very first scene in which he comes on with *Bassanio* and *Antonio*, showed the master in his art, and at once decided the opinion of the audience. Perhaps it was the most perfect of any. Notwithstanding the complete success of Mr KEAN in the part of *Shylock*, we question whether he will not become a greater favourite in other parts. There was a lightness and vigour in his tread, a buoyancy and elasticity of spirit, a fire and animation, which would accorp better with almost any other character than with the morose, sullen inward, inveterate, inflexible malignity of *Shylock*. The character of *Shylock* is that of a man brooding over one idea, that of its wrongs, and bent on one unalterable purpose, that of revenge. In conveying a profound impression of this feeling, or in embodying the general conception of rigid and uncontroulable self-will, equally proof against every sentiment of humanity or prejudice of opinion, we have seen actors more successful than Mr KEAN; but in giving effect to the conflict of passions arising out of the contrasts of situation, in varied vehemence of declamation, in keenness of sarcasm, in the rapidity of his transitions from one tone and feeling to another, in propriety and novelty of action, presenting a succession of striking pictures, and giving perpetually fresh shocks of delight and surprise, it would be difficult to single out a competitor. The fault of his acting was (if we may hazard the objection), an over-display of the resources of the art, which gave too much relief to the hard, impenetrable, dark ground-work of the character of *Shylock*. It would be endless to point out individual beauties, where almost every passage was received with equal and deserved applause. We thought, in one or two instances, the pauses in the voice were too long, and too great a reliance placed on the expression of the countenance, which is a language intelligible only to a part of the house.'

'Feb. 2.

'Mr KEAN appeared again in *Shylock*, and by his admirable and expressive manner of giving the part, fully sustained the reputation he had acquired by his former representation of it, though he laboured under the disadvantage of a considerable hoarseness. He assumed a greater appearance of age and feebleness than on the first night, but the general merit of his playing was the same. His style of acting is, if we may use the expression, more significant, more pregnant with meaning, more varied and alive in every part, than any we have almost ever witnessed. The character never stands still; there is no vacant pause in the action; the eye is never silent. For depth and force of conception, we have seen actors whom we should prefer to Mr KEAN in *Shylock*: for brilliant and masterly execution, none. It is not saying too much of him, though it is saying a great deal, that he has all that Mr KEMBLE *wants* of perfection. He reminds us of the descriptions of the "far-darting eye" of GARRICK. We are anxious to see him in *Norval* and *Richard*, and anticipate more complete satisfaction from his performance of the latter part, than from the one in which he has already stamped his reputation with the public.'

PETITION OF THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE, formerly presented to the House of Commons by Mr Grey (now Lord Grey, and Prime Minister):—

1. "That the House is not an adequate Representation of the people of England.
2. "That it is prejudicial to the interests of the people, and contrary to the spirit of the Constitution.
3. "That the elective franchise is partially and unequally distributed.
4. "That the right of voting is regulated by no uniform or rational principle.
5. "That from the combined operation of the defects your petitioners have pointed out, arise scenes of disgraceful confusion, litigation, and expense—of tumults, disorders, outrages, and perjury.
6. "That eighty four individuals do of their own immediate authority send one hundred and fifty-seven Members; and this your petitioners are ready to prove, and to name the Members, and those who send them.
7. "That one hundred and fifty Members are returned, not by the collective voice of those who appear to send them, but by the recommendation of seventy powerful individuals.
8. "That the total number of patrons altogether are one hundred and fifty-four, who return a decided majority of the Honourable House."

BETTERTON.—Archbishop Sancroft once asked this celebrated actor, "Pray, Mr B. can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage affect your audience by speaking of things *imaginary*, as if they were *real*; while we in the church speak of things *real*, which our congregations receive only as if they were *imaginary*?" "Why really, my Lord," said B. "I don't know, except it is that we actors speak of things *imaginary as if* they were *real*, while you in the pulpit speak of things real *as if* they were imaginary."

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge, Nicolo, Mr Webster, Fabio, Mr Hughes,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford,
Spoletto, Mr Bland, Uberto, Mr Robinson, Carlotti. Mr Yarnold.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," and Mozart's Overture to "Die Entfurung aus dem Serail."

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Irza, Miss FAUCIT, Fatima, Mrs WAYLETT,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr LISTON, Gimbo, Mr HARLEY,

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV, Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

To-morrow, The Devil's Brother; Turning the Tables; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Operatic Drama, to be called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss FORDE. Liese, Miss E. TREE. Therèse, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs GIBBS. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr WILSON. General Kienwitz, Mr BARTLEY.
Colonel Francœur, Mr ABBOT. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. PENSON.
Moritz, Mr BLANCHARD. Fritz Klaffen, Mr KEELEY.
Paul Richter, Miss TAYLOR. Hubert, Mr Irwin.

After the Operatic Drama, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

After which, a New Petite Comedy, to be called

MARRIED LOVERS.

The Songs, composed by Mr Barnett.

Duchess D'Orleans, Miss FORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.
Pierre, Mr Irwin. Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

The Theatre will open this Evening, with an Occasional Address, written by J. LUNN, Esq. To be Spoken by Mrs GLOVER.
After which will be presented a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss WELLS. Miss AYRES.
And Mr FORRESTER.

Previous to which, a New MS. Overture, by a Student of the Royal Academy of Music. And previous to the Entertainment, Rossini's Overture to 'Tancredi.'

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Attendant Spirits, Misses Stallard, Gallot, Angellina, Rose, and S. Barnett.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
Fransel, Mr Charles. 1st Chamois Hunter, Mr S. Smith. 2nd do. Mr V. Webster
Spirits of the Alps, Chamois Hunters, Villagers, &c.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

Lady Courtall, Miss DALY. Grace Gaylove, Mrs FITZWILLIAM.
Sir Charles Courtall, Mr YATES. Sharp, Mr J. REEVE.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
Philippe, Mr Newcombe, Thibaut, Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Miss Bramble's Maid, Miss Berresford. Frank Hartley, Mr Raymond.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.
Police Officer, Mr Worrell. Shopmen, Messrs Young and Hutchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young.
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,

SURREY THEATRE.

The Historical Drama, entitled

WILLIAM TELL.

Austrians.—Anneli, Miss VINCENT. Agnes, Miss SCOTT.
Gesler, Mr D. Pitt. Sarnam, Mr Almar. Struth, Mr Hobbs.
Braun, Mr Rogers. Rudolph, Mr Lee. Lutold, Mr Richards.
Swiss.—Emma, Madame SIMON. William Tell, Mr OSBALDISTON.
Albert, Miss Ellis. Waldman, Mr Webb. Michael, Mr C. Hill. Erni, Mr Tully.
Melctal, Mr Gough. Verner, Mr Young. Furst, Mr Nelson.
Jagheli, Mr Honner. Pierre, Mr Ransford. Theodore, Mr Asbury.
In Act II.—Savoyards' Glee, by Mesdames Rumens, Nicol, Rogers, Boden, &c.

After which, a Drama, entitled

THE DIAMOND ARROW.

[By W. T. MONCRIEF.]

Lucille, Miss SOMERVILLE. Dame Lodoline Fontaine, Mrs VALE.
Mons. Fontaine, Mr VALE. Mons. Anselm, Mr Young. Courier, Mr Lee.
Hilaire, Mr Edwin.

To conclude with the Melo-Drama of

FOREST OF BONDY! OR, THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

Dame Gertrude, Madame Simon. Ursula, Miss Vincent.
The Seneschal, Mr Almar. General Gontran, Mr Gough. Landry, Mr Asbury.
Chevalier Macaire, Mr D. Pitt. Aubri di Mont Didier, Mr C. Hill.
Bertrand, Mr VALE. Eloi, (the Dumb Boy) Mlle. ROSIER.

COBURG THEATRE.—Bonaparte's Destiny—The Silver Knight—Jack Sheppard—And All Halow Seen.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose—And Satisfied.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

It is with great unwillingness that the Editor is obliged to postpone any remarks upon the new books from which the following extracts are made, but he has been prevented these two days, by indisposition, from attending to his duties. He has every reason to believe that he shall be able to resume them in a day or two. Meanwhile some kind friends have assisted him with the theatres.

Due notices will be made to correspondents the moment he takes his pen again in hand.

History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vol. II. (Being Vol. XV of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia). Longman.

Death of Richelieu.—Richelieu in the meantime had reached his palace in the capital. Roman despot was never more courted nor more feared; but death was coming fast to close his triumphant career. A mortal malady wasted him; yet the cardinal abated nothing of his pride, nor of his vindictiveness. He exiled some of the king's personal and cherished officers; he insulted Anne of Austria, the queen: remained seated during a visit that she paid him, and threatened to separate her from her children. Even his guards no longer lowered their arms in the presence of the monarch. His demeanour to Louis XIII, was that of one potentate to another. In December of 1642, the malady of the cardinal became inveterate, and every hope of life was denied him. He summoned the king to his dying bed, recapitulated the great and successful acts of his administration, and recommended Mazarin as the person to continue its spirit, and to be his successor. Louis promised obsequiousness. Richelieu then received the last consolations of religion, and went through these pious and touching ceremonies with an apparently firm and undisturbed conscience. The man of blood knew no remorse. His acts had all been, he asserted, for his country's good; and the same unbending pride and unshaken confidence that had commanded the respect of men, seemed to accompany him into the presence of his Maker. He died like the hero of the Stoics, though clad in the trappings of a prince of the church. Most of those present were edified by his firmness; but one bishop, calling to mind the life, the arrogance, and the crimes of the minister, observed, that "the confidence of the dying Richelieu filled him with terror."

Character of Richelieu.—The crime of having trodden out the last spark of his country's liberties, and of having converted its monarchic government into pure despotism, is that for which Richelieu is most generally condemned. But the state of anarchy which he removed was license, not liberty. The task of reconciling private independence with public peace, civil rights with the existence of justice,—and this without precedent or tradition, without that rooted stock on which freedom, in order to grow and bear fruit, must be grafted,—was a conception which, however familiar to our age, was utterly unknown, and impracticable to that of Richelieu. With the horrors of civil war fresh in the memory of all, the general desire was for tranquillity and peace, not liberty; to which, moreover, had it been contemplated, the first necessary step was that of humbling the aristocracy. It was impossible that constitutional freedom could ever grow out of the chaos of privileges, and anarchy, and organised rebellion, that the government had to contend with. In building up her social fabric France had in fact gone wrong, destroyed the old foundations, and rebuilt on others without solidity or system. To introduce order or add solidity to so ill-constructed a fabric, was impossible; Richelieu found it necessary to raze all at once to the ground, except the central donjon of despotism, which he left standing. Had Richelieu, with all his genius and sagacity, undertaken for liberty what he achieved for royalty, his age would have rejected or misunderstood him, as it did Bacon and Galileo. He might, indeed, as a man of letters, have consigned such a political dream to the volume of an Utopia, but from action or administration he would have been soon discarded as a dreamer. Liberty must come of the claim of the mass; of the general enlightenment, firmness, and probity. It is no great physical secret, which a single brain, finding, may announce and so establish: it is a moral truth, which, like a gem, hides its ray and its preciousness in obscurity, nor becomes refulgent till all around it is beaming with light.

Cardinal Mazarin.—The pecuniary wealth, the valuables and pictures of Mazarin, were immense. He was fond of hoarding,—a passion that seized him when he first found himself banished and destitute. His love of pictures was as strong as his love of power—stronger, since it survived. A fatal malady had seized on the cardinal, whilst engaged in the conferences of the treaty, and worn by mental fatigue. He brought it home with him to the Louvre. He consulted Guenaud, the great physician, who told him that he had two months to live. Some days after receiving this dread mandate, Brienne perceived the cardinal in a night-cap and dressing-gown tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming, "Must I quit all these?" He saw Brienne, and seized him: "Look," exclaimed he, "look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Caracci! Ah! my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that cost me so much!" His friend surprised him slumbering in his chair at another time, and murmuring, "Guenaud has said it! Guenaud has said it!" A few days before his death, he caused himself to be dressed, shaved, rouged, and painted, "so that he never looked so fresh and vermilion," in his life. In this state he was carried in his chair to the promenade, where the envious courtiers cruelly rallied, and paid him ironical compliments on his appearance. Cards were the amusement of his death-bed, his hand being held by others; and they were only interrupted by the visit of the papal nuncio, who came to give the cardinal that plenary indulgence to which the prelates of the sacred college are officially entitled. Mazarin expired on the 9th of March 1661.

Court Servility.—Etiquette required that the body of Louis XV should be embalmed, but, already in a state of putrefaction, no surgeon could be found to undertake the office; nor could a courtier be induced to oversee the last duties paid to the monarch. His remains were huddled into their last abode by the workmen of the château: spirits of wine were poured on them; and in this state they were abandoned, till conveyed to St Denis. The dauphin was with Marie Antoinette, awaiting tidings of his royal grandsire's fate. A noise, like thunder, was heard suddenly in their antechamber. "It was that of the courtiers," says Madame Campan, "who had deserted the apartments of the deceased monarch, to do homage to the new power of Louis XVI."

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PATENT THEATRES.

The question of the Patent Theatres having been lately discussed, and not being yet settled, we thought that our dramatic readers might not be unwilling to see the following memorandums, with which a correspondent has favoured us, presenting us with their several successive rises, falls, and other fortunes, from the period of their commencement in Drury Lane.

1659.—Rhodes, a bookseller at Charing Cross, formerly wardrobe keeper to the King's Company of Comedians, at the Black Friars, on General Monk's march to London in 1659, obtained a license from the ruling powers to set up a company of players at the Cockpit in Drury Lane.—*Life of Betterton.*

N.B. The Cockpit was an old playhouse.

1662.—The King granted a patent, &c. to Sir Wm. Davenant, dated 15th January, under the name of the Duke of York's Servants. On the 8th April he opened his house in the Tennis Court, Portugal Street.—*Biog. Dict. Malone.*

N.B. Davenant died in 1668.

1662, 1663.—Patent to Thomas Killegrew, 25th April 1662. He built a house in Drury Lane; opened it on 8th April 1663.

N.B. The house was burnt in January 1672.

1671.—A new house was built in Dorset Gardens, (Salisbury Square); opened under the management of Lady Davenant, widow of Sir Wm.—It did not pay.

1659.—There were three houses:—

1. At the Red Bull, St John Street.
2. Under Wm. Bastus, in Salisbury Court.
3. Rhodes's, at the Cockpit.

1660.—Sir Wm. Davenant's company commenced playing at the Theatre, Salisbury Court, on the 15th November 1660, and played there till April 1662.

Killegrew's company played during the years 1660, 1661, 1662, and part of 1663, in Gibbon's Tennis Court in Vere Street, whilst Drury Lane house was building.

1682.—The King's and the Duke of York's servants united.

It seems that the Duke's company built Drury Lane; the King's company took the house in Dorset Gardens, and remained there till Drury was ready, when both companies united and performed there.

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1689.—Charles Davenant, eldest son of Sir William, assigned his patent (Duke's company) to Alexander Davenant.

1690.—Alexander *sold* the patent to Christopher Rich, a lawyer, on the 24th March. Rich afterwards took Sir Thomas Skipwith as a partner.—*Steele's Theatre.*

Killegrew's patent dormant: two houses—one on a licence, one on a patent.

Betterton and his company shut up the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and joined Vanbrugh.

Colley Cibber, in his Apology, relates how the two companies fell off, and says, "The Patentees, by the King's advice, which perhaps amounted to a command, united their interests, and both companies into one, exclusive of all others, in the year 1684."

1695.—A new theatre was built in Lincoln's Inn fields; Mr Congreve, Mr Betterton, Mr Barry, and Mrs Bracegirdle obtained a license, and acted in it.—N.B. This was called Betterton's Company. This theatre was built by subscription.

1694.—On an attempt to reduce the salaries of the actors, they continued under Betterton. This was disregarded by the monopolists; their complaints were laid before the Duke of Dorset, Lord Chamberlain, who took the most effectual remedy for their relief. The learned in the law were of opinion that no patent for acting plays, &c. could tie up the hands of a succeeding Prince from granting the like authority; but while this affair was in progress, Queen Mary died (28th December 1694), which caused a suspension of public diversions.

The King granted a license to Betterton, &c.

1704.—Betterton conveyed his license to Vanbrugh, which remained at Drury Lane (Duke's company).

1705.—An immense theatre, built by Vanbrugh; opened by him and Congreve in the Haymarket.

1706.—April 9th; Swiny took the theatre at five pounds a day, not to exceed seven hundred pounds a year.

1707.—30th November; Company, the Queen's, at Dorset Gardens; unsuccessful.

1708.—10th January; the Queen's Company from Dorset Gardens joined Swiny.

1709.—Swiny sole director; some actors from Drury Lane, by permission of the Lord Chamberlain, joined him.

1707.—Drury Lane shut up by order of Lord Chamberlain.

1709.—Ditto, by command of the Queen, in consequence of the disputes of the proprietors, Rich and Sir Thomas Shipwith.

1708.—All the players who went to Swiney ordered to return to Drury Lane, and there remain, under the patentees, as his Majesty's *only* company of Comedians.

1710.—Collier obtained a license for Drury Lane, on the 22d of November; he broke into the house with a mob, expelled Rich, and took possession.

1711.—First Italian Opera, in the Haymarket.

Collier unsuccesful; Cibber, Collier, Wilks, Doggett, patentees and joint sharers in Drury Lane.

1713.—Swiney ran away in January.

1714.—Lincoln's Inn House rebuilt by Rich; opened by his son, John Rich. License expired by death of Queen.

George I. granted a license (patent) to Sir R. Steele; he joined Cibber and Co.

1720.—Little Theatre in the Haymarket built by Potter; opened on the 25th of January. Patent granted to Sir Richard Steele revoked.

1729.—Odell opened a theatre in Goodman's fields.

1732.—Giffard re-opened ditto.

1733.—Covent Garden foundation laid in 1729; opened by Rich.

1736.—Fleetwood purchased the remainder.

1737.—At this time—Patent Theatres—1. Covent Garden.
2. Drury Lane.
Without Patent or Licenses—1. Goodman's Fields.
2. Haymarket.
Operas at the Opera House.

1733.—Cibber and Booth sold their shares in the patent at Drury Lane to Mr Highmore; afterwards Giffard bought the other half.

The principal performers revolted and set up for themselves, without any license, at the Little Theatre, Haymarket.

1735.—Fleetwood purchased five-sixths of the patent at Drury Lane.

Fielding collected a company, and performed in the Little Theatre, without a license or any authority.

1737.—Licensing act passes—ostensibly in consequence of Fielding's Pasquin, more probably in consequence of a contrivance between Giffard and Walpole.

1747.—Drury Lane purchased by Garrick and Laws, of Fleetwood.

1766.—Foote obtained a license, and performed at the Little Theatre; licensed 15th May to 15th September.

1767.—Covent Garden opened under Colman, Harris, Powell, and Rutherford; they purchased the house, patent, &c. for 60,000*l.* of Rich.

1775.—Drury Lane opened by Sheridan, Lindley, and Bond; it was *purchased* from Garrick and Lacey.

1777.—Colman purchased the Little Theatre from Foote, and opened it.

1787.—Royalty Theatre opened April 20; and soon closed from want of license.

1788.—28 Geo. III. c. 30. To enable Justices of the Peace to license theatrical representations.

1790.—June 14, Colman, jun., manager, Haymarket.

1791.—New theatre, Covent Garden, opened.

1794.—New Drury opened.

1805.—June 8, Little Theatre opened, under Colman, Morris, and Winston.

All the rest is well known.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand.—The Illustrious Stranger.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Romance of a Day.—Married Lovers.—And the Pantomime.

COVENT GARDEN.

MR BISHOP'S music is always welcome to us:—he is a graceful as well as a sound musician: if at times his melodies do not impress you with a sense of novelty, you are never offended by vulgar or crude phrases; and they are always redeemed by masterly and delicate scoring for the band; when his subject has not inspired him (and it has too frequently been his ill-fortune to be compelled to adapt melodies to uninviting lines) you can repose upon the ingenious and refined manner of filling up his accompaniments. This was in some measure the case last evening with a new operatic drama, called *The Romance of a Day*, which contains some pleasing melodies (though none we apprehend likely to become widely popular), and several concerted pieces both cleverly and gracefully constructed. The plot of the piece partakes of the character of the education of *Tom*, my *Lord Foppington's* brother,—it is "somewhat *at large.*" The *Count of Engleberg* (Mr WILSON), having returned to his estates after drinking deeply of the gay cup of festivity in Paris and Vienna, is seized with a romantic resolution of taking a wife from among the plebeian damsels in his neighbourhood: for which purpose he commands his Seneschal, *Nikel Unterhand* (Mr PENSON), to make out a list of deserving young ladies of amiable qualifications, and to introduce them *en masse* at the castle, that his magnificence may throw his handkerchief to the favoured fair one. Previously to the election, the neat person of *Karoline Klaffen* (Miss H. CAWSE), the daughter of mine hostess of the Lamb, has caught his eye; and she, alas! too light of heart, with a coronet glittering before her, turns her heel upon a worthy farmer lad, *Paul Richter* (Miss TAYLOR). But lo! when the whole galaxy of bright competitors are assembled, a brighter and more particular star, *Sophia*, the Count's cousin (Miss FORDE) "swims into his ken," and poor *Karoline* "may go pipe in an ivy leafe." *Sophia* and her uncle, *General Keinwitz* (Mr BARTLEY), are disguised as a peasant girl and a village magistrate. When they assume their proper characters, and the uncle has succeeded in dissuading the Count from the folly of marrying a girl beneath him in rank, and a stranger to boot, and at the same recommends his own niece; the Count, who is aware of their plot to deceive him, startles both, by informing them that he has heard reports unfavourable to the character of his cousin, which must ever preclude his offering her his hand. At their vehement and anxious demand for an explanation, he states that he had been informed of the young lady's having endeavoured, under an assumed character, to entrap the affections of a nobleman. And thus good-humouredly turning the tables upon, and laughing at them, he offers his hand to the fair *Sophia*.

This is one third only of the plot; the remainder may be condensed into a very few words. *Liese* (Miss E. TREE) is the daughter of an old soldier (BLANCHARD), and is in love secretly with *Colonel Francœur* (Mr ABBOTT). Through a misunderstanding, the Colonel is induced to believe that she accepts the proposal of *Fritz Klaffen* (KEELEY), and though he is himself a secret admirer of *Liese*, he readily waives his claim, and even is induced to use his influence with the youth's mother to consent to their union. When the explanation however takes place, he is delighted to find that she had never even given his rival the slightest hint of an attachment; but that he had built all his hopes of preference on her part upon his having given her a portrait of herself, sketched four years before by the Colonel, and which she had ever since fondly cherished. The conclusion

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is obvious. This was the only portion of the acting worthy of consideration, and Miss TREE gave an interest to it by her simple and affectionate manner which moved the feelings of certain well-worn play-goers who shall be nameless. Her performance; some amusing nonsense of KEELEY's; one or two of the airs, and a quintet of peasants — "My father land! my father land!" which was twice encored,—are likely to prove attractive for a time. Mr WILSON was not in his best voice, but he sang his airs in good style, and with feeling. Miss TAYLOR felt the character of the music allotted to her, but her ear is defective. Miss FORDE also is frequently out of tune, and Miss H. CAWSE as rarely. The piece was received with approbation.

Mr POWER's one-act piece, *The Married Lovers*, which has been successful, has not been overlooked. It shall be noticed upon the next occasion. C.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, TOTTENHAM STREET.

The opening of this little theatre last night, under all the disadvantages of bad weather, attracted a full audience. An Address for the occasion was delivered by Mrs GLOVER, in which allusion was made to Her Majesty's patronage, and the patronage of the public solicited against oppression. It was well received; and the late proceedings in Chancery seemed to be in the minds of the hearers. The performances commenced by an opera, entitled *Galatea*, principally consisting of extracts from GAY's beautiful Serenata, which has so often delighted the frequenters of the oratorios, under the name of *Acis* and *Galatea*. Some interpolations of a comic kind were introduced, probably in deference to the supposed taste of the frequenters of this theatre, but we think with very questionable advantage. It was delightful, however, to hear so much of the inspiring strains of Handel, even though with diminished effect as compared with the performances of the great theatres. This qualification is hardly necessary with respect to one of the singers, Mr E. SEGUIN, whose fine base voice and judicious management of it would render him an acquisition anywhere. His acting also is distinguished by its spirit and energy. Nor must Mr J. RUSSELL be forgotten, whose transplantation here cannot fail to add considerably to the comic strength of the company. Towards the end of the piece, Ulysses and his followers are introduced on their way to Troy; but if those valiant Greeks had resembled their present representatives, we should certainly have lost an Iliad, and that famous city might have been still in existence. *Galatea* was given out for repetition amidst unanimous applause.

A one act comedietta (such is the new diminutive) followed, entitled *Three to One*, the humour of which arises from an old, a middle-aged, and a young lady, each attributing the attentions of a *Colonel Faircourt* to herself. The merit of the dialogue is slight, but the situations are contrived with considerable knowledge of stage effect, and the amusing misunderstandings which are the consequence, are provocative of much laughter. The acting of Mrs GLOVER, as the middle-aged lady (a widow) reminds one a little of her pleasant exuberance in the character of *Mrs General Dartmouth*, in KENNEY's pleasant comedy of *Spring and Autumn*. But here the phrases are naval, as in the other they are military. Mr FORRESTER, who played the Colonel, is not without talent, but his voice has an unpleasant sharpness, and his general style seems to have been formed on a bad model; so that his natural capabilities yield less gratification than they ought to do. This piece was also successful. A third, called *Everybody's Husband*, closed the evening's performances;—but of this we must defer a notice until another opportunity. F. F.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

A CONVINCING PROOF.—Miss D. had the misfortune to become what the language of our neighbours delicately expresses by the compound word *fille-mère*, and wished to bestow, or rather to force, the honours of paternity on the Prince. The subject of dispute having been brought into his presence, he glanced at the child's raven hair, and coolly observed, "To convince me that this girl is mine, you must prove that black is white."—*Cabinet Library—Life and Reign of George IV.*

A GREAT SLEEPER.—The Stadtholder, who had recently fled from Holland, was also the Prince's guest, and afforded amusement by the whimsical incongruity with which he chose his occasions for going to sleep. The Princess commanded a play for his entertainment: in spite of her vivacity and utmost efforts, he slept and snored in the box beside her, and was roused with some difficulty when the curtain fell. A ball having been given in compliment to him at the Castle tavern, he fell asleep whilst eating his supper, and snored so loud as to disturb the harmony of the orchestra and the decorum of the assembly. His Dutch Highness was also entertained, if the term in this instance be admissible, with a grand masquerade; and was perplexed by the difficulty of resolving in what dress or character he should attend it. The Prince of Wales said he might go as *an old woman.—Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library—Life and Reign of George IV.*

LORD THURLOW AND LAVATER.—Lavater, on being shown a picture of Lord Thurlow, examined it for a moment, and said, "Whether this man be on earth or in hell, I know not,—but wherever he is, he is a tyrant, and will rule if he can."—*Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library—Life and Reign of George IV.*

LA FAYETTE.—The loss of the French at the battle of Minden was severe; amongst their colonels slain was the Marquis de la Fayette, a noble of an ancient family. He left his marchioness, a lady of the house of Lusignan, pregnant. This posthumous child is the La Fayette of the Revolution, and of the present day.—*Cabinet Library. History of France, Vol. II.*

TURKISH MUSICAL GUSTO.—A modern traveller informs us, that the band of an English ambassador at Constantinople once performed a concert for the entertainment of the Sultan and his court. At the conclusion, it was asked which of the pieces he preferred. He replied, the first, which was accordingly recommenced, but stopped, as not being the right one. Others were tried with no better success, until at length the band, almost in despair of discovering the favourite air, began *tuning* their instruments, when his Highness instantly exclaimed, '*Inshallah*, heaven be praised, that is it!' The Turkish Prince may be excused, when it is known, that at the commemoration of Handel in 1784, Dr Burney thought the mere tuning of that host of instruments more gratifying than the ordinary performances to which he had been accustomed.—*Harmonicon for Feb.* 1.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.—Horace Walpole dining with the Duchess on her birth-day (when she had just finished her eightieth year) soon after the cloth was removed, he very politely drank her health in a bumper, and added, "May you live my Lady Duchess, till you begin to grow ugly!" "Thank you, Mr Walpole," replied her Grace; "and may you long continue your *taste for antiquities.*"

THE WITCHERY OF GENIUS.—Foote was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare; and frequently in the course of dramatic conversation, would point out particular beauties which had escaped the research of the commentators. He one day asserted, "that it would not be difficult to find passages in Shakspeare, which are not strictly correct, either in sense or grammar, yet carry their meaning so warmly and obviously to everybody's mind, as no other words could convey it. This," added he, "was the witchery of the poet; who, by the inspiration of his muse, could snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

EXCUSES FOR IMPROVIDENCE SET ASIDE.

(Montague approves the frankness of his page, Veramour, in reprehending his improvidence).

Montague. Why I love thee for't;
Mine own acknowledgment confirms thy words:
For once, I do remember coming from
The mercer's, where my purse had spent itself
On those unprofitable things thou speak'st of;
A man, half naked with his poverty,
Did meet me, and requested my relief:
I wanted whence to give it; yet his eyes
Spoke for him; those I could have satisfied
With some unfruitful sorrow (if my tears
Would not have added rather to his grief,
Than eas'd it), but the true compassion that
I should have given I had not: this began
To make me think how many such men's wants
The vain superfluous cost I wore upon
My outside would have cloth'd, and left myself
A habit as becoming. To increase
This new consideration, there came one
Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
As decent as these fair dear follies, made
As if it were of purpose to despise
The vanity of show; his purse had still
The power to do a charitable deed,
And did it.
Dubois. Yet your inclination, Sir,
Deserv'd no less to be commended than
His action.
Mont. Prithee, do not flatter me!
He that intends well, yet deprives himself
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpose of the due reward
That goodness merits.

Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Honest Man's Fortune.'

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Farce, in Two Acts, entitled
THE JENKINSES.
Mr Carraway, Mr FARREN.
In the course of the Evening, Winter's Overtures to "Mahomed;" and Weber's "Preciosa."
First time, a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called
THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.
[Adapted to the English Stage, by A. LEE.]
Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs ORGER. Zulina, Mrs WAYLETT.
The Concerted Music, by Misses Byfeld, Bruce, S. Phillips, Russell, and Mrs Bedford
Fra Diavolo, Mr WALLACK.
Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr HARLEY. Lorenzo, Mr SINCLAIR.
Lucro, Mr Bedford.
Banditti—Beppo, Mr Latham. Giacomo, Mr Bedford. 1st Carabineer, Mr Bland.
Postilion, Mr Honner. Francisco, Mr Eaton.
To which will be added, a New Farce, called
TURNING THE TABLES.
Jack Humphries, Mr. LISTON.
To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

To-morrow, The Iron Chest; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called
CINDERELLA.
The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr HUNT. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.
After which, a New Petite Comedy, to be called
MARRIED LOVERS.
The Songs, composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss FORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.
Pierre, Mr Irwin. Francis, Mr Mears.
To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.
THE ORDER OF SCENERY.
Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, The Romance of a Day; Married Lovers; and the Pantomime.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time in London.
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par
FREDERIC, ROI DE PRUSSE.
Vaudeville en Un Acte.
Eugène, jeune Page du Roi, Mlle. Eliza. Madame Vandeck, Mme. Baudin.
Estelle, Mlle. HERMINIE.
Frèderic, Roi de Prusse, M. ST. AUBERT. Victor, Page du Roi, M. PAULIN.
Birmann, Maître d'Hotel. M. Guenée. Le Major, M. Granville.
Suivi de
LOUISE; OU, LA REPARATION.
Vaudeville en Deux Actes, de MM. SCRIBE et MELESVILLE.
Madame Barneck, Veuve d'un riche Négociant, Madame Prèval.
Louise, sa Nièce, Mlle. FLORVAL.
M. de Malsen, jeune Baron, M. Alfred. Sadler, son Ami, M. PAULIN.
Salsbach, Avecat, M. Laporte. Fritz, Domestique de Madame Barneck, M. Guenée.
On Finira par
JULIEN; OU, VINGT-CINQ ANS D'ENTR'ACTE.
Vaudeville en Deux Actes, de MM. DARTOIS et XAVIER.
1er. ACTE.
Il se passe au Chateau du Baron, avant la Révolution.
La Comtesse, Grand'maman d'Emilie, Madame Prèval.
Emilie, Fille du Baron, Mlle. St. Ange.
Fanchette, Villageoise, attachée a Emilie, Mlle. HERMINIE.
Le Comte d'Hercourt, M. ST. AUBERT.
Le Marquis de Mirval, Futur d'Emilie, M. Alfred.
Jacques, Fermier du Baron, Oncle de Julien, M. Laporte.
Julien, Neveu de Jacques, M. DERVAL.
Garou, Jardinier, amoureux de Fanchette, M. Gamard.
2me. ACTE.
Il se passe a Paris, chez le Baron de Stétin, après Vingt-cinq Ans d'entr'acte.
Camille, Fille du Baron, Mlle. FLORVAL.
Fanchette, Femme de Garou, Mademoiselle HERMINIE.
Madame Dufour de Mirval, Mlle. St. Ange.
Le Baron de Stetin, M. DERVAL. Jacques Sollié, son Oncle, M. Laporte.
Ernest, jeune Peintre, Fils de Madame de Mirval, M. PAULIN.
Garou, ancien Domestique de Madame Dufour, M. Gamard.
Laffeur, Comtois et Champagne, Valets du Baron, MM. Arnaud, Granville et Guenée.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

An Occasional Address, written by J. LUNN, Esq. To be Spoken by Mrs GLOVER.
After which will be presented a New Operatic Piece, entitled
GALATEA.
From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.
After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled
THREE TO ONE.
The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss WELLS. Miss AYRES.
And Mr FORRESTER.
Previous to which, a New MS. Overture, by a Student of the Royal Academy of Music. And previous to the Entertainment, Rossini's Overture to 'Tancredi.'
To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called
EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
THE MARRIED BACHELOR.
Lady Courtall, Miss DALY. Grace Gaylove, Mrs FITZWILLIAM.
Sir Charles Courtall, Mr YATES. Sharp, Mr J. REEVE.
To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called
THE CHASTE SALUTE
[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.
[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.
After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
[By Mr C. DANCE.]
Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.
To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Drama, altered from MORTON'S Play of 'Town and Country', entitled
THE PASTOR'S FIRESIDE.
The Principal Characters by Miss SCOTT, Miss SOMERVILLE,
Miss Nicol, Madame Simon, Miss Rumens, Miss H. Boden, and Mrs Rogers.
Mr C. Hill, Mr Gough, Mr Honner, Mr D. Pitt,
Mr WILLIAMS, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr VALE,
Mr Almar, Mr Hobbs, Mr Young, Mr Amherst, Mr Tully, and Mr Webb.
To conclude with, the Grand Serious Spoctacle, in Two Acts, entitled
OBI: OR, THREE-FINGER'D JACK!
With the original Music, by the late Dr Arnold.
Rosa, Madame Simon. Quashee's Wife, Mrs Vale. Sam's Wife, Miss Jordan.
Captain Orford, Mr Honner. Planter, Mr Almar.
Overseer, Mr Edwin. Three-Finger'd Jack, Mr C. Hill.
Quashee, Mr T. Hill. Sam, Mr Asbury. Jonkanoo, Mr Grammer.
Old Woman, Mr Webb. Officer, Mr Lee. Tucky, Mademoiselle Rosier.

COBURG THEATRE.—Bonaparte's Destiny—The Silver Knight—Jack Sheppard—And Ali Halow Seen.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose—And Satisfied.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries; interspersed with some particulars respecting the Author. By William Godwin. 8vo. Wilson. (*Unpublished.*)

Caprices of Fame.—It would be endless to adduce all the examples that might be found of the caprices of fame. It has been one of the arts of the envious to set up a contemptible rival to eclipse the splendour of sterling merit. Thus Crowne and Settle for a time disturbed the serenity of Dryden. Voltaire says, the Phœdra of Pradon has not less passion than that of Racine, but expressed in rugged verse and barbarous language. Pradon is now forgotten: and the whole French poetry of the Augustan age of Louis the Fourteenth is threatened with the same fate. Hayley for a few years was applauded as the genuine successor of Pope; and the poem of 'Sympathy,' by Pratt, went through twelve editions. For a brief period almost each successive age appears fraught with resplendent genius; but they go out one after another; they set "like stars that fall, to rise no more." Few indeed are endowed with that strength of construction that should enable them to ride triumphant on the tide of ages.—It is the same with conquerors. What tremendous battles have been fought, what oceans of blood have been spilled, by men who were resolved that their achievements should be remembered for ever! And now, even their names are scarcely preserved; and the very effects of the disasters they inflicted on mankind seem to be swept away, as of no more validity than things that never existed. Warriors and poets, the authors of systems and the lights of philosophy, men that astonished the earth, and were looked up to as Gods, even like an actor on the stage, have strutted their hour, and then been heard of no more.

Books have the advantage of all other productions of the human head or hand. Copies of them may be multiplied for ever, the last as good as the first, except so far as some slight inadvertent errors may have insinuated themselves. The Iliad flourishes as green now, as on the day that Pisistratus is said first to have stamped upon it its present order. The songs of the rhapsodists, the scolds, and the minstrels, which once seemed as fugitive as the breath of him who chaunted them, repose in libraries, and are embalmed in collections. The sportive sallies of eminent wits, and the Table Talk of Luther and Selden, may live as long as there shall be men to read, and judges to appreciate them.

The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.—By Allan Cunningham. Vol. 4. (Being Vol. XIX. of the Family Library.)

Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson.—Though Ben, according to Dr Fuller, wrought at the building of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket, he did not hesitate to satirize Jones himself for having touched the hand-saw and the plane. It may be urged, that he did this without malicious meaning, but Drummond, a candid man, says 'that Jonson was a great lover and praiser of himself, and a despiser and contemner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, and jealous of everyword and action of those about him.' It is true that the object of the dramatist was to give a living image of the looks and manners of the times in which he lived, and that such a character as a ready-witted joiner was necessary in those days of dramas in barns, and masques in country places. But it is perfectly well known, that In-and-In Medley, the Joiner of Islington, was meant for Inigo Jones; that the ridicule which it threw on his name and history caused him to complain, and that in consequence, the representation was forbidden. These are passages sufficiently personal.

> *Medley.*—Indeed there is a woundy luck in names, sirs,
> And a vain mystery, an a man knew where
> To find it. My godsire's name I tell you
> Was In-and-in Shuttle, and a weaver he was,
> And it did fit his craft; for so his shuttle
> Went-in-and-in still—this way and then that way.
> And he named me In-and-in Medley, which serves
> A *joiner's* craft, because that we do lay
> Things in-and-in, in our work. But I am truly
> *Architectonicus Professor*, rather;
> That is, as one would say, an architect.—*P.* 74.

Sir Christopher Wren.—Sir Christopher Wren was of low stature, his forehead broad and fair, his nose slightly aquiline, the eyes large and expressive, and the whole aspect stamped with intelligence and talent. He was light and active of body, walked with a certain stateliness of air, and his constitution, rather delicate than robust, was saved, it is said, from consumption, by habits of regularity and temperance. That he was a little man, a tradition preserved by Seward sufficiently shows. Charles II, on walking through his newly-erected hunting place at Newmarket, said, "These rooms are too low." Wren went up to the King and replied, "An please your Majesty, I think them high enough." Whereupon Charles, stooping down to Sir Christopher's stature, answered with a smile, "On second thoughts I think so too." He had that calm and philosophic temper which contradiction could not disturb; he heard his opinions questioned, and even saw his designs deformed by the envious or the ignorant, without change of mood or a snappish remark.

TO THE TATLER.

Wednesday Evening.

Mr. Tatler—It is generally considered as our duty to begin the sabbath-day with the best dispositions, at least, whatever our actions may be; and I believe nobody, of whatsoever faith or sect, inculcates that we should pass it less amiably than any other day. Now, sir, I do, and the fault is yours. I do not say it is a wilful one. It is my custom to take my breakfast alone, and, six days out of the seven, your paper is served up with it; but on the seventh,—its place is vacant. It is to little purpose that I take up any other paper, or a book. The breakfast itself I could dispense with patiently, but the *Tatler*, which should accompany it, is necessary to me, as a matter of habit, of —— I shall not, however, tell you all the reasons why it is so, but the fact is, that I do not recover the privation all day, and that I am inclined to quarrel with my companions from morning till night. They, perhaps, might use harsher language, were they to speak on the subject, and some of them are well known to you, however little you may be aware of it. I do not deny, Mr Tatler, that you may require a day's rest. It might, perhaps, be obtained, without subjecting your readers to this derangement of ——— temper; but I am of a kindly nature, and in consideration of the pleasure your paper affords me for six days in the week, I will, upon one condition, forgive you, It is a pleasure rather than a penance that I am about to impose on you. I have just met with a pleasant little work, called 'The Seasons.' It is full of trees, grass, flowers, streams, birds, and butterflies, and is well calculated to inspire those tranquil feelings which we poor Londoners cannot seek in the pure air of Heaven. It may compose the minds of your Sunday non-readers, and therefore it is but right that you should do your best to make it known to them. You may think I have some interest in the success of the book. I have, sir; I have an interest in the success of *every* book that treats of nature, and speaks in nature's voice. Further I have none; nor do I know any that have, with the exception of the world in general. This is not Sunday; and to this circumstance you are indebted for the happiness of the conditional pardon promised you by

Philotatleria.

[Our fair correspondent knows how to punish like a proper woman; that is, by imposing an agreeable penalty. We shall take an early opportunity of doing what she desires.]

Lady Dowager T—— remarked, "That carelessness was little better than a half-way house between accident and design."

Musical Agitation!—A music-seller in Dublin has taken advantage of the present moment of party-feeling, by publishing some *Orange and Green Quadrilles*, respectfully dedicated to Mr O'Connell. Also, Mr O'Connell's *Orange and Green Waltz*; together with the *Anti-Union Quadrilles*, and *Anti-Union Waltz*, most respectfully dedicated to the King! Should the two parties in Ireland come to blows, the same publisher will doubtless print Lord Anglesey's black and blue *Introduzione*, and his red *Finale*. The anti-union waltz ought to conciliate those moralists who, with the late excellent Sir Henry Englefield once at their head, long complained of the close junction of the parties in the German waltz.—*Harmonicon for Feb.* 1.

Pope.—Sir J. Reynolds used to tell the following anecdote relative to Pope. When Reynolds was a young man, he was present at an auction of very scarce pictures, which attracted a great crowd of connoisseurs and others; when, in the moment of a very interesting piece being put up, Mr Pope entered the room. All was in an instant, from a scene of confusion and bustle, a dead calm. The auctioneer, as if by instinct, suspended his hammer. The audience, to an individual, as if by the same impulse, rose up to receive the poet; and did not resume their seats till he had reached the upper end of the room.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

INTUITION AND SAGACITY.—Of the difference between these two qualities (the one being immediate in its effect, and the other requiring a circuitous process). Foote said, "the former was the eye, the latter the nose of the mind."

CONCLUSIVE ANSWERS.—Campistron, the French poet, the favorite and secretary of the duke de Vendome, was gay and volatile, and little fitted for all a secretary's duties. One day, the duke quaintly pointed him out to another nobleman, and observed "There sits my secretary, busy with his answers." Campistron was engaged in burning a quantity of letters, addressed to the duke, to save himself the trouble of acknowledging them. This was his practice with all epistles which were not of great importance: he called it despatching business.

MEN OF GENIUS.—It seems the fate of all originality of thinking to be immediately opposed. Bacon was not at all understood at home in his own day; his celebrity was confined to his history of Henry VII and to his Essays. In some unpublished letters, I find Sir Edward Coke writing very miserable, but very bitter verses, on a copy of the Instauratio, presented to him by Bacon; and even James I declaring that, like God's power, "it passeth beyond all understanding." When Kepler published his work on Comets, the first rational one, it was condemned even by the learned themselves as extravagant. We see the learned Selden signing his recantation, and long afterwards the propriety of his argument on tithes fully allowed; the aged Galileo on his knees, with his hands on the Gospels, abjuring as absurdities, errors, and heresies, the philosophical truths he had ascertained. Harvey, in his eightieth year, did not live to witness his great discovery established. Adam Smith was reproached by the economists for having borrowed his system from them, as if the mind of genius does not borrow little parts to create its own vast views. The great Sydenham, by the independence and force of his genius, so highly provoked the malignant emulation of his rivals, that they conspired to have him banished out of the College, as "guilty of medicinal heresy." Such is the fate of men of genius, who advance a century beyond their contemporaries!—*The Literary Character Illustrated by the History of Men of Genius.*—[Men who are beyond their own time, must console themselves with hoping that another will do them justice. They cannot write with the intellect of a future age, and expect that it will be duly appreciated by that of a present. Nor do they, if they are the men they take themselves for. Besides, there is a certain usefulness in the opposition made to them. It puts their notions to the test, tries the gold in the fire, and hinders the world from being blown about by every air of novelty. They must look upon this lot as an illustrious misfortune. All that they can demand is, that men shall honestly oppose them, and not in a spirit of heresy and hypocrisy.]

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ECHO AND A GLUTTON.

The following Lines, written in the year 1609, are said to have induced Butler to pursue the same idea in his 'Hudibras.'

DIALOGUE.

Glutton. My belly I do deify.
Echo. Fie!
Gl. Who curbs his appetite's a fool.
Echo. Ah! fool!
Gl. I do not like this abstinence.
Echo. Hence!
Gl. My joy's a feast, my wish is wine.
Echo. Swine!
Gl. We epicures are happy, truly.
Echo. You lie.
Gl. May I not, Echo, eat my fill?
Echo. Ill.
Gl. Will it hurt me if I drink too much?
Echo. Much.
Gl. Thou mock'st me, Nymph; I'll not believe it.
Echo. Believe it.
Gl. Dost thou condemn, then, what I do?
Echo. I do.
Gl. Is't that which brings infirmities?
Echo. It is.
Gl. Then, sweetest temperance, I'll love thee.
Echo. I love thee.
Gl. If all be true which thou dost tell,
To Gluttony I bid farewell.
Echo. Farewell.

TRUE COURAGE.

What more speaks
Greatness of man than valiant patience,
That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes!
These Roman deaths—as falling on a sword,
Opening of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
Which we erroneously do style the deeds
Of the heroic and magnanimous man,
Were dead-eyed Cowardice, and white-cheek'd Fear,
Who, doubting tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's false lottery, desperately run
To death, for dread of death. That soul's most stout
That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.

Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Honest Man's Fortune.'

POPE.—A mark of the greatest respect was shown to Pope by Frederick Prince of Wales, whilst dining with him at Twickenham. The poet fell fast asleep immediately after dinner: Lord Bolingbroke, confounded at this circumstance, wished to wake him, but the prince, with great condescension, prevented him, by saying: "No, no, my lord; we should accommodate ourselves to the infirmities of such a man as Mr Pope."

NEW STRINGED INSTRUMENT.—A new instrument, of the violin class, has been lately invented by a French amateur, which he proposes to name the *contralto*, because it will occupy the same place among the stringed instruments at present used in an orchestra, as the contralto or countratenor voice does in a choir. The name is, perhaps, a good one; but the inventor is, we think, unfortunate in the reason he gives for his selection. The new-invented instrument is a *low* alto; and, if called contralto, must derive its appellation from being, in respect to the common alto or viola of the orchestra, what the conter-basso or double bass is to the common bass or violoncello,—"In a quartet or sextet," says the inventor, "there is no objection to two violins." But then the contralto will be substituted with great advantage for the second viola, a part often inaudible; it will diminish the intensity of the low notes produced by using two violoncellos—an inconvenience which able composers have avoided most frequently only by depriving the violoncello of its true character, and which Mr Onslow has been so sensible of, that, in his last quintet, he has seemed to hint at the very instrument now proposed, by writing a principal part for a *violoncello-alto.—Harmonicon for Feb.* 1.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND MRS FITZHERBERT.—He had now formed an attachment of no common kind to a lady, whose name at this period came frequently before the public associated with his. A veil of ambiguity or mystery covered, and still covers, the relations of the Prince of Wales with Mrs Fitzherbert. She received all the respect and exercised all the influence which could belong to rank, character, accomplishments and manners, in the highest class of society in this country, during her intimacy with the prince, and after their separation; and she is still living, surrounded, in her advanced years, with all the consideration which could do honour to the decline of a life the most estimable. Mrs Fitzherbert was the widow of two husbands, without children by either, and the daughter of a gentleman named Smyth, of reputable birth and fortune in Shropshire. Her first husband was Mr Weld, the proprietor of Lulworth castle in Dorsetshire; since become the property of a cardinal of that name and family, and the temporary asylum of the exiled king of France, Charles X. Some time after the death of Mr Weld, she married Colonel Fitzherbert, who also died within a year after their marriage. Mrs Fitzherbert was first married at sixteen, and had still all the graces of beauty and youth on the death of Colonel Fitzherbert. She was brought up abroad, with every advantage of a costly and consummate education. Her beauty had that soft and touching character, the result of fair complexion and blue eyes, which distinguishes Englishwomen abroad, and obtained her the appellation of the angelic English *blonde*. The cousin of Lord Sefton, and related to other distinguished families, she lived in a sphere of society in London which necessarily made her acquainted with the Prince of Wales. He became enamoured, declared his passion, and was the cause of her retiring to the continent to avoid his importunities. Having remained abroad about three years, she returned to England in 1784. The prince on her return declared the continuance and repeated the sincerity of his attachment, with, it would appear, more success. Their intimacy for some time was known only to the initiated in high life: they moved and met in the same society, apparently on terms rather of formal than familiar acquaintance. The secret was divulged shortly before the prince's quarrel with the king, and base advantage was taken of it to wound the private feelings of the prince, where manly feelings are the most vulnerable. She was of a catholic family, herself a catholic; and this was easily turned against the Prince of Wales, at a period of religious bigotry and political alarm,—especially in the mind of George III, who seems to have thought that protestant episcopacy was the sole object of the revolution of 1688, and that secret influence, prerogative, and parliamentary corruption, were sanctified by their accordance with the spirit and interests of the high church.—*Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library. Vol.* 2, *Life and Reign of George IV.*

RESOURCES AGAINST PASSION AND CONTINUED THINKING.—We are scarcely aware how we may govern our thoughts by means of our sensations. De Luc was subject to violent bursts of passion, but he calmed the interior tumult by the artifice of filling his mouth with sweets and comfits. When Goldoni found his sleep disturbed by the obtrusive ideas still floating from the studies of the day, he contrived to lull himself to rest by conning in his mind a vocabulary of the Venetian dialect, translating some word into Tuscan and French; which being a very uninteresting occupation, at the third or fourth version the recipe never failed. This was an art of withdrawing attention from the greater to the less emotion; where, as the interest weakened, the excitement ceased. Mendelsohn, whose feeble and too sensitive frame was often reduced to the last stage of suffering by intellectual exertion, when engaged in any point of difficulty, would in an instant contrive a perfect cessation from thinking, by mechanically going to the window, and counting the tiles upon the roof of his neighbour's house.—*The Literary Character Illustrated by the History of Men of Genius.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Jenkinses.—The Devil's Brother.—Turning the Tables.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—Married Lovers.—And the Pantomime.

DRURY LANE.

"*The Devil's Brother.*"—*Italcé* "*Fra Diavolo,*" is altogether a poor creature compared with our gallant friend *Massaroni—Sixteen-string-Jack* to the gay *Du Val.* There is no romance in the fellow: he apes his predecessor, 'tis true, by turning Marquis, but like *Jack* aforesaid, he is an impertinent, mouth-making dandy. Moreover he goes sneaking like a rat about the bed-rooms of an hotel at midnight to pick gentlemen and ladies' pockets: and at the last, when he is entrapped in his own burrow, he shows "no more valour than a wild duck." He walks off to prison with the vulgar impudence of a pewter-pot-smasher. If we *are* to have repetitions of Brigandism—yet by the dulness of the audience last night we should conclude that the public are weary of them—by all means let us have a smack of poetry about the heroes.

Mr WALLACK makes as much of his plebeian Massaroni as might be expected from him, but he is allowed no occasions for surprise—the best bower-anchor of melodrama; and in short the whole piece hangs heavily, and we should conclude has "sailed to the north of public favour." The music by Mr A. LEE is pretty, betraying here and there in the concerted pieces, a flavouring of the *Hofer* vintage. Mrs WAYLETT sang an air in her bed-room while she is preparing to retire to rest, and a little hymn on her knees to the virgin, both simply and correctly in tune. Mr SINCLAIR should be recommended to take a few lessons in the art of expressing indignation and fury of his brother comedian, Mr DOWTON. At present his wrath is the meekest emanation, as implying a difference of opinion with an opponent that we are acquainted with. The "sucking dove" is an absolute Xantippe compared with him.

One of the choruses in the piece is an imitation of the prayer in *Masaniello.* While the whole company are at their devotion, two of the robbers, also on their knees, are nudging each other, and cutting jokes. To say nothing of the bad taste of such an action in every point of view, it is incorrect as regards the national character these men were representing; and as an authority for the strictness to the letter with which the greatest ruffians in the Catholic countries observe the ceremonies of mother church, we refer to the beautiful preface which precedes Mr SHELLEY's tragedy of the *Cenci.*

In justice to "the great theatres," we must inform our correspondent A. A. who complains of their late hours, and long bills of fare; that the pernicious innovation complained of, originated at the Haymarket theatre. We are much mistaken if Mr MORRIS was not the first manager who advertised four and even five pieces at one representation. The evil having taken root, what alternative had the other establishments but to follow the example? C.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE smaller theatres, whatever may be their other merits, are fairly entitled to the praise of endeavouring to gratify the town by a perpetual round of novelties. The new burletta, called *Mis-apprehension,* is one of those light and unpretending trifles, which, by aiming at nothing more than to tickle the ear by a miscellaneous abundance of puns (always miscellaneous when they are numerous) and give a fillip to the spirits of the good-natured who may choose to devote half an hour to listen to it, fairly stops criticism at the threshold, and bids it bend its frown on graver objects. We shall attempt to give a sketch of the plot.

Miss Fanny (Miss PINCOTT), the niece of a worthy pawnbroker, *Money* (Mr W. VINING), while visiting the exhibition at Somerset House, has the misfortune to get separated from her country cousins, but providentially (as the old lady said when she unexpectedly found a trump in her hand) she soon found a companion and protector in *Frank Hartley* (Mr RAYMOND) a young barrister, who gallantly offers to escort her home. The young lady, whose confidence seems soon to have been acquired, suffers the gallant to hold her handkerchief while she ties her bonnet; and these indispensables being adjusted, they proceed on their way together. *Miss Fanny,* not wishing that her protector, now by course of time become her lover, should know that her home was a pawnbroker's, manages to quit him at the door of a neighbour, *Miss Bramble* (Miss STUART), a spinster on the serious side of fifty. *Frank* notices the house, intending to call there and return the handkerchief. It happened that *Miss Bramble,* not quite satisfied with her own condition, or commiserating that of the single of the other sex, had advertised in the newspapers for a congenial helpmate, and to secure as many chances in the lottery as possible, has directed her servant to admit any gentleman who may apply and ask to see her, even though he might not enquire for her by her selected initials of C. A. T. *Frank Hartley* is the first who calls; she receives him veiled, and with her head averted; but he has proceeded but a little way in his declaration of love, when *Miss Fanny,* to his surprise, enters. He finishes his declaration, of course, to *Miss Fanny, Miss Bramble* (her head still averted) supposing his words to be addressed to her. To avoid a discovery, he slips out of the room, and *Miss Fanny* takes his place on the sofa. The yielding *Miss Bramble* then extends her hand to her supposed admirer, and they rise from the sofa together. Charmed with her conquest, she turns round to become better acquainted with him, and behold—her friend *Miss Fanny!*—what a *mis-apprehension!* But *Frank Hartley* has some other adventures. He is rather a gay fellow, and stays at his club too late sometimes. The night in question was one of them, and not being over sober, he fancies he has lost his watch, to recover which, *Thomas* (Mr COOPER) his trusty servant (very much addicted to punning) has placards printed and sent round to the pawnbrokers. In the morning his master finds his watch, and an application being made to him for a loan by a *Mr Williams* (Mr COATES) he unthinkingly promises he shall have it to-morrow. On the morrow he is disappointed of resources, but rather than disappoint his friend he resolves to pawn his watch. He accordingly presents it at the shop of *Money,* when, in consequence of the placards, he is detained on suspicion of theft; and for a time his character is in jeopardy; but by the subsequent appearance of *Miss Fanny, Mr Williams,* and *Thomas,* explanation takes place; and nothing is then wanting but the consent of the proper authority to the union of the lovers, which without much demur is obtained. The reader will see that this piece is of a pleasant texture, and the audience by their laughter show that they are of the same opinion. The puns abound—superabound even—but the tolerant spirit of the present age no longer considers punning as bad as picking pockets; and therefore authors occasionally take advantage, and season their productions too highly with this spice, an extreme which requires more than the caution of a punster to avoid. We have but little space to remark on the acting, which if it be not so rich as it might be, is yet sufficiently spirited not to hinder the naturally agreeable effect of the incidents. F. F.

MISTAKING THE SHELLS FOR THE KERNELS.—Toplady, a celebrated Methodist preacher of the last age, somewhere relates a story of a coxcomb, who told him that he had read over Euclid's Elements of Geometry one afternoon at his tea, only leaving out the A's and B's and crooked lines, which seemed to be intruded merely to retard his progress.—*Godwin's Thoughts on Man.*

PRAISE OF PATRIOTISM.

"If Themistocles
Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th' Athenian state,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves.
If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
He had not five times been Dictator there,
Nor four times triumph'd. If Epaminondas
(Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in Thebes)
Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd,
And paid his country nor himself their right;
But putting forth his strength, he rescued both
From imminent ruin: and like burnish'd steel,
After long use, he shin'd; for as the light
Not only serves to show, but render us
Mutually profitable; so our lives
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds by which we live."

Chapman's Bussy d'Ambois.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

M. LAPORTE respectfully begs leave to inform the NOBILITY, SUBSCRIBERS to the OPERA, and the PUBLIC, that this Theatre will open this Evening, with

A favorite Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

[By ROSSINI.]

The Principal Characters by Madame SIGL VESPERMANN.
Madame CASTELLI. Signor LABLACHE. Signor CURIONI.
Signor DEVILLE. Signor DE ANGELI. and Signor DE BEGNIS.

Between the Acts,

A NEW DIVERTISEMENT.

Principal Dancers. Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle CLARA,
Mademoiselle PROCHE, and Mademoiselle BROCARD,
Monsieur PAUL, Monsieur EMILE, and Monsieur LEFEBVRE.

After which, the Favorite Ballet, in Two Acts, of

LA SOMNAMBULE.

The Principal Characters by Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle KANIEL,
Mlle. CLARA, Mlle. PROCHE, Mlle. DE VIS, and Mme. COPERE,
Mesdames J. Mersio, Coupotte, Beseko, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, &c.
M. PAUL, M. EMILIE, M. SIMON, M. GOURIET, M. GEORGE,
M. D'ALBERT, and M. LEFEBVRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE IRON CHEST.

[By COLMAN, the Younger.]

Lady Helen, Miss PHILLIPS. Blanch, Mrs WAYLETT.
Barbara, Miss PEARSON, in which she will introduce a new Song, called
"The Gascon Vespers."—(D. Lee.)
Judith, Mrs FAUCIT. Dame Rawbold, Mrs BROAD.
Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr KEAN.
Fitzharding, Mr YOUNGE. Wilford, Mr VINING.
Adam Winterton, Mr FARREN. Rawbold, Mr COOPER.
Rawbold's Boy, Miss CRAWFORD. Sampson, Mr HARLEY.
Armstrong, Mr SINCLAIR. Orson, Mr BEDFORD.
Robbers, Mr Yarnold, Mr S. Jones, Mr Price, Mr Eaton.
Peter, Mr HONNER. Robber's Boy, Miss POOLE.

Previous to the Play, Spontini's Overture to "Nurmahal."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

On Monday, Richard the Third; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Operatic Drama, to be called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss FORDE. Liese, Miss E. TREE. Therese, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs GIBBS. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr WILSON. General Kienwitz, Mr BARTLEY.
Colonel Francœur, Mr ABBOT. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. PENSON.
Moritz, Mr BLANCHARD. Fritz Klaffen, Mr KEELEY.
Paul Richter, Miss TAYLOR. Hubert, Mr Irwin.

After the Drama, an Overture by J. N. Hummel.

After which, a New Petite Comedy, to be called

MARRIED LOVERS.

The Songs, composed by Mr Barnett.

Duchess D'Orleans, Miss FORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.
Pierre, Mr Irwin. Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight.—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumpnal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

On Monday, Fazio; Married Lovers; and the Pantomime.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,
TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

An Occasional Address, written by J. LUNN, Esq. To be Spoken by Mrs GLOVER.
After which will be presented a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss WELLS. Miss AYRES.
And Mr FORRESTER.

Previous to which, a New MS. Overture, by a Student of the Royal Academy of Music. And previous to the Entertainment, Rossini's Overture to 'Tancredi.'

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

Lady Courtall, Miss DALY. Grace Gaylove, Mrs FITZWILLIAM.
Sir Charles Courtall, Mr YATES. Sharp, Mr J. REEVE.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blanchec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Drama, altered from MORTON'S Play of 'Town and Country', entitled

THE PASTOR'S FIRESIDE.

The Principal Characters by Miss SCOTT, Miss SOMERVILLE,
Miss Nicol, Madame Simon, Miss Rumens, Miss H. Boden, and Mrs Rogers.
Mr C. Hill, Mr Gough, Mr Honner, Mr D. Pitt,
Mr WILLIAMS, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr VALE,
Mr Almar, Mr Hobbs, Mr Young, Mr Amherst, Mr Tully, and Mr Webb.

To conclude with the admired Melo-Drama, entitled

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

[By E. FITZBALL, Esq.]

The Dumb Sailor Boy, Miss Scott. Amelia, Miss Jordan.
Becky Butterfly, Mrs Vale. Mrs Tapps, Miss Rumens.
Sir John Trevanley, Mr Gough. Hans Hatzock, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Guy Ruthven, Mr C. Hill. Captain Taffrail, Mr Honner.
Samson Sawdust, Mr VALE. Jupiter Seabreeze, Mr Rogers.

COBURG THEATRE.—Bonaparte's Destiny—The Silver Knight—Jack Sheppard—And Ali Halow Seen.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose—And Satisfied.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

OWING to the protracted and severe indisposition of the Editor, several interesting new works have not yet received the notice they deserve, and which is intended for them. He hopes however, that he shall need the indulgence of the reader but for a day or two longer. In the middle of the week, it is trusted, he will be able to resume his duties in the paper, and continue them without further interruption. In the meantime, the extracts which follow, from works about to be reviewed, may enable the reader to judge both of the works themselves, and of the justness of the remarks which will subsequently appear.

Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries; interspersed with some particulars respecting the Author. By William Gordon. 8vo. Wilson. (Unpublished.)

[Further Extracts.]

MILDNESS IN THE INSTRUCTOR MOST BENEFICIAL TO THE INSTRUCTED.—'An ingenuous youth, endowed with sufficient capacity for the business prescribed him, may be led on in the path of intellectual acquisition and improvement with a silken cord. It will demand a certain degree of patience on the part of the instructor. But Heaven knows, that this patience is sufficiently called into requisition when the instructor shall be the greatest disciplinarian that ever existed. Kind tones and encouragement will animate the learner amidst many a difficult pass. A grave remark may perhaps sometimes be called for. And, if the preceptor and the pupil have gone on like friends, a grave remark, a look expressive of rebuke, will be found a very powerful engine. The instructor should smooth the business of instruction to his pupil, by appealing to his understanding, developing his taste, and assisting him to remark the beauties of the composition on which he is occupied.

'I come now then to the consideration of the two engines mentioned in the commencement of this Essay, reprehension and chastisement. And here, as in what went before, I am reduced to the referring to my own experience, and looking back into the history of my own mind.

'I say then, that reprehension and reprimand can scarcely ever be necessary. The pupil should undoubtedly be informed when he is wrong. He should be told what it is that he ought to have omitted, and that he ought to have done. There should be no reserve in this. It will be worthy of the highest censure, if on these points the instructor should be mealy-mouthed, or hesitate to tell the pupil in the plainest terms, of his faults, his bad habits, and the dangers that beset his onward and honourable path.

'But this may be best, and most beneficially done, and in a way most suitable to the exigence, and to the party to be corrected, in a few words. The rest is all an unwholesome tumour, the disease of speech, and not the sound and healthful substance through which its circulation and life are conveyed.

'There is always danger of this excrescence of speech, where the speaker is the umpire, and feels himself at liberty, unreproved, to say what he pleases. He is charmed with the sound of his own voice. The periods flow numerous from his tongue, and he gets on at his ease. There is in all this an image of empire; and the human mind is ever prone to be delighted in the exercise of unrestricted authority. The pupil in this case stands before his instructor in an attitude humble, submissive, and bowing to the admonition that is communicated to him. The speaker says more than it was in his purpose to say; and he knows not how to arrest himself in his triumphant career. He believes that he is in no danger of excess, and recollects the old proverb that "words break no bones."

'But a syllable more than is necessary and justly measured, is materially of evil operation to ingenuous youth. The mind of such a youth is tender and flexible, and easily swayed one way or the other. He believes almost everything that he is bid to believe; and the admonition that is given him with all the symptoms of friendliness and sincerity he is prompt to subscribe to. If this is wantonly aggravated to him, he feels the oppression, and is galled with the injustice. He knows himself guiltless of premeditated wrong. He has not yet learned that his condition is that of a slave; and he feels a certain impatience at his being considered as such, though he probably does not venture to express it. He shuts up the sense of this despotism in his own bosom; and it is his first lesson of independence, and rebellion, and original sin.'—P. 264.

ON FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN UNEQUALS.—'The reciprocity which belongs to a friendship between unequals may well be expected to give a higher zest to their union. Each party is necessary to the other. The superior considers him towards whom he pours out his affection, as a part of himself.

'The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth.

He cannot separate himself from him, but at the cost of a fearful maim. When the world is shut out by him, when he retires into solitude, and falls back upon himself, then his unpretending friend is most of all necessary to him. He is his consolation and his pleasure, the safe coffer in which he reposits all his anxieties and sorrows. If the principal, instead of being a public man, is a man of science, this kind of unbending becomes certainly not the less welcome to him. He wishes occasionally to forget the severity of his investigations, neither to have his mind any longer wound up and stretched to the height of meditation, nor to feel that he needs to be any way on his guard, or not completely to give the rein to all his sallies and the sportiveness of his soul. Having been for a considerable time shut up in sequestered reflection, he wishes, it may be, to have the world, the busy impassioned world, brought to his ears, without his being obliged to enter into its formalities and mummeries. If he desires to speak of the topics which had so deeply engaged him, he can keep as near the edge as he pleases, and drop or resume them as his fancy may prompt. And it seems useless to say, how much his modest and unassuming friend will be gratified in being instrumental to relieve the labours of his principal, in feeling that he is necessary to him, and in meditating on the delight he receives in being made the chosen companion and confident of him whom he so ardently admires. It was precisely in this spirit, that Fulke Greville, two hundred years ago, directed that it should be inscribed on his tomb, "Here lies the friend of Sir Philip Sidney." Tenderness on the one part, and a deep feeling of honour and respect on the other, give a completeness to the union which it must otherwise for ever want. "There is no limit, none," to the fervour with which the stronger goes forward to protect the weak; while in return the less powerful would encounter a thousand deaths rather than injury should befall the being to whom in generosity and affection he owes so much.

'In the mean time, though inequality is necessary to give this completeness to friendship, the inequality must not be too great. The inferior party must be able to understand and appreciate the sense and the merits of him to whom he is thus bound. There must be no impediment to hinder the communications of the principal from being fully comprehended, and his sentiments entirely participated. There must be a boundless confidence, without apprehension that the power of the stronger party can, by the remotest possibility, be put forth ungenerously. "Perfect love casteth out fear." The Evangelist applies this aphorism even to the love of the creature to his Creator:—"The Lord spake unto Moses, face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." In the union of which I am treating, the demonstrative and ordinary appearance will be that of entire equality, which is heightened by the inner, and for the greater part unexplained and undeveloped, impression of a contrary nature. There is in either party a perfect reliance, an idea of inequality, with the most entire assurance that it can never operate unworthily in the stronger party, or produce insincerity or servility in the weaker. There will in reality always be some reserve, some shadow of fear between equals, which in the friendship of unequals, if happily assorted, can find no place. There is a pouring out of the heart on the one side, and a cordial acceptance on the other, which words are inadequate to describe.'—P. 286.

The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.—By Allan Cunningham. Vol. IV. (Being Vol. XIX of the Family Library.)

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—'The king, (Charles II.) who, without any love of literature, had some skill in mechanics and taste in architecture, preferred looking at works which required little outlay of thought—his eye was nearly all that he had to gratify, and for this single polite taste Wren was the prime minister. I have already related how his original draught for St Paul's was rejected by the court and clergy: it may not be so fair, perhaps, to estimate his genius by what he merely planned as by that which he successfully executed; yet surely the former should not be altogether overlooked. In the rejected design there is an unbroken grandeur of outline and interior breadth and harmony of parts,

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with solid majesty of elevation, to which the other cannot reach. The inward angles of the cross are judiciously exchanged for circles, avoiding those deep dark nooks, which, in the present structure, are fitted only for gathering all the dust and filth with which the breeze is laden; while in the interior the jutting angles, which at present impede the view and disunite the harmonious arrangement of the structure, are converted into circular lines, which give a wonderful elegance and simplicity to the whole plan. Yet excelled as the design of the actual Cathedral is by that which was unhappily rejected—it has merits which place it first in outward majesty, and second in internal grandeur amongst the churches of Christendom. Buried amidst a thick-piled city—hampered as its architect had felt himself in planning the western front to suit that narrow aperture called Ludgate hill—composed as it is of free-stone, and not of marble, and stained with all the impurities of sea-coal smoke—St Paul's never fails to fill the mind of the commonest beholder with admiration at its exquisite unity, and varied and boundless magnificence. To construct a small work, pleasing at once from its beauty and neatness, is something; but to conceive and unite the many distant and distinct parts of such an immense pile as this into one complete whole, tying them elegantly together with that magic band which is at once their ornament and security, like the sculptured key-stone of a triumphal arch, requires a master spirit. There is, perhaps, no one part of the existing Cathedral that equals the celebrated Corinthian portico of Inigo Jones; the merit of Wren lay in observing the proprieties of art—he has few bold, masterly hits—few unlooked-for beauties; there is no little space in the pile on which he has, as it were, condensed his strength—his glory lies in the entire structure—in his unrivalled skill in balancing and combining all the members of his edifice into one consistent and harmonious whole. This is to have in architecture a genius of the Epic order. "A variety of knowledge," says Walpole, "proclaims the universality, a multiplicity of works the abundance, St Paul's the greatness, of Sir Christopher's mind. Our noblest temple (St Paul's), our largest palace (Hampton Court), our most sumptuous hospital (Greenwich), are all works of the same hand."'

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

A Reason for Non-Belief.—"A lady once asked me," says Mr Coleridge, "if I believed in ghosts and apparitions?" I answered, with truth and simplicity, "No, madam; I have seen far too many myself."

A Gentleman.—The following is the negro's definition of a gentleman:—"Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make ebery ting workee, only de hog:—he no workee: he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he please, he liff like a gentleman."—*West India Paper.*

A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great Emperor—what are *you* to him." The Emperor replied, "*I shave him.*"

Rising and Falling.—Lord Lovat, who was beheaded for the part he took in the rebellion of 1745, had not risen from bed for the two preceding years. When the news of the Prince's landing was communicated to him, he started up and cried—"Lassie, bring me my brogues—*I'll rise noo.*"

Force of Habit.—Dr Armstrong, in lecturing upon inflammation of the brain, remarked on the tendency, in some cases of delirium, of the patient to display in his ramblings the most predominant feeling, and quoted the case of a Justice's clerk, who, during the progress of the delirium, was constantly engaged in swearing in witnesses, one after another, very rapidly; and he invariably concluded by saying, "So help you God—kiss the book—*a shilling.*"

Paste and Diamonds.—John Palmer, the celebrated actor, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally followed the same humble occupation himself, being one evening in the green-room, strutting in a pair of glittering buckles, a by-stander remarked that they really resembled diamonds. "Sir," said Palmer with some warmth, "I would have you know I never wear anything but *diamonds.*". "I ask your pardon," replied the other, "I remember the time when you wore nothing but *paste.*" The laugh was much heightened by Bannister exclaiming, "Jack, why don't you *stick him against the wall?*"

Talma was born in Paris about the year 1770. He was remarked as an intelligent and peculiarly sensitive child. It was customary in the French schools, as here, to perform a little theatrical piece on the breaking up of the holidays. Talma, then a child of eight years old, played in one of those plays on the story of Tamerlane. His part was that of a confidant, who closed the play by announcing to Tamerlane the death of his son, the bosom friend of the reciter. The child's story was told in a burst of real sorrow, which surprised the audience. However, the curtain fell; and the little actors had dispersed to get rid of their robes; when Talma was missed, and was not found till after some search in a corner, still wrapped in his robe of tragedy, and weeping bitterly at the misfortune of the imperial dynasty. He would scarcely receive comfort, and was for a week ill in consequence of his loyal sorrows.

It was lately observed by a wag, who had got over head and ears in debt, that so far from this having proved detrimental to his character, he had obtained *great credit* by so doing.

Self-Knowledge and the Knowledge of Others.—"What I have known with respect to myself," says Dr Priestley, "has tended much to lessen both my admiration and my contempt of others."

Love and Cruelty.—We are indebted to Brantome for the following anecdote of the devotedness of lovers in "the olden time." In the reign of Francis I, of France, a young woman having a talkative lover, ordered him to be dumb. His obedience for two long years made all the world believe that he was sunk in melancholy: One day, in a numerous assembly, the young woman, who was not known to be his mistress, undertook to cure him, and did it with a single word—"Speak!"

Characteristic Anecdote of Foote and Dr Johnson.—Shakspeare makes Falstaff not only witty, but the cause of wit in others; and Goldsmith said, that no man could be in Caleb Whiteford's company, without catching the itch of punning.—The English Aristophanes, as Foote was called, was one of these; and no greater proof can be given of his comic powers, than in the following anecdote, related by Dr Johnson:—"The first time," said he, "I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased,—and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog became so irresistibly comic, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in the chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible."

A Feeling Actress.—The celebrated Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, of the theatre Française, passing through the streets at a late hour, on a raw cold night, was accosted by a poor woman with four little children, who in a tone of bitter suffering, beseeched the actress to take pity on her destitute condition. Mademoiselle Lecouvreur searched in her pockets, and finding nothing, "Wait," said she, "my good woman, I will give you more than you could have hoped for;" and instantly throwing off her mantle, she began to recite the imprecations of *Camilla*, with a vehemence and superior talents, that soon collected a crowd around her, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season. She then made a collection among the audience, and with the fruits of her charitable exertion gave the poor woman a sufficient sum to provide lodgings and clothes for her infants.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

Drury Lane.—The Iron Chest.—And the Pantomime.

Covent Garden.—Romance of a Day.—Married Lovers.—And the Pantomime.

Opera House.

The King's Theatre opened for the season on Saturday evening, with *Il Barbiere di Siviglia;* the first opera by Rossini that was performed in this country (if we are not deceived) and which at once caused his popularity to strike root. That it should do so might be expected, for it is calculated to please every class of persons who delight in dramatic music. The overture is far from being the worst of his compositions—which is saying little—for, with the exception of the principal movements in the *Guillaume Tell*, we cannot name one of his overtures that we should select for a concert performance. Some of them are mere trumpery and *tappage;* that to *Tancredi*, for instance, and which the nodding heads of the million conspire to glorify, is unworthy of any musician above the rank of the "Oscar and Malvina" school. Yet we acknowledge that, generally speaking, the *introduzzioni* to his overtures are the best and most musician-like movements of those compositions, and on which the lover of harmonious combination delights to repose, always excepting a finely constructed fugue upon a beautiful subject; that is the triumph of the science, but that glory unfortunately, Rossini has not yet achieved. He has been content to catch the clapping hands of a giddy multitude; and so long as they were pleased, to remain satisfied with himself. This is not true greatness—it has more the air of lucky cleverity. Rossini has always appeared to us like a superior man, constantly associated with his inferiors, and perfectly content with his own exertions so long as his company were so. He has been called the Walter Scott of music—the comparison holds good chiefly as regards the fecundity of his genius, and his regularly periodical procreation: and we believe that here the comparison must close.

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In the first instance, Rossini has not the variety of the great novelist: it is notorious that an impassioned composition of his, may, like a theatrical dress, be put on to the most opposite characters, and appear equally consistent. He has been too indifferent with regard to adapting style to character; or, we should rather conclude, that in this respect his genius is confined, and that he has not a strong perception of the *shades* of character. This cannot be said of Sir Walter Scott; for not only has he almost faithfully maintained the integrity of his delineations, but he has *originated* more than our clever Opera composer. We know no musical heroes of his that can compare in strength of colouring, accuracy of discrimination, and variety of design with the favourites in the Waverley novels. We need not enumerate them. Suffice to say, that Rossini is a man of undoubted genius, but one who has preferred wealth to fame—and "verily he hath his reward."

The *Barbiere* is a delightful opera, and perhaps exhibits fewer of the writer's common-places than any he has written. It contains many charming melodies, as pleasant and well-contrasted concerted pieces, and constantly-repeated characteristic effects for the band. It is "champagne first, champagne last, champagne midst—and without end."

With one or two exceptions, and which will appear presently, we have seldom heard an opera upon the whole more crisply performed. Signor Lablache, and who was the chief attraction of the evening, performed the part of *Figaro*. He possesses the finest qualifications for an operatic performer: a gigantic voice, yet musical; a correct ear, a sound judgment, a good knowledge of music, a pure and finished style, and apparently a strong memory, for we have never yet detected him at fault, and upon more than one occasion have seen him (as on Saturday evening) give the cue to another in the midst of a quintett or sestett. Add to all this, he is a very fine actor, ever alive in filling in the minor touches of his part; a man of real humour, and, unless we are greatly deceived, of strong sensibility. It was perfectly delightful to see his Titanian figure come bounding on to the stage like a mad elephant in a fresh prairie—"wisest of brutes." "To make us mirth, he used all his might," and he succeeded. If the manager know the true value of this fine actor, he will this season confute the ill-natured sneer that he can perform but *one* character,—the writer of which surely did not witness his performance of *Leporello*—his perfect singing and acting in the "Madamina;" and the still finer scene in the cemetery, in which his countenance at last became quite horrific.

Signor De Begnis played the part of *Dr Bartolo*, not in his finest style, but very admirably. Signor Curioni too, in the part of the Count, gave us more pleasure than we have been accustomed to receive from him for several past seasons. What was unusual with him, he was perfect in his part; what was still more unusual, he sang in tune; and to complete the surprise he had prepared for us, he played with spirit. A new soprano (Madame Sigl Vespermann) made her *debut* in the part of *Rosina*. An apology having been made for her on account of indisposition from cold, it would be injudicious to decide upon the real quality of her voice; but we suspect that it will prove to be somewhat "declined into the vale of years;" many of her notes strongly reminded us of Madame Lalande. Moreover, she delights in the Arabesque of singing, appending uncouth tails and flourishes to her figures, and even repeating over and over again the hateful, and fortunately worn-out slur of semi-tones.

After the opera, the whole company came forward, and sang the national air of "God save the King." Miss Ayton sang one verse in solo, and all through out of tune, with so horrible a sturdiness of purpose, that it had all the effect of a joke. The countenances of La Blache and De Begnis upon the occasion, were amusingly edifying. What characters does M. Laporte propose for Miss Ayton?

The lovely ballet of *La Somnambule* concluded the performance of the evening. Madame Montessu, who is a charming dancer, played the chief character, and in a style of dumb pathos that we could with delight have dwelt upon at some length—but "the devil who comes for copy" insists upon *our* coming to a close. C.

Drury Lane.

The play of the *Iron Chest*, in which Mr Kean appeared on Saturday last, is founded, as most of our readers know, on Godwin's novel of *Caleb Williams*, a production, which is second to none in the intense interest which it preserves throughout, and powerful moreover in the vigour with which some of the characters are drawn. The play is decidedly inferior to the novel; but the dramatist has contrived to lighten the gloomy tenor of the story by the introduction of a sprinkling of the comic. *Sir Edward Mortimer*, (the *Falkland* of Godwin) has reversed the wise maxim of Addison, that "a man's first care should be to obtain the approbation of his own heart, his next, to escape the censure of the world;" and regarding the fleeting fame which the world can afford him if his conduct shall but *seem* to merit it, he becomes regardless of higher considerations; is contented to know himself a liar, a murderer, a false accuser, provided he can keep the reputation of a man of honour. Although the play is well known, a slight advertence to the plot may be acceptable. The reader will remember that *Mortimer* having been grossly insulted by a vulgar rival in provincial influence, waylays the latter and kills him; that an inquiry takes place, out of which *Mortimer* on the strength of his high character, comes out triumphant; he lives, however, but to be the victim of remorse and constant apprehension that his guilt will be discovered, and his good name be lost. A dagger and other proofs of his guilt he conceals in an Iron Chest; his secretary *Wilford*, induced by curiosity, opens the lid of this chest, during the temporary absence of *Mortimer* from the room; *Mortimer*, enters and surprises him, and apprehensive that his secret has been discovered, obliges *Wilford* to take an oath never to divulge it. He then relates to him the dreadful fact; *Wilford* is confounded with horror, and determines to quit the mansion instantly; he flies, is brought back and falsely accused of theft by *Mortimer*, who had placed in his box certain jewels and papers which had been in the iron chest. The guilt of *Wilford* appears incontestible, and he is about to be consigned to the officers of justice, when suddenly the baseness of *Mortimer* is made manifest. In removing the papers alleged to be stolen, he had unknowingly removed with them, a paper containing the fatal dagger; that dagger now falls on the ground before him; appalled and brain-stricken he seeks no longer to hide his crimes; he expresses contrition for his injuries to *Wilford*, and dies in a state of distraction.

There is considerable scope for the talents of a great tragic actor in the character of *Mortimer*, and it has always been regarded as a part calculated to elicit some of the finest powers of Mr Kean. He played it on Saturday with his usual judgment, but with some abatement as to physical power. Nothing could be finer than the manner of his disclosing his guilt to *Wilford*; when he told how his enemy after the fatal blow fell, his imagination seemed to conjure up the past before him, and as he stared on vacancy, he appeared to be following with his eye the falling man to the earth. His dying scene was also beautifully effective, exhibiting all the conflicting emotions of guilt, shame, contrition, and a distracted mind.

The applause was vehement; and on Mr Younge appearing to announce the performances for Monday, Kean was called for, most vociferously; he did not, however, appear; and, in consequence an incessant noise was kept up during the performance of the subsequent overture. Mr Vining played *Wilford* very respectably; and in some passages, with an energy and feeling which we hardly expected. Harley's *Samson* is one of his best characters. The mixed simplicity, roguishness (the word seems too hard), and kind-heartedness of the part were all fully brought out; and a humour blended with the whole which made the representation highly amusing. Miss Phillips in *Blanch* had not much to do. This lady always appears to take great pains. She would succeed better if she could avoid a certain formality of manner, which has very much the air of a person *lecturing*. F. F.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of
KING RICHARD III.
[By SHAKSPEARE].

Elizabeth, Queen of Edward the Fourth, Mrs FAUCIT.
Lady Anne, Miss FAUCIT. Duchess of York, Mrs Webster.
King Henry, Mr Younge. Prince of Wales, Miss Chikini.
Duke of York, Miss Poole. Duke of Norfolk, Mr Thompson.
Duke of Glo'ster, Mr KEAN.
Earl of Oxford, Mr Howard. Lord Stanley, Mr Hammerton.
Duke of Buckingham, Mr COOPER. Earl of Richmond, Mr WALLACK.
Lord Mayor, Mr Andrews. Sir Robert Brackenbury, Mr Yarnold.
Sir William Catesby, Mr Cooke. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Mr Cathie.
Sir Walter Blunt, Mr Eaton. Tressel, Mr J. Vining. Tyrrel, Mr Honner.

Previous to the Tragedy, (1st time in this Country) Freidrich Kuhlau's Overture to the Opera, called 'William Shakspeare.'

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV, Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Billboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, William Tell; and the Devil's Brother.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of
FAZIO.
[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Miss TAYLOR, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.
After the Tragedy, an Overture by J. N. Hummel.

After which, a New Petite Comedy, to be called
MARRIED LOVERS.

The Songs, composed by Mr Barnett.

Duchess D'Orleans, Miss FORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.
Pierre, Mr Irwin. Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Varietés.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par
First appearance of Mons. BOUFFE, who is engaged for 12 nights only.
LE DUEL ET LE DEJEUNER.
Vaudeville en Un Acte, de Theâtre des Variétés.
Madame de St. Léon, Mademoiselle St. Ange.
Dugazon, Descessards, Comediens du Theâtre Français, M. Gamard et M. Préval.
Le Colonel St. Léon, M. Alfred. Lecoq, son Garde Chasse, M. Guenée.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de
LE MARCHAND DE LA RUE SAINT DENIS.
Vaudeville nouveau en Trois Actes, de MM. BRAZIER et de VILLENEUVE.
Madame Dumont, Mme. Préval. Henriette, sa Fille, Mlle. Florval.
Séraphine, Nièce de Madame Dumont, Mlle. St. Ange.
Octavie, Fille de Beaupré, Mlle. Eliza. Marguerite, Gouvernante, Mlle. Emma.
Jeannette, Nourrice, Mlle. Corra.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Théophile, (his original Character)
M. Dumont, Marchand de Soiries, M. St. Aubert.
Dorvilliers, Magistrat, M. DERVAL. Edouard, son Fils, M. Alfred.
Le Baron Beaupré, M. Cloup. Le Maire, M. Paulin.
Jocard, Garçon de Bureau, M. Preval. Un Auvergnat, M. Granville.
Un Garçon de Caisse, M. Arnaud. Un Vétéran, M. Guenée.

On Finira par
LA MAISON EN LOTERIE.
Vaudeville en Un Acte de PICARD.
Mademoiselle Verneuil, Marchande de Mode, Mademoiselle Eliza.
Toinette, Servante de Jacquillard, Mlle. St Ange.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Rigaudin.
M. Jacquillard, vieux Notaire, M. Préval. Charles, Valet de Chambre, M. Alfred.
Tapineau, Tambour de Village, M. Arnaud.

QUEEN'S THEATRE, TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

After which will be presented a New Operatic Piece, entitled
GALATEA.
From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.

At the end of the Opera, a Fantasia on the Oboe, by Mr Grattan Cooke.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled
THREE TO ONE.
The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss WELLS. Miss AYRES.
And Mr FORRESTER.

In the course of the Evening, Winter's Overture to 'Zaira,' and Mozart's Overture to 'Il Don Giovanni.'

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called
EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called
GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

To conclude with the Burlesque Burletta, called
THE QUADRUPEDS.
The Characters by Miss Daly, Mr O. Smith, and Mr J. Reeve.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called
THE CHASTE SALUTE
[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.
[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
[By Mr C. DANCE.]

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

Will be revived the celebrated Drama, entitled
THE ITALIAN WIFE.
Bianca, Miss M. C. POOLE,
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott, Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Venice, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Gonsalvo, Mr Gough, Falsetto, Mr Honner,
Giraldi Fazio, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Bartolo, Mr Williams, Philario, Mr Almar, Antonio, Mr Young,
Theodore, Mr Webb, Piero, Mr Lee, Gentleman, Mr Tully, Keeper, Mr Hobbs

After which, the favourite Drama of
A HUSBAND AT SIGHT.
The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss Vincent, Madame Simon,
Mr C. Hill, Mr Vale, Mr Williams, Mr Lee, Mr Boulanger, and Mr Grammer.

To conclude with, the Grand Serious Spectacle, in Two Acts, entitled
OBI: OR, THREE-FINGER'D JACK!
With the original Music, by the late Dr Arnold.
Rosa, Madame Simon. Quashee's Wife, Mrs Vale. Sam's Wife, Miss Jordan.
Captain Orford, Mr Honner. Planter, Mr Almar.
Overseer, Mr Edwin. Three-Finger'd Jack, Mr C. Hill.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Spectre of the Castle—The Night Hag—And Elizabeth.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

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Nº 135.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Book of the Seasons; or the Calendar of Nature. By William Howitt. 12mo. pp. 404. Colburn and Bentley.

FEBRUARY.

As I have already observed, I regard this as the most cheerless month in the year. There may be pleasant varieties of it; the latter end may, and frequently is, much more agreeable than the commencement; but, as a whole, it is as I have characterised it. It is at once damp and foggy. Besides the earth being saturated with a whole winter's moisture, there is generally abundance of rain during this month, so much so as to have acquired for it the cognomen of "February fill-dike." The frosts and snows which have been locking up and burying the earth for weeks and months, are now giving way, and what is so cheerless and chilly as A GREAT THAW? There is a lack of comfort felt everywhere. In real winter weather, the clear frosty air sharply saluted the face by day, and revealed to the eye at night a scene of pure and sublime splendour in the lofty and intensely blue sky, glittering with congregated stars, or irradiated with the placid moon. There was a sense of vigour, of elasticity, of freshness about you, which made it welcome; but now, most commonly, by day or by night, the sky is hidden in impenetrable vapour; the earth is sodden and splashy with wet; and even the very fireside does not escape the comfortless sense of humidity. Everything presents to the eye, accustomed so long to the brightness of clear frosts, and the pure whiteness of snow, a dingy and soiled aspect. All things are dripping with wet; it hangs upon the walls like a heavy dew; it penetrates into the drawers and wardrobes of our warmest chambers; and you are surprised at the unusual dampness of your clothes, linen, books, and papers; and, in short, almost everything you have occasion to examine. Brick and stone floors are now dangerous things for delicate and thinly-shod people to stand upon. To this source, and in fact to the damps of this month, operating in various ways, may be attributed not a few of the colds, coughs, and consumptions so prevalent in England. Pavements are frequently so much elevated by the expansion of the moisture beneath, as to obstruct the opening and shutting of doors and gates, and your gravel walks resemble saturated sponges. Abroad, the streets are flooded with muddy water, and slippery with patches of half-thawed ice and snow, which strike through your shoes in a moment. The houses, and all objects whatever, have a dirty and disconsolate aspect; and clouds of dim and smoky haze hover over the whole dispiriting scene. In the country, the prospect is not much better; the roads are full of mire. Instead of the enchantments of hoar-frost, you have naked hedges, sallow and decaying meads beneath them, brown and wet pastures, and sheets of ice, but recently affording so much fine exercise to skaiters and sliders, half submersed in water, full of great cracks, scattered with straws and dirty patches, and stones half liberated by the thaw:—such are the miserable features of the time.

Let us felicitate ourselves that such joyless period is seldom of long duration. The winds of March speedily come piping their jovial strains; clearing the face of the blessed heavens from their sullen veil of clouds, and sweeping away the superabundant moisture from earth and air. Oh! blithe and animating is the breath of March! It is like a cool but spirit-stirring draught of some ancient vintage; elating but not enervating the heart; deadening the memory of past evil, and expanding it to the delicious hope of future delights. So precious a boon, however, is not exclusively permitted to March: February is often allowed to be a liberal partaker ere its close, and we have known the winds lift up their voices this month with all their triumphant and sonorous energy. Nothing can perhaps illustrate so livingly our idea of a spirit as a mighty wind—present in its amazing power and sublimity, yet seen only in its effects. We are whirled along with its careering torrent with irresistible power; we are driven before it, as Miss Mitford says, as by a steam-engine. How it comes rushing and roaring over the house, like the billows of a mighty ocean! Then for the banging of doors, the screaming and creaking of signs, the down toppling of crazy gables, the showering of tiles upon the pavement, as if the bomb-shells of a besieging army were demolishing the roofs, and rendering it even death to walk the streets! Then for a scene of awful grandeur upon the glorious ocean. That which, but an hour before, was calm and sun-bright, a variety of vessels lying at anchor, or sailing to and fro in serene beauty, *then* is a scene of sublime and chaotic uproar!—the waves rolling and foaming, and dashing their spray over rocks, pier-heads, houses, and even over the loftiest towers and churches too, as I have seen it, to an amazing extent, till the water ran down the walls like rain, and the windows, at a great distance from the beach, were covered with a salt incrustation—the vessels, meanwhile, labouring amidst the riotous billows as for life, and tugging at their cables as if mad for their escape. Many a beautiful, many a wild, many an animating spectacle is to be witnessed on the shore of our happy isle in such moments. What anxious groups are collected on the quays of populous ports! What lonely peril is encountered on distant strands, where the solitary fisherman picks up a troubled and precarious livelihood!

Then, too, for the most animated scene which the inland country can exhibit in all the twelve months, a scene mixed with no slight touches of the grotesque. Wherever you go, the people, perhaps suddenly aroused from the tranquil fireside of a Sunday afternoon, are swarming upon the roofs of their houses like bees startled from their cells by the unexpected appearance of some formidable intruder, toiling to resist the outrageous attack of the storm upon the thatch; which is, here and there, torn clean from the rafters, and in other places heaves and pants as if impatient to try a flight into the next field or garden. There is an universal erection of ladders, a bustling, anxious laying on of logs, rails, harrows, or whatever may come to hand, to keep down the mutinous roof. Old wives, with spectacled noses and kerchiefs incontinently tied over their mob caps, are seen reconnoitring pig-sties, hen-roosts, &c. lest they be blown down, or something be blown down upon them. What a solemn and sublime roar too, there is in the woods—a sound as if of tempestuous seas! Whatever poetical spirit can hear it without being influenced by incommunicable ideas of power, majesty, and the stupendous energies of the elements!

"Oh storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!"

What picturesque ruin is there scattered around you! Trees overwhelmed, immense branches torn down, small boughs broken, and dry leaves whirled along, or quivering in the air like birds. What a harvest of decayed sticks for the Goody Blakes, who, with their checked aprons held up, will not fail to discover it! What a harvest, too, for the newspapers, which will be filled for a season with calamitous accounts of accidents and deaths by falling of chimneys, shipwrecks, and so forth!

Towards the end of the month, we are gladdened with symptoms of approaching spring. On warm banks the commencement of vegetation is perceptible, the sap is stirring in the trees, swelling and feeding the buds; in gardens a variety of green things are peeping from the earth, and snow-drops, hepaticas, &c. are actually in bloom.

In towns it is a cheering sight, even when all without is frosty and wintry, to see, as we pass, in cottage-windows, tufts of crocuses and snow-drops flowering in pots; and in those of wealthier dwellings hyacinths, narcissi, &c. in glasses, displaying their bulbs and long fibrous roots in the clear water below, and the verdure and flowery freshness of summer above. It is a sight truly English. It is in accordance with our ideas of home-comfort and elegance. If we are to believe travellers, in no country is the domestic culture of flowers so much attended to as in this. I trust this will always be a prevailing taste with us. There is something pure and refreshing in the appearance of plants in a room, and watched and waited on, as they are generally, by the gentler sex, they are links in many pleasant associations. They are the cherished favourites of our mothers, wives, sisters, and friends not less dear, and connect themselves in our minds with their feminine delicacy, loveliness, and affectionate habits and sentiments.'

"THEY SAY," A SUSPICIOUS AUTHORITY.—"They say" tells that which is not true at least three quarters of the time. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely was there ever a suspicious report put in circulation but this Mr They Say was the author of it; and he always escapes responsibility and detection, because, living nowhere, he can never be found. Who said that Mr E., the merchant, was supposed to be in a falling condition?—Why, "They say" so. On what authority do you affirm that neighbour Tomkins has been in bad company?—Why, "They say" so. Is it a fact that Miss —— is not so circumspect and chaste as she should be?—Why, "They say" so. Plague on this Mr They Say—he is a half-brother to Mr Nobody, who does all the mischief, and lives nowhere but in the inventive brain of those who, undeserving respect themselves, are desirous to pull down others to their own level.—We always suspect the truth of a report which comes from the authority—"They say."

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

WHY AND BECAUSE.—A rich man making his will, left handsome legacies to all his domestics except his steward. On being asked the reason for this exception: "I leave him out," said he, "because he has been in my service for more than twenty years."

GRASPING AT TOO MUCH.—A celebrated Irish Judge, in passing sentence on a thief who had been convicted of stealing a time-piece in a dwelling-house, said "that in grasping at time, he had reached eternity."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.—A black servant, being examined in the Church Catechism, by the minister of the parish, was asked, "What are you made of?" Cato answered, "Of mud, massa." On being told he should say, "of dust," he replied, "No, massa, it no do—no stick togedder."

FORCE OF HABIT.—It is said of a celebrated Bath physician, that he could not prescribe even for himself without a fee, and therefore when unwell, he took a guinea out of one pocket, and put it in the other.

DELICATE FLATTERY.—In the Bristol market, a lady laying her hand on a joint of veal, said, "I think, Mr B., this veal is not quite so white as usual."—"Put on your glove, madam," replied the dealer, "and you will think differently."

A THIN HOUSE ACCOUNTED FOR.—The author of a play, at its second representation, which happened soon after war was declared between France and England,—seeing the house was very thin, observed to Morton the dramatist, who sat near him in the pit, "The thinness of the house is owing, I suppose, to the *war*." "No, sir," said Morton—"to the *piece*."

CASTLES IN THE AIR.—Dr John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester in the reign of Charles II, had attempted to show the possibility of a voyage to the moon. The Duchess of Newcastle, who had written thirteen volumes upon speculative subjects, meeting the Bishop one evening at a concert, accosted him thus:—"My Lord, suppose you were able to carry me to the moon, where am I to abide in my way thither?"—"Madam," said he, "of all the people in the world, I should not have expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air, that you might sleep every night in one of them."

INTERJECTIONS.—These, which have been called brute sounds, and supposed to be destitute of meaning, may often be traced to significant words. Few exclamations are, at first hearing, less intelligible than those used by huntsmen—*Tally ho!* and *Halloo!* But the former of these has been clearly traced to the French, *au taillí!* "to cover!" and the latter has been conjectured to originate in the cry still used by wolf-hunters in France, *au loup!* "To the wolf!"

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."—M. de Lagny, of the Academy of Sciences, who was a clever mathematician, having become insensible in his last illness, M. Maupertuis approached his bed, and endeavoured to rouse him by calling aloud several times. At last he exclaimed, "Monsieur de Lagny, what is the square of twelve?"—"One hundred and forty-four," answered the other; and in a few minutes after, expired.

SLEEPING IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Doddington was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, and others, one of the party reproached him with his drowsiness. He denied having been asleep; and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep, because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story."

MEMORABLE ANECDOTE CONNECTED WITH THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—Sir Philip Sidney died at thirty-two years of age, on the 17th of October 1586, in consequence of a wound he received in a desperate engagement near Zutphen, upon which occasion he manifested a noble sympathy towards a humble fellow-sufferer in the conflict. As Sidney was returning from the field of battle, pale, languid, and thirsty with excess of bleeding, he asked for water. It was brought, and had approached his lips, when he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted notice, speaking these ever memorable words, "This man's necessity is still greater than mine."—*Mr Hone's Year Book: Number for February.*—[An extract from this work, in our Chat of Saturday, entitled "Conclusive Answers," by mistake had not the source acknowledged.]

FREE TRANSLATION.—In a French publication entitled the "Journey of General Lafayette in the United States of America in 1824," there is an entire translation of Mr Ingersoll's discourse before the American Philosophical Society on the occasion of the General's attendance, in which the following ludicrous version occurs. The lines of Shakspeare,

> "Man is a creature holding large discourse,
> Looking before and after,"

are thus done into French:—

> "Man is a creature who makes *long speeches*,
> Who looks to the future and the past."

"AN IT PLEASE THE PIGS,"—is, with a small change, the old Roman Catholic ejaculation, "An it please the Pix," which is the box in which the Host is carried.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

NAMES AND FACES.—The master of a charity-school in Lincolnshire, was lecturing a dull boy, whom he could not make learn the letters of the alphabet, when the lad, overwhelmed with the reproaches he received, blubbered out, "I does'nt know 'em, master, by their *neams*, but I knows 'em by their *feaces*."

DISLOYAL PUNCTUATION.—A dealer in earthenware arriving at a country town, and wishing to give notice that he would make a sale of his goods for one day only, gave directions to the town-crier to notify his intention the preceding afternoon. The worthy stentor, for the greater accuracy, committed the notice to writing, and afterwards proclaimed it thus: "The said goods will continue on sale to-morrow. And for that day only, God save the King!"

CURIOUS CLOCK.—1655. Feb. 24.—Mr Evelyn notes his having seen a curious mechanical contrivance. "I was shewed a table clock, whose balance was only a chrystal ball sliding on parallel irons without being at all fixed, but rolling from stage to stage till falling on a spring concealed from sight, it was thrown up to the utmost channel again, made with an imperceptible declivity; in this continual vicissitude of motion prettily entertaining the eye every half minute, and the next half giving progress to the hand that showed the hour, and giving notice by a small bell, so as in 120 half minutes, or periods of the bullets falling on the ejaculatory spring, the clock-part struck. This very extraordinary piece (richly adorned) had been presented by some German prince to our late king [Charles I.], and was now in the possession of the usurper [Oliver Cromwell], valued at 200*l*."—*Hone's Year Book.*

THE ART OF WAR.—Extract of a conversation between Fabre the painter, the Countess of Albany, and Paul Louis Courier.—These personages were discussing the age of Louis XIV, which the painter was extolling above the present, in respect, principally, of its pre-eminence in the arts. Madame d'Albany retorted, however, that the art of war was brought to far greater perfection in the present times; this gives Paul Louis an opportunity of delivering his sentiments, as an old artillery officer, on the subject, through the mouth of Fabre. Paul: "But, madam," said I, "you must remark, that there is considerable doubt whether there *is* any art in war."—"What! ask him," said I; and, seeing him smile, she said, "But there are so many books upon it."—"Oh!" replied he, "there are books upon theology, and upon magic, too; still, I believe one just as much as the other."—"But what do you mean, then, by tactics, fortification, castrametation?"—"May I die if I know."—"Oh, but I know; and I will tell you," said the Countess. "Tactics are the art of arranging soldiers, according to certain rules, in order of battle. In one word, it is the art of fighting."—"And without this art," says he, "there would be no fighting! Oh, the grand, the indispensable science! For what, I pray, should we do to kill one another, if great men did not show us the method?"—"Whatever you choose: but still you can't deny that this method, this science, exists."—"Hear me," says he; "I wish to believe, since all the world tells me so, that war is an art: but you must own that it is the only one which requires no apprenticeship. It is the only one that a man may know without having learnt. In all others, study and time are required; one begins by being a pupil; but in this one, is a master at once; and whatever little disposition one may bring to it, the first attempt is constantly the *chef-d'œuvre*."—"Explain yourself," said the Countess, "for your idea is strange, or I do'nt understand you."—"Well, then," says he, "I, for instance, when I wished to become a painter, I did not sit down to paint all at once. It was necessary, first of all, to learn drawing; I drew from statues; I drew from nature. But, before I got so far, how much time do you think I spent in drawing eyes, and ears, feet, hands, half-lengths, then whole-lengths? And then, renewed labour, new studies from live models. How much application, patience, and difficulty; and still I had not yet begun to paint! At last I did paint—very badly at first, then not quite so ill, and afterwards a little better. At last, at the end of thirty years, I am a painter, such as I am; and if I should study my art for thirty years longer, I should never know as much as there would be left for me to learn. Now, see what I want to say; in this great art of commanding men in battle, the science does not come in the same mode, little by little, but all at once. Directly it is applied to, all is learnt in an instant that there is to learn. A young prince, eighteen years old, arrives in his carriage and four from Court, gives battle, and gains it, and he is a great general for the rest of his life—the greatest general in the world!"—"Who then," asked the Countess, "who ever did this?"—"The great Condé."—"Ah! that was a genius."—"Undoubtedly," said he; "and Gaston de Foix! History is full of similar examples. But you don't find these things in the other arts. Whatever genius a prince may have received from heaven, he can't get off his horse and produce in his boots and spurs the Stabat of Pergolesi, or the Holy Family of Raphael. But do you wish," said I, "that a prince should be a painter or a chapel-master?"—"No," said he; "God forbid I should have such a thought! Moliere has said, I recollect—'custom, with us, does not require a gentleman to know anything'—much less a prince. But these people, who know nothing, know how to make war, eh?"—"Certainly; and better than any one else."—"Oh! *better* is another affair."

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Richard III.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio.—Married Lovers.—And the Pantomime.

OPERA HOUSE.

THAT incubus of the daily writer—the printer's messenger—vulgo, the "Devil," alluded to at the close of the last article on the Opera, prevented our enlarging upon two or three circumstances in the evening's entertainment which deserved notice. Had the inconsiderate and rapacious rogue given one breath, he would have received a more ample supply for his craving appetite; and we should have gone on to the amount of half a column of more matter; but thus it is, and thus it should be, with the greedy and exacting—their eagerness, like "vaulting ambition, o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side."

It may not, we should hope, be deemed impertinent to hint to the lovers of music, in the abstract (for the remark is not addressed to the scientific) that an abundance of pleasure may be added to their gratification when listening to the combined effects, by also devoting their faculties to the comprehending of the composer's apprehension of his subject, not only in his adaptations for the voice,—there the most superficial observer can frequently discover his intention with tolerable accuracy;—but in the orchestral accompaniments. In the broad and more palpable appeals to the senses these will always be apparent; but in the more remote and refined descriptions of character or of adventitious occurrence during the progress of the story, they will never fail to perceive that the *great* musician is equally alive to his subject, and accurate in his description, as in the former. And the tracing of his mind upon these occasions is another pleasure added to that of listening to the general effect of voice and instrument combined. This is musical painting; and the more imaginative the composer, the more vividly does he by sounds convey his intention to the "mind's ear" of his audience. In the "Barbiere" for instance, how ingeniously has ROSSINI, by the instruments alone, contrived to describe the fantastic motion of a drunkard, when the *Count*, pretending to be intoxicated, comes reeling in:—what a capital lurch there is in the first phrase, and which every now and then occurs during the scene! There is a catch up in the passage as if he stumbled. This appears to us very clever. So again in the general drawl of the accompaniment when in the disguise of the music-master, he repeats over and over again his "cuckoo-song" of salutation to old *Bartolo*. And, not to multiply instances, in the little tremulous flutter of the violins, when Figaro feels *Basilio's* pulse, whom he pronounces to be attacked with scarlet fever. Similar examples in MOZART'S operas might be multiplied without end.

We omitted also in the last article, to notice the style in which Signor SPAGNOLETTI played the *solo obligato* on the violin which precedes *Rosina's* song with her tutor-lover. It was performed with such exquisite taste, feeling, and purity of tone, as to produce an animated applause from all parts of the house.

In the divertissement, M. PAUL, who afterwards played the lover in the Ballet of "*La Somnambule*," introduced a novel action, (at least it was so to us) among the usual evolutions intended to pourtray the amorous advances of a young Faun to his favoured Nymph. In bounding before her, he contrived to throw his body forward in a graceful curve, and at the same time extending his arms, he conveyed the idea of an aerial form suspended and hovering with delight over the object of its attraction. The group was exceedingly picturesque, almost as perfect as one of the Grecian medallions.

As the writer of the present article has no other interest in the paper than an anxiety for its welfare, he may be allowed to express his gratification upon observing it among the audience in the pit on Saturday evening. C.

COVENT GARDEN.

To describe the plot of *The Married Lovers*, as it should be told to make it apparent to the reader, would occupy the time of an Arabian Night's entertainment. And when he had heard it, if, like ourselves, he love a surprise, he would wish the writer at old Scratch for doing so. Grateful were we that we had been kept in primitive ignorance till the scene itself opened upon us. Thus much we will discover, that it comprises a scheme of three married ladies in Paris, two French and one English, the *Duchess d'Orleans*, the *Marchioness de Meneville*, and *Lady Ascot*, to entrap and expose their husbands, who are each in love with the others' wife. And this they do in the most admirable and humorous manner. There is also an amusing common friend of the gentlemen, one *Colonel O'Dillon*, who, with native mis-apprehension, by keeping each off helps him on, and by helping each on keeps him off:—in short, the piece, which we hear is written by Mr POWER, is by many degrees the most entertaining novelty we have witnessed for many a month. It is true farce, with ample humour to stamp it such, and no common-place buffoonery. If the plot as well as the writing proceed from Mr POWER'S own brain, we heartily compliment him upon his talent; we thank him for a hearty laugh, and strongly urge him to follow up his well-placed hit. His "*Etiquette run mad*," which he introduced at the Tottenham Street Theatre, was amusing, and contained some sparkling dialogue; but this piece is consistently written; and the humour, with the blunders, thicken to the very close. Do not take our word, reader; but go and judge for yourself; and if you are what we assume every reader of the TATLER to be, you will not say we have too highly raised your expectations. For our own parts, we can only say that theatrical criticism would be a sinecure if we had no meaner compositions to discuss than *The Married Lovers*. C.

UNDER THE ROSE.—It is reported, that when roses were first brought from Italy to England, they were consecrated as presents from the Pope, and placed over the gates of confessionals as the symbols of secresy. Hence the meaning of the phraise—"under the rose."

CONSOLATION UNDER CALUMNY.—Any person who is zealous for promoting the interest of his country, must conquer all that tenderness and delicacy which may make him afraid of being spoken ill of, or his endeavours will often produce no less uneasiness to himself than benefit to the public. Among a people who indulge themselves in the utmost freedoms of thought and speech, a man must either be insignificant, or able to bear an undeserved reproach. —*Addison.*

ACROSTIC.—The initial letters of the names of the Kings of the Buonaparte family form the Latin word *Nihil*.

N udovicus.
I osephus.
H ieronymus.
I oachim.
L apoleon.

TOM D'URFEY.—D'Urfey, and Bello, a musician, had high words once at Epsom, and swords were resorted to, but with great caution. A brother wit maliciously compared this rencontre with that mentioned in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, between Clinias and Dametas.

"I sing of a duel in Epsom befel,
'Twixt Fa sol la D'Urfey, and Sol la mi Bell:
But why do I mention the scribbling brother?
For, naming the one, you may guess at the other.
Betwixt them there happen'd a terrible clutter;
Bell set up the loud pipes, and D'Urfey did sputter—
'Draw, Bell, wert thou dragon, I'll spoil thy soft note:'
'For thy squalling,' said t'other, 'I'll cut thy throat.'
With a scratch on the finger the duel's dispatch'd;
Thy Clinias, O Sidney, was never so match'd."

TREATMENT OF NEW COMPETITORS BY THE MEAN AMONG AUTHORS.—How often do we see a person whose intentions are visibly to do good by the works which he publishes, treated in as scurrilous a manner as if he were an enemy to mankind? All the little scramblers after fame fall upon him, publish every blot in his life, depend upon hearsay to defame him, and have recourse to their own invention, rather than suffer him to erect himself into an author with impunity. Not only the dull and the malicious, which make a formidable party in our island, but the whole fraternity of writers, rise up in arms against every new intruder into the world of fame: and a thousand to one, before they have done, prove him not only to be a fool, but a knave. Successful authors do what they can to exclude a competitor, while the unsuccessful with as much eagerness lay in their claim to him as a brother.—*Addison.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

A favorite Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

[By ROSSINI.]

The Principal Characters by Madame SIGL VESPERMANN. Madame CASTELLI. Signor LABLACHE. Signor CURIONI. Signor DEVILLE. Signor DE ANGELI. and Signor DE BEGNIS.

Between the Acts,

A NEW DIVERTISEMENT.

Principal Dancers. Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle CLARA, Mademoiselle PROCHE, and Mademoiselle BROCARD, Monsieur PAUL, Monsieur EMILE, and Monsieur LEFEBVRE.

After which, the Favorite Ballet, in Two Acts, of

LA SOMNAMBULE.

The Principal Characters by Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle KANIEL, Mlle. CLARA, Mlle. PROCHE, Mlle. DE VIS, and Mme. COPERE, Mesdames J. Mersic, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, &c. M. PAUL, M. EMILIE, M. SIMON, M. GOURIET, M. GEORGE, M. D'ALBERT, and M. LEFEBVRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of

WILLIAM TELL.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

Emma, Miss HUDDART. Anneli, Miss RUSSELL. Agnes, Miss FAUCIT. Gesler, Mr H. Wallack. Sarnem, Mr Thompson. Struth, Mr W. Bennett. Rodolph, Mr Howard. Lufold, Mr Howell. Braun, Mr Ross. William Tell, Mr MACREADY. Albert, Miss Poole. Melchtal, Mr Younge. Erni, Mr Cathie. Furst, Mr Fenton. Verner, Mr Cooke. Waldman, Mr Hughes. Michael, Mr COOPER. Jagheli, Mr J. VINING. Pierre, Mr Eaton. Theodore, Mr Honner. Savoyards—Miss Crawford. Mr Price, and Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell," and Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz."

After which will be exhibited the new and splendid DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To conclude with a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called

THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.

[Adapted to the English Stage, by A. LEE.]

Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs ORGER. Zerlina, Mrs WAYLETT.
The Concerted Music, by Misses Byfeld, Bruce, S. Phillips, Russell, and Mrs Bedford
Fra Diavolo, Mr WALLACK.
Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr HARLEY. Lorenzo, Mr SINCLAIR.
Lucro, Mr Webster.
Banditti—Beppo, Mr Latham. Giacomo, Mr Bedford. 1st Carabineer, Mr Bland.
Postilion, Mr Honner. Francisco, Mr Eaton.

To-morrow, Werner; No Song no Supper, and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr HUNT. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.

Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Rourk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. McMurragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Fazio; Married Lovers; and the Pantomime.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,
TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

After which will be presented a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.

At the end of the Opera, a Fantasia on the Oboe, by Mr Grattan Cooke.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss WELLS. Miss AYRES.
And Mr FORRESTER.

In the course of the Evening, Winter's Overture to 'Zaira,' and Mozart's Overture to 'Il Don Giovanni.'

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Pry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].
The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

To conclude with the Burlesque Burletta, called

THE QUADRUPEDS.

The Characters by Miss Daly, Mr O. Smith, and Mr J. Reeve.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blanchec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]
Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Frank Hartley, Mr RAYMOND.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Mouey, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Drama, altered from MORTON'S Play of 'Town and Country', entitled

THE PASTOR'S FIRESIDE.

The Principal Characters by Miss SCOTT, Miss SOMERVILLE,
Miss Nicol, Madame Simon, Miss Rumens, Miss H. Boden, and Mrs Rogers.
Mr C. Hill, Mr Gough, Mr Honner, Mr D. Pitt,
Mr WILLIAMS, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr VALE,
Mr Almar, Mr Hobbs, Mr Young, Mr Amherst, Mr Tully, and Mr Webb.

After which, the laughable Burletta, entitled

THE SPOILED CHILD.

The Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Mme. Simon. Mr D. Pitt, and Mr Vale.

To conclude with a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].
The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.
Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Spectre of the Castle—The Night Hag—And Elizabeth.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

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VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth. 3 vols. 12mo. volume the first. (Being the second volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library). Longman.

The public will find in this work the zest of a book of scandal, without its being one. If it were, it would not meet with the approbation of this paper; nor is it likely that Messrs Longman would have published it. But princes in general so little resemble the one who is now seated on the British throne, and take such care to padlock the doors and the mouths around them, that the least anecdote respecting them acquires the interest of a secret. Nay, in transpiring long after they are dead, it entertains us almost as much as if they were living. To know something about them in this way (setting aside the higher reasons that mankind have for knowing the people that govern them) seems also to adjust the proper balance of acquaintance between princes and people; for no people are so curious as princes, or busy themselves so much with the affairs of those from whom they would fain conceal every tittle of their own. George the Third was the most notorious gossip in his dominions, and made it a point to know as much about everybody as he possibly could. He had from nature one of those memories which are enabled to store up a vast quantity of common facts, because they have few ideas to interfere with them; and yet by way of refresher, he kept a book in which he noted down the characters of those with whom he came in contact; nor was it ever known, we believe, that he forgot an offence, whatever might have been the case with an obligation. George the Fourth was gayer and more careless, and could afford to be less spiteful; but we have reason to believe that gossip could be very welcome to him, and that he could keep a sharp sidelong eye, not only upon offenders, but upon those who did not think fit to participate in his resentments against them. It is said of the Chinese, that they call, or used to call, their Sovereigns to account after their decease. It was a good custom, and quite reconcileable with charity, because the Monarchs could not answer the call: for it was not likely that they would be under-rated in their life-time. The newspapers of late years have instituted something of this custom in England; and the work before us has an effect to the same purpose, as indeed must be the case from its very nature. We have not the least suspicion who the author is; and shall perhaps excite a smile by guessing, in the faces of those who do. Our guess, however, does not point at an individual, but a class. But from a certain easy precision in the style; a sufficient love of gossipping for his task; an obvious fitness for it, both historical and biographical; a tendency to say more of the late King's father than most biographers would have thought necessary; a good deal of insight into character; and as much philosophy as a man can acquire from a long acquaintance with what is called the world (and it is no mean portion when carried to its utmost) we should guess him to be some old gentleman not altogether personally unconversant with much that he talks of; one who has interchanged ideas both on small and great subjects with many men of his time; who knows the cogitative amenities of the intervals of a pinch of snuff, and has perhaps taken delight in the borders of diplomacy. But this is nothing to the purpose, except as helping perhaps to give the reader an idea of the manner in which the book is written, uniting as it does the gossip of a court with the shrewdness of the government office, and the conscious and not unpleasing precision of a parliamentary critic. It is right to add, that the author is a Foxite, and evidently a strong one; too strong, in our opinion; though we have no mean respect for the powers and genial nature of that eminent statesman.

We are far from objecting to this writer for having said so much of George the Third; as we shall proceed to show by extracting the greater part of it, which is very curious. No prince, perhaps nobody else, can be thoroughly known, unless we know something of his progenitors: at least sufficient justice cannot be done him: and for this reason we would fain have had something more said of Queen Charlotte; though there is curious matter respecting her too. We think it a pity, for the sake of George the Third, that our author has not said something more, even of *his* progenitors; though to be sure there would be no end of mounting up in this manner from father to father. However, as we are going to lay before the reader accounts not very favourable to the character of that prince (and which will greatly serve to put an end to any lingering delusions on the matter) it may be as well to take this opportunity of stating that his father was a foolish debauchee, and that his mother is understood to have brought from Germany the disease which afflicted, we believe, both her and her descendants,—the king's evil. There is a portrait of the father (Frederick, Prince of Wales) in the quarto Supplement to Mr Bowles's edition of Pope, which has all the appearance of a characteristic likeness, and would show the reader at once what sort of an intellect he had. The lower part of the face is good-natured, but silly, and there is no brain. The face of the mother (of whom there is a portrait likewise) is much more intelligent, though not remarkably so. But we shall have more to say in reference to this point when we close our extracts.

George the Third, says our author, succeeded his grandfather, "on the 26th October 1760, with the prepossessions of his youth, his comely, if not engaging person, and his English birth."

We pause here a moment to say that the words "comely, if not engaging person" are expressed with a happy precision, characteristic of the author's attentive style in general. By "comely," we are to understand a fair complexion with colour, and a sufficing plumpness and height. Otherwise, George the Third certainly was not handsome, even in the bloom of youth and with regular features. Portraits of him remain to testify to what we say. Like his father, he had no forehead. The forehead and nose ran in a line, which might have been thought Grecian had it been perpendicular, but unfortunately it was oblique like the side of a pyramid; or rather it lay on the top of his face, like the side of a dice set up on one of its points. His eyes were staring, his mouth full and burly, and he had knock-knees.

'The young King had no court mistress, and was not even suspected of any transient court gallantries; but he must have been more or less than man if, in the bright assemblage of English beauty around, he wholly escaped its influence. Lady Sarah Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, was distinguished by him. She has been described as a person then arrayed in all the graces of beauty and extreme youth, and there were rumours and speculations of her being raised to a throne which she was calculated to adorn; but the German pride of the King, and his mother, with Lord Bute's fear of the influence which would be thus gained by the first Lord Holland, whose niece Lady Sarah Lenox was by marriage, prevented any approach to such a triumph of her charms. To those causes should be added, the want of ardour in the royal admirer, and of sympathy in the lady. The passion of love was never felt, and for that reason, among others, never inspired, by George III.'—P. 5.

The causes here enumerated why George III was not beloved are certainly ample enough! In this passion for Lady Sarah Lenox, it seems there was no love on either side; which throws an air of simplicity upon our biographer's reasoning.

'On the 8th of June 1761, George III announced to the Privy Council that he had chosen for his consort the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, "a princess distinguished by every eminent virtue and amiable endowment."

'There are two versions of the manner in which the choice fell upon this Princess. According to one party, the King was captivated by the perusal of a letter addressed by her, when only sixteen, to the King of Prussia, in favour of the peasantry of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, who suffered greatly from friends and enemies in the war. This would argue in him more simplicity than imagination. Such letters are seldom composed by the personages whose names they bear; and the composition in question is more like that of an expert rhetorician than of a young lady. According to others, with more probability, a Colonel Græme, born in Scotland, but who

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had passed the greater part of his life, and acquired his military rank, in the service of Holland, was dispatched to Germany by the Princess Dowager and Lord Bute, with specific instructions to search the Protestant Courts there for a royal consort. His knowledge of the German language, and the blended prudence of two discreet nations, recommended him for this delicate mission. He saw the young Princess of Strelitz, living in the plainest style, with her mother, at Pyrmont; had opportunities of observing her; and decided in her favour as coming nearest to the intentions of those who employed him. It was not thus royal marriages were made in the days of the gallant Buckingham, and the accomplished and unfortunate Charles.

'The instructions of Colonel Græme were, "that the bride should be of physically pure blood, perfect form, obliging disposition, and skilled in music." The Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute, designing to continue their dominion over the King, and adopting the policy which induced the Duke of Bourbon to negociate the marriage of Louis XV with the daughter of the helpless King of Poland,—further charged their envoy, it was said, to look only to the minor Courts, in order that the person selected should, from gratitude and the want of protection, feel herself wholly dependent on those who had raised her,—and to avoid selecting a Princess whose personal charms were likely to give her an ascendant over her husband's mind.*

'The hand of the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz was solicited and obtained in due form. She reached Harwich on the 6th, and St James's on the 8th of September 1761. It was arranged that the Royal pair should behold each other for the first time in the garden of the palace. The Princess, with every "eminent virtue and amiable endowment," was not handsome. It is recorded, that the bridegroom, at the first glance, was shocked, and started back; but that recovering himself, he raised her from her kneeling posture and embraced her. The disappointment of the public was still greater than that of the King, though, of course, much less keenly felt. He must have seen her portrait, and was thus somewhat prepared; but the public had been misled by a printseller, who, taking an engraved portrait of a celebrated beauty, removed her name from the plate, and substituted that of the Princess of Mecklenburgh. The marriage was solemnized with great pomp by the Archbishop of Canterbury the same evening. Ten unmarried daughters of Peers (Dukes or Earls) bore the bride's train in the procession; and the first name in the list is that of Lady Sarah Lenox,† whose presence, under the circumstances, would have been a severe trial to any other bridegroom than George III.'

At p. 11 the young king is described as being 'moral, religious, and regular, with an education not only imperfect, but misdirected. He had capacity enough to become, with due cultivation, an enlightened prince; but not enough to break through his bad training, which fixed the limits, instead of favouring the development, of his faculties. The motive assigned for the state of seclusion in which he was kept by his mother, is her fear for his morals, from the prevailing corruption of the young nobility and the court. But this would imply a weakness of judgment, and an excess of moral scruple, little according with the public and private life of that princess.'

The confined sense in which the word "moral" is here understood, savours strongly of the old regime, and of one of its most pernicious common-places. By moral we are to understand that the king had no amours; and it was mainly on the strength of his having none throughout his life, and of his reputation for fidelity to Queen Charlotte, that his morals were held up to perpetual admiration. There was much artifice in this, more cant, and a great deal of shallowness. Above all, there was a gross mistake. The exaltation of a morality of this kind, to the forgetfulness of every other, is the mistake of a gross and narrow-minded age. Morals concern the behaviour of mankind to one another in every possible respect; and how can that man be called moral, or how will the present more enlightened age consent to think him so, who while he was free from the irregularities of sympathy, abounded in some of the worst vices arising from the want of sympathy, and thereby forced us to conclude that his very freedom from the irregularity might (in *such* a man) have been quite as much owing to his defects as his good qualities? George III appears to have practised no virtues of Christianity that were inconvenient to him,—that stood in the way of his real propensities and his will. He was not charitable, either to the poor or to those that differed with him. He did not forgive his enemies. He was not slow to shed blood. He was not single-minded: he was not candid: he did not speak the truth: he loved money and worldly power, both probably to excess, the latter certainly. The nobler morals of these times demand that a man should have a more enlarged heart, and a greater love of truth and his species: and it will be lucky for the character of George III, if in a spirit of charity which he did not possess, because he could not understand it, the world shall pronounce that he is only saved from the reputation of having been a bad man, by the melancholy fact of his having been foolish to a pitch of disease.

But we must take care how we make remarks, or we shall not be able to get in our quotations. We shall extract, therefore, at once, a series of passages relative to this prince, and content ourselves with a further remark or two at the conclusion.

'The King and Queen lived in great privacy, especially after the birth of a second prince: courts were rarely held; and the few evening parties were described as dull, economical and thinly attended. Horace Walpole, the chief chronicler of anecdotes of that period in high life and politics, says, in 1763, "There has been a very private ball at court:—they danced till one, and then parted without a supper."

'The royal taste for privacy was represented as arising from avarice; and the Queen's parsimony was injuriously contrasted with her supposed accumulation of wealth already, and the passion she shewed for the possession and display of diamonds. She would appear resplendent with precious stones on a court-day, and live in a style of degrading economy at Richmond for the next three months. "The reclusive life led here" (Richmond) says the same chronicler, "which is carried to such an excess of privacy and economy that the Queen's friseur waits on them at table, and that four pounds of beef only are allowed for their soup, disgusts all sorts of people. The drawing-rooms are abandoned.

'These sordid details may have been overcharged, but were certainly not unfounded.'—P. 21.

'Speaking of the unfortunate marriage of Caroline Matilda, sister of George III, with the King of Denmark, the author says, "it is not the only instance of the unfortunate control which George III loved to exercise of the hearts and happiness of the members of his family. Persons of limited capacity are prone to this species of private despotism. They reconcile it to themselves by the goodness of their intentions."—P. 26.

'George III did not know, or knowing, did not act upon, that axiom, which is no less true in morals than in mathematics, that the right line is the shortest way from any given point to another. Instead of frankly expressing to Lord Rockingham, in the first instance, his disapprobation of the repeal, he acquiesced in the measure, and then conspired against his own minister. Lord Bute, in the House of Peers, insinuated that the Stamp Act was disagreeable to the King. Lord Rockingham asserted the King's declared approbation. That which was insinuated by Lord Bute was, notwithstanding Lord Rockingham's denial, repeated by Lord Strange next day. Upon this Lord Rockingham had an audience, and requested the King's approbation of his expression in writing. This was refused; and Lord Rockingham saw he was no longer minister, though the King still continued to treat him with the utmost gracious cajolery. "Lord Rockingham," says the late Mr Nicholls, "told me that the King never showed him such distinguished marks of kindness, as after he had secretly determined to get rid of him."'—P. 37.

'George the Third had an obstinacy of opinion which would not be enlightened, and an absoluteness of will which would not be opposed. He adhered to his tactics of using his Ministers as mere tools, in spite of public odium and mischief; and he met the remonstrances of the metropolis, in particular, with indignity. The Lord Mayor and two Aldermen went with a petition to St James's, in 1769. After being kept waiting, and treated with contumely in the ante-chamber, they were admitted to the presence of the King. He took the petition, handed it to the Lord in waiting, without deigning to give an answer, and turned his back upon them, to laugh and talk with the Danish Minister. A similar address was presented in 1770, which the King answered with a harsh rebuke. Beckford, Lord Mayor this year, a man of strong sense, nerve, and democratic independence, presented a third address, was replied to by the King in terms of disapprobation, and asked leave to rejoin. In the novelty and confusion of this request, leave was given or assumed; and Beckford improvised an admirable reply.' * * * * * * * * "The Lord Mayor," says the Annual Register, "waited near a minute for a reply, but none was given" The fact was, that the King stood mute with anger; and the whole Court with astonishment.'—P. 43.

This is the famous speech which is inscribed on Mr Beckford's statue in Guildhall; but instead of being "improvised," we always understood that Horne Tooke wrote it.

'"Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare" (Can't feign—Can't reign), was, according to Dr Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, the great maxim of George III.' * * *

'When George the Third's life was attempted by Margaret Nicholson, the Prince of Wales, who was on ill terms with his father, took the opportunity of hastening to congratulate him on his safety. The Prince was received at Windsor by the Queen and the Princesses; whilst the King, who was in the very next room, had the unenviable fortitude to deprive himself at such a moment of the presence of his son. The obstinacy of his resentment was too odious for defence or palliation; and those whose service it was to lie for him, denied it altogether. The affectionate meeting of the father and son, and the family dinner which followed, were blazoned with effrontery in the court newspapers.'

[To be continued to-morrow.]

* Le Montagnard Parvenu.

† 'She married a dissipated Baronet; and from being the ornament, became the victim of what is called "fashionable life" in the capitals of England and France.'

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—William Tell.—And the Devil's Brother.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—And the Pantomime.

DRURY LANE.

OUR late illness does not allow us to do justice to the beautiful play we saw here last night,—Mr KNOWLES's *William Tell*. It is not so complete a production as *Virginius;* the incidents are not so thoroughly interweaved; nor the language so well sustained: though perhaps, as a play rather than a tragedy, the inferiority in this last respect is more seeming than real, and with reference to the distinction between a Swiss and a Roman subject, may even be construed into a beauty. There is the cottage and the village gambol in it, as well as the mountain. What is most beautiful, however, in *Virginius*, still forms the main beauty of *William Tell*, —a body of manliness containing a heart of sympathy. We can say nothing better of the piece at present, than that we found ourselves absorbed in the story; which Mr KNOWLES has enlarged with several new yet most characteristic incidents; and that we were sometimes reminded of what Dr JOHNSON said to Mrs SHERIDAN, on her novel of 'Sidney Biddulph,' and inclined to doubt whether he had a right to put us to so much pain. But the objection was not a healthy one, nor unmixed with other thoughts than dramatic. The critics may say of Mr KNOWLES what BEN JONSON said with far less justice of a poet of his time, —that he "hath writ all like a man." Next to the character of *Tell*, (not excepting his little son, who is his true son nevertheless, and not a bit too premature in his manner and his responses for the child of so noble an enthusiast) we like that of *Michel*, the lively laughing fellow, who is apt to be misconstrued by those who see no farther than the surface, but who is the man that steps forward and hazards the rage of the tyrant, when *Tell*, in the agony of his coming trial, asks whether he has "a friend here." The introduction of the poor old man whom *Gesler* has deprived of his eyes, is imagined with the highest dramatic skill, and deeply affecting. But Mr KNOWLES, with his greatest sorrows, contrives to mingle the sweetness and the relief arising from the perception of moral beauty. We feel this even in *Virginius*, when the urn is brought in; and blind men are so worshipped and served by all about them, that however affecting the sight of their calamity at first, we feel that their end is peace. *Melchtal's* loss of his eyes is also the immediate cause of his country's freedom; for it is this that finally rouses *Tell* to vengeance.

We shall indulge ourselves, in a future paper, with giving some specimens of passages from this most interesting play.

To criticise Mr MACREADY in the part of *Tell*, would be to repeat what we have said so often of the merits of his acting in general. We did not always perceive the exact reason of his *fortes* and *pianos;* but his apprehension of the pervading sentiment is perfect. The author and he reaped a plentiful harvest of tears from a good house.

Miss POOLE, who acts the child, is a nice little girl, and promises great things if she advance in proportion. In this piece she personates to admiration the firm little son of the firm father. Her forehead looks as if it would present the "motionless mark."*

* 'On whose forehead, firm and good,
Motionless mark! the apple stood.'—CHARLES LAMB.

It is not easy to say how much a clever child can be taught, so as to make a show of it without substance; but we confess we have strong hopes of this little girl. There is less stage cant in her manner, than we have seen in any other child. A short time since, we saw her in a mock Irish part, in the pantomime. It has been since judiciously omitted. As much good comedy might be taught her, as any one chose, if she has a faculty for it; but there should be no slang,—nothing to teach her to make a mockery of the coming bloom of her own fine thoughts,—should she have the luck to possess them; which she will, if she has genius. If she has genius, too, the applause which she now receives will do her good; perilous as it is under a different supposition.

Mr COOPER makes a pleasant *Michel;* and we must have a good word for Miss FAUCITT in his mistress.

VOLTAIRE somewhere makes a curious *old regime* observation respecting the names of the Swiss heroes. He says they are so rough (*Furst, Melchtal*, and others) that they would never do for epic poetry. Poor delicate epic poetry! not to be able to endure the roughness of a hero's appellation! He might have been assured, that HOMER would have made no objection, had the names of the Greek heroes been as rough as their beards: (which by the way they very probably were, if we were to judge by the modern Greek pronunciation.) PRIOR has some happy lines in answer to a similar objection of BOILEAU, who could not "abide" the harsh names of the towns in Flanders, which he pronounced impossible to get into a panegyric upon his victorious master LOUIS. LOUIS ceased to be victorious; and PRIOR thus assails his poet, in a strain of mingled banter and dignity.

'When the young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To say how Louis did *not* pass the Rhine;
What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme!
And, though the poet made his last efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—*Wurts?*
But, tell me, hadst thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign?
The Danube rescued, and the empire sav'd,
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verse to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese?
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names.
Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a sound in Marlborough's name,
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?'

A NICE MORALITY, "STAP MY VITALS."—Some time since, a gentleman-farmer was bargaining with a pig-driver in Dorchester market, for two pigs, when the latter, to bestow a good character on the animals, observed, "You'll find them 'ere a couple of as good *moral* pigs as ever you clapped eyes on."—"What do you mean, my good friend?" asked the gentleman. "Why, your honour, you'll find 'em as good *moral* pigs as ever was, go where you will for the next."—"But what do you mean by *moral?*"—"Why, *moral* pigs, your honour—pigs as 'll eat their allowance any day, and do credit to their keep."

THE LEAST PLEASING EFFECTS OF NATURE VIEWED THROUGH AN AGREEABLE MEDIUM.—'Tis worth one's while to observe that the least designed, and almost unbespoken effects of nature, are not without their beauty: thus, to use a similitude, there are cracks and little breaks on the surface of a loaf, which though never intended by the baker, have a sort of agreeableness in them, which invite the appetite. Thus figs, when they are most ripe, open and gape: and olives, when they fall of themselves and are near decaying, are particularly pretty to look at: to go on, the bending of an ear of corn, the brow of a lion, the foam of a boar, and many other things, if you take them singly, are far enough from being handsome but when they are looked at as parts of something else, and considered with reference and connexion, are both ornamental and affecting. Thus, if a man has but inclination and thought enough to examine the *product* of the universe, he'll find the most unpromising appearances not unaccountable; and that the more remote appendages have somewhat to recommend them. One thus prepared will perceive the beauty of *life*, as well as that of *imitation*, and be no less pleased to see a tiger grin in the Tower, than in a painter's shop. Such a one will find something agreeable in the decays of age, as well as the blossom of youth. I grant many of these things won't charm us at the first blush: to pronounce rightly, a man must be well affected in the case, and thoroughly acquainted with the methods and harmony of nature.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

ERRATUM.—"Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries; interspersed with some particulars respecting the Author, by William Godwin," was erroneously printed, "Thoughts, &c. by William Gordon."

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Lord BYRON's Tragedy of

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT, Ida Stralenheim, Miss FAUCIT.
Werner, Mr MACREADY, Ulric, Mr WALLACK, Gabor, Mr COOPER,
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack, Frits, Mr Younge, Otto, Mr Cohen,
Henric, Mr Salter, Eric, Mr C. Jones, Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett,
Rodolph, Mr Cooke, Arnheim, Mr Fenton, Meister, Mr Eaton,
Ludwig, Mr Cathie, Herman, Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Spohr's Overture to "Jessonda," and Cherubini's Overture to "Les Deux Journees."

After which,

NO SONG NO SUPPER!

Margaretta, Miss PEARSON, in which she will introduce, "Yes; I will meet thee alone."
Dorothy, Miss Bruce, Louisa, Miss Crawford, Nelly, Mrs C. Jones.
Frederick, Mr HORN, with a New Song, "God Bless our Noble Sovereign."
Crop, Mr BEDFORD, Endless, Mr HARLEY,
Robin, Mr Webster, William, Mr Downing, Thomas, Mr Salter.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

To-morrow, The Brigand; the Illustrious Stranger; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Miss TAYLOR, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,
Theodore, Mr Mears, Keeper, Mr Fuller, Pietro, Mr Turnour,
Gentleman, Mr Irwin, Antonio, Mr Heath, Aurio, Mr Crumpton

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.
After the Tragedy, an Overture by J. N. Hummel.

After which, a New Petite Comedy, to be called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr POWER.]

The Songs, composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss FORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.
Pierre, Mr Irwin. Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.

Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

To-morrow, Romance of a Day; Married Lovers; and the Pantomime.

SURREY THEATRE.

Will be revived the celebrated Drama, entitled

THE ITALIAN WIFE.

Bianca, Miss M. C. POOLE,
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott, Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Venice, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Gonsalvo, Mr Gough, Falsetto, Mr Honner,
Giraldi Fazio, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Bartolo, Mr Williams, Philario, Mr Almar, Antonio, Mr Young,
Theodore, Mr Webb, Piero, Mr Lee, Gentleman, Mr Tully, Keeper, Mr Hobbs.

After which, (first time at this Theatre)

PAST TEN O'CLOCK, AND A RAINY NIGHT.

Nancy, Miss VINCENT. Lucy, Miss SOMERVILLE. Silence, Miss Nicol
Sir Peter Punctual, Mr Gough. Old Snaps, Mr D. Pitt.
Young Snaps, Mr Lee. Henry Punctual, Mr C. Hill. Charles, Mr Honner.
Bantam, Mr ROGERS. Dozey, Mr WILLIAMS. Sam Squib, Mr VALE.

To conclude with the admired Melo-Drama, entitled

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

[By E. FITZBALL, Esq.]

The Dumb Sailor Boy, Miss Scott. Amelia, Miss Jordan.
Becky Butterfly, Mrs Vale. Mrs Tapps, Miss Rumens.
Sir John Trevanley, Mr Gough. Hans Hattock, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Guy Ruthven, Mr C. Hill. Captain Taffrail, Mr Honner.
Samson Sawdust, Mr VALE. Jupiter Seabreeze, Mr Rogers.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpanor, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paulo, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.
Columbine, Miss STALLARD.
Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING
Antico, Mr BROWN.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

To conclude with the Burlesque Burletta, called

THE QUADRUPEDS.

The Characters by Miss Daly, Mr O. Smith, and Mr J. Reeve.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Frank Hartley, Mr RAYMOND.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN's, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young.
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY's Serenata. With HANDEL's Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria

At the end of the Opera, a Fantasia on the Oboe, by Mr Grattan Cooke.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss WELLS. Miss AYRES.
And Mr FORRESTER.

In the course of the Evening, Winter's Overture to 'Zaira,' and Mozart's Overture to 'Il Don Giovanni.'

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Spectre of the Castle—The Night Hag—And Elizabeth.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL,—EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 115 Oxford street, next door to Pladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.
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No. 137.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth. 3 vols. 12mo. volume the first. (Being the second volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library). Longman.

[Second Notice.]

At page 260 the author vindicates his understanding with regard to the use of the word morals. Speaking of the marriage-ceremony between the Prince of Wales and his ill-starred consort, he says, 'It has been stated in a variety of publications, that "the good old King," as George III has been styled from the imposing regularities of his private life, by canting sycophants and the common herd, shook his son's hand with a force which brought tears into his eyes.' The Prince had shown great symptoms of uneasiness during the performance of this ceremony. The excess of the King's shake was, perhaps, a morbid movement of resentment, intruding itself in spite of other feelings.

Now let us see the melancholy excuse for all these infirmities:—The author is speaking of the King's insanity in the year 1788:—'The sufferer himself was sensible of the approach of his melancholy visitation. After riding for five hours in a state of violent excitement, he burst into tears on meeting the Duke of York, and said "he hoped he should die, for he was going to be mad." For several days after the 5th of November, he was suffering the double violence of frenzy and bilious fever, to such a degree as to leave but slight hopes not only of his reason but of his life. The strength of his physical constitution preserved the latter.' When his Majesty went to return thanks for his recovery next year, at St Paul's Cathedral, he made an affecting observation to the Dean (afterwards Bishop of Winchester.) '"A martial band," says the Bishop, "stationed near the door, played appropriate music till his Majesty reached the area under the great dome, when it ceased; and instantly the organ, accompanied by the voices of above five thousand children of the city charity schools, who were placed upon circular seats, gradually rising between the pillars on both sides, began the 100th Psalm. The simple melody, joined to the spectacle, evidently affected the King; and as he was walking between the Bishop of London and myself, he turned to me, and said with great emotion, 'I now feel that I have been ill;' he then stopped, but recovering himself, proceeded to the choir." This expression of the King may suggest a question, how far the mind from which it proceeded was adequate to bear the weight of empire, and its awful responsibilities. The King, however, was no doubt in a state of mental competency to assume the powers and responsibilities of the executive branch of the legislature, or the wisdom of the nation in both houses [?] would not have sanctioned and submitted to it: but this only proves, that a state of mind, which would not be trusted with any of the great offices of the realm, administrative or judicial, may be an adequate repository for the powers of the Crown.'

Yes: here lies a great question which we trust will never need to be roused again.—If it shall, we hope it will be discussed upon much broader grounds than before. We are sure it ought. If George III generally speaking, had a right to execute the office of king, the presumption is that he had a right to be considered a sane person; in which case, his character is not to be considered a good one in any point of view, either as that of a sovereign or a man, unless everybody else be allowed to set up the plea of good intentions who pursues a system of self-will, avarice, violence, vindictiveness and duplicity. If he is not to be considered as a sane man (and in addition to the illnesses which he is known to have had, he is believed to have had others that were concealed,) then what are we to think of the extraordinary spectacle of a great nation like ours, ruled for so many years by a man not in his right senses, and subjected by the want of them to the most frightful mischances? Take all the campaigns with all the bloodshed that follows them, all the deaths, the widowhoods, the orphan-making, the broken hearts, the broken constitutions and the sickly offspring resulting from them,—take these calamities, caused as these were by the American war alone, which it is notorious he persisted in out of his sole passionate obstinacy (to say nothing of the ardour with which he joined in the crusade against France) and what ought the countrymen of Milton and Hampden to think of themselves, for suffering such a frightful absurdity? Imagine for a moment the *impossibility* of an American President of this sort. Imagine the director of a common counting-house, or the father of a family, permitted to retain the management of his affairs under these circumstances! No, the law will not allow it: it is too wise: it will not allow the interests and happiness of twenty men to be at the mercy of such a calamitous temperament: then are we to suppose that twenty millions are to be at the mercy of it, purely because the absurdity is so great that it out-faces objection, and makes it appear rather like a visitation of fate, than a thing to be remedied? We doubt if the French would think so to-morrow, should a similar prince make his appearance in the family of Orleans.

[We shall notice the main subject of the book to-morrow.]

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE HABITS OF THE BEAVER.

So little is known of the manners of the beaver in a domesticated state, that we feel a peculiar gratification in having it in our power to give the extremely interesting history of an individual which belonged to Mr Broderip, to whose kindness we are indebted for the following statement:—'The animal arrived in this country in the winter of 1825, very young, being small and woolly, and without the covering of long hair which makes the adult beaver. It was the sole survivor of five or six which were shipped at the same time, and it was in a very pitiable condition. Good treatment quickly restored it to health, and kindness soon made it familiar. When called by the name 'Binny,' it generally answered with a little cry, and came to its owner. The hearth-rug was its favourite haunt, and thereon it would lie stretched out, sometimes on its back, sometimes on its side, and sometimes flat on its belly, but always near its master. The building instinct showed itself immediately it was let out of its cage, and materials were placed in its way; and this before it had been a week in its new quarters. Its strength, even before its was half-grown, was great. It would drag along a large sweeping-brush or a warming-pan, grasping the handle with its teeth, so that the load came over its shoulder, and advancing in an oblique direction till it arrived at the point where it wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first, and two of the longest were generally laid cross-wise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and the other ends projecting out into the room. The area formed by the cross brushes and the wall, he would fill up with hand-brushes, rush baskets, books, boots, sticks, cloths, dried turf, or anything portable. As the work grew high, he supported himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably; and he would often, after laying on one of his building materials, sit up over against it, appearing to consider his work, or, as the country people say, 'judge it.' This pause was sometimes followed by changing the position of the material 'judged,' and sometimes it was left in its place. After he had piled up his materials in one part of the room (for he generally chose the same place), he proceeded to wall up the space between the feet of a chest of drawers, which stood, at a little distance from it, high enough on its legs to make the bottom a roof for him, using for this purpose dried turf and sticks, which he laid very even, and filling up the interstices with bits of coal, hay, cloth, or anything he could pick up. This last place he seemed to appropriate for his dwelling; the former work seem to be intended for a dam. When he had walled up the space between the feet of the chest of drawers, he proceeded to carry in sticks, cloths, hay, cotton, and to make a nest; and when he had done, he would sit up under the drawers and comb himself with the nails of his hind feet. In this operation, that which appeared at first to be a malformation, was shown to be a beautiful adaptation to the necessities of the animal. The huge webbed hind feet of the beaver turn in so as to give the appearance of deformity; but if the toes were straight instead of being incurved, the animal could not use them for the purpose of keeping its fur in order, and cleansing it from dirt and moisture.—Binny generally carried small and light articles between his right

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fore leg and his chin, walking on the other three legs; and large masses, which he could not grasp readily with his teeth, he pushed forwards, leaning against them with his right fore paw and his chin. He never carried anything on his tail, which he liked to dip in water; but he was not fond of plunging in the whole of his body. If his tail was kept moist, he never cared to drink; but if it was kept dry, it became hot, and the animal appeared distressed, and would drink a great deal. It is not impossible that the tail may have the power of absorbing water, like the skin of frogs, though it must be owned that the scaly integument which invests that member has not much of the character which generally belongs to absorbing surfaces. Bread, and bread and milk, and sugar, formed the principal part of Binny's food; but he was very fond of succulent fruits and roots. He was a most entertaining creature, and some highly comic scenes occurred between the worthy, but slow, beaver, and a light and airy macauco, that was kept in the same apartment. An animal so sociable in his habits ought to be affectionate; and very affectionate the beaver is said to be. Drage mentions two young ones which were taken alive, and brought to a neighbouring factory in Hudson's Bay, where they throve very fast until one of them was killed accidentally. The survivor instantly felt the loss, began to moan, and abstained from food till it died. Mr Bullock mentioned to the narrator a similar instance which fell under his notice in North America. A male and female were kept together in a room, where they lived happily till the male was deprived of his partner by death. For a day or two, he appeared to be hardly aware of his loss, and brought food and laid it before her: at last, finding that she did not stir, he covered her body with twigs and leaves, and was in a pining state when Mr Bullock lost sight of him."—*The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society delineated.*

THEATRICAL CHAT.

TO THE TATLER.

MR TATLER,—I design to have some chat with you; it rests with yourself whether or not to tattle what I say, to others. Perhaps you will think it too much like the tattle of the tea-table, if I venture to remark that Mr Liston now and then sits too long at the dinner-table. This would be no business of mine, nor of your's, if the occasions were well chosen; but it might be well, Sir, if you were to remind him, that people who have tolerable memories, and have seen one piece several times, are apt to be too well acquainted with the dialogue, for *frequent* blunders, omissions, and interpolations to pass without discovery. It is true, that porter is brown, and therefore his using the name of Brown, for Porter, might have been overlooked, more especially if he had added the word Stout; but Jack Humphries was last night played so—*ad libitum*, throughout, that the author of the piece might have been sometimes puzzled to recognise the character. Mr Liston is a favourite with the public, and therefore these occasional lapses are tolerated. It is but the more incumbent on him, not to abuse their indulgence.

Your representative, C., remarks upon the meekness of Mr Sinclair's rage, that the "sucking-dove" is a Xantippe in comparison; this reminds me of an observation made by a gentleman, last night, who saw so little difference between the Brigadier's resentment and tenderness, that, forgetting he was under the influence of the former, he said, "Sinclair is but a cold lover." I reminded my companion that he was then intending to be jealous and indignant; but really there was very little difference in his manner, before the quarrel, during its continuance, or after the reconciliation. He should wear round his neck a label of the passion he means to represent; as little boys write under their drawings, the names of the animals they are intended for.

As to your other representative, F. F.—what can he mean, Mr Tatler? He says, that the public tolerate punning because it is no longer considered as bad as picking pockets. This, to say the least of it, displays a want of acquaintance with his subject, really lamentable; since the pocket-picking faculty, whether on a great or small scale, is now particularly fashionable on the stage:—witness, not only Mr Paulo and his brethren (in whom it is so admired, that Drury Lane has thought fit to have two clowns instead of one) but the *Brigand*, the *Devil's Brother*, and that most tiresome of all dull tragedies, *Werner*. By the bye, to return, for a moment, to the *Devil's Brother*,—what seemed to me, and indeed to the audience in general, the best things in it, were some shrewd hits at the eating, grumbling, and spending propensities of English travellers. A word more, Sir, and I have done. So late as Monday last, M. Le Peintre, was one of three actors announced as about to perform at the Haymarket Theatre:—Yesterday, the name was displaced by that of M. Brunet. Is it that M. Le Peintre is not coming?—If so, it is a serious matter. M. Brunet may please, when he does come, and may be an excellent actor; but, to use the phrase of Mr Gingham, in the farce of the *Jenkinses*, "we have been led to imagine that"—we should see M. Le Peintre; and Mr Hazlitt tells us that he is "very clever." He saw him at Paris, and says, "I saw three very clever comic actors at the Theatre des Varietés on the Boulevards, all quite different from each other, but quite French. One was Le Peintre, who acted a master-printer; and he *was* a master-printer, so bare, so dingy, and so wan, that he might be supposed to have lived on printer's ink, and on a crust of bread cut with an *oniony* knife. The resemblance to familiar life was so complete and so habitual, as to take away the sense of imitation, or the pleasure of the deception." *I* cannot, indeed, recognize a master-printer in this picture, but then I have never been in Paris; and Mr Hazlitt's criticisms are to be received; not questioned. A little too much nature, is a good fault, and I would willingly have seen this actor;—a little too much prosing, however, is not a good fault, so—Farewell, Mr Tatler.

Your's truly,
B. S.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

FAST DAYS.—A manufacturer in England proposed to his workpeople, that if they would attend church on fast-day, their wages should go on the same as if they worked, upon which they sent a deputation to inform him that they would also attend the Methodist chapel in the evening, if he would pay them for *over hours*.—*American Paper.*

ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A SUMMER.—One sharp frosty day the late King, when Prince of Wales, went into the Thatched House Tavern, and ordered a beef-steak; but, observing that it was excessively cold, desired the waiter to bring him first a glass of brandy and water. He emptied that in a twinkling, then a second, then a third. "Now," said the Prince, "I am warm and comfortable: bring my steak." On this, Mr Sheridan, who was present, wrote the following impromptu:—

"The Prince came in, and said 'twas cold,
Then put to his head the rummer;
'Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
When he pronounced it *summer*."

KOSCIUSKO.—The following anecdote is related of this celebrated Polish patriot:—He wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman of Solothurn; and as he hesitated to send them by his servant, lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return, young Zeltner said that he would never ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko asking what he meant, he answered, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat, and asks for charity, the horse immediately stands still, and wont stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to make believe to give something in order to satisfy the horse."

"UNDER THE ROSE,"—That is, privately, or secretly. The rose was, it is said, sacred to Harpocrates, the God of Silence; and therefore frequently placed on the ceilings of rooms destined for the reception of guests; and implying, that whatever was transacted there should not be made public.—*Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 1788.

Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest, and the smallest grave in Esher churchyard?—That in which Miles Button lies buried, for it contains Miles below the sod, Miles in length, and Miles in breadth—and yet it is only a Button-hole.—*Scrap-book.*

DUTCH SALE,—That is, bidding downwards; which is the invariable practice throughout Holland. An article is set up at any price the auctioneer pleases; if nobody bids, he lowers the price, and so continues lowering until some person cries "Mine," and the person who so claims it is then entitled to it;—a practice congenial to Dutch taciturnity.—*Legal Recreations.*

AN ABSENT LADY.—Lady Gordon (says the Duchess of Orleans in her Memoirs) the grand-aunt of Lord Huntley, was my *dame d'atour* for a considerable period. She was a singular person, and always plunged into reveries. When she was speaking with a man, she had a habit of playing with the buttons of his waistcoat: having one day occasion to talk to the Chevalier Buveon, a Captain of the Guard, and he being a very tall man, she could only reach the lower buttons, which she began to unbutton. The poor gentleman was quite horror-struck, and started back, crying, "For heaven's sake, madam, what are you going to do?"

A PROFESSIONAL OBJECTION.—A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another "liars," but when any one said "the thing that was not," they ought to whistle. On Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes; and being at a loss how to explain it, he said the loaves were not like those now-a-days—they were as big as some of the hills in Scotland. He had scarcely pronounced these words when he heard a loud *whistle*. "Wha's that," said he, "ca's me a liar?"—"It is I, Willy M'Donald the baker."—"Well, Willy, what objection have ye to what I ha' told ye?"—"None, Mass John—only I want to know what sort of ovens they had to bake those loaves in."—*Scotch paper.*

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

I yawn when you read!—Am I wrong then?—Oh no!
That I listen what proof more complete can I show?

FROM THE FRENCH OF LE BRUN.

In prose and in metre will Tom still compose;
But in writing he seems to lie under a curse;
For he constantly puts too much verse in his prose,
And as constantly puts too much prose in his verse.

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CONVERSATION.—The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humour; and the fourth, wit. —*Sir William Temple.*

APOLOGY FOR ABSENCE.—A conceited young man asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it—you were never missed."

HOW WILL YOU BE TRIED.—The question in courts of law, "How will thou be tried?" is an old form, anciently very significant, when there were several forms of trial; as by battle, ordeal, and jury. The criminal answering, "by God and my country," was his election to be tried by a jury.—*Spelman, &c.—Fortescue's Monarchy*, 1719.

CLEVER DOUBLE-ENTENDRE.—The French word *jouer* signifies to play, to represent, to ridicule, to make game of, &c. One day The Tartuffe had been announced, but the representation was forbidden by the first President of the Parliament. When the curtain rose, Moliere came forward and said, "We had hoped to give you the Tartuffe this evening, but Monsieur the first President *ne veut pas qu'on le joue*,"—which might be understood, will not allow us to *play it*, or, will not allow us to *ridicule him*.—*French Homonymes.*

PAIR OF FRENCH GLOVES.—In the time of Charles the Fifth, when Paris was limited by the Boulevards, it was less considerable than the city of Ghent; which gave the monarch occasion to say that he could put all Paris in his *gant* (Ghent) meaning either his glove, or his city of Ghent. When Buonaparte returned from Elba, in 1815, Louis XVIII took refuge in Ghent, and when he came back to Paris, after the battle of Waterloo, the Parisians said, "At last we have got back our *paire des gants*" (pair of gloves) meaning our *père de Gand*, our father from Ghent.—*French Homonymes.*

ADAM'S FALL.—A Scotch clergyman, a strict catechist, in examining one of his flock a short time since, thus addressed her:—"Janet, can you tell me how Adam fell?"—Janet fell a laughing, and answered, "Oh, my bonnie dear Dochtor, you're na serious!"—"Very serious indeed," said the Doctor. Janet (whose husband's name happened to be Adam) then said, "Weel, weel, sin ye will ha't, Dochtor, you see Adam just gaed o'er the tither night to Lucky Liston's for half a muchkin o'whiskey, when an oar lying on the road took his foot, o'er Adam fell—and that's the hale truth o'the matter."—*Scotch paper.*

AN ARGUMENT FOR BURNING.—To be knaved out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

IGNORANCE OF THE FUTURE.—The particulars of future beings must needs be dark unto ancient theories, which Christian philosophy yet determines but in a cloud of opinions. A dialogue between two infants in the womb, concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryo philosophers. —*Sir Thomas Browne.*

EXPERIENCE VERSUS NATURE.—Never suspect any one's sincerity until you have had reason for doing so. This is the dictate of Nature and Reason. What a pity that experience should so often prevent the pleasure of unlimited confidence, by whispering,—Know the character of a man before you put a value on his declarations. F. F.

SYMPATHY AN AFFAIR OF PROXIMITY.—Few persons could sit at a table and enjoy a repast, if at the same table there sat some famished persons who were precluded from partaking of the viands before them. The difference of condition thus visibly presented would disturb complacency, and be felt as an evil that required removal. Yet how many *know* that while they are regaling on the choicest luxuries, there are fellow-creatures but a few yards off, without a sufficiency of even the *necessaries* of existence. Is it dullness of apprehension, absence of imagination, or callousness to the welfare of their species, that can make men act so differently under circumstances *essentially* the same? Surely if right reflections were to penetrate into certain quarters, the effect on the condition of the poor, and even on the gross part of the pension-list, would be marvellous. F. F.

MORAL AFFINITIES.—Chemists inform us that the union of the particles of which matter is composed, is owing entirely to what, in that science, is called affinity. For instance, in dyeing, without an affinity between the substance to be dyed, and the colouring material, the dye *will not take*. There is an analogy to this theory in the moral world. "Evil communications," says Euripides (quoted by St Paul), "corrupt good manners." They do so, because a latent principle of evil is often drawn out by the presence of a kindred quality in another. If this be correct, the maxim is susceptible of some qualification; for where the supposed affinities are not found, there will be repulsion instead of cohesion, and the virtuous will escape contamination. It is pleasant also to reflect that this theory includes the converse maxim, viz.: "That good communications purify evil manners:" and coupled with the belief that there is no nature wholly destitute of some redeeming qualities, which favourable circumstances may draw out and strengthen, hope may be entertained for all; and they who really believe in the attracting beauty, as well as in the varied and inherent excellence of the goodness they commend, may find great encouragement to continue their efforts to extend the possession of the qualities they reverence. F. F.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Werner.—No Song No Supper.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio.—Married Lovers.—And the Pantomime.

WE found, the night before last, that we had been in a little too much hurry in resuming our theatrical duties, after the illness that attacked us; which must be our excuse to-day for the non-appearance of a criticism on the operatic piece at the Queen's Theatre. If it be repeated to-night (for we write this at home, before we can see the play-bills) we shall make a point of attending: if not, we shall find occasion for criticism somewhere else: for we do not mean to let ourselves be kept at home again soon. A worthy clergyman who had the interest of his species at heart, is said to have closed an epitaph on his wife with the following admonition:

"My grief, alas! is so sore,
That I can write but two lines more:
For hers, and every other good woman's sake,
Never let a blister be applied to a lying-in woman's back."

We say in like manner, to the rising critical generation, never go to the theatre for months together, and take nothing to eat from five in the afternoon to one, two, or three in the morning. For this is what we have been in the habit of doing; and this it is that made us ill. O ye gods and little buttered fishes! That the divine soul of man should be rendered incapable of performing its duties, because a piece of ox, or a penny bun, has not been thrust between one's teeth at the due interval!—No disrespect nevertheless to divine soul; which, like the gods in Ovid's cottages, may inhabit tenements in strange need of repair.

What shall we then write upon, having nothing to write upon? Shall we express the pleasure we feel at seeing the number of theatres increase? or the desire we have to hear again the divine songs of HANDEL? or the rejoicing of our hearts to think that PASTA is re-engaged? or the disgust with which we see those shabby criminals, *Werner* and *Fazio*, still playing off against one another their "attractions of repulsion?" Covent Garden seems to have said to Drury Lane, "Oh, you are on that tack, are you? You must have a good disgusting subject, to attract all the flies that delight in the sore places of humanity? Well: we will be as disagreeable as you. Here's *Fazio.*" ☞

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Dr Johnson once said to a lady who was harassing him with eulogies—"Madam, consider what your praise is worth, before you bestow it so liberally."

Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God and man; but it bestows no assistance upon earthly beings, and however free from the taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of Beneficence.

Life is but short: no time can be afforded but for the indulgence of *real* sorrow, or contests upon questions seriously momentous. Let us not throw away any of our days upon useless resentment, or contend who shall hold out longest in stubborn malignity. It is best not to be angry, and best in the next place to be quickly reconciled.—*Dr Johnson.*

EPITAPH ON A MISER.—Here lies one who lived unloved and died unlamented; who denied plenty to himself, assistance to his friends, and relief to the poor; who starved his family, oppressed his neighbours, and plagued himself to gain what he could not enjoy: at last Death, more merciful to him than he was to himself, released him from care and his family from want; and here he lies with the muck-worm he imitated, and with the dirt he loved, in fear of a resurrection, lest his heirs should have spent the money he left behind; having laid up no treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

Hannah More expressing her wonder to Dr Johnson, that the poet who could write "Paradise Lost," should write such poor "Sonnets,"—he replied—"Milton, Madam, was a genius who could cut a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones. [I cannot agree with the Doctor—Milton *did* carve heads upon cherry-stones.]

Covetousness is the only sin that grows *young* as men grow *old*.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Maria Grazia, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge, Nicolo, Mr Webster, Fabio, Mr Hughes,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford,
Spoletto, Mr Bland, Uberto, Mr Robinson, Carlotti. Mr Yarnold.

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Irza, Miss FAUCIT, Fatima, Mrs WAYLETT,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr LISTON, Gimbo, Mr HARLEY.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

To-morrow, A New Way to Pay Old Debts; the Happiest Day of My Life; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Operatic Drama, to be called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss FORDE. Liese, Miss E. TREE. Therese, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs GIBBS. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr HUNT. General Kienwitz, Mr BARTLEY.
Colonel Francoeur, Mr ABBOT. Nikel Unterhand; Mr G. PENSON.
Moritz, Mr BLANCHARD. Fritz Klaffen, Mr KEELEY.
Paul Richter, Miss TAYLOR. Hubert, Mr Irwin.

After the Drama, an Overture by J. N. Hummel.

After which, a New Petite Comedy, to be called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr POWER.]

The Songs, composed by Mr Barnett.

Duchess D'Orleans, Miss FORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.
Pierre, Mr Irwin. Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.
With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by Mr BAKER and Mr KEELEY.
Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.
Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Catler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Cinderella; Comrades and Friends; or Life for Life.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Drama, altered from MORTON'S Play of 'Town and Country', entitled

THE PASTOR'S FIRESIDE.

The Principal Characters by Miss SCOTT, Miss SOMERVILLE,
Miss Nicol, Madame Simon, Miss Rumens, Miss H. Boden, and Mrs Rogers.
Mr C. Hill, Mr Gough, Mr Hosmer, Mr D. Pitt,
Mr WILLIAMS, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr VALE,
Mr Almar, Mr Hobbs, Mr Young, Mr Amherst, Mr Tully, and Mr Webb.

After which, a new Comic Drama, entitled

"PS. COME TO DINNER."

Charlotte, Miss Vincent. Fanny, Miss Ellis, Mrs Pickwick, Madame Simon.
Mrs Bobbin, Miss Rummens. Betty, Mrs Rogers.
Sir Gregory Gander, Mr D. PITT. Capt. Cour('em, Mr Honor. Scapin, Mr C. Hill.
Lackbrain, Mr Rogers. Peter Pickwick, Mr VALE. Tim Bobbin, Mr WILLIAMS.
Hob, Mr Emded. Haory, Mr Hicks. Snooz'em, Mr Gough.

To conclude with, the Grand Serious Spectacle, in Two Acts, entitled

OBI: OR, THREE-FINGER'D JACK!

With the original Music, by the late Dr Arnold.

Rosa, Madame Simon. Quashee's Wife, Mrs Vale. Sam's Wife, Miss Jordan.
Captain Orford, Mr Honner. Planter, Mr Almar.
Overseer, Mr Edwin. Three-Finger'd Jack, Mr C. Hill.
Quashee, Mr T. Hill. Sam, Mr Asbury. Jonkanoo, Mr Grammer.
Old Woman, Mr Webb. Officer, Mr Lee. Tucky, Mademoiselle Rosier.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Grizzle Glowworm, Mrs Beaumont. Susan, Miss Barnett. Amoret, Miss M. Glover.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
Linaro, Alpaner, and Spirit Hunters, Messrs Morris, Winning, Fry, Taylor, &c.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Sebastian, Gregory, and Adam, Messrs Sanders, Willson, and Paule, Jun.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Andrew and Karl, (his Children) Masters Calkin and Barnett.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

To conclude with a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mrs DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act II.—SUMMER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH.
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new Burletta, entitled

THE LOST SON.

[From the French of M. SCRIBE, by Mr AINSWORTH.]

Madame de Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Leontine, Miss Sidney. Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper.
M. La-Roche, Mr W. VINING. Eugène de Nerseuil, Mr Raymond.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey.
Frank Hartley, Mr RAYMOND.
Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr Coates.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Manufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria

At the end of the Opera, a Solo on the Violin, by Mr Dando.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss WELLS. Miss AYRES.
And Mr FORRESTER.

A DIVERTISEMENT,

By Mr EDGAR, and the Corps de Ballet.

Previous to the Comedietta, Rossini's Overture to "Cenerentola."
And previous to the Entertainment, Mozart's Overture to "Zauberflote."

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Spectre of the Castle—The Night Hag—And Elizabeth.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Popping the Question—And the Pantomime.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth. 3 vols. 12mo. volume the first. (Being the second volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library). Longman.

[Concluding Notice.]

Before we speak of George the Fourth, it will be as well to remind the reader of the account we have already quoted, of his mother,—a lady whose virtues, like those of her husband, were of a negative order, and who had the defects of narrowness of mind and a love of money.

Queen Charlotte, notwithstanding her reputation for propriety, was not popular; which circumstance alone, in any person so highly situated, so long in that situation, and with so many opportunities of doing good, we hold to be utter condemnation. Little is known of her, except that she was plain, loved money and sermons, and took snuff. She was said to have laid up her treasures "where moths do not corrupt;" but it is believed that she thought she might as well have some treasure also, in places where they do. An account was circulated at her decease, of the discovery of a wardrobe full of shawls, dropping to pieces for want of having had somebody to wear them; and whether it was true or not, the public believed it.

George the Fourth inherited from his father a large and robust person, but finelier turned. His features were cast rather in the maternal mould, but to much greater advantage. He did not inherit from either any great portion of intellect, but probably he surpassed them both in natural goodness, however it was subsequently injured by his rank and education.

This Prince was born on the 12th of August 1762, and the moment he appeared in the world was, by the fact of so appearing, "Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland:" that is to say, he was leader of the armies of Cornwall and Rothsay, elderly gentleman of Carrick, man of Renfrew, loaf-giver of the Isles, and high manager of the affairs of Scotland.

'Opportunities of seeing the infant Prince were liberally allowed. Ladies were admitted on certain days, in successive parties, to a sight of him in the drawing-room of St James's. The descriptions given in the publications and private letters of the day may seem trifling, but they are curious and picturesque. A cradle containing the infant was placed beneath a splendid canopy, on a slight elevated platform, with an ornament of carved work, having a royal coronet in the middle of its head; the child lay beneath an embroidered velvet quilt, bordered with Brussels lace; two fair mutes on either side rocked him to sleep; and the nurse sat in her dignity beside him. The visitors were desired to tread softly; and a slight Chinese railing, which enclosed the platform, prevented the over curious from too near an approach.'—P. 10.

It is thus that princes, from the first moment of their existence, are dandled into a notion that they are gods, and become less than men. Little Napoleon used to sit playing with a ball and sceptre, while Marshals of France stood round and played the courtier. The imagination blushes to think how such puerilities must be regarded by the Washingtons and Jeffersons of a great republic.

George the Fourth is said by his biographer to have profited 'by the labours of his instructors and his own, in the ancient classics; in the abstract sciences, at least as far as their application to those arts which a prince may be called upon to employ, and should always be competent to judge; in modern languages and literature; and in the fine arts. He has been represented, by those who approached him, as remembering the ancient classics with a discerning taste. He spoke French, Italian, and German, with facility; and though his familiar letters were somewhat deficient in grace, and even propriety of expression, he wrote and spoke, when he chose, and thought the occasion required it, with ease and dignity.'—P. 57.

We cannot believe it. It has always struck us as a singular contradiction in the most intelligent recorders of this prince's life and conversation, that they have given him credit for talents and accomplishments, which their own accounts of him, and not seldom their own expressed opinions, directly refute. The volume before us is not an exception to this remark. The author, who is by far the best writer that has handled the subject, speaks of "brilliant endowments and accomplishments," and has presented us with the above passage, while almost everything else in his book that concerns the prince, goes to show him a man of weak intellect and little acquirement, and leaves an impression upon the mind that his biographer so regards him. A knowledge of spoken languages argues little, especially when we consider the facilities which a prince has for learning them. The "discerning taste" in the classics, attributed to him by those "who approached him," makes us desire to know who the approachers were, what was the amount of their own discernment, and whether they did not listen with the overweening ears of servility. We all know how gratuitous people are in these matters with regard to princes; and what a something in a royal mouth become the nothings of other men. A man's familiar letters may be "deficient in grace," and sometimes in "propriety of expression," without arguing anything against his general power of doing better: but we cannot believe, that they can be so deficient in common sense and grammar as the prince's were (we allude to those which have been lately before the world), and yet warrant us in drawing a conclusion favourable to his amount of common talent. His taste in the fine arts may be seen by all the world in Buckingham Palace! Sir Philip Francis described him as a tiresome companion, whose conversation it was desirable to evade. An Italian gentleman, who went over the Opera House with him, upon one of the occasions of its being refitted up, told a friend of ours, than nothing could be more silly than his remarks. We have a distinct and strong recollection, that the only time we ever met with an extempore speech of his recorded in the newspapers, it was quite as futile as his letter-writing. It was on occasion of his taking leave of his regiment, when the latter went abroad.

There is nothing which has more served to convince us of the truth of our author's unfavourable opinion of the prince's first mistress, Mrs Robinson, than this fact of his Royal Highness's want of common literature. This lady speaks of his delightful conversation and his "eloquent letters." Much may be conceded to the vanity of such an intercourse as her's, and to its willing credulities; but unfortunately, a letter of his Royal Highness's to Mrs Robinson transpired on his decease, among the others above alluded to, and it was as bad as the best of them. His Royal Highness evidently did not understand the meaning of some of the commonest words in the language; nor could his memory tax itself with a nominative case, if two or three shambling sentences took it into their heads to come between it and the verb.

Our author, we think, has well summed up the spirit of this affair between the Prince and Mrs Robinson:—

'The Prince of Wales was assuredly warranted in discarding Mrs Robinson. She could not plead any sacrifice of innocence or good fame; and as to the supposed "ruin of her peace," her Memoirs are at issue on that point, with the evidence of her notorious and uninterrupted gaieties after the separation took place. A connection begun in artifice could hardly have ended in an attachment of passion and the heart. But the gallantry of a gentleman, and the common feelings of a man, should have taught the Prince of Wales to secure her from distress. Her settlement of 400l. a year, besides being irregularly paid, was, for the most part, intercepted by creditors, whose claims remained unsatisfied; and he who decked her in all the luxury and splendour which wealth could bestow, whilst she possessed youth and charms, left her to struggle with poverty, when she no longer had youth, beauty, or health. This was not generous, but it was natural and consistent. His liberalities, essentially selfish, were conferred for the gratification of his own caprice, and ceased, of course, with the motive which produced them.'

The following is a real piece of the biography of George the Fourth; for there was nothing more serious to him, from first to last, than the cut and colour of his *habiliments*:—

'The Prince of Wales appeared at Court on the Queen's birthday, in the winter of 1781, in his new character of manhood. The

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most remarkable, at least the most remarked, circumstance in his appearance on the occasion, was a complete change in the fashion of his dress. His new costume, then admired and imitated, would appear not a little grotesque at a subsequent period in his own court. The curious in those matters may be pleased with the description:—"His coat was of pink silk, with white cuffs; his waistcoat of white silk, embroidered with various coloured foil, but adorned with a profusion of French paste; and his hat was ornamented with two rows of steel beads, 5,000 in number, with a button and loop of the same metal, and cocked in a military style." '—P. 80.

Speaking of the Whig friends of the Prince of Wales, and of the way in which they united pleasure with business, the author observes,—

'It should be said of the men of that day, that they were prodigal of life, rather than wasteful of time. They concentrated and expended in a brief compass the mental and vital energies, which they might have economised through a longer period. Those who would look back upon their lives in the spirit of reprobation, may be consoled with the reflection that the race is extinct. But the influence of their society and example upon the habits of the Prince has been grossly overcharged by servility, which would throw the odium of his errors upon others; and by party spirit, which would throw any odium on political opponents. He would have contracted debts, and found companions in debauchery, had his Whig friends never existed,—as in truth he did beyond and beneath their sphere,—whilst, at the same time, he owed to the converse of those accomplished persons much useful instruction, the exercise of his faculties and fancy, and the cultivation of his tastes.'—P. 86.

We believe much of this to be true; but we think it would have been as well had our author drawn a distinction between the irregularities of such a man as Mr Fox, and the heartless vices of many, perhaps most of the other persons about the Prince. If the Prince's Whig friends were not the creators of what was ill in him, they certainly were not the founders of anything that was good. They inoculated him with no salutary principle. At least they gave him no strength to retain it. He waived them off as soon as it was convenient to him, and withdrew into the Toryism natural to Kings. Of the public good, we believe he had never any idea, but as something which enabled him to lead a flashy life when young, to have a luxurious retirement when old, and to divide the honours of success with a victorious General, by fashioning the caps of his soldiers.

At page 105 is a parliamentary anecdote of Mr Fox, in the relation of which we cannot help thinking that our author's usual tact, as well as memory, must have forsaken him. He is speaking of the famous coalition of Lord North:—

'Mr Fox,' he observes, 'defended the coalition and himself with all the energy and adroitness of his dialectics and the happy turns of his wit. A member of the House of Commons (Mr Martin) said he wished a starling were perched on the right hand of the Speaker, to cry "Disgraceful, cursed coalition!" The retort of Mr Fox does not appear in the published reports of his speeches. He said he saw no necessity for the starling, when the honourable gentleman himself was so ready and so qualified to perform the duty.'—P. 105.

Surely Mr Fox's retort must have contained a play upon the word *Martin*. The omission resembles the story of Archbishop Herring and his fall in the gutter.

The following summary sketch of "life, character, and behaviour," will give the reader a good idea of the lower part of the Prince's society, and the "way in which they went on:"—

'Lord Barrymore made amends for his economy of wit, by the prodigality with which he hastened his own ruin in dinners, balls, suppers, and assemblages of three hundred people, at Wargrave.

'This noted spendthrift had commenced his career so early, and squandered so profusely, that he found himself nearly ruined on coming of age. Of all the Prince of Wales's dissolute companions, he seems to have been the most abandoned. On attaining his majority, he entertained the Prince at the cost of 10,000 pounds, and was obliged to sell his horses and carriages soon after he had thus signalized his attainment of the age of discretion. He had an extraordinary fund of animal spirits, with some eccentricity. The Prince one night, at his instigation, rushed out with a party from the orgies of the pavilion, fantastically dressed in table-cloths, with napkins round their heads, and making strange noises to fright the old women of Brighton out of their senses or their sleep. He played Harlequin in a pantomime at the Brighton theatre,—jumping with grotesque activity through a blazing hoop, and "setting the audience in a roar," by a ridiculous disruption of his motley dress. He exhibited himself, if possible, still more incongruously to the fashionable world of London, dancing a mock minuet in Saville row with the clown Delpini. But Lord Barrymore's animal spirits were no longer enlivening—his eccentricities no longer whimsical—when his ruin became apparent. His reception at Carlton House, from being reserved and infrequent, ceased altogether. It was very common to shift the blame of the Prince of Wales's irregularities from himself to his associates. The ruin of those among them who had fortunes to lose, might, with more propriety, be charged to their foolish ambition of associating with him. The facility with which he both *encouraged* and discarded them was a natural consequence, a *just* punishment(!) and a useful example. Lord Barrymore's career was soon and fatally terminated. His private theatricals at Wargrave were closed, as it was expressed at Carlton House, "with a finale song by John Doe and Richard Roe;" his assaults and batteries which he committed indiscriminately on Sir John Lade, Mr T. C. and his other compeers of the Jockey Club, at Newmarket, and on those whom he met in street brawls, and the low haunts of profligacy, made him avoided by persons of his own condition, and brought him under the notice of the Court of King's Bench. He appeared twice before Lord Kenyon, the Chief Justice,—as a party prosecuted for an assault, and as defendant in an action for debt. The action was brought by the architect who built his private theatre at Wargrave: he pleaded his minority, was answered by proof of a promise to pay after he became of age, and lost both his honour and his cause. Lord Barrymore was an officer in the Berkshire militia. Whilst escorting a party of French prisoners from Rye to Dover, 1793, he was shot in the head by the accidental discharge of a carbine, which he had with him in his carriage, died in a few minutes, and thus finished at the early age of twenty-three, his short, dissolute, and foolish life.'—P. 216.

In giving an account of another of the Prince's friends, the Duke of Orleans, the biographer hazards his reputation for authenticity a little too far, when he quotes a reply of his Serene Highness to "the consolations of his confidential valet-de-chambre." This Prince was supposed by some to have been 'actuated by the vengeance of a slighted passion for the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. She treated him with disdain; the jealous eye of a scorned lover upon her actions become troublesome, and she twice procured his exile from Paris and Versailles. Whilst overwhelmed with disappointment and ennui, in the solitude of one of his country houses, he vented his feelings in the following reply to the consolations of his confidential valet-de-chambre,—"They shall pay for this dearly, though I were to perish for it: yes; I could die content if I involved the King, and above all the Queen, in my ruin; and I will do it, though it cost me my fortune and my life." '—P. 219.

Where did the biographer find this discourse with the confidential valet-de-chambre? or what value can be attached to the disclosures of such a personage? With still less warrant he speaks of Lafayette as desirous to be rid of a "rival in popularity." To be rid of the Duke of Orleans was to be rid of a bad man; and there is nothing in the noble and undeviating career of Lafayette to subject him at any time to the suspicion of less worthy motives than those of the most generous goodness.

This volume contains good accounts of the distressing states of debt which perplexed the Prince of Wales, and enabled the King and Mr Pitt to assume such imposing advantages over him,—of the sensation created by the supposed and we believe indisputable marriage of his Royal Highness with Mrs Fitzherbert,—of the falsehood into which the trusting superiority of Mr Fox's nature was beguiled for the purpose of contradicting the marriage,—and of the unfortunate union with poor Caroline of Brunswick, whose natural candour and open-heartedness, though accompanied perhaps by no great refinement, and not undeformed by violence, deserved a better fate, than to become the victim of mercenary convenience, and the unequal privileges of the stronger.

We shall look with interest for the author's two other volumes. The present one has led us into a longer succession of extracts than usual; but the reader, we trust, will have found reason to excuse it.

Silence is the judicious ornament of those who have nothing to say.

Poverty and sorrow are the strongest securities against the intrusions of mankind. Let Adversity guard your threshold, and you may linger through an uninterrupted life and mournful seclusion.

A capacity to do good not only gives a title to it, but also makes the doing of it a *duty*.

He who has got the name for early rising, may lie in bed till breakfast-time.

ACTION.

Birds, beasts, air, fire, the heavens and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at rest
But *death* and *ruin*.

JOHNSON'S STYLE ANTICIPATED.—Sir Thomas Browne, in his Essay on Urn-Burial, says,—Gold once out of the earth is no more due unto it; what was unreasonably committed to the ground is reasonably removed from it. Let monuments and rich fabrics, not riches, adorn men's ashes. The commerce of the living is not to be transferred unto the dead. It is not injustice to take that which none complains to lose, and no man is wronged where no man is possessor.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand.—The Illustrious Stranger.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Romance of a Day.—Married Lovers.—And the Pantomime.

COVENT-GARDEN.

We looked in here last night, and saw an act of the *Romance of a Day*, which has already been criticised in this paper. We have nothing to add to the judgment delivered upon it; but would merely express our pleasure at seeing Mr KEELEY again, and finding Miss H. CAWSE in a more prominent part than is usually assigned her. There is a turn for unaffected truth in this young lady's manner, a simplicity in her style of singing, and a rich delicacy in her voice, which always interest us, and give us a kind of personal wish for her success. She ought to take confidence, and say everything she does with double boldness. KEELEY has opened a mine for the play-wrights, in his union of a self-satisfied dumpiness with the sentimental and the agile. In the piece before us he is a conceited lover, who thinks he has made a desperate impression upon a village beauty, and finds himself deceived. The reader may imagine him! He has little thick legs in white, little thick thighs in slate colour, a jacket and shirt to match, and a Spanish hat adorned with ribands. This well-fed little phenomenon, with a face of natural judgment, complexional doubt, and acquired complacency, goes sighing and dying about the stage, with alternate airs of pity for the heart-struck maiden, and congratulation for himself. When about to receive (as he thinks) her hand, he turns aside with a bashful acquiescence. When he would be pathetic, he talks of the remote calamity of "dying by *inches*." When he finds himself really at fault, and rejected, he thinks he is bound to tear a few hairs off his head in going away, and appeases his mortified vanity by stamping several times with all the might of his shoes. Mr KEELEY apprehends this character to perfection. When he runs out on a supposed triumphant errand, and comes back to enjoy the result of it in the reception of the lady's hand, nothing can be more truly vain and self-satisfied than the heavy, loitering leaps into which he slackens his haste, and finally comes to the *à plomb*. It is heavy with the sense of his merits. He seems to say, "Thine end is attained, Fritz-Klaffen! It is the solidity of thy deserts that has brought thee to this consummation! Repose upon thy graces and thy judiciousness! Oppress not the lady with too swift a sense of her happiness! Be easy, and perfect."

We were sorry to find, by the book of the songs, that much of the singing has been latterly omitted. The *Court Journal* has given just praise to the song about the Nightingale and the Rose, and the pretty conceit at the end of the first stanza. As it is not common to meet with song-books of modern operas, in which there is anything worth extracting, we will lay it before the reader:—

BALLAD.—*Karoline* (Miss H. CAWSE).

"I dream'd the rose was married to the bird it loves so well;
They had built a leafy bow'r in a deep romantic dell;
To the nuptial-banquet hurried ev'ry warbler wild and gay,
And bud and blossom crowded round in beautiful array;
The vale-born lily prank'd herself in all her bridal snows,
And rang her silver bells to hail the marriage of the rose!

But scarcely o'er the wedded pair a summer moon had pass'd,
When the nightingale had vanish'd, and the rose was fading fast!
And whisper'd ev'ry busy leaf, and twitter'd ev'ry bird:
'What could the silly flow'r have hop'd from union so absurd?
She scorn'd the fondest woodbine that ever breath'd a sigh,
And link'd her fate to a winged mate, that leaves her now to die!'"

There is a stanza in a song in the first act, the two concluding lines of which please us better than these:—

"Laden with diamonds
Let dames seek the hall,
To yawn at a concert,
Or faint at a ball:
I'll sing and dance
At my own village fair;
Joy in heart,
And a rose in my hair."

This is as much superior to the pretty conceit, as pure nature is to something not very natural, however pretty.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

PUBLIC MONEY.—Public money ought to be touched with the most scrupulous consciousness of honour. It is not the produce of riches only, but of the hard earnings of labour and poverty. It is drawn even from the bitterness of want and misery. Not a beggar passes, or perishes in the streets, whose mite is not in that mass.

AUSTERITY.—The simplicity of the dove is to be guided by the prudence of the serpent. Too much austerity of doctrine savours more of affectation than discretion, and drives oftener at libertinism than true reform, every one inclining to shake off the yoke when rendered too heavy. Excess of rigour is a kind of usury, in that it extorts upon conscience to the oppression of a weak brother. The way to heaven is narrow: we ought not to straighten it more, nor to lay stumbling blocks in the paths.—*Yellow Dwarf.*

COMMUNICATION WITH POSTERITY.—How much valuable and useful information of the actual existing state of arts and knowledge at any period might be transmitted to posterity in a distinct, tangible, and imperishable form, if, instead of the absurd and useless disposition of a few coins and medals under the foundations of buildings, specimens of ingenious implements, or condensed statements of scientific truths, or processes in arts and manufactures were substituted. Will books infallibly preserve to a remote posterity all that we may desire should be hereafter known of ourselves and our discoveries, or all that posterity would wish to know? And may not a useless ceremony be thus transformed into an act of enrolment in a perpetual archive of what we most prize, and acknowledge to be most valuable?—*Herschel's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.*

A SPARE DIET.—Dr Tronchin, Physician to a former Duke of Orleans, was celebrated for having studied the influence of the moral upon the physical man, the necessity of managing the strength, of proportioning the resources to the means, and the advantage of combating the principle of the disease, by removing out of the way whatever might contribute to cherishing and irritating it. Spare diet was almost always one of the first of his prescriptions. "'Tis the best way," he said, "to cut off the enemy's provisions: that is already a great point gained."—What Plutarch said of a physician of his time, was applied to Tronchin:—"He was among physicians what Socrates was among philosophers."

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The American President is elected every four years, and his salary is about 6,000*l.*;—our Royal Family costs us about one hundred and sixty times that sum. The whole of the expense of the civil government in America, and for their army and navy, is about *three millions* sterling, taking the dollar at five shillings;—our expense for these is said by Ministers to be *eighteen millions and a half*.] The interest of their debt, including the sinking fund, is *two millions and a half*;—ours is *forty-eight millions*. Their excess of revenue beyond the expenditure (the only real sinking fund), is *one million and a half*;—our excess of expenditure beyond our revenue is *nineteen millions*; and therefore our sinking fund is one that will soon *sink* us in the gulf of bankruptcy—it is worse than nonsense. Everything here is taxed, even the very light of heaven, and the bread we eat;—there nothing is taxed, except foreign productions. Those who call themselves our Representatives are chosen once in seven years; the people have hardly anything to say in the choice of them; and a majority of them are appointed by a few Peers and rich commoners, whose interest is very different from that of the rest of the people;—in America, the Representatives of the people are elected *every year*; Peers are unknown; and the qualification to entitle them to a vote is so low, that almost every man has a voice in the election. With annual elections, and almost universal suffrage, America is abolishing all internal taxes and rapidly extinguishing her debt;—here, with septennial elections, in which the great bulk of the nation have nothing to say, we are ground to the earth with taxes, while we are adding at least nineteen millions a year to our debt! And yet there are many people still so blind or so infatuated as to say, that annual elections and universal suffrage are to be deprecated as impracticable theories, and which would do no good here, suppose they were practicable! We can only apply to these people the adage, "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*;" and we heartily wish their eyes may be opened ere it be too late.—*Dundee Advertiser*, 1818.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not forgotten a letter which reached us from Cambridge, and which was very welcome. The books it speaks of will be noticed in the course of a few days.

The error pointed out by J. J. W. in a contemporary publication, is, we think, hardly worth comment.

We shall take an opportunity of noticing the spirit of PHILO-DRAMATICUS's communication.

J. K. will have seen that we were obliged to him. So will our friend T. A, whose document shall be returned to him speedily.

J. H.'s "Religious Sign of the Times" is hardly so good as his Military.

Many thanks to F. G., not omitting a due sense of the interest taken in our pages by his fair friend. The little volume he was good enough to send us, was made use of in the earlier numbers of the TATLER. It will be returned him with the larger one, when we have indecently kept it a little longer.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of
A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.
[By Mr MASSINGER.]
Lady Allworth, Mrs FAUCIT, Margaret, Miss FAUCIT,
Froth, Mrs Broad, Tabitha, Mrs Webster, Abigail, Mrs East.
Sir Giles Overreach, Mr KEAN,
Wellborn, Mr COOPER, Marrall, Mr FARREN,
Lovel, Mr H. WALLACK, Allworth, Mr J. VINING, Tapwell, Mr HUGHES,
Justice Greedy, Mr WEBSTER, Amble, Mr TAYLEURE,
Order, Mr Cathie, Furnace, Mr Salter, Watchall, Mr Honner,
Tailor, Mr Eaton, Vintner, Mr Lee.

In the course of the Evening, Spontini's Overture to "Nurmahal," and Rossini's Overture to "La Gazza Ladra."

After which will be exhibited the new and splendid
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD,
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 500 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Pariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To conclude with a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called
THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.
[Adapted to the English Stage, by A. LEE.]
Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs ORGER. Zerlina, Mrs WAYLETT.
The Concerted Music, by Misses Byfeld, Bruce, S. Phillips, Russell, and Mrs Bedford
Fra Diavolo, Mr WALLACK.
Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr HARLEY. Lorenzo, Mr SINCLAIR.
Lucro, Mr Webster.
Banditti—Beppo, Mr Latham. Giacomo, Mr Bedford. 1st Carabineer, Mr Bland.
Postilion, Mr Honner. Francisco, Mr Eaton.

To-morrow, Rob Roy; Turning the Tables; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called
CINDERELLA.
The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr HUNT. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

After which, a New Drama, in Two Acts, to be called
COMRADES AND FRIENDS; OR, LIFE FOR LIFE.
[The Music selected and arranged by Mr G. Stansbury.]
Madame Derville, Mrs CHATTERLEY,
Madame Bertrand, Mrs VINING, Nina, Miss KENDALL,
Elisa, Miss E. KENDALL, Laurette, Miss TAYLOR.
Roland Duroc, Charles Valcour, } Sergeants of a French Regiment, } Mr WARDE, Mr ABBOTT,
Morazzi (the Adjutant), Mr G. BENNETT,
Henry (Commander of the Packet), Mr DURUSET, La Mouche, Mr TURNOUR,
Dumont (Lieutenant of the Regiment), Mr HENRY,
Adolphus (Son of Madame Derville), Miss Hunt, Joseph, Mr Fuller,
Valentine (an old Domestic) Mr Barnes, Paul, Mr Addison.

In Act II. A Dance of Peasantry.
[Composed by Mr D'Albert.
By Mesdames Blaire, Fairbrother, Griffiths, Payne, Reed, Thomassin,
Vials, Wells,
Messrs Addison, J. Cooper, Collett, Grant, Heath, King, F. Sutton.

To-morrow, The Romance of a Day; and Married Lovers.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.

Second appearance of Mons. BOUFFE, who is engaged for 12 nights only.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par
LES FRERES A L'EPREUVE.
Comédie en Trois Actes, de M. VOLMERANGES.
Pauline, épouse de Gerval, Mlle. St. Ange. Madame de la Janker, Mme. Baudin.
Deux Femmes de Chambre, Mlles. Corra et Emma.
M. de Monval, M. Cloup. M. D'Hermonville, son Ami, M. Alfred.
Gerval, M. de la Janker, Neveux de M. Monval, M. Pelissié, M. Gamard.
Le Roc, viel Usurier, M. Prêval. Français, vieux Domestique, M. Guenée.
Deux Valets, MM. Arnaud et Granville.

Suivie de
C A L E B.
Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. DARTOIS et E. SCRIBE.
Clara, Sœur d'Edouard, Mlle. Florval.
Emmy, jeune Fille gardant les troupeaux du village, Mlle. St. Ange.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Caleb, (his original character).
Henri, Comte de Douglas, M. Derval. Edouard, son ami, M. Paulin.
Jaket, Charpentier du Village, M. Prêval. Kirk Aubergiste, M. Guenée.
Le Greffier, du Juge de Paix, M. Granville.

On Finira par la Première Représentation de
LE MARCHAND DE LA RUE SAINT DENIS.
Vaudeville nouveau en Trois Actes, de MM. BRAZIER et de VILLENEUVE.
Madame Dumont, Mme. Prêval. Henriette, sa Fille, Mlle. Florval.
Séraphine, Nièce de Madame Dumont, Mlle. St. Ange.
Octavie, Fille de Beaupré, Mlle. Eliza. Marguerite, Gouvernante, Mlle. Emma.
Jeannette, Nourrice, Mlle. Corra.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Théophile, (his original character).
D. Dumont, Marchand de Soiries, M. St. Aubert. Durvilliers, Magistrat, M. Derval.
Edouard, son Fils, M. Alfred. Le Baron Beaupré, M. Cloup.
Le Maire, M. Paulin. Jocard, Garçon de Bureau, M. Prêval.
Un Auvergnat, M. Granville. Un Garçon de Caisse, M. Arnaud.
Un Vétéran, M. Guenée.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

To conclude with a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]
The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mrs DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act. II.—SUMMER.
The Characters as in Act I.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new Burletta, entitled
THE LOST SON.
[From the French of M. SCRIBE, by Mr AINSWORTH.]
Madame de Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Leontine, Miss Sidney. Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper.
M. La-Roche, Mr W. VINING. Eugène de Nerseuil, Mr Raymond.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.
[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
[By Mr C. DANCE.]
The Characters as before.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

Will be revived the celebrated Drama, entitled
THE ITALIAN WIFE.
Bianca, Miss M. C. POOLE,
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott, Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Venice, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Gonsalvo, Mr Gough, Falsetto, Mr Honner,
Giraldi Fazio, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Bartolo, Mr Williams, Philario, Mr Almar, Antonio, Mr Young,

After which, (2nd time at this Theatre)
PAST TEN O'CLOCK, AND A RAINY NIGHT.
Nancy, Miss VINCENT. Lucy, Miss SOMERVILLE. Silence, Miss Nicol.
Bantam, Mr ROGERS. Dozey, Mr WILLIAMS. Sam Squib, Mr VALE.

The Nautico-Domestic Drama, entitled
THE ROVER'S BRIDE.
[By Mr G. ALMAR.]
The Principal Characters by Miss SCOTT, Miss SOMERVILLE, Mr D. PITT, Mr C. HILL, Mr VALE, and Mr ROGERS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,
TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Operatic Piece, entitled
GALATEA.
From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria,
At the end of the Opera, a Solo on the Violin, by Mr Dando.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled
THREE TO ONE.
The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss WELLS. Miss AYRES.
And Mr FORRESTER.

A DIVERTISEMENT,
By Mr EDGAR, and the Corps de Ballet.

Previous to the Comedietta, Rossini's Overture to "Cenerentola."
And previous to the Entertainment, Mozart's Overture to "Zauberflote."

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called
EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Spectre of the Castle—The Night Hag—And Elizabeth.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Popping the Question—And the Pantomime.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL,—EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Pladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.
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Nº 139.]

[Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. 12mo. Vol. II. pp. 341. (Being the fifteenth volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia). Longman.

[For notices of Vol. I., see Tatler, Nos. 54, 55, 56, and 57.]

We are still of opinion that this is the best history of France that has yet appeared in English; but either we have looked at the second volume with more attention, or it is hardly so well written as the first. We have again to complain of the neglect of anecdotes. The same authorities which furnished the author with his narrative in general, would have supplied him with these. The *Memoires pour servir* abound with them, beyond any other materials for history; and anecdotes are the life of narration. They are bits of the men themselves. All the rest we take more or less upon trust: it is the author speaking and thinking for us: anecdotes bring us into direct company with the parties, and enable us to judge for ourselves. The excuse ordinarily alleged for their omission is, that they take too much room in works that have little to spare: but we have never yet encountered any work of the sort, which might not have spared to advantage for their sake. A great deal of the spirit of ordinary narrative may be compressed into very brief compass. It is not a spirit likely to burst the vial. Anecdotes do the rest better than the author could. In short, we are, in this respect, for having a pudding made almost all of plums, not a piece of dough with a plumb stuck here and there. Why did Mr Crowe omit the anecdote of the pleasing medal which Louis the Thirteenth used to carry about his neck; to wit, a little basket of puppies? He speaks of Mazarin's personal interference between the French and Spanish armies, but does not give the particulars, which are picturesque, and might have been told in almost as few words. His friend De Retz, whom with all his talents we think he overrates, might have furnished him with a variety of characteristic passages; Madame de Motteville also, Brantome, and a hundred others. Mr Crowe's style is, in general, ambitiously attentive and exact; for which we are far from blaming him: it is a credit to himself, and to the series of publications in which he is a coadjutor; and for the most part the style is successful. But an ambition of this kind challenges criticism, and makes us object to the formal and forced passages we sometimes meet with; as at the beginning, for instance, of page 167; and why does Mr Crowe, at page 13, speak of the "Goddess Pecune," instead of Pecunia? The original French has here been retained with singular impropriety. "Savaron, an orator of eloquence in the *tiers*, exclaimed against the mercenary spirit of the noblesse, which, he said, had forsaken the pursuit of honour for the worship of the Goddess Pecune."—Prince Eugene put the charge in its most classical shape against the Duke of Marlborough, whom somebody was praising for his devotedness to "his queen." "His queen?" exclaimed the Prince; "*His* queen is Regina Pecunia."

Before we proceed with our extracts, we will notice one or two other mistakes, that we may dismiss the disagreeable part of criticism first; being of the little children's mind, who like to keep the best bit of their cake for the last. Our author says, "that great military talent must necessarily be wanting at the commencement of a war; and that it requires half a score of years campaigning for the age and the nation to form its military system anew,—the old never sufficing; and to find for that system a head and an arm capable of directing it."—P. 45. On the contrary, it may be asserted, that on great occasions great soldiers have never been wanting, and that too on the sudden. Witness alone the genius of Cromwell, and the appearance of the young and victorious Bonaparte, conquering Italy against the old soldiers of Austria.

Speaking of the nobles and the mob in the time of the wars of the Fronde, he says,

'The reader will not fail to remark how distinct these several classes kept from each other, even when in alliance and fighting the same battles; a state of society that has not ceased at the present day to characterize France: whilst in England, the blending of the lower ranks of the nobly born, with the higher ranks of the industrious and unennobled, effected by the habits and institutions of the country, have rendered the pernicious line of demarcation betwixt castes and classes almost invisible to the historian.'—P. 84.

We know not what it may be to the historian in his closet, but to the observer out in the world, nothing is more notorious, or a more common subject of remark, than the painful distinctness of this line of demarcation in England, compared with that of the continental nations. And the reasons are as notorious; namely, the existence of that very law of primogeniture, which renders the younger brothers of the nobility a set of dependents; and the dread entertained by the old families, of the encroachments of commercial wealth. In no country, as in England, is the line of demarcation so strongly marked between the "great vulgar and the small;" and in no country, for that reason, are the two classes so very vulgar after their respective fashions; that is to say, so vain of their corporate slang and peculiarities.

The following blunder amazes us:—'Darker and more singular traits are to be added to the character of the Duke of Orleans (the Regent): he disbelieved all religion, was a deist or atheist.' A deist or atheist! Why, no two men can be more different as regards belief and religion. Surely we have not to tell Mr Crowe this, or to ask him whether he understands the very meaning of the words; yet we must either suppose that he does not understand them, or has condescended to a cant. A deist may be a very religious man after his fashion; nay, so may an atheist be, as far as regards natural piety, or an affectionate regard for what is moral and beautiful: for religion means any tie upon our consciences, in addition to the common restraints of society; and men have been known to become atheists out of the very haste and impatience of their moral feelings revolting against the vulgar misrepresentations of deity. Besides, according to Bacon and other profound observers, Atheism is not calculated to produce such dark and singular crimes as Superstition. It was not Atheism or Deism that perpetrated the massacre of St Bartholomew, or that would have cannonaded the French people the other day, for not obeying the ordinances. If Robespiere was a deistical or atheistical fanatic, it was not irreligion that had set him the example of his slaughters up to that period of history.

The literature of the reign of Louis XIV, according to our author, was 'but the gilding, the precious ornament, of the stately edifice. Its tragedies and odes, its satires, sermons, fables, were written for the perusal or the audience of court. They were not born of popular feeling, and neither propagated nor influenced opinions deeper than taste. They are the domain of criticism, not of history.'—P. 190. But Molière's 'Tartuffe' is matter of history: religious hypocrisy is a matter of history. The Marquises and *petits maîtres*, whom he ridiculed, are matters of history; and so is the literature of every age, because it belongs to manners and to the state of the human mind.

There are several other points in Mr Crowe's second volume, which we should feel ourselves called upon to dispute with him, had we time and room. But now to pleasanter matter. In the following pithy sentences, we are struck with a lively sense of the difference between old and new France:—

'The yearly *taille*, (land-tax) on the poorer classes ONLY, amounted to fifty millions of livres, equal to double the sum in our day. The present land-tax in France, paid by all, does not exceed that amount by one and one half, and NOW THERE ARE NEITHER TITHES NOR FEUDAL EXACTIONS.'—P. 76.

In the next page, the author says, 'I cannot refrain from here remarking, how similar scenes are reproduced in French history. This has been noticed in relating the *barricades* of the League. The *barricades* of the *Fronde* we now enter on, and they too had their points of resemblance with the last. It was the capture of Algiers that raised the confidence of Charles X to resist. We saw him proceeding to the *Te Deum* amidst the silence of his people, and in

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a few days the barricades of 1830 had driven him from his capital. The reader will find that the *Fronde* had also its *garde bourgeois* or national guard, its mobs, its moderate royalists astonished to find themselves revolutionary.'

Ah, but there was no Lafayette in those days; no great and universal principle, the result of the diffusion of knowledge; men were of the parties of men, and not of the party of mankind; and therefore despotism resumed its ascendancy.

The following is alarming! We confess we dislike the reflexions which it forces us to entertain, with reference both to France and to this country; though, at the same time, we have no fears for the final result of what is now taking place in the world. Mankind will never go back, knowing what they do. But we lament to think it possible, that they may still have to struggle for a time against false friends, and false notions of corporate interests.

'It has been the fate,' says Mr Crowe, 'of all attempts to establish liberty in France to be frustrated, not by the opposition of the aristocracy, *but by their affecting to abet and to adopt its principles.* Having under this pretext obtained the lead, they have ever perverted the force of the cause to their own selfish or frivolous interests, thus proving equally fatal in their friendship as their enmity. The nobles and princes of the blood, taking the lead of the popular party, destroyed all its efforts for freedom under Charles IV. The struggle of the Huguenots for religious liberty was perverted in the same way. To what end was all the blood of the French Protestants spilled, and their victories achieved? To the establishment of the house of Bourbon, and to the oppression and ruin of themselves. In the *Fronde* the magistracy of Paris, supported by the citizens, endeavoured to supply the want of a national assembly. They found a constitution; forced it on the court without effusion of blood; and might have succeeded in upholding, and perhaps ameliorating it, when the young noblesse interfered, drove the citizens to insurrection first, then to submission, and, for the sake of their selfish quarrels, which all their light-heartedness and valour cannot redeem, they sacrificed the last hope that the French had of even a degree of liberty; they pierced the last plank that shut out the overwhelming ocean of despotism.'—P. 79.

Our author has given us an anecdote and a new trait of Mazarin (new at least to us), for which we are grateful. It is a right and triumphant piece of Italianism, surviving all the French part of his history.

'His love of pictures,' we are told, 'was as strong as his love of power—stronger, since it survived. A fatal malady had seized on the Cardinal, whilst engaged in the conferences of the treaty, and worn by mental fatigue, he brought it home with him to the Louvre. He consulted Guenaud, the great physician, who told him that he had two months to live. Some days after receiving this dread mandate, Brienne perceived the Cardinal in night-cap and dressing-gown, tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming, "Must I quit all these?" He saw Brienne, and seized him: "Look!" exclaimed he, "Look at that Corregio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Caracci! Ah, my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that cost me so much!"'—P. 104.

"Louis le Grand" beats his valet. 'When Louis learned the pusillanimous conduct of his hopeful son (the Duc de Maine, in battle) which he did through other means than Villeroi's despatches, nothing could equal his chagrin. So great was his irritation, that he lost sight even of his dignity, which he forgot so far, as to beat with his hands a valet, for pocketing a biscuit at dinner. Whilst flustered with this feat, the Monarch met his Confessor, Père la Chaise, and cried, "I have beaten the rascal well, my father, and broke my cane on his back, *but I hope I have not offended God in the act.*" Poor Louis le Grand!

The first approaches of mutual regard between France and England, which have come so much closer in our time, and will, we believe, never be truly again divorced—(all humanity hopes not)—are well touched upon in the following passage:—

'Britain had previously acted but as an auxiliary, and not always a successful auxiliary either; the parts she played were secondary, but now she took the lead. Her armies were those of a great empire; and Marlborough's glory filled Europe with a splendour more dazzling because unexpected. England became the mode, the cynosure, and, on a closer examination, showed perfections that equally startled the inhabitant of the continent. Her constitution, her liberties, her senatorial eloquence, the boldness and independence of the national character, were qualities hitherto vaguely heard of, but now seen and studied. Montesquieu and Voltaire both visited London at this time; and such voyagers were alone sufficient to convert an unknown into a known and admired region. The man of the continent, the Frenchman, hitherto confined to his own classic and elegant models in literature, and not dreaming of finding in this department any rival near his throne, stumbled upon our more original and robust, yet scarcely less refined writers; and his amazement at our literary genius was even still more great. He became familiar with the names of Locke and Newton, and with their discoveries. Such glories as these in intellect, united with the more popular ones of Marlborough in the battle-field, might well command the admiration, and captivate the attentions of a stranger nation. It did so: France, conscious of her own grandeur and eminence, was above all mean jealousy; her applause was loud and sincere.'—P. 180.

We should here close our notice of this (upon the whole) interesting volume, but as the author carries it down to the year 92, which includes one of the most interesting periods of the First French Revolution, and as the concluding chapter contains a passage deeply worthy of attention to us all at the present moment, we shall give one more article on the subject.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

THE SWALLOW.—"One does not make a summer."—It is remarkable, that most countries have a similar proverb, relating to the swallow's accidental appearance before its usual time. The *Greeks* have Μία χελιδὼν ἔαρ οὐ ποιεῖ; the *Latins*, "Una hirundo non facit ver;" the *French*, "Une hirondelle ne fait pas le printems;" the *Germans*, "Eine schwalbe macht keinen früling;" the *Dutch*, "Een swaluw maakt geen zomer;" the *Swedes*, "En svala gör ingen sommar;" the *Spanish*, "Una golondrina no pace verano;" the *Italians*, "Una rondine non fa primavera;" and the *English*, "One swallow doth not make a summer."—*Perennial Calendar. February.*

LAW OF DIVORCE IN CHINA.—In the Chinese laws, one of the grounds on which a husband may divorce his wife is, *her being given too much to talking!*

INNOCENT OLD WOMAN!—A clergyman, residing not ten miles from Beverley, was addressing his congregation, when, in the course of an address in which he was recommending the reading of the Scriptures, he took occasion to quote the interrogatory of Philip to the Eunuch—"Understandest thou what thou readest?"—when an old woman, who had listened with unusual attention to the sermon, conceiving that this personal appeal was "levelled at her," with great simplicity replied, "No, sir, for my Bible is *Black Print*, and I never learned that."—*York Herald.*

HOBBES.—The philosopher of Malmsbury is said to have been a remarkably timid man; and it is supposed that this horror of revolutions made him so earnest a supporter of despotic power. Bayle says, that "his mother, frightened with the reports that were current of the approach of the naval force of the Spaniards, lay-in with him before her time; therefore it is a wonder he lived so long."—Was this the cause of his extreme timidity?

SLANDER.—It does not depend upon me, said the Grecian, to prevent being spoken ill of; it is only in my power that it be not done deservedly.

CONSOLATORY VIEW OF HUMAN VICISSITUDES.—Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision of nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetition.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

ERROR OF PARTIZANS.—Difference of opinion frequently interrupts cordiality very improperly; for as no man should forego his opinion out of mere deference, persistence in it, where no doubt of sincerity can be entertained, is rather a title to esteem than to disapprobation. F. F.

WHY MEN OF GENIUS ARE IMPERFECTLY APPRECIATED.—It is in strict accordance with the nature of things, that men of original genius should be always inadequately appreciated by the generality of their contemporaries. The reason is, that such men contribute not only an addition to existing stores, but an addition, varying in kind as well as in degree, from that of previous contributors. Of these originalities all may perceive the novelty, but the peculiar excellence lies hidden, except to persons possessing some congeniality of mind; and of these the number in each generation is necessarily limited. F. F.

TRUTH, REAL AND SEEMING.—Truth, considered abstractedly, is the object of universal admiration, and all men would fain persuade themselves that, in the investigations they pursue, they are mainly anxious to discover her features, and to award her the supremacy which is her due. But so much does human frailty interfere with the best-directed efforts; so much do private feeling and unconscious prejudice alloy the purest suggestions of the heart, that if we were to scrutinise our wishes rigidly, we should often be constrained to admit that we are more desirous to exact homage for an idol of our own creation, invested by our partiality with every possible attraction, than calmly bent on surrendering our undivided and willing allegiance to the true divinity whose name and praise is for ever on our lips. F. F.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—A New Way to Pay Old Debts.—The Devil's Brother.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—Comrades and Friends.

COVENT-GARDEN.

We regret to say that we have no praise to bestow on the new afterpiece that was produced here last night, entitled *Comrades and Friends*. The plot is one of the numerous military variations of the old story of Damon and Pythias, but is conducted with so many gratuitous improbabilities, and such a cruel perversity, in order to harrow up the feelings, that it loses its aim, and enables us to care nothing about the matter. Two subaltern friends (ABBOTT and WARD) are found guilty of violating the laws of a *cordon sanitaire*, in allowing a mother to pass the line in search of her husband. They are permitted, in consideration of their humanity, to draw lots in order to see which of them shall die; or rather to throw dice for that purpose; and this is done, not in open court, or before any other sufficient quantity of witnesses, but in a private room, in the sole presence of the adjutant (Mr G. BENNETT), and to the mystification of the unsuspecting mistress of one of them (Miss TAYLOR), who comes playfully in, and rallies them on looking so grave while they are gambling! With this lady the adjutant is in love. He sees in the criminal she loves (ABBOTT) a hated rival; finds, with despair, that he wins the dreadful game; and seizes with avidity a new chance for destroying him, in a request made by his friend that he will stand in his place, while the latter goes to a neighbouring island to embrace once more his wife and child, on the promise of returning to die. This the adjutant permits, on his responsibility; giving at the same time directions to a young soldier, who has been obliged by the loser, to follow him to the island, and burn the vessel that is to bring him back. *Roland* (the said loser) goes accordingly to the island, to refresh himself by embracing the wife and children whom he has not seen for five years, and then to tell them that he must go back to die! The reason he has not seen them so long is, that he had his character taken away by a villain in some money affair, and so quitted the place where he had been a commissioned officer, to enter another regiment as a subaltern. He gets his refreshment and inflicts his agony; and learns, in the process, that his character has been cleared, and that his Sovereign has made him a colonel. Meanwhile, the man who was sent after him, burns the vessel, excusing himself to his afflicted remonstrances, by saying that the adjutant told him to do it, in order to secure his life, purposing also to save his comrade by a disclosure of his gallant friendship.

Meanwhile the young lady comes in and out, knowing not a word of all this, not even up to the moment when her lover is about to be executed, in default of his friend's arrival! The colonel has even permitted him to marry her before he dies; they enter the chapel of the garrison for that purpose; and she thinks that the guard, who have come to kill him, have turned out to do her honour! Can anything be more preposterous? Well: after the marriage, his sad looks and the tears of all present begin to let some dreadful suspicion in upon her mind: she wonders, and stares, and enquires, and is agonized, and is answered mysteriously, and is gratuitously led off: the lover spreads open his breast to the executioners: they present, and are about to fire, when the friend rushes in (of course!) and all ends happily, except for the adjutant. How the friend got off from the island, we do not remember: probably in a vessel sent with his new appointment.

We really must say that we are sick and tired upon these *dead sets* at the feelings of an audience, without probability and without mercy, and with nothing to relieve their tortures but their nonsense. One or two of the situations are interesting, but are spoiled by the gross want of likelihood in the circumstances: and the violent contrast of the playfulness and the anguish, the marriage on the tapis and the death in prospect, is too constantly kept up, too revolting, and too foolish. But we need not dwell upon the absurdities of such a piece, after what we have related. In fact, it has made us too tired to do it. We feel as dull as the dialogue.

Miss TAYLOR gave one or two passages with so much prettiness and nature, that we became vexed as usual to see how artificial she had been made in the rest. ☞

INDIANS AT A PLAY.

[FROM THE NEW YORK STATESMAN.]

THE WINNEBAGOES.—The savage visitors attended the Park theatre last evening. Seats had been reserved for them in one of the centre boxes, so as to give them a good opportunity to witness the scenery with undiminished effect. It was really an interesting sight to observe the sensations produced in the untutored children of the wild, by the first sight of one of the great amusements of civilization. They stared about previous to the rising of the curtain, with ignorant wonder at the crowds in the pit and boxes around them. The music of the orchestra did not seem to affect them; but when the curtain rose to a bright scene of a distant city, with a nearer view of rocks and trees, their delight could not be restrained, and a simultaneous *pow wow* expressed their surprise and gratification. In the midst of this approbation, Wallack as Rolla entered and a dialogue ensued, to which they seemed very attentive, the eloquent gesticulation of the actor supplying the place of a comprehension of the words. They seemed immediately to have discovered that he was an Indian warrior, and to comprehend that he was an hero. Hilson's humourous performance of Diego, was very effective upon them, and their loud laughter testified that the nature of his part was not mistaken.

In the scene, where Alonzo and Cora first meet, the embracing of the two lovers so delighted the Indians, that they burst into loud shouts of laughter, which seemed infectious, as the whole audience joined them. In one of the spirited speeches of Rolla, they joined the applause of the house with a *pow wow*—and indeed throughout the piece, they seemed peculiarly interested in the manly bearing and noble character of the Peruvian hero, who was represented in a masterly manner by Mr Wallack.

The singing, so different from that of their war songs, seemed more to surprise and perplex them, than to give them pleasure. The old head man of the tribe appeared during the performance deeply interested, leaning his chin upon the front of the box, and gazing intently upon the performers. We should not forget that the earthquake seemed to effect them very forcibly. With thunder and lightning they were doubtless sufficiently conversant—but the stench of the sulphur which ensued, gave them evident annoyance, causing them to utter many exclamations of dissatisfaction, and to cover their faces with their blankets. The eldest of the party left the theatre at the close of the play, and two only sat out the farce, and seemed to enjoy the humour and spirit with which Wallack played the honest fisherman in the Adopted Child.

"THE SCHOOLMASTER" IN EDINBURGH.—A gentleman the other day, visiting Mr ———'s school in Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word *inheritance* occurring in the verse, the querist interrogated the youngster as follows:—"What is inheritance?"—A. "Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?"—A. "Something left by a father."—"What would you call it if left by a mother?"—A. "*Matrimony.*"

A JUDICIOUS FOREIGNER.—Although much has been written on the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries, perhaps nothing is so just, in reference to what takes place at their weekly meetings, as the remark made on them by a Danish gentleman. He was admitted, as a visitor, on the same evening to both; and being asked, on leaving the room of the Society of Antiquaries, what he thought of the proceedings, replied, "I do think it one great humbug." The same question being put to him at the close of the sitting of the Royal Society, he observed, "By Gar, I do think this one *greater humbug still.*"—*Nicolas's Observations on the State of Historical Literature.*

REVERENCE FOR TRUTH AMONG THE ATHENIANS.—The virtue of the ancient Athenians is very remarkable in the case of Euripides. This great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person, who, being reminded of an oath he had taken, replied, *I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart.* The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar; made Socrates (though an intimate friend of the Poet) go out of the theatre with indignation, and gave so great offence, that he was publicly accused, and brought upon his trial, as one who had suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society. So jealous were these virtuous heathens of any the smallest hint that might open a way to perjury. —*Addison.*

ERRATUM IN THE VERSES QUOTED IN YESTERDAY'S THEATRICAL.—For "Joy in heart," read "Joy in *my* heart."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor is not acquainted with the subject on which Mr V. D. writes to him, nor has he received any former communication upon it. He would have answered Mr D.'s letter privately; but it contains no address.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

A favorite Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled
RICCIARDO E ZORAIDE.
[By M. Rossini.]
[Principal Characters by Miss FANNY AYTON, Madame CASTELLI, Mademoiselle BECK, Signor CURIONI, Signor DEVILLE, Signor DE ANGELI, and Signor DAVID.
Between the Acts,
A NEW DIVERTISEMENT.
Principal Dancers. Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle CLARA, Mademoiselle PROCHE, and Mademoiselle BROCARD, Monsieur PAUL, Monsieur EMILE, and Monsieur LEFEBVRE.
After which, the Favorite Ballet, in Two Acts, of
LA SOMNAMBULE.
The Principal Characters by Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle KANIEL, Mlle. CLARA, Mlle. PROCHE, Mlle. DE VIS, and Mme. COPERE, Mesdames J. Mersie, Coupotte, Buseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, &c. M. PAUL, M. EMILE, M. SIMON, M. EDOUARD, M. GEORGE, M. D'ALBERT, and M. LEFEBVRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Opera of
ROB ROY MACGREGOR.
[Adapted by Mr Pocock.]
Diana Vernon, Miss PEARSON, in which she will introduce, "He's what they ca' a Bonnie Lad."
Katty, Miss BRUCE. Mattie, Mrs CRAWFORD. Helen Macgregor, Mrs FAUCIT.
Sir Frederick Vernon, Mr Younge. Rasleigh Osbaldistone, Mr W. H. Wallack.
Francis Osbaldistone, Mr SINCLAIR, who will sing, "My Love is like the red red Rose;" "Auld Lang Syne;" "Hey! the Bonnie breast Knots;" and the Duet, "Tho' I leave thee now in sorrow," with Miss Pearson.
Owen, Mr W. Bennett. Captain Thornton, Mr Thompson.
Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, Mr MACREADY.
Dougal, Mr WEBSTER. Major Galbraith, Mr BEDFORD.
M'Stuart, Mr Yarnold. Johson, Mr Salter. Andrew, Mr Hughes.
Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Mr LISTON.
Previous to the Opera, the Overture to "The Heart of Mid Lothian."
(Chiefly adapted from Scottish Airs.)
TURNING THE TABLES.
[Partly from the French, by Mr Poole.]
Miss Knibbs, Miss FAUCIT. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. JONES.
Patty Larkins, Mrs ORGER. Mr Knibbs, Mr HUGHES.
Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr COOPER. Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr VINING.
Mr Thornton, Mr J. VINING. Jack Humphries, Mr LISTON.
To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. Barrymore.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.
Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Billows.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

On Monday, King Richard III; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Operatic Drama, to be called
THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.
The Music, by H. R. Bishop.
Sophia Walstein, Miss PORDE. Liese, Miss E. TREE. Therese, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs GIBBS. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr HUNT. General Kienwitz, Mr BARTLEY.
Colonel Francoeur, Mr ABBOT. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. PENSON.
Moritz, Mr BLANCHARD. Fritz Klaffen, Mr KEELEY.
Paul Richter, Miss TAYLOR. Hubert, Mr Irwin.
Previous to 'Comrades and Friends,' Nicolo's Overture to the Opera of "La Ruse Inutile."
Previous to 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.
After which, a New Drama, in Two Acts, to be called
COMRADES AND FRIENDS; OR, LIFE FOR LIFE.
[The Music selected and arranged by Mr G. Stansbury.]
Madame Derville, Mrs CHATTERLEY,
Madame Bertrand, Mrs VINING, Nina, Miss KENDALL,
Eliza, Miss E. KENDALL, Laurette, Miss TAYLOR.
Roland Duroc, Charles Valcour, } Sergeants of a French Regiment, { Mr WARDE, Mr ABBOTT,
Morazzi (the Adjutant), Mr G. BENNETT,
Henry (Commander of the Packet), Mr DURUSET, La Mouche, Mr TURNOUR,
Dumont (Lieutenant of the Regiment), Mr HENRY,
Adolphus (Son of Madame Derville), Miss Hunt, Joseph, Mr Fuller,
Valentine (an old Domestic) Mr Barnes, Paul, Mr Addison.
In Act II. A Dance of Peasantry.
Composed by M. D'Albert.
By Mesdames Blaire, Fairbrother, Griffiths, Payne, Reed, Thomassin, Vials, Wells,
Messrs Addison, J. Cooper, Collett, Grant, Heath, King, F. Sutton.
After which, a New Petite Comedy, to be called
MARRIED LOVERS.
[By Mr Power.]
The Songs, composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss PORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.
Pierre, Mr Irwin. Francis, Mr Mears.

On Monday; Fazio; Married Lovers; and Comrades and Friends.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
To conclude with a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE.
[By Mr Buckstone.]
The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
Act I.—Winter.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mrs DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act II.—Summer.
The Characters as in Act I.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new Burletta, entitled
THE LOST SON.
[From the French of M. Scribe, by Mr Ainsworth.]
Madame de Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Leontine, Miss Sidney. Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper.
M. La Roche, Mr W. VINING. Eugène de Nerseuil, Mr Raymond.
After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.
[By H. Bayly, Esq.]
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.
After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
[By Mr C. Dance.]
The Characters as before.
To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of Colman's, by Mr Planche and Mr C. Dance.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play of
THE IRON CHEST.
[By Colman, the Younger.]
The Principal Characters by Miss SCOTT, Mrs VALE, Miss SOMERVILLE.
Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr D. PITT, Mr C. HILL, Mr WILLIAMS, and Mr VALE.
After which, a new Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled
THE FEMALE MASSARONI.
Principal Characters by Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss VINCENT, Miss SOMERVILLE, and Mlle. ROSIER.
Mr C. HILL, Mr D. PITT, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, and Mr ROGERS.
To conclude with
PAST TEN O'CLOCK, AND A RAINY NIGHT.
Nancy, Miss VINCENT. Lucy, Miss SOMERVILLE. Silence, Miss Nicol.
Bantam, Mr ROGERS. Dozey, Mr WILLIAMS. Sam Squib, Mr VALE.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,
TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Operatic Piece, entitled
GALATEA.
From Gay's Serenata. With Handel's Music, arranged by Mr C. Potter.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Marin,
At the end of the Opera, a Solo on the Violin, by Mr Dando.
After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled
THREE TO ONE.
The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss WELLS. Miss AYRES.
And Mr FORRESTER.
A DIVERTISEMENT,
By Mr EDGAR, and the Corps de Ballet.
Previous to the Comedietta, Rossini's Overture to "Cenerentola."
And previous to the Entertainment, Mozart's Overture to "Zauberflote."
To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called
EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

Coburg Theatre.—The Spectre of the Castle—The Night Hag—And Elizabeth.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—The Wreck; or the Buccaneer's Bridal—Popping the Question—And the Pantomime.

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Nº 140.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. 12mo. Vol. II. pp. 341. (Being the fifteenth volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia). Longman.

THE following are the passages respecting the commencement of the First French Revolution alluded to at the close of our last article. We repeat them as a warning to some, and seasonable matter of reflection for all. We do not think that a revolution could happen in England, at all similar in wholesale violence to that of the first French Revolution; precisely because that first revolution has happened, and because the glorious second revolution has taught all the people of Europe how to conquer nobly. But we do think that certain kinds of opposition to the inevitable progress of freedom and equity might still produce a deplorable amount of convulsion; and we are anxious that no helps to thought and retrospection should be lost, which it is in our power to further.

'We have hitherto sailed down the stream of French history, from the obscure wilderness of its rise, through the rugged and picturesque gorges, the breaks and rapids of its middle course, to the wide majestic flow of the monarchy in its later days. Embarked upon its tide, with calm around and before, we now begin to perceive that the current grows suddenly more rapid, and that, without any apparent or external cause, we are hurried along with a swiftness at once menacing and unaccountable. Although not within hearing, we are yet within the influence of the distant cataract.

'The very men who lived in those days began to perceive the movement; not only the philosopher and reflecting man, but Louis XV himself. "The monarchy is very old," said he, "but it will last my time:" a selfish remark, no doubt. But could he have stopped the current of its decline? and was not his conscious powerlessness, more than his selfishness, the prompter of his thought? His subjects, his compatriots, took precisely the same view: nor class nor individual knew whither they tended; but all were dissatisfied, and ill at ease. A change was necessary, it was inevitable: the acts of every one—of king, of priest, of minister, of noble, of parliament, of writer—all henceforth worked to bring about and hasten this change. The King degraded royalty by his dissoluteness, and weakened it by his profusion. The minister, turning away from the task of internal administration in disgust, directed his views abroad, and sought to gild his day of triumph by the trophies of a war, undertaken under some idle pretext of supporting the balance of power. The noble, like the monarch, degraded his order, and shewed himself pressing on the lower classes, not for any public end, but for his own private gratification. The legists defended the cause of religious liberty and their own independence, indeed, but did so selfishly and blindly. The writer flattered royalty and aristocracy, and at this price was allowed to attack religion, the court finding itself in opposition to the priesthood. The priesthood itself increased its odium as a privileged class, by its intemperance, its ignorance, its absurdity, and its scandal.

'In such a general abandonment of the ancient system, such a despair of supporting it, it is absurd to ascribe to any particular class the catastrophe in which the epoch ended. None set about revolutionizing *intentionally*; but each stirred when it found its place irksome; each, where and how it had the power. As the noblesse had proved malcontent at one time, the magistracy at another, so now a new combination of society, the lettered class, rebelled with bitter success, for universal sympathy supported them; and step the first was taken in revolution.'—P. 219.

'France was now governed by Madame de Pompadour. She was certainly a woman of talent. The empire which she held over Louis XV, long after her charms had ceased to fascinate him, proves this. She bound him, as she says herself, "in the chains of habit." Her boudoir became the council-chamber, the ministers her creatures. The King was present at each determination, but was spared the trouble of either thinking or speaking. It was Pompadour who appointed generals and bishops, proposed laws and plans of campaigns. After a glorious victory, it is a complimentary letter from the mistress that we find coming to reward the triumph of the hero. This paramount influence the Duchess of Pompadour had the art to wield, taking from the monarch merely that power which was irksome, and leaving him all the liberty that he could desire. Thus she had no womanish jealousy, and cared little to monopolize his heart. She permitted him even to form the disgraceful *parc-aux-cerfs*, as an establishment containing a royal seraglio was called. From the base and ineffable debauch of such a haunt, Louis would recur to the chamber of La Pompadour, for the more refined entertainments of conversation. The mistress was not a stranger to the intellectual movement, the new ideas of the day. Voltaire was amongst those who paid court to her. His muse was oft invoked to celebrate her wit as well as beauty, and even a paragraph of grave history is devoted by him to her adulation. Montesquieu presented her with his 'Esprit des Lois;' and Diderot begged her interference when the printing of the 'Encyclopédie' was stopped. It is well known that she protected Quesnay, the founder of the sect of Political Economists. She introduced him even to the monarch, and contributed not a little to bring into notice these at once abstruse and practical studies. To the last she protected Quesnel, and was to him a faster friend than Madame de Maintenon had proved to poor Racine.'—P. 222.

'The whole policy of the new government (on the accession of Louis XVI) seemed to be that of conciliating public opinion; but, unfortunately, this opinion was not sufficiently general, enlightened, or united, to lead the monarch into the path of his own and the nation's safety. Turgot announced his financial plans and projects of reform. The principal of these were to do away with corvées, and such taxes as weighed exclusively on the people, establishing a territorial impost, that would be borne equally by all classes of society, nobility and clergy not excluded. *But these privileged orders, instead of deeming themselves called on to make sacrifices to the state, thought, on the contrary, that they were unjustly oppressed. Unfortunately, the traditions of royalty, of aristocracy, and of the church, showed each possessed of paramount and almost sovereign authority. Each cherished the past, and looked there for its right and rule of conduct, rather than in reason and the present nature and condition of things.* Neither could thus be induced to make sacrifices. Noblesse, and clergy, the parties of Choiseul and d'Aiguillon, united against the audacious innovator Turgot, who pretended that the privileged classes should support, according to their means, the burdens of the state. What is more astonishing, the parliament or legists united with these orders; they, too, saw danger in innovation: and thus the monarch's ministry, in its attempt to relieve the people and middling class, and in its attempt to introduce a necessary reform in government, was marred and checked, and flung aback into the ancient and pernicious courses of absolute monarchy. Who were to blame in this? The aristocracy, the clergy, the parliament. Never did blindness and selfishness combine more grossly, or more deservedly merit the ruin and the punishment which they afterwards incurred.'—P. 257.

'There is no scene, no portion of history, that can be regarded under so many different views as the revolution upon which we now enter. To some it is all crime; to others, all glory. In England, the prevailing sentiment has been, to regard the French nation as if it were an individual actuated by one perverse will, and flinging itself, from pure love of mischief, into the agonies of suffering and the depths of crime. We have had hitherto nought but a wide anathema to bestow upon our hapless neighbour. In this, it is to be feared, we treated her with similar humanity to that with which men used to treat the leprous,—excluded them at once from society, sympathy, charity, and goodwill; regarding their malady as a crime and a sin, and looking with eyes of hate on what had better merited our pity.

'Revolution is one of the maladies of kingdoms, or rather the crisis of a malady. It may proceed from some latent vice in the constitution, from dissipation, from mismanagement. To avert such is often no more in the power of the nation or of the individual, than it is to be all-sound and all-wise. From early times there was something wrong in the frame-work of French society. These defects have been noted; above all, that marked division of classes, which refused amalgamation. Their mutual and oft-renewed struggles have been seen. The people, the great mass, not of the poor and ignorant, but often of the wealthy and enlightened, were conquered and borne down in the combat. Their defeat they could have forgiven; but the extravagant use which the upper classes had made of their victory revolted the fallen. The clergy grasped one third of the lands of the kingdom, the noblesse another; yet the remaining third was burdened with all the expense of government. This was reversing the social pyramid, and placing it upon its apex.

'To reform this state of things was necessary. *Flesh and blood could not bear it. Intellect, more powerful still, rebelled against it. Owing to the great exertions of the latter in print and orally, all men*

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were agreed as to the necessity of this change. Louis XVI., however uneducated, felt and owned the need; but he was at first young, weak because ignorant, and dared not to break through the trammels of a court. The monarch, nevertheless, made every effort to bring about the desired reform peaceably. He intrusted the task first to Turgot, whose schemes were repulsed by the magistracy. Necker made no political attempt. Calonne next tried. He was defeated and overthrown by the clergy and noblesse. Brienne then was driven to repeat the attempt, and the magistracy tripped up him. What resource was left? To recur to the people. But this was revolution. True! but who rendered it indispensable? Not the people, who were all the time tranquil; not the monarch, who did his utmost; not the queen, despite the accusation that even respectable writers echo—we find her supporting Necker, and approving the double representation of the commons—no. *It was the resistance, the false, the blind resistance, of the privileged orders,—noblesse, clergy, magistracy,*—that precipitated the revolution, and flung all power at last into the hands of the commons.'

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

From a Pamphlet just published by Messrs Longman, entitled, "Historical Sketch of the Bank of England:—with an Examination of the Question as to the Prolongation of the Exclusive Privileges of that Establishment."

'The Bank of England conducts the whole banking business of the British government. "It acts not only," says Dr Smith, "as an ordinary bank, but as a great engine of state. It receives and pays the greater part of the annuities, which are due to the creditors of the public; it circulates Exchequer bills; and it advances to government the annual amount of the land and malt taxes, which are frequently not paid till some years afterwards." * * * * *

'This great establishment, which has long been the principal bank of deposit and circulation, not in this country only, but in Europe, was founded in 1694. Its principal projector was Mr William Paterson, an enterprising and intelligent Scotch gentleman, who was afterwards engaged in the ill-fated colony at Darien. Government being at the time much distressed for want of money, partly from the defects and abuses in the system of taxation, and partly from the difficulty of borrowing, because of the supposed instability of the revolutionary establishment, the Bank grew out of a loan of 1,200,000l. for the public service. The subscribers, besides receiving *eight* per cent. on the sum advanced as interest, and 4,000l. a year as the expense of management, in all 100,000l. a year, were incorporated into a Society denominated the *Governor and Company of the Bank of England.* The charter is dated the 27th of July 1694.

'The Bank of England has been frequently affected by panics amongst the holders of its notes. In 1745 the alarm occasioned by the advance of the Highlanders under the Pretender as far as Derby, led to a run upon the Bank: and in order to gain time to concert measures for averting the run, the Directors adopted the device of paying in shillings and sixpences! But they derived a more effectual relief from the retreat of the Highlanders; and from a resolution agreed to at a meeting of the principal merchants and traders of the city, and very numerously signed, declaring the willingness of the subscribers to receive Bank notes in payment of any sum that might be due to them, aud pledging themselves to use their utmost endeavours to make all their payments in the same medium.

'During the tremendous riots in June 1780, the Bank incurred considerable danger. Had the mob attacked the establishment at the commencement of the riots, the consequences might have proved fatal. Luckily, however, they delayed their attack till time had been afforded for providing a force sufficient to ensure its safety. Since that period a considerable military force is nightly placed in the interior of the Bank, as a protection in any emergency that may occur.

'In the latter part of 1792 and beginning of 1793, there was, in consequence of a previous over-issue on their part, a general run on most of the private banks; and about *one-third* of these establishments were forced to stop payment. This led to a considerable demand for coin from the Bank.

'The year 1797 is, however, the most important epoch in the recent history of the Bank. Owing partly to events connected with the war in which we were then engaged—to loans to the Emperor of Germany—to bills drawn on the Treasury at home by the British agent s abroad—and partly, and chiefly, perhaps, to the advances most un willingly made by the Bank to Government, which prevented the Directors from having a sufficient control over their issues, the exchanges became unfavourable in 1795, and in that and the following year large sums in specie were drawn from the Bank. In the latter end of 1796 and the beginning of 1797, considerable apprehensions were entertained of invasion, and rumours were propagated of descents having been actually made on the coast. In consequence of the fears that were thus excited, runs were made on the provincial banks in different parts of the country; and some of them having failed, the panic became general, and extended itself to London. Demands for cash poured in upon the Bank from all quarters; and on Saturday the 25th February 1797, she had only 1,272,000l. of cash and bullion in her coffers, with every prospect of a violent run taking place on the following Monday. In this emergency an Order in Council was issued on Sunday the 26th, prohibiting the Directors from paying their notes in cash until the sense of Parliament had been taken on the subject. And after Parliament met, and the measure had been much discussed, it was agreed to continue the restriction till six months after the signature of a definitive treaty of peace.

'As soon as the Order in Council prohibiting payments in cash appeared, a meeting of the principal bankers, merchants, traders, &c. of the metropolis, was held at the Mansion-house, when a resolution was agreed to, and very numerously signed, pledging, as had been done in 1745, those present to accept, and to use every means in their power to cause Bank notes to be accepted as cash in all transactions. This resolution tended to allay the apprehensions that the restriction had excited.'

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Falsehood appropriately Branded.—We are told, that in Turkey, when any man is the author of notorious falsehoods, it is usual to blacken the whole front of his house. Were such a method put in practice in this metropolis, it would be strongly chequered; some entire parishes would be in mourning, and several streets darkened, from one end to the other.—*Addison.*

Novel Effect of Glory.—Some time after the battle of Fontenoy, Louis XV. congratulating Marshal Saxe upon this event, said, "Indeed, Marshal, you have gained more than any of us by this battle: you were before swelled in all your limbs, but now you appear in the best health possible."—Marshal Noailles immediately replied: "Yes, Sire; Marshal Saxe is the first man in the world whose swellings have been reduced by glory."

Romantic Story of Milton's Youth.—The personal beauty of Milton has given occasion to a little romantic story, which is pleasing to the imagination. As the youthful bard was asleep under a tree, an Italian lady, acidentally passing near the place, was struck with his charms, and alighted from her carriage to contemplate them. After gratifying her curiosity, and feeding her love with the spectacle, she dropped a paper intimating the occurrence, and professing her passion; and then, without awakening him, she proceeded on her journey. This event, as the story further relates, determined him to cross the Alps, for the purpose of discovering the fugitive fair one among the beauties of Italy. It is unnecessary to say that his search was unsuccessful. But in the voice and the charms of Leonora Baroni (a lady of whom he became enamoured and to whom he wrote some Latin and Italian verses), he found an ample compensation for the loss of his imaginary mistress.—*Symmons's Life of Milton.*

Linnæus, during his travels, visited the gardens of Oxford, and was introduced there to Sherard and *Dillenius.* The German Professor remarked to Sherard, "that this was the young dog who would cast the science of Botany into *confusion*;" Linnæus, who was not very conversant with English, still understood the word *confusion*, but took no notice of it; Sherard immediately formed a strict intimacy with the young naturalist, and after a short time *Dillenius* became attached to him. When Linnæus was about to leave Oxford, after having made great alteration in the gardens; he begged the German to excuse him if he had been so unfortunate as to introduce nothing but confusion into the Oxford gardens. Dillenius had nothing to reply to this raillery but blushes and excuses. —*Revue Encyclopédique.*

Personal Description of Milton.—The concurring voices of all his early biographers, who were personally acquainted with him, will not allow us to doubt that the harmony of Milton's features and form seemed to make his body a suitable residence for his superior soul. At Cambridge, the fineness of his complexion occasioned him to be called "the Lady of Christ's College;" and the ruddiness which lingered on his cheek till the middle of life gave to him at that period an appearance of remarkable juvenility. His eyes were dark grey, and their lustre, which was peculiarly vivid, did not fade even when their vision was extinguished. His hair, which was light brown, he wore parted at the top, and "clustering," as he describes that of Adam, upon his shoulders. His person was of the middle height; not fat or corpulent; but muscular and compact. His deportment (says Wood) was affable, and his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness., —*Symmons's Life of Milton.*

The Number Five.—This number in China is highly regarded. The elements, according to the Chinese, are five in number: water, fire, wood, metal, and earth. The relations among human beings are five, viz. a prince and minister, a father and son, elder and younger brothers, husband and wife, friends. The constant virtues are five; benevolence, justice, propriety, knowledge, and truth. There are five ranks of nobility, denominated *kung, bow, pik, tze,* and *nan.* The compass has five divisions; east, south, west, north, and centre. The tastes are five; sour, sweet, bitter, acid, salt. The colours are five; azure, yellow, carnation, white, black. The human viscera consists of five; liver, heart, lungs, kidneys, and stomach. The organs of sense are five; namely, the ears, the eyes, the mouth, the nose, and the eyebrows (!)—A Chinese writer has given a humorous dialogue between these organs: The mouth complains of the nose being placed too near it, and above it; the nose defends its right by alleging, that but for it the mouth might eat ordure; the nose complains of the eyes being placed over it; the eyes reply, that but for them, the nose might be broken against unseen objects.—*Asiatic Journal.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Rob Roy Macgregor.—Turning the Tables.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Romance of a Day.—Comrades and Friends.—And Married Lovers.

NOT having been able to see Mr KEAN in *Sir Giles Overreach*, we take occasion, till we can speak for ourselves, of presenting the reader with the observations on his first appearance in that character, from the pen of Mr HAZLITT. They are not of a nature to grow stale.

'JAN. 13, 1816.

'MASSINGER'S play of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, which has been brought out at Drury Lane Theatre to introduce Mr KEAN in the part of *Sir Giles Overreach*, must have afforded a rich treat to theatrical amateurs. There is something in a good play well acted, a peculiar charm, that makes us forget ourselves and all the world.

'It has been considered as the misfortune of great talents for the stage, that they leave no record behind them except that of vague rumour, and that the genius of a great actor perishes with him, "leaving the world no copy." This is a misfortune, or at least a mortifying reflection, to actors; but it is, we conceive, an advantage to the stage. It leaves an opening to originality. The stage is always beginning anew; the candidates for theatrical reputation are always setting out afresh, unincumbered by the affectation of the faults or excellences of their predecessors. In this respect, we conceive that the average quantity of dramatic talent remains more nearly the same than that in any other walk of art. In the other arts (as painting and poetry), it may be supposed that what has been well done already, by giving rise to endless vapid imitations, is an obstacle to what might be done hereafter: that the models or *chef d'œuvres* of art, where they are accumulated, choke up the path to excellence; and that the works of genius, where they can be rendered permanent, and transmitted from age to age, not only prevent, but render superfluous, future productions of the same kind. We have not, neither do we want, two SHAKSPEARES, two MILTONS, two RAPHAELS, two POPES, any more than we require two suns in the same sphere. Even Miss O'NEILL stands a little in the way (and it is paying her a great compliment to say so) of our recollections of Mrs SIDDONS. But Mr KEAN is an excellent substitute for the memory of GARRICK, whom we never saw! When an author dies, it is no matter, for his works remain. When a great actor dies, there is a void produced in society, a gap which requires to be filled up. Who does not go to see KEAN? Who, if GARRICK were alive, would go to see him? At least, either one or the other must have quitted the stage; "For two at a time there's no mortal could bear." Again, we know that Mr KEAN cannot have been spoiled by GARRICK. He might indeed have been spoiled by Mr KEMBLE or Mr COOKE, but he fortunately has not. The stage is a place where genius is sure to come upon its legs in a generation or two. We cannot conceive of better actors than some of those we now have. In Comedy, LISTON is as good as EDWIN was when we were school-boys. We grant that we are deficient in genteel comedy; we have no fine gentlemen or ladies on the stage—nor off it. That which is merely artificial and local is a matter of mimicry, and must exist, to be well copied. Players, however, have little reason to complain of their hard-earned, short-lived popularity. One thunder of applause from pit, boxes, and galleries, is equal to a whole immortality of posthumous fame; and when we hear an actor whose modesty is equal to his merit, declare that he would like to see a dog wag his tail in approbation, what must he feel when he sets the whole house in a roar? Besides, Fame, as if their reputation had been entrusted to her alone, has been particularly careful of the renown of her theatrical favourites; she forgets one by one, and year by year, those who have been great lawyers, great statesmen, and great warriors in their day; but the name of GARRICK still survives, with the works of REYNOLDS and of JOHNSON.

'We do not know any one now-a-days, who could write MASSINGER'S Comedy of *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, though we do not believe that it was better acted at the time it was first brought out, than it is at present. We cannot conceive of any one's doing Mr KEAN'S part of *Sir Giles Overreach* so well as himself. We have seen others in the part, superior in the look and costume, in hardened, clownish, rustic insensibility; but in the soul and spirit, no one equal to him. He is a truly great actor. This is one of his very best parts. He was not at a single fault. The passages which we remarked as particularly striking and original, were those where he expresses his surprise at his nephew's answers, "His fortune swells him;—'Tis rank, he's married!" and again, where, after the exposure of his villanies, he calls to his accomplice *Marall* in a half-wheedling, half-terrific tone, "Come hither, *Marall*, come hither." Though the speech itself is absurd and out of character, his manner of stopping when he is running at his foes,—"I'm feeble, some widow's curse hangs on my sword,"—was exactly as if his arm had been suddenly withered, and his powers shrivelled up on the instant. The conclusion was quite overwhelming. Mr KEAN looked the part well, and his voice does not fail as it used to do.'

REASON FOR MAKING A CHANCELLOR.—The Count D'Artois, seeing M. de Monthion leaning out at the window in the Queen's antichamber, took him for the taylor, and snatched off his wig. Some time after, M. de Monthion was made Chancellor to the Count, when he was reminded of the anecdote. "Yes," said he: "the Prince has appointed me his Chancellor, because he knows more of my head than anybody else."

BENEVOLENCE.—Madame Geoffrin had ordered two marble vases from the celebrated Bouchardon. They were brought to her by two of his workmen, when she observed that the cover of one was broken. "Alas! yes, madam," said the workman, "and our comrade, to whom this misfortune happened, is so grieved about it, that he dared not appear before you. He is much to be pitied, for if our master were to know it, he would be sent away, and he has a wife and four children."—"Well, well," said Madame Geoffrin, "he may make himself easy, I shall not say a word about it." When the workmen were gone, she reflected within herself, this poor man has suffered exceedingly from vexation; he must be comforted. Then calling one of her servants, she said, "Go to M. Bouchardon's, and enquire for such a one: give him twelve livres, and give three to his comrades who spoke in his behalf."

RELIGION.—If we suppose a large family of children (says an eminent writer), who, on any particular day, or particular circumstance, made it a custom to present to their parent some token of their affection and gratitude, each of them would make a different offering, and most probably in a different manner. Some would pay their congratulations in themes of verse or prose, by some little devices, as their genius dictated, according to what they thought would please; and, perhaps, the least of all, not able to do any of those things, would ramble into the garden or the field, and gather what it thought the prettiest flower it could find, though perhaps it might be but a simple weed. The parent would be more gratified by such variety, that if the whole of them had acted on a concerted plan, and each had made exactly the same offering. This would have the cold appearance of contrivance, or the harsh one of control. But of all unwelcome things, nothing could more afflict the parent than to know, that the whole of them had afterwards gotten together by the ears, boys and girls, fighting, scratching, reviling, and abusing each other, about which was the best or the worst present.—Why may we not suppose, that the great Father of All is pleased with variety of devotion; and that the greatest offence we can act, is that by which we seek to torment and render each other miserable?—*Yellow Dwarf.*

NECESSITY OF REFORM.—Lord Hilsborough, a peer of the realm, and certainly no Jacobin, fifty years ago thus forcibly urged the necessity of a reform:—"It has been advanced (said he), that Parliament have a power and right to prolong their duration, and that the *salus populi* frequently requires it. But as I absolutely deny that a Parliament has any legal power to prolong the time limited by law, without the consent of the electors or people who sent them to Parliament, and whose representatives they are: and I do say, and I do insist upon it, that whenever Parliaments do take upon themselves to prolong the term of their duration, such prolongation is an infringement of the liberty of the electors in a most essential part, and tends to destroy that freedom which they were chosen to defend. 'For liberty never was, nor ever will be, preserved, unless those who have the powers of the people delegated to them be frequently removed.'—It was by the frequent rotation and change of magistracy, in all countries of the world, that freedom and independency hath been preserved. It is upon this principle we find the people of England at all times crying out for frequent Parliaments. And I am sure, if ever frequent Parliaments were necessary, they are essentially so in the present times."

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of
" KING RICHARD III.
[By Shakspeare].
Elizabeth, Queen of Edward the Fourth, Mrs FAUCIT.
Lady Anne, Miss FAUCIT. Duchess of York, Mrs Webster.
King Henry. Mr Younge. Prince of Wales, Miss Chikini.
Duke of York, Miss Poole. Duke of Norfolk, Mr Thompson.
Duke of Glo'ster, Mr KEAN.
Earl of Oxford, Mr Howard. Lord Stanley, Mr Hammerton.
Duke of Buckingham, Mr COOPER. Earl of Richmond, Mr WALLACK.
Lord Mayor, Mr Andrews. Sir Robert Brackenbury, Mr Yarnold.
Sir William Catesby, Mr Cooke, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Mr Cathie.
Sir Walter Blunt, Mr Eaton. Tressel, Mr J. Vining. Tyrrel, Mr Honner.

Previous to this Tragedy, (First time in this Country) G. A. Schneider's Overture to " Richard the Third."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. Barrymore.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.
THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, William Tell; the Diorama; the Devil's Brother.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of
FAZIO.
[By Mr Milman.]
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss TAYLOR, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr Henry, Falsetto, Mr Parry, Gonsalvo, Mr Baker,

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.
Previous to 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.
Previous to 'Comrades and Friends,' Nicolo's Overture to the Opera of " La Russe Inutile."

After which, a New Potite Comedy, to be called
MARRIED LOVERS.
[By Mr Power.]
The Songs, composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss FORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.

To conclude with a New Drama, in Two Acts, to be called
COMRADES AND FRIENDS; OR, LIFE FOR LIFE.
[The Music selected and arranged by Mr G. Stansbury.]
Madame Derville, Mrs CHATTERLEY,
Madame Bertrand, Mrs VINING, Nina, Miss KENDALL,
Eliza, Miss E. KENDALL, Laurette, Miss TAYLOR.
Roland Duroc, } Sergeants of a French Regiment, { Mr WARDE,
Charles Valcour, } { Mr ABBOTT,
Morazzi (the Adjutant), Mr G. BENNETT,
Henry (Commander of the Packet), Mr DURUSET, La Mouche, Mr TURNOUR,
Dumont (Lieutenant of the Regiment), Mr HENRY,
Adolphus (Son of Madame Derville), Miss Hunt, Joseph, Mr Fuller,
Valentine (an old Domestic) Mr Barnes, Paul, Mr Addison.
In Act II. A Dance of Peasantry.

To-morrow, Cinderella; Comrades and Friends.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.
Third appearance of Mons. BOUFFE, who is engaged for 12 nights only.
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par
LE MENTEUR VERIDIQUE.
Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. Scribe.
Lucie, Fille de Franville, Mlle St. Ange. Rose, sa Suivante, Mme. Gamard.
Le Comte de St. Marcel, M. Cloup. Franval, M. Préval.
Edouard de Sainville, M. Pelissié. Lolive, Valet du Comte, M. Leporte.
Suivi de la Première Représentation de
PIERRE; OU, LE COUVREUR.
Vaudeville en Un Acte, en Cinq Tableaux, par MM. Brazier et Carmouche.
Jasmin, Jokey, Mlle. Eliza. La Comtesse de Beanford, Mme. Préval.
Herminie, sa Nièce, Mlle. Corra. Josephine, Bouquetière, Mme. Gamard.
Madame Loquet, Portière, Madame Baudin.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Pierre, (his original character).
Le Duc de Beanford, M. St. Aubert. Octave, amoureux d'Herminie, M. Paulin
Bermont, Notaire, M. Préval. Bombardini, Chef d'Orchestre, M. Guenée.
Giraud, ami de Pierre, compagnon Couvreur, M. Gamard.
Un Clerc de Notaire, M. Arnaud. Un Gendarme, M. Granville.
Lafleur, Valet, M. Cloup.
On Finira par la Première Représentation de
QUONIAM.
Vaudeville Nouveau, en Deux Actes, de MM. Jadin et Laurent.
Helène, Femme de Quoniam, Mlle. Florval. Ursule, sa Cousine, Mlle. St. Ange.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Quoniam, Cuisinier, (his original character).
Lambert, son Intendant, M. Préval.
Le Duc de Richelieu, sous le nom de François au Premier Acte, M. Alfred.
Le Marquis, le Chevalier, Amis du Duc, MM. Paulin et Cloup.
Laroche, Valet de Chamber, M. Guenée. Un Cuisinier, M. Arnaud.
Un Sergent du Gué, M. Granville.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

To conclude with a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE.
[By Mr Buckstone.]
The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
Act I.—Winter.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mrs DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act. II.—Summer.
The Characters as in Act I.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new Burletta, entitled
THE LOST SON.
[From the French of M. Scribe, by Mr Ainsworth.]
Madame de Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Leontine, Miss Sidney. Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper.
M. La-Roche, Mr W. VINING. Eugène de Nerseuil, Mr Raymond.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.
[By H. Bayly, Esq.]
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, " O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and " Listen Dear Fanny."
Della, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
[By Mr C. Dance.]
The Characters as before.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of Colman's, by Mr Planche and Mr C. Dance.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

The celebrated Drama, entitled
THE ITALIAN WIFE.
Bianca, Miss M. C. POOLE,
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott, Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Venice, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Gonsalvo, Mr Gough, Falsetto, Mr Honner,
Giraldi Fazio, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Bartolo, Mr Williams, Philario, Mr Almar, Antonio, Mr Young,
After which, M. LOUIS VALLI, will go through the whole of this surpsising Gymnastic Exercises.

To be succeeded by an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled
" S W I N G."
Principal Characters by Miss VINCENT, Miss RUMENS, Mr VALE,
Mr C. HILL, Mr HONNER, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr ROGERS, Mr GOUGH.

To conclude with, a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled
THE FEMALE MASSARONI.
Principal Characters by Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss VINCENT,
Miss SOMERVILLE, and Mlle. ROSIER.
Mr C. HILL, Mr D. PITT, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, and Mr ROGERS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,
TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called
T A C T.
The Music, by J. A. Barnett.
The Characters by Miss STOHWASSER, Mrs HUMBY, Mr J. RUSSELL,
Mr Smith. Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest,
Mr FORRESTER, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled
GALATEA.
From Gay's Serenata. With Handel's Music, arranged by Mr C. Potter.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria,
In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to " Figaro," and Winter's Overture to " Il Ratto di Proserpina."

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called
EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

Coburg Theatre.—De L'Orme—The Village Phantom—Neil Jagger's Cave.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—The Wreck—The Gossip—The Robber of Epping Forest.

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N.º 141.] [PRICE TWOPENCE

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries; interspersed with some particulars respecting the Author. By William Godwin. 8vo. Effingham Wilson. (Unpublished.)

We have not yet given any general opinion of this volume, because we have hitherto obtained but an imperfect number of sheets from the bookseller; portions of which we deal out, from time to time, like Sybils' leaves. We are glad to find Mr Godwin's philosophy lifting up its voice in the new moral and intellectual atmosphere (if we may so speak) which has been produced for us by the late convulsion in Paris. No man has a greater right to be heard, for what he himself did long ago, towards the production of these very times. Men in their closets, after all, rule the world. It is they that set active spirits thinking, and so put them in motion. Bacon effected what he did, not as Lord Bacon, and a lawyer, but as Francis Bacon, author of the 'Novum Organum' and the 'Advancement of Learning.' Mr Bentham has been the father of the best active lawyers of his time. To Mr Godwin the present generation are not aware of the extent of their obligations, because he has possessed worldly power in no shape to keep himself personally prominent, and his name, as a philosopher, has been unhandsomely withheld by many who are indebted to his suggestions.

The following extract is from one of the essays which he himself looks upon as the best in his volume. It is on a subject which has been always interesting to those who are zealous for the advancement of their species, and which, most fortunately, the world are now prepared to consider with less misgiving, because our illustrious neighbours in Paris have shewn, that the lesson of disinterestedness can be acted as well as preached upon.

'The principal circumstance that divides our feelings for others from our feelings for ourselves, and that gives, to satirical observers, and superficial thinkers, an air of exclusive selfishness to the human mind, lies in this, that we can fly from others, but cannot fly from ourselves. While I am sitting by the bedside of the sufferer, while I am listening to the tale of his woes, there is comparatively but a slight line of demarcation, whether they are his sorrows or my own. My sympathy is vehemently excited towards him, and I feel his twinges and anguish in a most painful degree. But I can quit his apartment and the house in which he dwells, can go out in the fields, and feel the fresh air of heaven fanning my hair, and playing upon my cheeks. This is at first but a very imperfect relief. His image follows me; I cannot forget what I have heard and seen; I even reproach myself for the mitigation I involuntarily experience. But man is the creature of his senses. I am every moment further removed, both in time and place, from the object that distressed me. There he still lies upon the bed of agony: but the sound of his complaint, and the sight of all that expresses his suffering, are no longer before me. A short experience of human life convinces us that we have this remedy always at hand ["I am unhappy, only while I please"]; and we soon come therefore to anticipate the cure, and so, even while we are in the presence of the sufferer, to feel that he and ourselves are not perfectly one.

'But with our own distempers and adversities it is altogether different. It is this that barbs the arrow. We may change the place of our local existence; but we cannot go away from ourselves. With chariots, and embarking ourselves on board of ships, we may seek to escape from the enemy. But grief and apprehension enter the vessel along with us; and, when we mount on horseback, the discontent that specially annoyed us, gets up behind, and clings to our sides with a hold never to be loosened.

'Is it then indeed a proof of selfishness, that we are in a greater or less degree relieved from the anguish we endured for our friend, when other objects occupy us, and we are no longer the witnesses of his sufferings? If this were true, the same argument would irresistibly prove, that we are the most generous of imaginable beings, the most disregardful of whatever relates to ourselves. Is it not the first ejaculation of the miserable, "Oh, that I could fly from myself? Oh, for a thick, substantial sleep!" What the desperate man hates is his own identity. But he knows that, if for a few moments he loses himself in forgetfulness, he will presently awake to all that distracted him. He knows that he must act his part to the end, and drink the bitter cup to the dregs. He can do none of these things by proxy. It is the consciousness of the indubitable future, from which we can never be divorced, that gives to our present calamity its most fearful empire. Were it not for this great line of distinction, there are many that would feel not less for their friend than for themselves. But they are aware, that his ruin will not make them beggars, his mortal disease will not bring them to the tomb, and that, when he is dead, they may yet be reserved for many years of health, of consciousness, and vigour.

'The language of the hypothesis of self-love was well adapted to the courtiers of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The language of disinterestedness was adapted to the ancient republicans in the purest times of Sparta and Rome.

'But these ancients were not always disinterested; and the moderns are not always narrow, self-centred, and cold. The ancients paid, though with comparative infrequency, the tax imposed upon mortals, and thought of their own gratification and ease; and the moderns are not utterly disqualified for acts of heroic affection.

'It is of great consequence that men should come to think correctly on this subject. The most snail-blooded man that exists, is not so selfish as he pretends to be. In spite of all the indifference he professes towards the good of others, he will sometimes be detected in a very heretical state of sensibility towards his wife, his child, or his friend; he will shed tears at a tale of distress, and make considerable sacrifices of his own gratification for the relief of others.

'But his creed is a pernicious one. He who for ever thinks, that his "charity must begin at home," is in great danger of becoming an indifferent citizen, and of withering those feelings of philanthropy, which in all sound estimation constitute the crowning glory of man. He will perhaps have a reasonable affection towards what he calls his own flesh and blood, and may assist even a stranger in a case of urgent distress.—But it is dangerous to trifle with the first principles and sentiments of morality. And this man will scarcely in any case have his mind prepared to hail the first dawnings of human improvement, and to regard all that belongs to the welfare of his kind as parcel of his own particular estate.

'The creed of self-love will always have a tendency to make us Frenchmen in the frivolous part of that character, and Dutchmen in the plodding and shopkeeping spirit of barter and sale.* There is no need that we should beat down the impulse of heroism in the human character, and be upon our guard against the effervescences and excess of a generous sentiment. One of the instructors of my youth was accustomed to say to his pupils, "Do not be afraid to commit your thoughts to paper in all the fervour and glow of your first conception: when you come to look at them the next day, you will find this gone off to a surprising degree." As this was no ill precept for literary composition, even so in our actions and moral conduct we shall be in small danger of being too warm-hearted and too generous.

'Modern improvements in education are earnest in recommending to us the study of facts, and that we should not waste the time of young persons upon the flights of imagination. But it is to imagination that we are indebted for our highest enjoyments; it tames the ruggedness of uncivilised nature, and is the never-failing associate of all the considerable advances of social man, whether in throwing down the strong fences of intellectual slavery, or in giving firmness and duration to the edifice of political freedom.

'And who does not feel that everything depends upon the creed we embrace, and the discipline we exercise over our own souls?

'The disciple of the theory of self-love, if of a liberal disposition, will perpetually whip himself forward "with loose reins," upon a spiritless Pegasus, and say, "I will do generous things; I will not bring into contempt the master I serve—though I am conscious all the while that this is but a delusion, and that, however I brag of generosity, I do not set a step forward, but singly for my own ends, and my own gratification." Meanwhile, this is all a forced condition of thought; and the man who cherishes it, will be perpetually falling back into the cold, heartless convictions he inwardly retains. Self-love is the unwholesome, infectious atmosphere in which he dwells; and, however he may seek to rise, the wings of his soul will eternally be drawn downwards, and he cannot be pervaded, as he might have been, with the free spirit of genuine philanthropy.

* It might be added,—and Englishmen in a sullen spirit of Pharisaical assumption, vain but not pleasant;—"Lord, I thank thee that I am not as this Frenchman." It is surely not worthy of a philosopher like Mr Godwin to pay these indirect compliments to his countrymen at the expense of other nations, especially after what has lately happened in France. —*Ed. Tat.*

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To be consistent, he ought continually to grow colder and colder; and the romance, which fired his youth, and made him forget the venomous potion he had swallowed, will fade away in age, rendering him careless of all but himself, and indifferent to the adversity and sufferings of all of whom he is connected.

'On the other hand, the man who has embraced the creed of disinterested benevolence will know that it is not his fitting element, to "live for himself, or to die for himself." Whether he is under the dominion of family-affection, friendship, patriotism, or a zeal for his brethren of mankind, he will feel that he is at home. The generous man therefore looks forward to the time when the chilling and wretched philosophy of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth shall be forgotten, and a fervent desire for the happiness and improvement of the human species shall reign in all hearts.

'I am not especially desirous of sheltering my opinions under the authority of great names: but, in a question of such vital importance to the true welfare of men in society, no fair advantage should be neglected. The author of the system of "self-love the source of all our actions" was La Rochefoucault; and the whole herd of the French philosophers have not been ashamed to follow in the train of their vaunted master. I am grieved to say, that, as I think, the majority of my refining and subtilising countrymen of the present day have enlisted under his banner. But the more noble and generous view of the subject has been powerfully supported by Shaftesbury, Butler, Hutchinson and Hume. On the last of these I particularly pique myself; inasmuch as, though he became naturalised as a Frenchman in a vast variety of topics, the greatness of his intellectual powers exempted him from degradation in this.

'That however which I would chiefly urge in the way of authority, is the thing mentioned in the beginning of this Essay, I mean the sentiments that have animated the authors of religion, that characterise the best ages of Greece and Rome, and that in all cases display themselves when the loftiest and most generous sentiments of the heart are called into action. The opposite creed could only have been engendered in the dregs of a corrupt and emasculated court; and human nature will never shew itself what it is capable of being, till the last remains of a doctrine, invented in the latter part of the seventeenth century, shall have been consigned to the execration they deserve.'

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Conversation.—I would establish but one great general rule in conversation, which is this, that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. This would make them consider whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken.—*Steele.*

Graceful Philosophy.—The true greatness of mind consists in valuing men apart from their circumstances, or according to their behaviour in them. Wealth is a distinction only in traffic, but it must not be allowed as a recommendation in any other particular, but only just as it is applied. It was very prettily said, that we may learn the little value of fortune, by the persons on whom heaven is pleased to bestow it. However, there is not a harder part in human life than becoming wealth and greatness. He must be very well stocked with merit, who is not willing to draw some superiority over his friends from his fortune; for it is not every man that can *entertain with the air of a guest*, and do good offices with the mien of one who receives them.—*Steele.*

Family Antiquity.—We are very fond of some families because they can be traced beyond the Conquest, whereas indeed the farther back, the worse, as being the nearer allied to a race of robbers and thieves.—*De Foe.*

"Our Saxon Ancestors."—The Saxons were a most bloody, cruel, and barbarous race, as may be made out by innumerable examples, particularly by their sacrificing their captives to their idol Woden.—*De Foe.*

Titles by Prescription.—If length of time were an argument for the legality of a thing, or could be pleaded to justify a practice, the devil might plead prescription for idolatry, which has been as ancient as Belus, and has had an uninterrupted series of consent, in all natives of some parts, to this day.—*De Foe.*

Conquest.—The Romans lost by conquest nothing but what they first gained by conquest; and the sword took from them nothing but what they had taken by the sword from the innocent and rightful possessors.—*De Foe.*

The *Least*-Happiness Principle.—In the discovery of Bermoodas, it is very remarkable that there were but three men left upon the island; they were masters of the place, it was then all their own, but these three kings fell out about property, and never could decide the difference. Two of them quarrelled to that degree, that they often fought, and had not the third secured their swords they had certainly murdered one another. Afterwards, the third man dying, they found a large piece of ambergris, enough to have enriched them both for this world, could they have been true to one another; but they quarrelled so violently that when the ships returned from England they betrayed one another, and so lost the prize to both.—*De Foe.*

Precedence Vindicated.—Piron being once at the house of a nobleman, who was about to usher his guests into another room, a peer stepped aside to make way for Piron. "Pass on, my lord," said the noble host; "he is only a poet."—"If we are to go by precedence," replied the poet, "I must take my place," and he walked before his lordship.

An Agreeable Paradox.—Good-nature is an essential quality in a satirist. All the sentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing, must proceed from that quality in the author. Good-nature produces a disdain of all baseness, vice and folly; which prompts them to express themselves smartly against the errors of men, without bitterness towards their persons. This quality keeps the mind in equanimity, and never lets an offence unseasonably throw a man out of his character. * * * "The best good man with the worst atnured muse," was the character among us of a gentleman as famous for his humanity as his wit. * * * The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings, nor one instance of severity which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. * * * This accidental talk of these two great men runs me from my design, which was to tell some coxcombs that run about this town with the name of smart satirical fellows, that they are by no means qualified for the characters they pretend to, of being severe upon other men: for they want good-nature. There is no foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to flatter as rail agreeably, without being good-natured.—*Steele.*

The Abstraction of Meditation.—This (meditation) is the first state of existence in genius. In Cicero, on Old Age, we find Cato admiring that Caius Sulpitius Gallus, who, when he sat down to write in the morning, was surprised by the evening, and when he took up his pen in the evening, was surprised by the appearance of the morning. Socrates has remained a whole day in immovable meditation, his eyes and countenance directed to one spot, as if in the stillness of death. La Fontaine, when writing his comic tales, has been observed early in the morning and late in the evening, in the same recumbent posture under the same tree. This quiescent state is a sort of enthusiasm, and renders everything that surrounds us as distant as if an immense interval separated us from the scene. Poggius has told us of Dante, that he indulged his meditations more strongly than he knew; and when once deeply engaged in reading, he seemed to live only in his ideas. The poet went to view a public procession, and having entered a bookseller's shop, took up a book, and sunk into a reverie; on his return, he declared that he had neither seen nor heard a single occurrence in the public exhibition which had passed before him. It has been told of a modern astronomer that, one summer night when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phœnomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like he who had been recollecting his thoughts for a few moments, "It must be so; but I'll go to bed, before it grows late." He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it. —*The Literary Character Illustrated by the History of Men of Genius.*

Living Rudders and Ferry-boats.—Setting out early the next morning, we reached a river at Chowhaut, and crossed a ferry, where I had the pleasure to see a boy, fourteen or fifteen years old, row a boat across the river with one of his feet, while sitting on the stern, and actually make it move, with several people in it, as fast as the one on which I was standing. Here was a resource of unsophisticated nature displayed to advantage; and it recalls to my mind a feat somewhat similar, which I once witnessed when out snipe-shooting at Pallamcottah; a nullah was full from bank to bank, and I observed a naked native child, five or six years old, go up to a buffalo, and *with a small switch* drive it into the stream, and no sooner had the tractable animal taken to the water, than the infant driver laying hold of his tail, kept himself above water till they reached the opposite bank, when they parted company. I have even my doubts whether they were not perfect strangers before this sociable rencontre.—*Major Welsh's Military Reminiscences.*

Summary of Reasons in Honour of Poetry.—Since, then, poetry is, of all human learning, the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal, that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it: since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of *prophesying*, the other of *making*, and that, indeed, that name of *making* is fit for him, considering that, when all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the *Poet* only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but making matter for a conceit. Since neither his description nor end containing any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his efforts be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely, in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far pass the historian, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the philosopher; for moving, leaveth him behind him. Since the holy scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it: since all his kinds are not only in their united forms, but in their severed dissections fully commendable, I think (and think I think rightly) the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the poet's triumph.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—King Richard III.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio.—Married Lovers.—And Comrades and Friends.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

We like the name of this theatre, and its new look. It seems natural, that a place of lively and elegant amusement should take its title from a woman. In the time of the Stuarts, it was the custom to name one of the play-houses the Queen's; and though we are for reviving few of the customs of that period, especially i sovereign matters, yet as long as such matters endure, we are as little for withholding praise, or acknowledging a satisfaction, in connexion with those who render them endurable: and the present Queen has such a reputation for sense, and amiableness, and the cultivation of elegant pleasure, as renders her name peculiarly fitting for any new extension of a rational entertainment.

We know not whether it is in compliment to her Majesty, or in good imitation of the example set by the gallant printer of this paper, or in both, that in the play-bills of the Queen's Theatre, the names of the ladies are put first;—an urbanity, which we understand has taken place in another instance that has not yet come under our eye.

The interior of the house is greatly improved from what we recollect it. We differ from those of our brother-critics who object to the names of the Muses, with which the boxes are adorned. They are set very prettily in their arabesques; and if they mystify the galleries, they at least furnish a pleasing mystery, and one that will do them no harm to enquire into. We only wish the busts could be of marble instead of bronze. There is one great improvement in the boxes; at least we remember no such thing before Instead of having to displace the occupiers of four or five seats in going down to the one in front, or in leaving it, (treading upon their gowns, or flaps of their coats, if the seats be not thrown back, and forcing a general insurrection of sulkiness if they are) a portion of the upper half of the box is partitioned off into an avenue leading to the lower half; so that, comparatively speaking, nobody is disturbed. It might seem that this convenience would cut off some profitable slices from the boxes: but when a house is very full, people are grateful for standing-room; and these little allies would doubtless be well occupied.

The new farce of *Tact*, which was produced here last night, takes its name from a cant-phrase used by an old gentleman in the piece, *Sir Paul Mainchance* (Mr SMITH), who is always boasting of his "tact and foresight," which, he says, "never forsake him." He is accordingly taken in by everybody he has to do with.

Captain Lightfoot (Mr FORRESTER) son of *Sir William Lightfoot* (Mr MUNROE) has had his debts paid so often by his father, that the latter will pay them no longer; and the Captain is obliged to fly from the bailiffs. He comes with his valet (Mr GREEN) into a house in the father's neighbourhood, which he thinks occupied as usual by a jolly friend, but to his consternation finds himself in the very jaws of the lion; to wit, the holder of a bill out against him, *Sir Paul Mainchance* above-mentioned, who has lately purchased the estate, and whose daughter (Miss STOHWASSER), he is secretly in love with. *Sir Paul*, in the hope of improving the estate after the only fashion he is acquainted with, wishes to sell it again to advantage: he expects grand purchasers to come and look after it; and *John Fax*, the Captain's valet, takes occasion from a wrong trunk which they have brought with them from the coach and which contains the wardrobe of a strolling player, to advise his master to sustain the part of a prince; the old gentleman having looked for no less a personage among the inspectors of his house. It is accordingly contrived, that the Captain should be addressed as his Highness, and that he should agree to receive the title: and in this quality he is allowed both to inspect the grounds and make love to the daughter as he pleases, in the hope that he will make the bargain a double one.

Meanwhile the real possessor of the trunk comes to look after it, and turning out to be a player, the valet shifts his politics in consequence of having discovered that *Sir Paul* is going to treat with his neighbour *Sir William* for the purchase of part of his estate, in order to complete the merits of his own. He accordingly persuades the player to appear as the Prince; *Sir Paul* is told that he had only mistaken the Prince's Chamberlain for his Highness; and he himself, the valet, is one of his Highness's lords in waiting. He then contrives to encounter *Sir William* in his way to the treaty with *Sir Paul*, tells him whose service he has entered, and pretends that for the love of his old master, he wishes *Sir William* would take up the cursed bill;—"only once,"—the "very last time,"—he will never ask it again. *Sir William* is inexorable, till he is told that a good turn will be done him for his kindness;—that as the Prince will buy the estate at any price, but insists upon the portion of *Sir William's* to be added to it, *Sir Paul* will give any price also for the latter, so that the seller has but to name what he pleases. The two knights come to their agreement; the bargain is made; and we suppose the paternal mercy extended: but it does not appear that there was any necessity for all this: for the player, the great *Dulcimer Star* (Mr J. RUSSELL), who has been in the meanwhile dining and getting royally drunk, and signed the purchase of the estate, and the marriage contract of his chamberlain, suddenly throws off his princeliness on hearing himself called for by the stage-coachman! The bubble, of course, bursts; *Sir Paul* is in a horror; but *Sir William* reconciles all, by telling him that his son has become heir to an *uncle!* and so the piece concludes.

The conclusion is but a lame one; and much of the plot is unnecessary. The most amusing part, and the main object of it, is to show off the strolling player, who gives his employers various tastes of his quality, and asks them which character they will chuse him to appear in, all being "equally cheap." Mr J. RUSSELL did this part very well. He is not an actor of very great nicety or gusto; but he is sensible, clever, and has a strong general sense of what is true and reasonable, and a taste for such nature as lies on the surface. He has also one great merit; he does not let a part flag for want of filling up. He has a good adroit amount of bye-play, and can fill up the pauses of talk with gesticulations and shakes of the head. He is therefore a very useful performer, and is, we should think, very well situate here as stage-manager. In the part before us, he gave a good imitation of BRAHAM, with his short, minced accents (in speaking) and the little jerking approaches with which he steps forward, half holding out and half dropping his arms. His mock-opera singing was not so well: but his dancing was good.

We must not forget our Haymarket acquaintance, Mrs HUMBY, whom we were glad to see again. She is just the same; clear and sparkling as a piece of cut-glass, and sometimes as hard. If ever she altered, we should not expect to see her fade, or grow lax, or change in any of the usual modes. We should look for a piece to be chipped out of her.

We saw for the first time a Mr GREEN, as the valet. He is a lively, effective actor, very fit, we should think, for such parts, and not without the graces and importance that become them. We should rank him in the same class with Mr BALLS of Drury Lane. But we must see him again before we speak further.

☞

SAILORS AT A PLAY.

One of the most ludicrous scenes described in *Saints and Sailors*, is that of the crew of the *Flora* treated to see Othello at the Portsmouth Theatre. When "the Moor" arrived at the passage—

'"And this—and this—the greatest discords be
[*Kissing the fair Desdemona.*
'"That e'er our hearts shall make!"—

'"I'll bet a week's grog," said a clamorous topman, "the young 'un 'll be a creole." "Ay, sink 'em," said another, "there's the luck of your black fellows:—why 'twas only 'tother day I twigs the captain's steward in tow with one of the freshiest, rosy-cheeked craft you'd see from North-corner to Castle." * * * *

'Cassio's silly speech proved an exquisite relish to the audience, where he apostrophizes heaven—"Forgive us our sins, and endeavours to persuade his companion that he is sober. "Do not think, gentlemen, that I am drunk; this is my Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand; I am not drunk now." ("No, not *you*," roared a Jack, who no doubt would have been a willing witness in Cassio's defence, had he been brought to the gangway for inebriety.) "I can stand well enough," continued the representative of Cassio. "Then, hang it! why don't you walk the *plank* at once, and prove yourself sober?" vociferated a long-tailed wag, determined not to let slip this opportunity of having a shot on the sly at his first lieutenans, who had only a night or two before put his perpendicularity to a similar test. In this sort of *saturnalia* of the lower order, those whose lives are spent in a dutiful obsequiousness, and obedient awe of their superiors, delight to avenge themselves for the privations and taciturnity inflicted on board in this respect, by telling their officers sometimes a bit of their minds from some snug corner of the house, or mesked battery in the gallery. * * * But whatever excitation these honest susceptible souls had previously suffered, was merely as dust in the balence compared with the tumult of grief and paroxysm of rage which filled every beating bosom when the jealous Moor, now more savage by the remaining effects of liquor, unfolded, in the deep, impressive language of the poet, the deadly purpose with which he approached his sleeping bride. The shouts became alarmin; volleys of imprecations were hurled at his heafl, his limbs, his life.—"What!" said one of the loudest of the crew, "can the black brute cut her life lines? She's a reg'lar built angel, and as like my Bet as two peas." —"Ay," said a messmaie, "it all comes of being jealous, and that's all one as mad; but you know, if he's as good as his word, he's sure to be hanged; that's one comfort!" When the Moor seized her in bed by the throat, Desdemona shrieking for permission to repeat but one short prayer, and he rancorously exclaims, in attempting to strangle her, "It is too late!"—thh house (as it is said a French audience has done ere now), could endure no more, and the sailors rose in their places, giving the most alarming indications of angry excitement, and of a determination to mingle in the murderous scene below. "I'm hanged, Dick, if I can stand it any longer," said the spokesman of the gallery. "You are no man if you can sit and look on quietly—hands off, you blood-thirsty nigger!" he vociferated, and threw himself over the side of the gallery in a twinkling; clambering down by a pillar into the boxes, and scrambling across the

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pit, over every person in his way, till he reached the noisy boatswain's mate. Him he "challenged to the rescue," and exclaimed, "Now's your time, Ned—Pipe the boarders away—all hands—if you're a man as *loves* a woman—*Now*, go it!" said he and dashed furiously over all obstacles—fiddles, flutes, and fiddlers. Smash went the foot-lights. Cæsar had passed the Rubicon. The contagion of feeling became general; and his trusty legions, fired with the ambition that inspired their leader, followed, sweeping all before them, till the whole male population of the theatre crowded the stage *en masse*, amid shouts of encouragement or shrieks of terror—outraging, by their mistaken humanity, all the propriety of this touching drama; and, for once, rescuing the gentle Desdemona from the deadly grasp of the murderous Moor, who fled in full costume, dagger in hand, from the house, and through the dark streets of Dock, until he reached his home in a state of inconceivable affright. The scene of confusion which followed it would be fruitless to attempt to describe. All was riot and uproar. * * * * And the captain in the end remarked, "This affray should be a lesson to him hereafter;" adding, with a laugh, "that the *Flora's* crew were too much of amateurs to be trusted in a theatre, lest they should abandon the service, and take to the stage."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor will do what E. W. desires, the first opportunity. It has been done however before, more than once, in the first volume of the 'Tatler.'

We shall have much pleasure in publishing the letter of Dyspeps.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

A favorite Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled
RICCIARDO E ZORAIDE.
[By M. Rossini.]
Principal Characters by Miss FANNY AYTON, Madame CASTELLI, Mademoiselle BECK, Signor CURIONI, Signor DEVILLE, Signor DE ANGELI, and Signor DAVID.
Between the Acts,
A NEW DIVERTISEMENT.
Principal Dancers. Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle CLARA, Mademoiselle PROCHE, and Mademoiselle BROCARD, Monsieur PAUL, Monsieur EMILE, and Monsieur LEFEBVRE.
After which, the Favorite Ballet, in Two Acts, of
LA SOMNAMBULE.
The Principal Characters by Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle KANIEL, Mlle. CLARA, Mlle. PROCHE, Mlle. DE VIS, and Mme. COPERE, Mesdames J. Mersie, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, &c. M. PAUL, M. EMILIE, M. SIMON, M. EDOUARD, M. GEORGE, M. D'ALBERT, and M. LEFEBVRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of
WILLIAM TELL.
[By Mr Knowles.]
Emma, Miss HUDDART. Anneli, Miss RUSSELL. Agnes, Miss FAUCIT.
Gesler, Mr H. Wallack. Sarnem, Mr Thompson. Struth, Mr W. Bennett.
Rodolph, Mr Howard. Lufold, Mr Howell. Braun, Mr Ross.
William Tell, Mr MACREADY.
Albert, Miss Poole. Melchtal, Mr Younge. Erni, Mr Cathie.
Furst, Mr Fenton. Verner, Mr Cooke. Waldman, Mr Hughes.
Michael, Mr COOPER. Jagheli, Mr J. VINING.
Pierre, Mr Eaton. Theodore, Mr Honner.
Savoyards—Miss Crawford, Mr Price, and Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell," and Weber's Overture to "Der Freischuts."

After which will be Exhibited the New and Splendid
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr Stanfield.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To conclude with a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called
THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.
[Adapted to the English Stage, by A. Lee.]
Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs ORGER. Zerlina, Mrs WAYLETT.
The Concerted Music, by Misses Byfeld, Bruce, S. Phillips, Russell, and Mrs Bedford
Fra Diavolo, Mr WALLACK.
Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr HARLEY. Lorenzo, Mr SINCLAIR.
Lucro, Mr Webster.
Banditti—Beppo, Mr Latham. Giacomo, Mr Bedford. 1st Carabineer, Mr Bland
Postilion, Mr Honner. Francisco, Mr Eaton.

Tomorrow, there will be no Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of
CINDERELLA.
The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr HUNT. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

Previous to the 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.
After which, a New Petite Comedy, called
MARRIED LOVERS.
[By Mr Power.]
The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss PORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.

Tomorrow, there will be no Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

To conclude with a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE.
[By Mr Buckstone.]
The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
Act I.—Winter.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mrs DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act. II.—Summer.
The Characters as in Act I.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new Burletta, entitled
THE LOST SON.
[From the French of M. Scribe, by Mr Ainsworth.]
Madame de Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Leontine, Miss Sidney. Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper.
M. La-Roche, Mr W. VINING. Eugène de Nerscuil, Mr Raymond.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called
THE GRENADIER.
[By H. Bayly, Esq.]
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
[By Mr C. Dance.]
The Characters as before.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of Colman's, by Mr Planché and Mr C. Dance.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

The celebrated Drama, entitled
THE ITALIAN WIFE.
Bianca, Miss M. C. POOLE,
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott, Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Venice, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Gonsalvo, Mr Gough, Falsetto, Mr Honner,
Giraldi Fazio, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Bartolo, Mr Williams, Philario, Mr Almar, Antonio, Mr Young,
After which, M. LOUIS VALLI, will go through the whole of this surprising Gymnastic Exercises.

To be succeeded by an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled
"SWING."
Principal Characters by Miss VINCENT, Miss RUMENS, Mr VALE, Mr C. HILL, Mr HONNER, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr ROGERS, Mr GOUGH.

To conclude with, a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled
THE FEMALE MASSARONI.
Principal Characters by Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss VINCENT, Miss SOMERVILLE, and Mlle. ROSIER.
Mr C. HILL, Mr D. PITT, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, and Mr ROGERS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,
TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called
TACT.
The Music, by J. A. Barnett.
The Characters by Miss STOHWASSER, Mrs HUMBY, Mr J. RUSSELL, Mr Smith. Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest, Mr FORRESTER, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled
GALATEA.
From Gay's Serenata. With Handel's Music, arranged by Mr C. Potter.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria,
In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to "Figaro," and Winter's Overture to "Il Ratto di Proserpina."

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called
EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

Coburg Theatre.—De L'Orme—The Village Phantom—Neil Jagger's Cave.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—The Wreck—The Gossip—The Robber of Epping Forest.

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A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

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The Edinburgh Review for January 1831. *No.* CIV.
The Quarterly Review: published in January 1831, No. 87.

We notice these two current Numbers of the leading Whig and Tory Reviews, for the purpose of saying a word on one or two particular points, and of expressing our satisfaction at the singular and characteristic difference they exhibit in connexion with the events of the times. The 'Edinburgh,' going upon the ground of liberal opinion, and not being slavishly devoted to Whiggism, can afford to advance with the world, and to keep, in many instances, a-head of it. It is therefore in a state equally profitable to itself and to others. There is now a generous, as well as a filthy lucre to be obtained: power (it cannot be too often repeated) goes for the first time along with the unworldly; and liberal men can have the extraordinary satisfaction of at once pursuing their duty, advancing their species, and reaping a golden harvest by the way. The 'Quarterly,' on the other hand, fast bound to old Church and State, is forced to be as stationary as they, and sits raving by the way-side, like old Pope in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' while all the world are moving forward to those better days, which it said could never come, and did its best to hinder. The Whigs have their faults of party; and the Tories, discerning these, can occasionally make a show of liberal opinion in opposing them: but this affords but a small contrast to the main and monstrous spirit of their corruptions, and leaves them justly suspected of being unable to be in the right, except out of spite and opposition. If the present Ministry, for instance, were to do anything flagrantly hostile to liberty, the Quarterly Reviewers would cry out against it, just as the Tories used to cry out against the measures of William III: but who would not know for what they cried? Meantime they are in a state of despair and frenzy. They abuse the French: they abuse the Americans: they abuse the new ministers: they abuse the Utilitarians: they abuse the people: they abuse Lafayette: they abuse Beccaria: they laugh hysterically at Mr Bentham, whom they designate by the sensible and dignified appellation of the "Jerry of Jeremies;" and that no point of their rage may be left untouched, they describe the Editor of this Paper as one, whose characteristic it is never to handle a subject which he does not deprive of its graces. "Thankye, John!" (whatever footman thou art, that comest under that corporate appellation, for the knot on the shoulder of thy soul is apparent). The *Spectator* has sufficiently described the article alluded to in this last instance, as one, the writer of which was to do anything he pleased with his subject ('Moore's Life of Byron'), except hurt the book for Mr Murray's pocket. The writer intimates that Lord Byron blasphemed in the hour of death; but adds the usual excuse for a *lord*:—"*there are not a few palliative considerations, &c.*" Imagine how he would have dealt with such a point in a plebeian enemy! As to further personalities on ourselves, written in a certain spirit (for we have no objection to such accusations as the one above-mentioned), we shall only observe, that if they are repeated, we shall make it our business to find out who the individual is that assaults us with "crape over his face," and in default of being able to do this, we shall attack the name that we can get at; that is to say, make the bookseller responsible. This alternative, we confess, is not one that we should willingly resort to; though booksellers perhaps have too often escaped on such occasions, like the trumpeter in the fable. We have never shown ourselves hostile to the ordinary publications that issue from Mr Murray's house. We cannot even wish to do so, being too sincere friends of literature in general, and of whatever tends to advance and adorn it. Furthermore, we owe truth to our readers, as well as ourselves. We shall, therefore, continue to speak as we have done, of the publications alluded to, (supposing them to be as good as usual), let Mr Murray suffer his reviewers to say what he may. We have particular reasons for saying this, and commit it into the hands of our reputation for sincerity, secure that it will attain its proper end. But personally speaking, we must have fair play. Those who attack names, or allow them to be attacked, must prepare to have retributive justice exercised upon their own. There is the Editor too. We forgot him. He must be responsible also. Anonymous writing has some claims for indulgence, which we think in reason ought to be conceded, as long the writer does not become personal; but no longer. Fair play is so obviously at an end, when one man can fire from behind a wall, and his antagonist is opposed to all the disadvantages of the fight in his own person, that the only wonder is, how it has been borne so long, or how individuals or the public could vindicate themselves for so bearing it. At all events, for very good reasons, it will be borne no longer by us.

It is not when times look more prosperous for our cause, that we wish to begin, or to renew, a quarrel, where we can help it; but it will not be the less incumbent upon us to repel aggression, which may be injurious to more than ourselves.

As to poor Southey, we pity him. He ought to have been, consistently with his set-out in life, one of the leaders of the new times; instead of which, he must needs wreak his spite against his mistake, by abusing them, and endeavour to muster a little lingering importance by digging up intelligent butlers, and poets in "humble life!" There is an article in the review on these poets, in which the panegyrical changes are rung upon the humilities; and it is plainly enough intimated, that the high road to poetical success in "humble life" is proportioned to the lowliness of demeanour, to the satisfaction with Church and State, and to a due sense of the merits of their "superiors." How Burns would have laughed at all this! and how Mr Southey would have taken care to keep out of the way of his laugh!

One of the articles in this number of the *Quarterly* is upon the late admirable events in Paris. Its object, as the *Globe* observes, is to gild that "bitter pill" for its old readers. A remark or two in the same paper upon another Tory publication, affords a complete and overwhelming answer to a good half of the number, and most likely to three or four of the numbers forthcoming:—

'It appears never to occur to a certain class of politicians, that there is often a tide in human affairs to which all unqualified opposition is utterly absurd, which mocks the petty distinctions of party, and derides all supposition of—how different things would have been had the Duke of Newcastle assumed the helm, and Mr Sadler the direction of home affairs. Has it, by the way, been the *will*, or the *power*, which has been wanting in the Tory, to maintain the Conventicle and Test acts, Catholic disabilities, and a variety of other links and ligatures he affects to hold essential to British well-being? This question may be answered by the fact, that since the accession of George III the country has been governed almost *sans intermission* by Tories. If affairs have gone amiss, therefore, who is to blame? During the same period, and much longer, have we ever been deprived of the usual maternal clucking of mother church? Consequently, if a greater diversity of opinion and practice prevail, to what is it attributable? In point of fact, our politicians of the magazines lack the informing spirit of a more robust philosophy to enable them to perceive the mighty march of mind and circumstance which is shivering their puny theories to pieces. One single point in the said march—the quick communication of mind and opinion from one end of the civilized world to the other, is decisive against the lasting retention of government by monopoly, which must obviously gradually give way throughout the entire pale of cultivated society. No sober mind will object to a due share of the conservative spirit, but a fond looking back to some fancied stage of perfection long gone by, or vain attempt to stay the waves of a mighty progression, by affecting the language of King Canute, however set off by smartness and talent, is next door to sheer puerility.'
—*Globe* of Wednesday, Feb. 2.

Another mistake or pretence of the *Quarterly Review* is, that Christianity and their "orthodoxy" are the same thing, whereas Christianity does not wish to stop at a church, and a tithed clergy, and doctrines of the most painful inconsistency. It has far-nobler views; and no more intends to stop there, than it stopped at Popery or the Inquisition. The most Christian act of modern times is the

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forbearance of the Parisians after their conquest. These are the acts by which Christianity gets on, and Quarterly Reviewers are left behind.

We conclude with an admirable passage out of the *Edinburgh Review* :—

'It is somewhat remarkable, that that power of ridicule so generally cultivated as a science in France, has scarcely exercised over the tone of feeling in that country so repressing an influence as it has among ourselves. It never destroyed in the French, the love of theatrical effect; and even in the prevalence of those heartless manners formed under the old *régime*, it never deterred them from avowing romantic feeling, if uttered in courtly language. Nay, it was never quite out of fashion to affect a gallant sentiment, or a generous emotion, and the lofty verse of Corneille was echoed with enthusiasm by the courtiers of a Bourbon and the friends of a Pompadour. But here, a certain measured and cold demeanour has been too often coupled with the disposition to sneer not only at expressions that are exaggerated, but at sentiments that are noble. Profligacy in action surprises, shocks, less than the profession of exalted motives, uttered in conversation, when, as a witty orator observed, the reporters are shut out, and there is no occasion "to humbug." We confess we think it a bad sign when lofty notions are readily condemned as bombast, and when a nation not much addicted to levity, or even liveliness, is, above all others, inclined to ridicule the bias to magnify and exalt. A shoe-black of twelve years old, plying his trade by the Champs Elyées, was struck by a shoe-black foul years younger. He was about to return the blow—an old fruit-woman arrested his arm, exclaiming—"Have you no greatness of soul!" Nothing could be more bombastic than the reproof. Granted. But who shall say how far such bombast influenced the magnanimity of the labouring classes, in that late event, which was no less a revolution in France, than the triumph of the human species? Exaggeration of sentiment can rarely, as a national trait, be dangerous. With men of sense it unavoidably settles into greatness of mind; but moral debasement—a sneer for what is high,—a disbelief of what is good, is the very worst symptom a people can display.'—P. 380.

HINTS TO THE DYSPEPTIC.

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—I heartily congratulate you and my fellow-readers on your return to your pleasurable labours:—I say pleasurable, because, as a man of reflection, as well as of observation, you would perform the greater portion of your toils, even if you were not induced to give the fruits of it to your daily readers; and because the knowledge that you are instructing and delighting hundreds of minds every day, must be as gratifying to yourself, as the enjoyment is to them. This is rather too elaborate a salutation for Cheapside, and too obvious for the *Tatler*: but let it pass. The mention so pleasantly made of the cause of your indisposition, went home to the *stomach* of many a dyspeptic; as it did to mine;—"Omne tulit punctum qui *biscuit* utile dulci," exclaimed I on reading it, as I thought of the "Abernethy biscuit," which I masticate after play-hours. "It is a stay to the stomach," said I to a friend, an older stager than myself. "Yes," he replied; "but I prefer a *pair of stays*," and he disclosed a paper bag with *two* of Le Mann's best. Your precepts on the advantages of light feeding have, I venture to say, effected an extensive digestive reform, and have proved better *stomachics* than the apothecary's tinctures. I, Sir, owe you thanks for many absences of head-aches and avoidances of irritability and morbid sensations, which the observance of your rational suggestions have saved me from. Not even Mr Abernethy's vivid illustration of the effects of imperfect biliary secretion, and his explanation of the term "Melancholy"—(from "melan" and "kolas") signifying black bile, have done me so much service as your hints on the subject of eating: your counsel has proved a *sovereign remedy*; the physicians was only a *sovereign warning*. Were people generally to be made aware how much the mind is influenced by the body, and of how physical a character are many of the evils which afflict the "mind diseased," there would be fewer suicides, fewer patients in mad-houses, fewer mad-doctors, and less eating. Some of our gloomy bards, also, would moult the feathers of their black imaginings, and no longer soar above the sulphureous depths of Acheron, or indite metrical night-mare fancies, as Fuseli painted his pictorial horrors, on the inspiration of a debauch of pork-chops. Bile would not be the livery of the student's visage, and its colour would be known only in the Dowager's lace tucker. Your pages, Sir, go far to redeem health and good spirits from the imputation of vulgarity or unintellectuality; and some future Pope may write, that "Want of *cheerfulness* is want of *health*." Independently of bilious fashions, and indigestion, and its train of miseries, consequent on huge feeding and gastronomical indulgencies, the class of studious and sedentary persons with whom a solitary chop is a meal, and a roasted apple a refection, are equally exposed to attacks of dyspepsia, from irregularity merely; witness your own case. They suffer as acutely from the accidental omission of "a piece of ox, or a bun," as others do from repletion, who pile a dinner of three courses on a sub-structure of lunch raised on the foundation of a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, cemented with condiments, and coffee, and wines, and liqueurs; and who "cannot account" for the languor and oppression they feel, since they ate but a light supper after the opera, and partook very moderately of Roman punch. "Little and often" is the only rule for weak stomachs; little and *seldom* where there is a lack of exercise. For instance, at breakfast; we drink too much coffee or tea; those who drink chocolate, add tea to it; and many who cannot take the former, scruple not to drink two large cups of the latter. "The cups which cheer, but not inebriate," are not to be emptied with impunity; and Dr Johnson with his fifteen cups, was *morally* only another kind of a sot than the fox-hunting squire with his three bottles. "Let your moderation be known unto all men," by your clear eye, fresh breath, and good spirits; whether you drink tea or wine. Bacon for breakfast is proverbial for its good qualities. If an early dinner; that is, four or five hours after breakfast, there needs no lunch, certainly beyond a biscuit. Coffee (without milk) and of that, one cup after dinner, is good. Tea is so refreshing that it can hardly be dispensed with: and if at dinner the appetite has been quelled, not smothered, tea may be followed by a light supper, a couple of hours before bed-time; or in the case of a play-goer, *after* the first piece; if it is after the entertainment, moderation and good digestion only can prevent night-mare.—Did any one *not* visit Mathews at home?—Then they have but an imperfect idea of the horrors of a dyspepsia through pie-crust. How the patient clung to his disease fondly, as it clung heavily to him: repeating in an ecstacy of indigestion, the ejaculation, "Oh that pie-crust;" thumping his pillow as a methodist preacher beats his cushion, and wondering audibly (secretly he need not) how it was he could not sleep. How often have I fancied the dishes on a table appearing in ghostly array to the heated and overburdened sense of the gourmand at night, like the phantoms to Richard in his tent, exclaiming, "We will sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow." It seems to me that the "divine soul" is somewhat in a similar predicament, as regards the body, with the infant, in the "Comic Annual" of last year, delineated by Mr Hood, which is crushed to death under the ponderous *session* of the unconscious nurse. Fungi, we are told, heave up great stones by the force of their very growth; but the soul can hardly bear up against the continual weight and pressure of this gross body of ours. Will you give a lift to help the "poor soul?"

Your admiring Reader, and grateful Patient,

DYSPEPS.

[We fear we "committed" ourselves a little, as the phrase is, when we spoke personally of these matters the other day; but if anybody shall be the better for it, we are content. The truth is, we have as much disdain, and no more, for the weaknesses that flesh is heir to, as we can make compatible with our general regard for human nature: so we merge it into such an attention to them, as we hope is mid-way between too much care and too little. We agree, for the most part, with our intelligent correspondent; but we should say, as general maxims, that uneasiness of sensation is the only rule for checking a hearty meal, and that a good round of manly exercise will render most other attention to the subject unnecessary, unless the patient be far gone indeed in meditation and manuscript. Meanwhile it is too true, that a full half of the evils and sad thoughts which people complain of growing upon them as they advance in life, are owing to no grander a cause than a childish excess in the most vulgar of their appetites: yet even this has very strange and melancholy excuses in the present condition of society. The comfort is, that every evil will mend, in proportion as the evils of ignorance and inequality are done away.]

CHINESE JESTS.—A faggot-man, carrying a load, by accident brushed against a doctor. The doctor was very angry, and was going to beat him with his fist. "Pray don't use your precious hand, good sir;—kick me, and welcome." The standers-by asked what he meant. Says the woodman, "Kick me with his foot, and I shall recover: once come under his hands, and its all over with me."

A miserly man would not go to the expense of musquito curtains. In the summer the gnats were very troublesome. He borrowed an old mask of a neighbour, and clapt it on his face at night. The gnats coming could not get their suckers in. Ho! quoth one of them, he has got a new face! Ay, says another, he may well be ashamed of his meanness! I don't wonder at his changing countenance!

A military officer, after long exercising his troops, led them into action, and was on the point of being routed, when one of the *war spirits* descended with a celestial squadron, and turning the fortune of the field, insured him a splendid victory. The officer, prostrating himself to return thanks, begged to know how he was to address the Genius. The Genius replied, "I am the *Spirit of the Bull's-eye*—I preside over the archer's mark." The officer, in humble astonishment, requested to know what action of his had merited him this good fortune, as he should never have dared to think himself worthy of troubling so sacred a spirit to interfere in his behalf. "Why," says the Genius, "during all the time you were in the exercise-ground, practising at the mark, I was sitting in the centre of it watching you; and you did not once put me in danger of being struck by your arrows—you shot them all wide of *me*. For this tender care of my person I feel grateful."

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—William Tell.—The Diorama.—The Devil's Brother.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—Married Lovers.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE new operatic piece which has been produced here, under the title of *Galatea*, is an alteration and extension of GAY's *Acis and Galatea*, with the original music by HANDEL, and "additional accompaniments by MR CIPRIANI POTTER." What these additional accompaniments are, we cannot say; nor we fear does the orchestra give such an account of them as can be very pleasing to MR POTTER's friends. They went thinly, when we heard them, and not in very good tune. The bassoon, in particular, seemed to anticipate the discordant passions of *Polyphemus* without his melodious power of expressing them.

The story, in the original serenata, is as simple as it is in Ovid. *Galatea*, a nymph, and *Acis*, a shepherd, are in love. *Polyphemus*, the great Cyclops, becomes the shepherd's rival, is rejected with horror, and, in a transport of grief and jealousy, kills *Acis* by throwing upon him the fragment of a rock. *Galatea* exercises the privilege of her divinity, and changes him into a stream.

In the piece, as now performed, these two lovers are both mortal, and villagers (Mr BENNETT and Miss VERNON). *Galatea* has a sister, *Eudora* (Mrs HUMBY), who is a village coquette; and the coquette has a humorous inamorato (Mr J. RUSSELL), so that there is a pair of comic lovers to set off against the tragic. *Polyphemus* (Mr E. SEGUIN), instead of being a giant, is a "fiend:" and he is put to flight, though in vain, by a set of Greek rovers, who undertake, out of a sailorly love of justice and a frolic, to assist *Acis*, and beard the monster in his den. The poor shepherd is killed, in spite of them, by the crag of the rock; and he and *Galatea* are turned into divinities, and take their apotheosis in a cloud.

We must say, that for our "private eating," we should have preferred the story in its simplicity. We would have rejected the artificial basket and mock fruit, and had the old paternal fare served up to us, neat as imported. And we think the town would have preferred it too. Managers, and getters-up of plays, will be against us in this opinion, and they will be correct as to the notion in general, though not, we think, in the particular instance. The piece is at present too long: the appearance of the military adventurers, in their helmets and shields, jars against the seclusion of the scene, and the remote air of the fable: and even the divine music of HANDEL, though nothing can be finer than some of the compositions of this piece, either for grandeur or sweetness, has sometimes a weight in it, and a want of flow, which may not serve to do away the effect of lengthiness in a drama too much protracted. In a word, even a selection from GAY's Serenata might not have been amiss, considering that the performers have yet to secure their reputations. The town may like sophistication in general, and as much for their money as they can get; but a pure pastoral, provided it had all been good, would have been welcome to them, as a novelty. The piece might have been very short, compared with what it is; might have contained the essence of all the good music; and might have been clapped, like a leaf of sage, between two as well buttered or peppered slices of farce as need be; and depend upon it, all parties would have enjoyed it still more than they do.

The three principal singers in this piece are, we believe, all new to the stage, and so young as hardly to have completed their studies, or at least done little more. The lady, Miss VERNON, has a face and manner far from destitute of intelligence or promise; though she seems to think it necessary to be a little too English in her mode of receiving her lover's addresses, considering that she is a Sicilian nymph, and innocent withal. Her voice appears not to have attained its ripeness; and altogether there is a crudeness and incompleteness about her style, owing probably to youth and inexperience. We thought she improved with the latter scenes; which is a good symptom.

MR BENNETT, the *Acis*, reminded us now and then of BRAHAM. Is he a pupil of that gentleman's? There was the little cut and dry manner, and effeminate *tipping* of his syllables, which sometimes mark MR BRAHAM's speaking, contrasted with a similar superiority in the vocal part. We do not mean that MR BENNETT has the other's power or skill, but that he is a much better singer than speaker, and has no mean flow of notes either. We augur very well of him.

From MR SEGUIN's *Polyphemus* we experienced nothing but gratification. He disbursed the bass notes in good, easy, masculine style; and they were of the right iron quality, fit for a vocal Cyclops. Also, he handled his club well, was very grim in the tresses; and even contrived, to our eyes, to look something gigantic, compared with his fellow performers; so that wherever he made his appearance, we seemed to behold a right bit of the old story. MR SEGUIN, besides rolling his notes well, softens them with a touching propriety when he speaks of his mistress's sweetness. It would be a refinement still better, if, in comparing her cruelty to fire and storm, he contrived to mingle a tenderness even with the fierce images he makes use of, and did not give himself up so entirely to a sense of them: for he feels his misery and desolation more than his similitudes. We can never think of this beautiful fable, without feeling pity for the poor "monster;" and our old sensation did not forsake us, when we saw him in this piece. The moment we heard his voice, it sounded to us, not frightful, but one of the most pathetic things in the world.

What a divine composition is "The flocks shall leave the mountains!" And who is to wonder, that *Polyphemus* cannot bear the unequal destiny, which condemns him to hear such Elysian sweetness, only to feel himself deprived of a share in it? The passage on the third and fourth lines ("The nymphs forsake, &c.") is the completest *endearment* ever put into the shape of sound.

We are informed by a correspondent, (from whom we shall be happy to hear again) that the operatic drama, called *The Romance of a Day*, now performing at Covent Garden Theatre, is an adaptation from a French piece, called *Kettly, ou le Retour en Suisse*; and that *Comrades and Friends*, also performing at Covent Garden Theatre, is from another French piece, entitled *Les Deux Sergens*. Further, that the Burletta at the Olympic, *The Chaste Salute*, is taken from one of LA FONTAINE's Tales.

[We seldom think it proper, in so small a paper as ours, to help ourselves to passages out of other journals; but we felt so much pleasure in seeing our old dramatic acquaintance, Sir Lumley Skeffington, taking occasion to vent the cordial goodnature and right gentlemanly kindness for which he has always been distinguished, that we could not help indulging ourselves with extracting the pretty lines he has written upon Madame Vestris, from the *Times*.]

ON MADAME VESTRIS'S HAVING ESTABLISHED A THEATRE OF HER OWN.

BY SIR LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON.

Now, VESTRIS, the tenth of the Muses,
To mirth rears a fanciful dome;
We mark, while delight she infuses,
The Graces find Beauty at home.
In her eye such vivacity glitters,
To her voice such perfections belong,
That care and the life it embitters,
Find balm in the sweets of her song.

When monarchs o'er valleys are ranging,
A court is transferred to the green,
And flowers transplanted are changing
Not fragrance, but merely the scene.
'Tis circumstance dignifies places,
A desert is charming with spring;
And pleasure finds twenty new graces
Wherever the VESTRIS may sing.

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PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge, Nicolo, Mr Webster, Fabio, Mr Hughes,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford,
Spoletto, Mr Bland, Uberto, Mr Robinson, Carlotti. Mr Yarnold.

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Irza, Miss FAUCIT, Fatima, Mrs WAYLETT,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr LISTON, Gimbo, Mr HARLEY.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Will be revived, the Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Vergos, Mr KEELEY.

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss FORDE. Liese, Miss E. TREE. Therèse, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs GIBBS. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr HUNT. General Kienwitz, Mr BARTLEY.
Colonel Francœur, Mr ABBOT. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. PENSON.
Moritz, Mr BLANCHARD. Fritz Klaffen, Mr KEELEY.
Paul Richter, Miss TAYLOR. Hubert, Mr Irwin.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time.
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.
Fourth appearance of Mons. BOUFFE, who is engaged for 12 nights only.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LE PAYSAN PICARD.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. BRAZIER.

Eliza, Fille de Gercour, Mlle Cora. Matron, sa Femme de Chambre, Mlle. Eliza.
M. Gercour, ancien Négociant, M. Cloup. Ernest, son Neveu, M. Gamard.
St. Léon, Capitain de Hussards, amant d'Eliza, M. Paulin.
Frontin, Valet d'Ernest, M. Arnaud.

Suivi, a la Demande Général de MM. les Souscripteurs, de la 2de Représentation de

LE MARCHAND DE LA RUE SAINT DENIS.

Vaudeville nouveau en Trois Actes, de MM. BRAZIER et de VILLENEUVE.

Madame Dumont, Mme. Préval. Henriette, sa Fille, Mlle. Florval.
Séraphine, Nièce de Madame Dumont, Mlle. St. Ange.
Octavie, Fille de Beaupré, Mlle. Eliza. Marguerite, Gouvernante, Mlle. Emma
Jeannette, Nourrice, Mlle. Corra.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Théophile, (his original character).
D. Dumont, Marchand de Soiries, M. St. Aubert. Dorvilliers, Magistrat, M. Derval
Edouard, son Fils, M. Alfred. Le Baron Beaupré, M. Cloup.
Le Maire, M. Paulin. Jocard, Garçon de Bureau, M. Préval.
Un Auvegnat, M. Granville. Un Garçon de Caisse, M. Arnaud.
Un Vétéan, M. Guenée.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

PIERRE; OU, LE COUVREUR.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, en Cinq Tableaux, par MM. BRAZIER et Carmouche.

Jasmin, Jokey, Mlle. Eliza. La Comtesse de Beauford, Mme. Préval.
Herminie, sa Nièce, Mlle. Corra. Josephine, Bouquetière, Mme. Gamard.
Madame Loquet, Portière, Madame Baudin.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Pierre, (his original character).
Le Duc de Beauford, M. St. Aubert. Octave, amoureux d'Herminie, M. Paulin
Bermont, Notaire, M. Préval. Bombardini, Chef d'Orchestre, M. Guenée.
Giraud, ami de Pierre, compagnon Couvreur, M. Gamard.
Un Clerc de Nétaire, M. Arnaud. Un Gendarme, M. Granville.
Lafleur, Valet, M. Cloup.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

To conclude with a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mrs DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Giles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new Burletta, entitled

THE LOST SON.

[From the French of M. SCRIBE, by Mr AINSWORTH.]

Madame de Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Leontine, Miss Sidney. Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper.
M. La Roche, Mr W. VINING. Eugène de Nerseuil, Mr Raymond.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

The Characters as before.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Principal Characters by Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss VINCENT, Miss SOMERVILLE, and Mlle. ROSIER.
Mr C. HILL, Mr D. PITT, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, and Mr ROGERS.

After which, M. LOUIS VALLI, will go through the whole of this surpising Gymnastic Exercises.

To be succeeded by an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

Principal Characters by Miss VINCENT, Miss RUMENS, Mr VALE, Mr C. HILL, Mr HONNER, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr ROGERS, Mr GOUGH.

And other ENTERTAINMENTS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

TACT.

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.

The Characters by Miss STOWASSER, Mrs HUMBY, Mr J. RUSSELL, Mr Smith. Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest, Mr FORRESTER, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.

Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria,

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to "Figaro," and Winter's Overture to "Il Ratto di Proserpina."

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—The Village Phantom—Neil Jagger's Cave.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck—The Gossip—The Robber of Epping Forest.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL.—EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.

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N° 143.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. IV. (Containing the Lives of the Architects; and being the nineteenth volume of the Family Library). 12mo. pp. 352. Murray.

THE contributions of Mr Cunningham to the 'Family Library' are upon the whole welcome and amusing. He is a conscientious workman, and takes pains to do justice to himself and his employer. He is not content with mere compilation, or with repeating the dates and opinions of others. It would be as well, at the same time, if he thought it less necessary to speak so often in the first person: his manner is a little too important for his materials; and he ought to take care how he brings charges of conceit and false taste. Clever and shrewd as he is, he is far from seeing to the end of any subject, even a professional one, and there are more schools to be described, both in prose and poetry, should people see occasion to take the trouble.

The present volume contains the Lives of William of Wykeham, Inigo Jones, Wren, Vanbrugh, Gibbs, Kent, the Earl of Burlington, and Chambers; of all of whom there are portraits by Edwards, after the originals of Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Hogarth, and others; especially a fine one of Inigo Jones for the frontispiene, which would adorn any publication, and has almost the effect of a painting. We cannot say much for William of Wykeham, taken from a painting in Winchester College. Wren's aspect is both weak and conceited, probably by the help of Leiy; for sitters oftener suffer from those who paint them than the world suppose. Vanbrugh has a liberal, good-humoured countenance, analogous to his character: Gibbs, a petty and irritable one: Kent, a profile of a common order (from a drawing by himself): the Earl of Burlington, a face like a fastidious footman: Chambers has more of the "nobleman-look" than he. Why did Mr Cunningham omit Aldrich, Dean of Christchurch? He has surely as much right to a place as Burlington and Kent. He built several well-known, and we believe admired structures at Oxford; and was one of those accomplished men, whose biography, like that of Vanbrugh, it is desirable to meet with in all the places into which it can be introduced. He was a musician as well as architect, wrote the famous Smoking Catch (being accomplished in the smoking art also); was the author of "Hark! the bonny Christchurch Bells," a composition of great sprightliness and originality; and has the reputation of being an elegant Latin poet. His Latin verses are to be met with in the 'Musæ Anglicanæ;' but we do not remember them, unless the following hexameters be among the number:—

Si bene quid memini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi;—
Hospitis adventus, presens sitis, atque futura,
Aut vini bonitas, aut quælibet altera causa.

Which has been thus translated, perhaps by the author, for the version is on a par with the original:—

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink;—
Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest we should be by and bye,
Or any other reason why.

A great deal more is said of the origin and connexions of William of Wykeham than is necessary, and Mr Cunningham defends him against the imputation of bastardy. Who cares whether he was a bastard or not; or would consider it an imputation if he had been?

'Of John, the father,' says Mr Cunningham, 'and Sybil, the mother of this great man, nothing more is with certainty known, than that they lived in wedlock in Wykeham, and, according to the *unimpeachable testimony* of their son's will, had *several children*." [A fact which hardly requires so conscientious an attestation; but this is one of the superfluous verdicts, into which our author's solemnity over his task sometimes betrays him.] 'That Wykeham,' he continues, 'was the family name, there have been some doubts. At the time of the Bishop's birth, surnames were not settled by descent as they are now; they were unknown in England till the conquest. By little and little the better sort took surnames, but by the common people they were not generally adopted till the reign of Edward the Second; we are not, therefore, to considers it to *the reproach* of the Bishop that there should be some uncertainly on this point.' —P. 5.

It is understood that in some parts of England, surnames are not even yet fully established. The editor of an edition of Chaucer published in 1825, says that there are few of the miners of Staffordshire who bear the names of their fathers; and he mentions the case of a publican in that county, whose father's name was Johnson; but the people having called him Pigman, from dealing in pigs, "Pigman he called himself," and put the name over his door, where it was to be seen at the time of the editor's writing.

There is a mystery after all, about the life and character of William of Wykeham. He was accused of parsimony, and the number and value of his preferments astonished the Pope. But we are bound to think well of the man who endowed schools and colleges, and who raised the architectural character of his country.

'He was one,' says Mr Cunningham, 'of a band of consummate architects, whose genius adorned our land with those cathedrals which are yet unrivalled for beauty and splendour in any country. His practice, indeed, in ecclesiastical structures, was confined a little too much to repairs and alterations, in which the character of the original work in a great measure directed him what to do: yet it is extraordinary how much peculiar beauty and stateliness he has engrafted and raised upon the common and the mean, and how he has got over the difficulties of working with the old in the spirit of the new.'—P. 64. * * * * * * *

'It is truly wonderful to see with what taste and profusion Wykeham has scattered his ornaments over the nave, the cloisters, and the chantries of his church, nor is the grave strength and solid stateliness of the lofty structure impaired, but rather improved by these embellishments. It is to be regretted, that one who could so readily unite beauty and strength, and communicate so much becoming elegance to all the manifold combinations of the Gothic, had not been employed to build a new cathedral. His colleges are rather for worth than show: plain accommodation was all that was necessary; yet in the chapels, particularly in that of New College, there is no ordinary beauty.'—P. 65.

The following account of the way in which these venerable structures were built, will be found amusing:—

'From our old historians, our public records, and a few brief instructions, of the days of Wykeham, concerning the royal buildings, we gather some curious information about the mode of erecting cathedrals. The site of the church was selected, not in a barren spot, but in a pleasant place, where the soil was naturally fruitful, and lakes or streams containing fish were near. The foundations of the structure were marked out, and around this a camp of huts was established, to afford shelter to the workmen: a warden was appointed to every ten men, and over the whole a clerk of the works presided, whose duty was to see the building executed according to the plans of the chief architect. Those workmen, if the need of the church required great diligence, had many indulgences: and if they were refractory, there were modes of bringing them to reason, spiritual as well as temporal. The masonry was the work of Englishmen; and much of the carving, as our memorandums sufficiently show, was cut by native hands. The caprice or taste of the workmen seems sometimes to have directed the accessorial ornaments; for many of our cathedrals are deformed by figures of

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indecent demons and other grotesque and impure representations, which mingle indifferently with things holy. To save the purse of the state, or the hoards of the clergy, the noble families of the district, from a love of religion, or as a commutation of penance, permitted their forests to be felled, their quarries to be wrought, their vassals to be pressed, and their horses too, in order to facilitate the good work. Wren, who was no admirer of their architecture, speaks with knowledge and with justice of their way of going to work. "Those who have seen the exact amounts in records," says he, "of the charge of the fabrics of some of our cathedrals, near four hundred years old, cannot but have a great esteem for their economy, and admire how soon they erected such lofty structures. Indeed, great height they thought the greatest magnificence. Few stones were used but what a man might carry up a ladder on his back from scaffold to scaffold, though they had pullies and spoked wheels upon occasion; but having rejected cornices, they had no need of great engines: stone upon stone was easily piled up to great heights; therefore the pride of their work was in pinnacles and steeples. In this they essentially differed from the Roman way, who laid all their mouldings horizontally, which made the best perspective: the Gothic way, on the contrary, carried all their mouldings perpendicular, so that the ground-work being settled, they had nothing else to do but to spire all up as they could. Thus they made their pillars of a bundle of little Toruses, which they divided into more when they came to the roof; and these Toruses split into many small ones, and traversing one another, gave occasion to the tracery work of which the Freemasons were the inventors. They used the sharp-headed arch which would rise with little centreing, required lighter key-stones and less butment, and yet would bear another row of doubled arches rising from the key-stone, by the diversifying of which they erected eminent structures. It must be confessed that this was an ingenious compendium of work, suited to those northern climates; and I must also own, that works of the same height and magnificence, in the Roman way, would be much more expensive." The facility with which those edifices were reared was aided much by the command which a feudal prince had over his people; but more by the power of the Church over hordes of illiterate workmen, who had at once before their eyes the fear of hell, the hope of heaven, and the impulse of good wages.' —P. 66.

The contempt of Gothic architecture implied in the above passage from Wren, argues a defect in his understanding, and not the superiority of his own style of architecture. St Paul's cathedral is a solid, a scientific, and an imposing structure; but the effect of it is but cold on the imagination, compared with that of a great Gothic cathedral. It suggests the idea of durability in prospect for a good round number of ages; but the other reminds us of all time past, and of eternity. The effect of the one is material and palpable; the other of the spiritual and mysterious. The eye comparatively slides over the one, and with all its admiration can find many things greater. The other is a house of thought; and to thought there is no limit.

[To be concluded to-morrow.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

The Abbé de la Riviere went to Rome in hopes of being made a Cardinal, but he was disappointed. As he returned with a very bad cold, Bautru said, "It is because he came back without a hat."

An Abbé thought to pay his court to the great Condé, by presenting to him an epitaph which he had made on Molière: "Ah!" said the Prince, "that be on whom thou hast made this epitaph were here to make thine."

"To Rule the Roast,"—is to govern, manage, or preside over. Johnson observes that it was originally written "roist," which signifies a tumult, and then implied to direct the rabble.—*Rider's Dictionary.*

A Liberal Bookseller.—When Fielding had finished his *Tom Jones*, being much distressed, he sold it to an obscure bookseller for 25*l.* on condition of being paid on a certain given day. In the mean time he showed the MS. to Thomson the poet, who was immediately struck with its great merit, and advised Fielding by all means to get free from the bargain, which he did without much difficulty, as the bookseller was not capable of estimating the value of his purchase. Thomson recommended the work to Andrew Miller, and the parties met at a tavern over a beef-steak and a bottle. Miller began with saying—"Mr Fielding, I always determine on affairs of this sort at once, and never change my offer: I will not give one farthing more than two hundred pounds."—"Two hundred pounds!" cries Fielding. "Yes," says the other, "and not one farthing more." Fielding, whose surprise arose from joy, and not disappointment, shook him by the hand, sealed the bargain, and ordered in two bottles of wine. Miller got a very large sum by the sale of the book. He, at different times during his life, assisted Fielding with 2,500*l.*, which debt he cancelled in his will.

Bautru used to say, that a tavern was a place where they sold folly by the bottle.

Inequality.—Boileau being one day visited by an indolent person of rank, who reproached him with not having returned his first visit, "You and I," said the satirist, "are upon equal terms: I lose my time when I pay a visit; you only get rid of yours when you do so."

Very Natural Query.—An old man was advised by one of his friends to marry. "I don't like old women," he replied. "Well then, take a young one." "Very good," answered he; "but if I, who am old, don't like old women, how can I expect that a young girl should like me?"

Bruce and the Spider.—After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had better not resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brother to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church of Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempt to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the Infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of the age might think otherwise. While he was divided betwixt these reflexions, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay, and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of his own spinning, was endeavouring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing himself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which he meant to stretch his web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do it. It came into his head that he had fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which attends this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country again." While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable check or defeat. I have often met people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was such an insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.—*Tales of a Grandfather.*

Another Spider Story.—A lady went to Mr A——, (a gentleman more celebrated for his skill than his courtesy) and in great distress of mind, stated to him that, by a strange accident, she had swallowed a live spider. At first his only reply was, "Whew! whew! whew!"—a sort of internal whistling sound, intended to be indicative of extreme contempt. But his anxious patient was not to be so easily repulsed. She became every moment more and more urgent for some means of relief from the dreaded effect of the strange accident she had consulted him about; when at last looking upon the wall, he put up his hand and caught a fly. "There, ma'am," said he, "I've got a remedy for you. Open your mouth, and as soon as I've put this fly into it, shut it again; and the moment the spider hears the fly buzzing about, up he'll come; and then you can spit them both out together."—*London Weekly Review.*

The Last Illness and Funeral of Burns.—When it was known that Burns was dying, Dumfries was like a place besieged. The anxiety, not of the rich and the learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone; they spoke of his history, of his person, his works, his family, his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance. All that he said or was saying, the opinions of the physicians (and Maxwell was a kind and a skilful one) were eagerly caught up and reported from street to street, and from house to house. * * * * The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners; they might amount to ten or twelve thousand. Not a word was heard; and though all could not be near, and many could not see, there was no rude impatience shown, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks and persuasions and opinions mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sang of their loves and joys and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled.—*Mornings in Spring.*

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FEMALE ADVANCEMENT.—When errors and prejudices are spread among the female sex, it is the hardest thing in the world to root them out. Arguments, which are the only proper means for it, are of little use; they have a short answer to all reasonings that turn against them,—*Make us believe that if you can.—Addison.* [The above passage is curious as illustrative of the habits of a *former* age. In our more favoured days, ladies are found who can not only reason but even *listen* to the reason of others.—F. F.]

FLINT SOUP.—The four mendicant orders of the church of Rome carried the art of beggary to the highest perfection. One of these holy beggars was accustomed, in traversing Normandy, to demand a dinner of a poor farmer; but upon one occasion had the mortification to arrive when the farmer and his wife were occupied in their grounds; and having carried their dinner with them, had left the cupboard bare. The friar was hungry, and hunger is ingenious. Addressing the eldest of the three children, a girl of eight years, he asked her if she had ever seen flint soup?—"No, father," replied she, with a gaping mouth of great curiosity.—"Bring me a good round fat pebble." Soon found. "And the small soup kettle, full of water." Placed on the fire, and the pebble amidst. "Our pot begins to boil: perhaps you have a cabbage in the garden."—"Yes, father, and carrots."—"A good child; bring some. No bread?"—"No; but there is a little flour."—"Good, good."—After a long pause, "Perhaps you could find a little morsel of butter?"—"Yes, father; for I did not eat it all."—"My dear, we shall have an excellent flint soup."—It was indeed an excellent soup meagre, and the friar desired that the pebble might be preserved for another occasion.

NOBLE HOUSEKEEPING IN 1525.—When Henry the Eighth conferred upon Lord Clifford, the son of the shepherd Lord, the dignity of Earl of Cumberland, it was necessary for his Lordship to make a journey from Yorkshire to London. A curious account has been preserved of his expenses on the occasion.—It appears that the new Earl was attended on this expedition by thirty-three of his servants on horseback. How many days were occupied in travelling is not mentioned, but his expenses on the road are put down at 7*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* On his arrival in the capital, he was lodged at Derby place, now the Heralds' College; and we find from the first list of charges, that his expenditure in housekeeping for himself and his whole retinue, including horses, did not amount to more than 46*l.* 7*s.*, about nine pounds per week; a circumstance which will the less surprise us, when we read, under the same head, that his wine for five weeks amounted to the sum of *three shillings*, and his desserts, consisting of cherries, to *twopence.—Mornings in Spring.*—[This Earl, who in his youth had been leader of a troop of banditti, might have found means to travel at small expense; but that one who had led this lawless life should be thus moderate in wine, is strange enough, and is the more remarkable, as one of the items in the account is, "For bying Wyne to my Ladie, 1*l.*"]

GALILEO, NEAR THE CLOSE OF LIFE.—When Milton was at Florence, in the year 1639, he visited Galileo at his seat near Ancetri. The astronomer was then 75 years of age; he had been twice imprisoned by the Inquisition at Rome, for the supposed heresy of his philosophical opinions in defending the system of Copernicus, and his last liberation, in December 1633, after a confinement of nearly two years, was on the express condition of not departing, for the residue of his life, from the Duchy of Tuscany. * * * Not only was he suffering from the natural pressure of advancing years, but he was infirm from sickness, and had a very short time before Milton was admitted to his presence, become totally blind, from a too intense application to his telescope, and consequent exposure to the night air. Yet this, the greatest calamity which could have befallen a person thus engaged, he bore with christian fortitude, with the piety, indeed, of a saint, and the resignation of a philosopher. He permitted it not, in fact, either to break the vigour of his spirit, or to interrupt the course of his studies, supplying the defect, in a great measure, by constant meditation, and the use of an amanuensis. Nor, though the first astronomer and mathematician of any age or country, had he confined himself to those pursuits; his learning was general and extensive; both theoretically and practically he was an architect and designer; his fondness for poetry was enthusiastic, and he played upon the lute with exquisite skill and taste. To these varied acquisitions in science, literature, and art, were added the blessings of an amiable disposition; for, though keenly sensible of the injustice of his enemies, whose malevolence and oppression, indeed, have scarcely had a parallel, he was yet cheerful, affable, and open in his temper; and his aspect, we are told, was singularly venerable, mild, and intelligent. That such a man, though living in an age of extreme bigotry, should be an object of ardent attachment to those who best knew him, may be readily conceived. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to learn that he was enthusiastically beloved by his pupils, and that when visited by Milton, Vincenzo Viviani, his last and favourite disciple, then a youth of seventeen, was attending upon him with all the zeal of the most affectionate son. So great, indeed, was the veneration entertained for him by this young man, who subsequently became his biographer, and a mathematician of great celebrity, that he never, during the remainder of his life (and he reached the age of eighty-one, subscribed his name without the addition of the "Scholar of Galileo," and had constantly before him, in the room in which he studied, a bust of his revered master, with several inscriptions in his praise.—*Mornings in Spring.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

Yesterday, being ASH-WEDNESDAY, all the Theatres were closed.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—The first Concert of this Society for the present season took place on Monday the 14th, at the Opera-room, and the rapid improvement in its performances, in the short space of two years (which was when I last attended these meetings), is a cheering proof of the progress of good music. I need only mention the names of Mori, Lindley, and Dragonetti, to convince you that there was something worth listening to; the vocal department was assigned to Miss Grant, David, and Lablache.

Beethoven's symphony in B flat, with its exquisite adagio, all tender complaint, and its grand climax at the close, where Dragonetti sits, like another Jupiter, launching forth his thunders, opened the concert. Compared with the Philharmonic band, this may be pronounced deficient in fulness and steadiness; but I own that whilst listening to such a delicious composition, my mind is too sweetly grateful to cavil with the performance for being less than perfect. Signor Lablache wasted his amazing powers on a very ineffective song of Paccini's. Oh! how I wished he had substituted 'Madamina,' or 'La Vendetta,' or even Rossini's copy of this latter.

Signor David, being a stranger in England, was cordially welcomed by the audience; but his singing has not caused me to alter the opinion I formed of him some years since, when I heard him at Vienna. His style is florid in the extreme; indeed his shake being very neat, and his falsetto the best part of his voice, he is almost constantly trembling in *alt*, like an octave flute in an ague. His natural voice in tone resembles an oboe; and as, whilst singing, his body is considerably distorted and bent, one cannot help pitying the poor man for the internal agony he seems to be enduring, which feeling is enforced by repeated catchings in his breath. I recollect Miss Grant some two or three years back, at Covent-Garden Theatre, and congratulate her upon the great improvement she has achieved since then. Her voice is not powerful, but her intonation last night was correct; and she executed the *rival* passages to Mori's obligato with much sweetness and finish. Hummel's grand military septett was very ably performed but I prefer his other in D minor.

Corelli is an old favourite of mine; his antique harmonies please me, even when played on the piano alone. Think then of the delight I enjoyed whilst listening to Lindley and Dragonetti,—the sweet voiced instrument of the one, blending with the grave deep tones of the latter, like the graceful and the grand in nature.

Mozart, dear Mozart, was not to be entirely overlooked in the selection, so his grandest overture (the one to the Zauberflöte) was beautifully played during the cloaking of ladies and shuffling of beaux; which made me almost regret that he was not altogether omitted, rather than heard with such an anomalous and discordant accompaniment;—but I will be thankful for the treat I received, merely protesting *en passant* against sundry loud and continued whisperings, principally of the dandies, during the whole performance; and end this notice by wishing the *Società Amonica* all possible success in their endeavours to promote the advancement of good music; and remain,

Dear Mr Tatler, your's very cordially,

MANTHELE.

AN ETERNAL GAME OF CHESS.—'The old Irish were so greatly addicted to chess,' says Dr Hyde, 'that amongst them the possession of good estates has been often decided by it, and there are some estates at this very time, the property whereof still depends upon the issue of a game at chess. For example, the heirs of two noble Irish families whom we could name (to say nothing of others) hold their lands upon this tenure:—that one of them shall encounter the other at chess in this manner, that whichever of them conquered should seize and possess the estate of the other. Therefore,' continues the doctor, 'I am told they manage the affair prudently among themselves: once a year they meet, by appointment, to play at chess; one of them makes a move, and the other says, "I will consider how to answer you next year." This being done, a public notary commits to writing the situation of the game; by which method a game that neither has won, has been, and will be, continued for some hundred years."—*Vallancey's Irish Grammar.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge, Nicolo, Mr Webster, Fabio, Mr Hughes,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford,
Spoletto, Mr Bland, Uberto, Mr Robinson, Carlotti. Mr Yarnold.

In the course of the Evening, Cherubini's Overture to "Les Abencerages," and Winter's Overture to "Mahomed."

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Irza, Miss FAUCIT, Fatima, Mrs WAYLETT,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr LISTON, Gimbo, Mr HARLEY.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.
Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, A Grand Musical Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Will be revived, the Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs Daly. Margaret, Mrs Brown.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
Borachio, Mr Baker. Conrad, Mr Holl. Balthazar, Mr Henry.
Sexton, Mr Barnes. Seacoal, Mr Mears. Oatcake, Mr Turnour.
Lorenzo, Mr Irwin. Servants, Messrs Heath and Sutton.

In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss FORDE. Liese, Miss E. TREE. Therèse, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs GIBBS. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr HUNT. General Kienwitz, Mr BARTLEY.
Colonel Francœur, Mr ABBOT. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. PENSON.
Moritz, Mr BLANCHARD. Fritz Klaffen, Mr KEELEY.
Paul Richter, Miss TAYLOR. Hubert, Mr Irwin.

To-morrow there will be no Performance.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first tim.
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.
Fourth appearance of Mons. BOUFFE, who is engaged for 12 nights only.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LE PAYSAN PICARD.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. BRAZIER.

Eliza, Fille de Gercour, Mlle Cora. Matron, sa Femme de Chambre, Mlle. Eliza.
M. Gercour, ancien Négociant, M. Cloup. Ernest, son Neveu, M. Gamard.
St. Léon, Capitain de Hussards, amant d'Eliza, M. Paulin.
Frontin, Valet d'Ernest, M. Arnaud.

Suivi, a la Demande Général de MM. les Souscripteurs, de la 2de Représentation de

LE MARCHAND DE LA RUE SAINT DENIS.

Vaudeville nouveau en Trois Actes, de MM. BRAZIER et de VILLENEUVE.

Madame Dumont, Mme, Préval. Henriette, sa Fille, Mlle. Florval.
Séraphine, Nièce de Madame Dumont, Mlle. St. Ange.
Octavie, Fille de Beaupré, Mlle. Eliza. Marguerite, Gouvernante, Mlle. Emma.
Jeannette, Nourrice, Mlle. Corra.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Théophile, (his original character).
D. Dumont, Marchand de Soiries, M. St. Aubert. Dorvilliers, Magistrat, M. Derval.
Edouard, son Fils, M. Alfred. Le Baron Beaupré, M. Cloup.
Le Maire, M. Paulin. Jocard, Garçon de Bureau, M. Préval.
Un Auvegnat, M. Granville. Un Garçon de Caisse, M. Arnaud.
Un Vétéan, M. Guenée.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

PIERRE; OU, LE COUVREUR.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, en Cinq Tableaux, par MM. BRAZIER et Carmouche.

Jasmin, Jokey, Mlle. Eliza. La Comtesse de Beauford, Mme. Préval.
Herminie, sa Nièce, Mlle. Corra. Josephine, Bouquetière, Mme. Gamard.
Madame Loquet, Portière, Madame Baudin.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Pierre, (his original character).
Le Duc de Beauford, M. St. Aubert. Octave, amoureux d'Herminie, M. Paulin
Bermont, Notaire, M. Préval. Bombardini, Chef d'Orchestre, M. Guenée.
Giraud, ami de Pierre, compagnon Couvreur, M. Gamard.
Un Clerc de Notaire, M. Arnaud. Un Gendarme, M. Granville.
Lafleur, Valet, M. Cloup.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

To conclude with a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mrs DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new Burletta, entitled

THE LOST SON.

[From the French of M. SCRIBE, by Mr AINSWORTH.]

Madame de Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Leontine, Miss Sidney. Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper.
M. La Roche, Mr W. VINING. Eugène de Nerseuil, Mr Raymond.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

The Characters as before.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

SURREY THEATRE.

The celebrated Drama, entitled

THE ITALIAN WIFE.

Bianca, Miss M. C. POOLE,
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott, Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Venice, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Gonsalvo, Mr Gough, Falsetto, Mr Honner,
Giraldi Fasio, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Bartolo, Mr Williams, Philario, Mr Almar, Antonio, Mr Young,

After which, a Drama, entitled

THE DIAMOND ARROW.

[By Mr W. T. MONCRIEFF.]

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Mrs VALE, Messrs VALE, EDWIN, &c.

To be succeeded by an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]

Principal Characters by Miss VINCENT, Miss RUMENS, Mr VALE,
Mr C. HILL, Mr HONNER, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr ROGERS, Mr GOUGH.

To conclude with a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Principal Characters by Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss VINCENT,
Miss SOMERVILLE, and Mlle. ROSIER.
Mr C. HILL, Mr D. PITT, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, and Mr ROGERS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

TACT.

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.

The Characters by Miss STOHWASSER, Mrs HUMBY, Mr J. RUSSELL,
Mr Smith. Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest,
Mr FORRESTER, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to "Figaro," and Winter's Overture to "Il Ratto di Proserpina."

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—The Village Phantom—Neil Jagger's Cave.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck—The Gossip—The Robber of Epping Forest.

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№ 144.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. IV. (Containing the Lives of the Architects; and being the fifteenth volume of the Family Library). 12mo. pp. 352. Murray.

(Notice concluded.)

Little is known of the early life of Inigo Jones. He was born in the neighbourhood of St Paul's; is supposed to have been apprenticed to some humble business; travelled and studied in Italy; became the architect and theatrical machinist of the court, during which period he lived with splendour; found his fortunes decline with those of his master, Charles I, whose ruin is said to have hastened his death; died, 80 years of age, in June 1653, at Somerset House; and was buried in the church of St Bennett, Paul's Wharf. His Spanish name of Inigo originated in the family's being Catholics, and most likely connected with the Spaniards in the train of Philip, the husband of Mary.

'Neither friends nor foes,' observes Mr Cunningham, 'have preserved enough to satisfy us as to the domestic manners and personal character of this distinguished man. Of his looks we may judge by his portraits, which are amongst the finest that Vandyke painted; of his fortitude we have a specimen in his manly conduct before that fierce House of Commons, which trampled upon the Court and Crown; of the generosity of his nature, the country had the benefit when he resigned his salary to pay the debts of his predecessor; and, of his sumptuous spirit, let a princely income, spent in maintaining a state worthy of his talents, and in entertaining the learned, the gifted and the noble, be the proof. He was fond of distinction—vain of the countenance of the Court and the notice of the great; and by a certain stateliness of manners, splendour of dress, and free and generous mode of life, supported the station to which his genius had raised him. His doublet of velvet, and his embroidered cap, became him well; neither do we see much to censure in the airs which he affected in the management of the masques so well described by Jonson.

'He has
His whistle of command, seat of authority,
And verge to interpret, tipt with silver.'

The malicious dramatist helps us to some of Inigo's favourite phrases. Thus, during the planning of a masque, in the Tale of a Tub, Scriben says:—

'He'll do't alone, sir; In-and-in
Draws with no other in's project; he will tell you
It cannot else be *feasible*, or *conduce*.
Those are his ruling words.'

And In-and-in Medley himself, describing his method of forming a pageant says:—

'If I might see the place, and had surveyed it,
I could say more; for all invention, sir,
Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature;
A world of things concur in the design,
Which makes it *feasible*, if art *conduce*.'

'In these lines, Jones speaks like an artist, and wisely—to examine the localities, and then imagine such a structure as should be in harmony with them, is to do as an architect what Jonson did as a dramatist, when he considered his characters, settled the mode of their employment, and formed a work in strict keeping with his materials and his scene. The satire lies in the mimicry. It seems that Inigo was fearful that Jonson would commemorate their feud:—

'In some sharp verse,
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
The marrow.'

'Upon which the poet indignantly exclaims:—

'Wretch, I quit thee of thy pain,
Thou'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:
The Lybian lion hunts no butterflies.'

'But if we admit the dramatist as a witness to the peculiarities which detract from the dignity of the architect, we cannot deny Inigo the right of calling him to speak to his merits. This, the poet, as we have seen, has often done, and with a friendly feeling—and he also sometimes unconsciously commends him in the midst of his satire. In the character of In-and-in Medley, he allows him to speak modestly of his abilities, and when he had finished the masque, and Squire Tub exclaims:—

'Good i' faith,
You have shewn reading and antiquity here, sir.'

'Medley only replies,

'I have a little knowledge in design.'—P. 138.

But this verse may be as great a sneer as any. It may have been intended to convey an imputation of affected humility. The origin of the dispute between Inigo and Ben Jonson is unknown, but is naturally supposed to be traceable to their contests for superiority in the getting up of the court masques. Jonson is thought to have been disgusted with the title-page of his Masque of Chloridia, which proclaimed as the "Inventors, Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones."

'It must have been anything but flattering,' says Mr Cunningham, 'to the proud and sensitive Jonson, to be obliged to share the honour of the whole invention with the scene-maker and preparer of the pageant: he could not but feel that he had been condescending enough, and was not prepared to hear with patience that Inigo was not satisfied to be second, but was angry that he was not first. This charge against the vanity of the architect, however, is but too well supported by the title-page of Pan's Anniversary, printed after Jonson's death, wherein his name takes precedence of the poet's.

'"Whoever was the aggressor," says Walpole, "the turbulence and brutality of Jonson were sure to place him most in the wrong;" 'but this,' continues Mr Cunningham, with much good sense, 'is surely a sentiment in which few will concur: whoever was the aggressor was most in the wrong; he who resents insults or retaliates an injury may carry his indignation too far; but cannot well be most in the wrong. It is indeed inexpressibly mournful to think on the last days of the illustrious Jonson—a manly character, and in dramatic excellence second only to Shakspeare—neglected by the great—imprisoned in a miserable abode in an alley, by want and a fatal malady—the honours of his muse usurped by a manufacturer of pageants, and his place as a poet supplied by Aurelius Townsend! No wonder that he went down in sorrow to the grave. I may agree with Gifford that the magnanimity of Jones is as disputable as his humanity in this unhappy quarrel; but I can find no warrant for believing that "he persecuted the poet for the remainder of his existence with implacable malice."'—P. 124.

This is just a specimen of the common-place person here alluded to (Mr Gifford) a ridiculously over-rated writer, who had all the spleen without any of the genius of Ben Jonson, and with whom every man was god or devil, just as it suited his editorial credit to make him. Most likely there was a good deal of that mortified vanity on both sides, which too often affords a humiliating spectacle in the quarrels of men of genius; and as Jonson, being a writer, had the greatest power of annoyance in his hands, he was probably the chief assailant. Among the sources of information which Mr Cunningham has searched for respecting Jones's youth, in the verses of his antagonist, he appears to have overlooked a passage which accuses the architect of having commenced life with "thirty pounds in pipkins:"—

'Mr Surveyor, you that first began
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man
You are: from them leaped forth an architect,
Able to talk of Euclid, and correct
Both him and Archimede: damn Archytas,
The noblest engineer that ever was;" &c.

Ben Jonson's abuse of his rival is now more disgraceful to himself than to the architect. Inigo Jones, who has been called the reviver of classical architecture, and the British Vitruvius, is well known to the intelligent part of the London public, as the builder of the fine Banquetting-house at Whitehall, which, for the exquisite beauty of the proportions of the upper range of windows, is a treat for the passenger to look at. Mr Cunningham is mistaken, if we remember rightly, in saying that Charles the First stepped out of the middle window of this range to the scaffold. The second window from the north used to be the one, we believe, so 'marked by tradition; but it has latterly been understood, that he came out of a side northern door, since blocked up, on the same story, and so went round to the front.

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Speaking of Wren and St Paul's cathedral, Mr Cunningham says, that there is perhaps no one part of it equal to the celebrated Corinthian portico of Inigo Jones (burnt with the old cathedral.)

'The merit of Wren,' he says, 'lay in observing the proprieties of art—he has few bold, masterly hits—few unlooked-for beauties; there is no little space in the pile on which he has, as it were, condensed his strength—his glory lies in the entire structure—in his unrivalled skill in balancing and combining all the members of his edifice into one consistent and harmonious whole. This is to have in architecture a genius of the epic order.'

By no means. The wonder of an epic consists in its being magnificent as a whole, and at the same time full of masterly hits and unlooked-for beauties. Does Mr Cunningham mean to say that there are few masterly hits in Homer and Milton? The general and just impression on the public mind respecting Wren is, we believe, that he was rather a correct and judicious architect than a very great one. The size of a building like St Paul's is apt to be confounded with its merits, and to produce an exaggerated sense of them, true as in many respects they may be. We were surprised to find, the other day, what Mr Cunningham has not mentioned, that the cupola of St Paul's, which seems to be of stone, is chiefly composed of brick. We know not whether this is the case with similar structures; but the knowledge of the circumstance considerably diminishes the mighty effect of the dome upon our imaginations, and detracts from a sense of the architect's difficulties and power.

One of the most amusing of these lives is that of Sir John Vanbrugh, who was a wit as well as architect, and wrote comedies that are still in possession of the stage. His structures have been pronounced heavy, but have been defended by Sir Joshua Reynolds and others, as grand, original, and picturesque. It is curious to see a comic writer excelling in grandeur of architecture. It becomes critics to be modest in speaking of arts with which they are unacquainted, otherwise this dignified success of Vanbrugh in the solemnities of architecture, together with the reputations acquired by Gibbs and Lord Burlington, and the comparatively late period of life at which Wren took up the study and the practice together, being invited to it upon the strength of his reputation for geometry, would almost lead us to conclude that the art was not so difficult a one as people imagine, especially when we consider the confined number of its orders, and the little variety which it has upon the whole exhibited. A comic genius, however, may have great gravity, and even melancholy, in the more serious part of him; and this might account for the grandeur of Sir John's architecture, though we hear nothing of such a contrast to his animal spirits from his biographers. He was, however, a man of great kindness and good-nature; which in a person who reflects at all, generally argues a power of reflecting deeply. Lady Wortley Montague, or Pope (we forget which) said, that he, Congreve, and Garth, were the three best-natured men of the Kit-Kat Club. This character might have helped Mr Cunningham to see a little further into the excesses of Vanbrugh's comedy, which are more traceable to the author's vivacity and animal spirits, than to any contempt for morals and decency. In fact, Vanbrugh was too good-hearted a man to think ill enough, perhaps, of the license he allowed himself; while many of his critics, in their vehement condemnation of it, were justly accused by him of erring on the other side, and having no feeling but for their own want of sympathy. "As for the saints," says Vanbrugh, "your thorough-paced ones I mean, with screwed faces and dry mouths, I despair of them, for they are friends to nobody; they love nothing but their altars and themselves; they have too much zeal to have any charity; they make debauches in piety, as sinners do in wine; and are as quarrelsome in their religion, as other people are in their drink."—P. 258.

Mr Cunningham reprobates this passage; but there is a great deal of truth in it. To make virtue beloved, we must make her liberal, and candid, and better able to indulge than to reproach. Good nature is itself a virtue, and no mean one, for it is the end of all virtue. The less fault we find, the less we make. The more excuses we discover, the sooner we do away with false virtues as well as with real vices, rescue error from irritation, and prevent spleen from confounding itself with rectitude, and from keeping up a world of confusion.

Swift, at one time, attacked Vanbrugh's architecture; for which the Dean was afterwards sorry. Mr Cunningham says, that "Vanbrugh took no notice of rhymes, which to him were harmless as the passing wind." But Swift, in one of his letters, gives us to understand that the Whig artist felt himself much hurt, and showed it in his countenance when they met; which he might reasonably do; for Vanbrugh, being a man of a social nature, would feel what others said of him; and Swift had no right to speak of him as he did. In mentioning the character of *Sir John Brute*,' in *The Provoked Wife*, Mr Cunningham quotes the opinion of one whom he designates as "Hazlitt, an acute and lively writer *on theatrical subjects*." Mr Hazlitt was a masterly writer on many subjects, of which theatricals were the least. It is from Mr Hazlitt's book on the Comic Writers, if we mistake not, that Mr Cunningham has selected a specimen of Vanbrugh's comedy, which presents a scene so exquisite that it may truly be ranked among the number of those passages "which cannot be too often repeated." Mr Hazlitt has given it in his book: Mr Cunningham has copied it into his; and we will now copy it into these pages, by way of concluding our criticism with a *bocca dolce*. The characters are the two adventurers in the *Confederacy*. One of them, the superior genius in point of leg and ambition, personates a colonel; the other, his pretended servant, is on a par with him in cunning and impudence. They are in the house of the citizen (as our author observes) with whose daughter the colonel is on the point of eloping. His friend *Brass* sees it is the time to secure a good bargain for himself; he knows if his companion carries off the prize, his own share will be but small, and feeling that he has all to hope from his comrade's present dread of discovery, and nothing from his honour, he thus goes to work:—

'*Brass.* How speaks young mistress's epistle—soft and tender?

'*Dick.* As pen can write.

'*Brass.* So you think all goes well there?

'*Dick.* As my heart can wish.

'*Brass.* Why then, ceremony aside, [*putting on his hat,*] you and I must have a little talk, Mr Amlet.

'*Dick.* Ah! Brass, what art thou going to do—wo't ruin me?

'*Brass.* Look you, Dick, few words—you are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll on; but how d'ye intend matters shall pass 'twixt you and me in this business?

'*Dick.* Death and Furies! what a time do'st thou take to talk out!—

'*Brass.* Good words, or I betray you—they have already heard of one *Mr Amlet* in this house. In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet 'tis true, your footman sometimes, *which I am enraged at;* but you have always had the ascendant I confess; when we were schoolfellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-apprentices, though I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. Nay, in our punishments, you still made good your part, for when once upon a time I was sentenced but to be whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. In all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine; however, I cannot consent that you should, at once, fix your fortune for life, and I dwell in my humilities for the rest of my days.

'*Dick.* Hark thee, Brass, if I do not most nobly by thee, I am a dog.

'*Brass.* And when?

'*Dick.* As soon as ever I am married.

'*Brass.* Ay—the plague take thee.

'*Dick.* Then you mistrust me?

'*Brass.* I do, by my faith. Look you, sir, some folks we mistrust because we don't know them—others we mistrust because we do know them—and for one of these reasons I desire there may be a bargain beforehand—if not, [*raising his voice,*] look ye, *Dick Amlet*—

'*Dick.* Soft, my dear friend and companion—(the dog will ruin me,) [*aside,*] say what is't will content thee—but how can'st thou be such a barbarian?

'*Brass.* I learnt it at Algiers.

'*Dick.* Come—make thy Turkish demand then.

'*Brass.* You know you gave me a bank bill this morning to receive for you.

'*Dick.* I did so; of fifty pounds: 'tis thine. So now thou art satisfied: all is fixed.

'*Brass.* It is not indeed. There's a diamond necklace you robbed your mother (a pawnbroker) of e'en now.

'*Dick.* Ah! you Jew!

'*Brass.* No words.

'*Dick.* My dear Brass!

'*Brass.* I insist.

'*Dick.* My old friend!

'*Brass. Dick Amlet,* [*raising his voice,*] I insist.

'*Dick.* Ah! the cormorant! [*Aside.*] Well, 'tis thine; thou'lt never thrive with it.

'*Brass.* When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again.'

We may as well add a pleasant testimony of Rowe's to the social qualities of Vanbrugh. It is in a parody of Horace's dialogue with Lydia, in which Tonson, the bookseller, with an air of injured tenderness, complains that Congreve had left off coming to see him:—

'I'm in with Captain Vanbrugh at the present,
A most goodnatured gentleman, and pleasant:
He writes your comedies, draws, schemes, and models,
And builds Duke's houses upon very odd hills.'

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand.—The Illustrious Stranger.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Much Ado About Nothing.—And the Romance of a Day.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Much Ado about Nothing was performed here last night to a full house, and given out for repetition with the greatest applause. The effect was rather languid in parts, the plot in truth being thin enough, and taking pains to make itself seen through: and in almost all SHAKSPEARE'S plays, wonderful as they are, there are some scenes, which argue either occasional failure of stage tact, or indifference to the level part of the story, or a singular compliment to the understandings of his audience; whom we are to suppose interested in delicate points of language and character, such as have excited little attention with audiences of later times. We must observe at the same time, that we think there is a very visible improvement in the critical faculties of the humblest play-goers of the present day, owing, we have no doubt, to the sharpening of the public wits in other matters, and to the diffusion of that "Two-penny Trash" which has turned out to be so formidable to actors on a greater stage. The interest of *Much Ado about Nothing* chiefly arises from the scenes in which *Benedick* and *Beatrice* are concerned; and not only did these obtain as great a share of attention as we ever knew them, but all the little points of wit and subtlety produced a general acknowledgment, to a degree we do not remember to have witnessed before, and in which the participation of the galleries was as plain as that of the pit.

Miss KEMBLE appeared in the character of *Beatrice*, for the first time. We always feel loth to criticise this young lady, because we have never recovered the disappointment occasioned us by the immoderate praises bestowed on her in the first instance, and which led us to rate her in imagination by a very high standard. Perhaps the standard we judge all performers by is in general higher, than their modesty or a sense of their interest would desire; but this is what we cannot help, nor can we consider it a fault; because the standard is such as SHAKSPEARE and the other geniuses of the stage suggest to us; and we are not to blame, if in having our enthusiasm strongly excited by the nature and beauty of the portraits they set before us, we expect the best possible similitude to them in those who claim to be their representatives. What notion of sweetness can be too great for such a character as *Imogen?* What perfect love and ingenuousness ought we not to look for in a *Desdemona?* What an union of cordiality with court shrewdness in *Rosalind?* What a retreating inward of the soul in *Viola*, watching nevertheless through the eye, when the beloved object was present and could not see it? What a round-cheeked, perpetual, laughing mixture of grace and malice in *Beatrice*, arising from health, and indulgence, and a good sovereign opinion of a wit for which she had evidently been praised from her childhood? We see she has ruled the nursery, and her father, and her gentle cousin, *Hero*, and has only escaped being disagreeable because of the sweetness of her blood. When SHAKSPEARE has made all these charming women talk in the most intellectual style, run riot at will in the most graceful fancies, in short, utter the best things in the best manner, and challenge our very imaginations to come up to them, how is the critic to be wondered at, who thinks he cannot estimate them at too high a rate, and feels himself compelled to judge the actress accordingly? If their "nature" is to be judged of, undoubtedly it must be the highest and most charming kind of nature. If their "grace," it ought to be the most graceful thing in the world. It becomes, above all, totally impossible to admit a *theatrical* manner, even the most perfect of its kind, as the style and habit of these delightful creatures.

Miss KEMBLE'S *Beatrice* is very clever. We look upon it as one of the very best of her characters,—certainly the one in which we should see her again with the most pleasure. It wants, we think, the flowing and perpetual giddy grace of *Beatrice*, who is like a girl at the top of her school, and whose movements ought to run on like her tongue. Mrs JORDAN gave more of this than Miss KEMBLE,—a great deal more; and her laugh and heartiness were always inimitable: but she wanted the air of good breeding. When *Beatrice* is sent to ask *Benedick* to come in to dinner, we do not think Miss KEMBLE ought to make so regular and ordinary a scene of it. She should hang at the side scene, as if she had just run thither, ask him carelessly to come, reply to his answer in the same quick indifferent manner, and telling him that he has "no stomach," or in other words, that she sees he does uot want to come, be off again on the wing. *Hero* describes her on one occasion, as coming along, running "close by the ground, like a lapwing." She was coming, it is true, to overhear her cousin talk; but this is a specimen of the extreme to which she ran in general. She did everything in the liveliest manner, and the fittest for the occasion. Miss KEMBLE'S sarcasm, as usual, was good; and she received great and deserved applause in the speech where she half good-humouredly, half peevishly, says and unsays her confession of love to *Benedick*, ending it abruptly with the tearful words, "I'm sorry for my cousin." This ebullition of the chief thought which she has at her heart at the moment, was excellently, admirably given; and made a great sensation. For the most part, Miss KEMBLE'S performance told in occasional hits, rather than as a whole. There was a balance in it, as usual, between the artificial and the natural manner; but the latter had a more than ordinary ascendancy: and with a few less peacock-like movements of the head and gait, and a little more abandonment of herself to *Beatrice's* animal spirits, the character, in her hands, would come very nearly in merit to that of her father's *Benedick*, which we have only left ourselves room to say is one of his most effective performances. His utterance of his grand final reason for marrying,—"The world must be peopled,"—with his hands linked behind him, a general elevation of his aspect, and a sort of look at the whole universe before him, as if he saw all the future generations that might depend on his verdict, was a bit of the right masterly gusto,—the true perception and relish of the thing, any discrepancy from which would have been a false reading.

☞

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—I have invented a new and much easier kind of arithmetic, which I call the trinal method, because it turns upon the powers, positive and negative, of three, as the common way does on the powers of ten. I use but three figures, 0, 1, and 2. It answers every purpose both of common life and philosophy, as well as the denal.

The denal 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is, by the trinal,
1, 2, 10, 11, 12, 20, 21, 22, 100.

The multiplication table is—

1	2	10
2	11	20
10	20	100

.2 is two-thirds; ,02 is two-ninths. The hyperb. log. of 2 is .200201021 The circ. arc of 45° is .2I0012111 The sine of 25° is .102102002

Your obedient servant,
RICHARD EDWARDS.

46 Cromer street, Feb, 7, 1831.

Sheridan, during his first widowhood, being advised to take a wife, said, "Very well; I will:—whose?"

— The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a-year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

— The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with the falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

— The greatest things, and the most praiseworthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty; therefore for a King to make an amiable character, he needs only be a man of common honesty, well advised.

— To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A Grand Miscellaneous

SELECTION OF MUSIC.

From the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Marcello, C. M. Von Weber, Marschner, Lindpaintner, Guglielmi, Zingarelli, Rossini, Spontini, Dr Arne, Dr Pepusch, Avison, Attwood, &c. &c.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

PART I.

Grand Overture to 'Nurmahal.' - Spontini.
New National Hymn, (Dedicated by Permission to his Majesty) Miss HUGHES, Miss RUSSELL, Mr T. COOKE, Mr PHILLIPS. And Chorus.
The Poetry by T. H. BAYLY, Esq. - - Bishop.
Grand Coronation Anthem, 'I was Glad.' Attwood.
Duetto, Miss PATON and Mr BRAHAM, 'Quel Anelante.' - Mazzeda.
Selection from HAYDN'S 'Season's.'
Recit. Mr BEDFORD, 'Behold, where surly Winter flies.' Quartet, Mrs BEDFORD, Miss RUSSELL, Mr T. COOKE, and Mr BEDFORD, 'Come, gentle Spring,' and Chorus. Recit. Mr PHILLIPS, 'At last the bounteous Sun,' and Air, 'With joy the impatient Husbandman.'
Recit. and Air, Miss PATON, 'From mighty Kings,' (Judas Maccabeus.) Handel.
Recit. Mr BEDFORD, 'And God made the Firmament.'
Air, Miss HUGHES, 'The Marvellous Works,' and Chorus. 'And to the ethereal Vaults.' (Creation.) - - Haydn.
Luther's Hymn, Mr BRAHAM, and Chorus, (Trumpet Obligato, Mr Harper.)
Mozart's First Grand Mottetto, 'O God when thou appearest.' The Solos by Miss HUGHES, Miss RUSSELL, Mr T. COOKE, and Mr BEDFORD.
Air, Miss PEARSON, 'What tho' I trace.' (Solomon) Handel.
Recitative and Duet, Mr SINCLAIR and Mr PHILLIPS, 'Call her my Bride.' (Guglielmo Tell.) - Rossini.
The Hymn of Eve, Mrs WAYLETT. - - - - Dr Arne.
Grand Scene from Oberon, Mr BRAHAM, 'Oh! 'tis a Glorious Sight to See.' C. M. Von Weber.
The Grand Scene from Israel in Egypt. - - Handel.
Chorus, 'The Lord shall reign.' Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'For the Host of Pharoah.' Solo, Miss PATON, 'Sing ye to the Lord.' Grand Double Chorus, 'The Horse and his Rider.'

At the End of the First Part, A Fantasia on the Violin, by Mr OURY.

PART II.

Grand Overture to 'Semiramide.' - - - Rossini.
Air, Miss BRUCE, 'Gratias agimus tibi.' - Guglielmi.
Clarinet Obligato, Mr WILLMAN.
Air, Miss S. PHILLIPS, 'Sweetly o'er the senses stealing.' - Zingarelli.
Aria, Mr HORN, 'Il mio tesoro.' - Mozart.
Air, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Alice Gray.'
Grand Scene from Der Frei-chutz, Miss PATON, 'Softly sighs the Voice of Evening.' - - C. M. Von Weber.
Air, Mr SINCLAIR, 'In Native Worth.' (Creation). - Haydn.
Trio, Miss PEARSON, Miss HARRINGTON, and Mr PHILLIPS, 'Sound the loud timbrel.' - - Avison.
Celebrated Cantata, Mr BRAHAM, (Alexis.) - - Dr Pepusch. Accompanied on the Violoncello, by Mr LINDLEY.
Terzetto, Miss BYFELD, Miss RUSSELL, and Mr SINCLAIR, 'Cruda Sorte.' (Ricciardo e Zoraide.) - - Rossini.
Air, Miss PEARSON, 'By the simplicity of Venus' Doves.' (Midsummer Night's Dream.) - - - Bishop.
German Bacchanalian Song, Mr PHILLIPS, 'Im Herbst da Muss man trinken.' (Der Vampyr.) - - Marschner.
Grand Chorus, 'Hallelujah.' (Mount of Olives) - - Beethoven.

PART III.

Grand Overture to 'Der Bergkonig.' - - F. Lindpaintner.
Air, Miss PATON, 'Should he upbraid.' - - Bishop.
Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'There was once a Golden Time,' (accompanied by himself on the Piano-forte) - - - Mrs H. Wilson.
Irish Ballad, 'Kate Kearney,' Mrs WAYLETT.
Tyrolean Quintet, [by Desire] Miss HARRINGTON, Mr ROBINSON, Mr BENEDICT, Mr C. TETT, and Mr BEDFORD. - - - Bishop.
Irish Melody, Miss PEARSON, 'Kathleen O'More.'
Air, Mr SINCLAIR, 'The spring time of year is coming.'
FINALE.—The National Anthem.—'God save the King.'

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.
'Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'Love at Limehouse.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of the following Songs, &c.
'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS,

By Mr H. CHILDE, Inventor of the DISSOLVING VIEWS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

To conclude with a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]
The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mrs DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act. II.—SUMMER.
The Characters as in Act I.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]
The Overture and Two of the Songs, by Mr S. Nelson.
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.
After which, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blanchec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,
To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
To conclude with a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]
The Characters as before.

SURREY THEATRE.

The celebrated Drama, entitled

THE ITALIAN WIFE.

Bianca, Miss M. C. POOLE,
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott, Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Venice, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Gonsalvo, Mr Gough, Falsetto, Mr Honner,
Giraldi Fazio, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Bartolo, Mr Williams, Philario, Mr Almar, Antonio, Mr Young,
After which, the favourite Drama of

A HUSBAND AT SIGHT.

The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss Vincent, Ma'ame Simon, Mr C. Hill, Mr Vale, Mr Williams, Mr Lee, Mr Boulanger, and Mr Grammer.
To be succeeded by an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]
Principal Characters by Miss VINCENT, Miss RUMENS, Mr VALE, Mr C. HILL, Mr HONNER, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr ROGERS, Mr GOUGH.
To conclude with a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Principal Characters by Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss VINCENT, Miss SOMERVILLE, and Mlle. ROSIER.
Mr C. HILL, Mr D. PITT, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, and Mr ROGERS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

TACT.

[By M. BARNATT.]
The Music, by J. A. Barnett.
The Characters by Miss STOHWASSER, Mrs HUMBY, Mr J. RUSSELL, Mr Smith. Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest, Mr FORRESTER, and Mr GREEN.
After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY. Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH. Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria, In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to "Figaro," and Winter's Overture to "Il Ratto di Proserpina."
To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garnick. Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts. And Mr GREEN.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—The Village Phantom—Neil Jagger's Cave.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck—The Gossip—The Robber of Epping Forest.

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Nº 145.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries; interspersed with some particulars respecting the Author. By William Godwin. 8vo. Wilson. *(Unpublished.)*

THE BALLOT.

AMONG the Essays which are about to be published from the pen of Mr Godwin, there is one upon the Ballot, which contains the spirit of all that can be said against the adoption of that measure, and is the only paper we have seen upon the subject that appears to be worth answering. We differ entirely with Mr Godwin's conclusions; but they come to us in the shape of all others which bespeaks our respect,—that of a zeal for the love of truth. The paper goes to such length, that we can neither extract it all, nor make our remarks upon it in the present number; but we have taken the greater part, and have omitted no point of importance. The answer we must make by itself in our next.

We should not have made so many extracts from a work going through the press, had it not been understood among the booksellers, that the more a work is noticed in any way, even with the utmost copiousness of quotation, the better for the sale of it. Many readers, however interested in specimens, are content to do without the book; but the experience of the trade has come to the conclusion, that these and many more hear of the work, who would not otherwise have done so, and that sufficient curiosity is excited to render the curiosity highly desirable.

'The principle of the Ballot (says Mr Godwin) is to teach men to perform their best actions under the cloak of concealment. When I return from giving my vote in the choice of a legislative representative, I ought, if my mode of proceeding were regulated by the undebauched feelings of our nature, to feel somewhat proud that I had discharged this duty, uninfluenced, uncorrupted, in the sincere frame of a conscientious spirit. But the institution of Ballot instigates me carefully to conceal what I have done. If I am questioned respecting it, the proper reply which is, as it were, put into my mouth, is, "You have no right to ask me; and I shall not tell." But, as every man does not recollect the proper reply at the moment it is wanted, and most men feel abashed, when a direct question is put to them to which they know they are not to return a direct answer, many will stammer and feel confused, will perhaps insinuate a falsehood, while at the same time their manner, to a discerning eye, will, in spite of all their precautions, disclose the very truth.

'The institution of Ballot not only teaches us that our best actions are those which we ought most steadily to disavow, but carries distrust and suspicion into all our most familiar relations. The man I want to deceive, and throw out in the keenness of his hunting, is my landlord. But how shall I most effectually conceal the truth from him? May I be allowed to tell it to my wife or my child? I had better not. It is a known maxim of worldly prudence, that the truth which may be a source of serious injury to me, is safest when it is shut up in my own bosom. If I once let it out, there is no saying where the communication may stop. "Day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night showeth forth knowledge."

'And is this the proud attitude of liberty, to which we are so eager to aspire? After all, there will be some ingenuous men in the community, who will not know how for ever to suppress what is dearest to their hearts. But at any rate this institution holds out a prize to him that shall be most secret and untraceable in his proceedings, that shall "shoe his horses with felt," and proceed in all his courses with silence and suspicion.

'The first principle of morality to social man is, that we act under the eye of our fellows. The truly virtuous man would do as he ought, though no eye observed him. Persons, it is true, who deport themselves merely as "men-pleasers," for ever considering how the by-standers will pronounce of their conduct, are entitled to small commendation. The good man, it is certain, will see

> "To do what virtue would, though sun and moon
> Were in the flat sea sunk."

But, imperfect creatures as we mortals usually are, these things act and re-act upon each other. A man of honourable intentions will demean himself justly, from the love of right. But he is confirmed in his just dealing by the approbation of his fellows; and, if he were tempted to step awry, he would be checked by the anticipation of their censure. Such is the nature of our moral education. It is with virtue, as it is with literary fame. If I write well, I can scarcely feel secure that I do so, till I obtain the suffrage of some competent judges, confirming the verdict which I was before tempted to pronounce in my own favour. This acting as in a theatre, where men and Gods are judges of my conduct, is the true destination of man; and we cannot violate the universal law under which we were born, without having reason to fear the most injurious effects.

'And is this mysterious and concealed way of proceeding one of the forms through which we are to pass in the school of liberty? The great end of all liberal institutions is, to make a man fearless, frank as the day, acting from a lively and earnest impulse, which will not be restrained, disdains all half-measures, and prompts us, as it were, to carry our hearts in our hands, for all men to challenge, and all men to comment on. It is true, that the devisers of liberal institutions will have foremost in their thoughts, how men shall be secure in their personal liberty, unrestrained in the execution of what their thoughts prompt them to do, and uncontrolled in the administration of the fruits of their industry. But the moral end of all is, that a man shall be worthy of the name, erect, independent of mind, spontaneous of decision, intrepid, overflowing with all good feelings, and open in the expression of the sentiments they inspire. If man is double in his weightiest purposes, full of ambiguity and concealment, and not daring to give words to the impulses of his soul, what matters it that he is free? We may pronounce of this man, that he is unworthy of the blessing that has fallen to his lot, and will never produce the fruits that should be engendered in the lap of liberty.

'There is however, it should seem, a short answer to all this. It is in vain to expatiate to us upon the mischief of lying, hypocrisy, and concealment, since it is only through them, as the way by which we are to march, that nations can be made free.

'This certainly is a fearful judgment awarded upon our species: but is it true?

'We are to begin, it seems, with concealing from our landlord, or our opulent neighbour, our political determinations; and so his corrupt influence will be broken, and the humblest individual will be safe in doing that which his honest and unbiassed feelings may prompt him to do.

'No: this is not the way in which the enemy of the souls of men is to be defeated. We must not begin with the confession of our faint-heartedness and our cowardice. A quiet, sober, unaltered frame of judgment, that insults no one, that has in it nothing violent, brutal, and defying, is the frame that becomes us. If I would teach another man, my superior in rank, how he ought to construe and decide upon the conduct I hold, I must begin by making that conduct explicit.

'It is not in morals, as it is in war. There stratagem is allowable, and to take the enemy by surprise. "Who enquires of an enemy, whether it is by fraud or heroic enterprise that he has gained the day?" But it is not so that the cause of liberty is to be vindicated in the civil career of life.

'The question is of reducing the higher ranks of society to admit the just immunities of their inferiors. I will not allow that they shall be cheated into it. No: no man was ever yet recovered to his senses in a question of morals, but by plain, honest, soul-commanding speech. Truth is omnipotent, if we do not violate its majesty by surrendering its outworks, and giving up that vantage-ground, of which if we deprive it, it ceases to be truth. It finds a responsive chord in every human bosom. Whoever hears its voice, at the same time recognises its power. However corrupt he may be, however steeped in the habits of vice, and hardened in the practices of tyranny, if it be mildly, distinctly, emphatically enunciated, the colour will forsake his cheek, his speech will falter and be broken, and he will feel himself unable to turn it off lightly, as a thing of no impression and validity. In this way the erroneous man, the man nursed in the house of luxury, a stranger to the genuine, unvarnished state of things, stands a fair chance of being corrected.

'But, if an opposite, and a truer way of thinking than that to which he is accustomed, is only brought to his observation by the reserve of him who entertains it, and who, while he entertains it, is reluctant to hold communion with his wealthier neighbour, who regards him as his adversary, and hardly admits him to be of the same common nature, there will be no general improvement. Under this discipline the two ranks of society will be perpetually more estranged, view each other with eye askance, and will be as two separate and hostile states, though inhabiting the same territory.

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Is this the picture we desire to see of genuine liberty, philanthrophic, desirous of good to all, and overflowing with all generous emotions?

"I hate where vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride."

The man who interests himself for his country and its cause, who acts bravely and independently, and knows that he runs some risk in doing so, must have a strange opinion of the sacredness of truth, if the very consciousness of having done nobly does not supply him with courage, and give him that simple, unostentatious firmness, which shall carry immediate conviction to the heart. It is a bitter lesson that the institution of Ballot teaches, while it says, "You have done well; therefore be silent; whisper it not to the winds; disclose it not to those who are most nearly allied to you; adopt the same conduct which would suggest itself to you, if you had perpetrated an atrocious crime."

'In no long time after the commencement of the war of the allies against France, certain acts were introduced into the English Parliament, declaring it penal by word or writing to utter anything that should tend to bring the Government into contempt; and these acts, by the mass of the adversaries of despotic power, were in way of contempt called the Gagging Acts. Little did I and my contemporaries of 1795 imagine, when we protested against these acts in the triumphant reign of William Pitt, that the *soi-disant* friends of liberty and radical reformers, when their turn of triumph came, would propose their Gagging Acts, recommending to the people to vote agreeably to their consciences, but forbidding them to give publicity to the honourable conduct they had been prevailed on to adopt!

'But all this reasoning is founded in an erroneous and groundlessly degrading opinion of human nature. The improvement of the general institutions of society, the correction of the gross inequalities of our representation, will operate towards the improvement of all the members of the community. While ninety-nine in an hundred of the inhabitants of England are carried forward in the scale of intellect and virtue, it would be absurd to suppose that the hundredth man will stand still, merely because he is rich. Patriotism is a liberal and a social impulse; its influence is irresistible; it is contagious, and is propagated by the touch; it is infectious, and mixes itself with the air that we breathe.

'Men are governed in their conduct in a surprising degree by the opinion of others. It was all very well, when noblemen were each of them satisfied of the equity and irresistible principle of their ascendancy, when the vulgar population felt convinced that passive obedience was entailed on them from their birth, when we were in a manner but just emancipated (illusorily emancipated!) from the state of serfs and villains. But a memorable melioration of the state of man will carry some degree of conviction to the hearts of all. The most corrupt will be made doubtful: many who had not gone so far in ill, will desert the banners of oppression.

'We see this already. What a shock was propagated through the island, when, the other day, a large proprietor, turning a considerable cluster of his tenants out of the houses and lands they occupied, because they refused to vote for a representative in Parliament implicitly as he bade them, urged in his own justification, "Shall I not do what I will with my own?" This was all sound morals and divinity perhaps at the period of his birth. Nobody disputed it; or, if any one did, he was set down by the oracles of the vicinage as a crack-brained visionary. This man, so confident in his own prerogatives, had slept for the last twenty years, and awoke totally unconscious of what had been going on in almost every corner of Europe in the interval. A few more such examples, and so broad and sweeping an assumption will no more be heard of, and it will remain in the records of history, as a thing for the reality of which we have sufficient evidence, but which common sense repudiates, and which seems to demand from us a certain degree of credulity to induce us to admit that it had ever been.

'The manners of society are by no means so unchanged and unalterable as many men suppose. It is here, as in the case of excessive drinking, which I had lately occasion to mention. In rude and barbarous times, men of the highest circles piqued themselves upon their power of swallowing excessive potations, and found pleasure in it. It is in this as in so many other vices, we follow implicitly where our elders lead the way. But the rage of drinking is now gone by; and you will with difficulty find a company of persons of respectable appearance, who assemble round a table for the purpose of making beasts of themselves. Formerly it was their glory; now, if any man unhappily retains the weakness, he hides it from his equals, as he would a loathsome disease. The same thing will happen as to Parliamentary corruption, and the absolute authority that was exercised by landlords over the consciences of their tenants. He that shall attempt to put into act what is then universally condemned, will be a marked man, and will be generally shunned by his fellows. The eye of the world will be upon him, as the murderer fancies himself followed by the eye of Omnipotence; and he will obey the general voice of the community, that he may be at peace with himself.

'Let us not then disgrace a period of memorable improvement, by combining it with an institution that should mark that we, the great body of the people, regard the more opulent members of the community as our foes. Let us hold out to them the right hand of fellowship; and they will meet us. They will be influenced, partly by ingenuous shame for the unworthy conduct which they and their fathers had so long pursued, and partly by sympathy for the genuine joy and expansion of heart that is spreading itself through the land. Scarcely any one can restrain himself from participating in the happiness of the great body of his countrymen; and, if they see that we treat them with generous confidence, and are unwilling to recur to the memory of former grievances, and that a spirit of philanthropy and unlimited good-will is the sentiment of the day, it can scarcely happen but that their conversion will be complete, and the harmony be made entire.

* * * * * *

'The very essence of this scheme is silence. And this silence is not merely like that which is prompted by a diffident temper, which by fits is practised by the modest and irresolute man, and by fits disappears before the sun of truth and through the energies of a temporary fortitude. It is uniform. It is not brought into act only, when the individual unhappily does not find in himself the firmness to play the adventurer. It becomes matter of system, and is felt as being recommended to us for a duty.

'Nor does the evil stop there. In the course of my ordinary communications with my fellow-men, I speak when I please, and I am silent when I please, and there is nothing specially to be remarked either way. If I speak, I am perhaps listened to; and, if I am silent, it is likely enough concluded that it is because I have nothing of importance to say. But in the question of ballot the case is far otherwise. There it is known that the voter has his secret. When I am silent upon a matter occurring in the usual intercourses of life where I might speak, nay, where we will suppose I ought to speak, I am at least guilty of dissimulation only. But the voter by ballot is strongly impelled to the practice of the more enormous sin of simulation. It is known, as I have said, that he has his secret. And he will often be driven to have recourse to various stratagems, that he may elude the enquirer, or that he may set at fault the sagacity of the silent observer. He has something that he might tell if he would, and he distorts himself in a thousand ways, that he may not betray the hoard which he is known to have in his custody. The institution of ballot is the fruitful parent of ambiguities, equivocations and lies without number.'

LINES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S DIARY.

May cheerful thoughts that wait on health,
May self-respect—the bank of wealth
That feareth not detraction's stealth,
Be thine, my Mary!

May this day's record be the spring
Of all the year's delight, and bring
No mildew with its blossoming,
My wife—my Mary!

And when the summer days are gone
Of life, may our dear union
Shine like the frosty setting sun,
My own dear Mary!

1831. COR CAROLI.

It has been observed, that the proudest people are not nice in Love. In fact, they think they raise the object of their choice above every one else.—*Hazlitt's Characteristics.*

As we scorn those who scorn us, so the contempt of the world (not seldom) makes men proud.—*Hazlitt's Characteristics.*

A book is a letter written to all the unknown friends one has in the world.

SIMPLICITY.—The Curate of Lawton chapel, near Winwick, was lately catechising the children one Sunday afternoon; upon asking a girl the usual question of "What is your name?" another girl who was standing near her, immediately said, "Dinna tell him, Bet—he knows." This exhortation, delivered in a strong provincial accent, completely discomposed the gravity of the minister and congregation.

A GALLANT THIEF.—Some years since, a lady crossing a field in the neighbourhood of Islington, observed two very suspicious-looking fellows, who seemed watching an opportunity to rob her. Her alarm was increased by observing a fellow of a similar appearance in a pathway, at a little distance from her; but as the case did not admit of any hesitation, she beckoned to him to stop, and addressed him with an air of confidence—"Sir, you look like a gentleman: I do not like the appearance of those fellows behind us. I think they intend to rob me! Will you protect me?" "Madam," replied the man, "I will: take my arm, and I will attend you, till you are quite out of danger: you will see when I wave my handkerchief, the two men will sheer off: they are my companions; and we intended to rob you; but when confidence is reposed in me, I am not scoundrel enough to betray it." He attended until she came in sight of her own house, when she offered him a guinea as a reward for his protection; but he refused it, adding, he had more honour left, than to sink his character to the level of a lawyer's: "I am above taking a fee."

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Oratorios.

DRURY LANE.

We have usually had an unpleasant, heavy impression of Oratorios, partly no doubt on account of their presenting a sombre mixture both of audience and music, and partly for their making a pretence to something devotional without the reality. Last night they appeared to us better, perhaps because they are no longer called Oratorios, but Selections of Music; the consequences of which was, that the sacred pieces really had a more sacred effect, while the earthlier ones did not seem to have crept in upon tolerance, but took their station at once as things reasonable and innocent.

Miss PATON made her first appearance in London this season, and met with an enthusiastic welcome. We could not see how she looked at the hundred miles distance between the stage and the front boxes. We thought she sang with less power than usual, but more feeling; which is an improvement; for her power could bear diminishing, whereas her sensibility has not hitherto appeared to equal the beauty of her voice. The first time we heard CATALANI, which if we mistake not was on this very stage, and at the same distance, we remember the astonishment that seized us, when she seemed, by some magic power, as if she almost brandished her voice, and threw it at you like lightning. There was no such might in Miss PATON, forcible as she was above the others. Nor did we desire it, when we heard her beautiful tones, at once so rich and so delicate, with more touchingness in them than we expected, and

"One low, lovelier note, more sweet than all."

In a passage of one of her performances, the instruments left her voice by itself: and she repeated two or three bars, with that sort of avowed delight in their beauty which has such a peculiar charm in a singer of excellence,—fondling them, as it were, into more and more softness, and ending with a dulcet, inward, and most delicious shake, fit to be heard in the stillness of midnight, like a nightingale's.

She and Mr BRAHAM sang MARCELLO's divine duett of *Qual anelante*, which is truly a "panting after the water-brooks" (for that is the subject: it is an Italian version of the Psalm). The very rise on the word *anelante* seems the breathing out of a soul. We know not which is the more beautiful, the mixed fervour and weakness of the slow part of the duett, or that conclusion, in quicker time, which has been added from another of MARCELLO's compositions, and which would be almost too lovely and graceful for the words, if the words were not Italian, and that little plaintive cry upon the word *mai* were not repeated so touchingly. *I loro piedi mai muoron passo*, &c. The text is upon the feet that are "swift to shed blood." All the lovers of music who have not met with this duett, should procure it. It is easily found. MARCELLO was a Venetian Nobleman, whose name has survived the multitude of his haughty class, because he knew how to compose fine music. Their pride was buried in their sea. The sweet voice of the musician escaped to us, like the dove over the waters; and here it is still, immortal.

Mr BRAHAM's and Miss PATON's voices do not go well together. We cannot say we admire the quality of Mr BRAHAM's voice, nor the way in which he usually manages it. He has got a trick of opening it into mere loudness, like a sort of trumpet without tone; and there is a nasality of which he never gets quite rid. He has however great skill and power, sometimes considerable feeling; and he can practise so masterly a simplicity, that we get angry at his quackeries for the gallery. It is a great treat to hear his LUTHER's 'Hymn.' He sang it last night, with an obligato trumpet by Mr HARPER, which was as fine and well felt as the finest part of the singing. Mr HARPER's mode of softening and making touchingly distinct the three notes of his trumpet, when he repeats them for the third time, is wonderfully impressive. He feels admirably well the real nature of this composition of the great reformer's, which is no less affecting than grand; as all pictures, on a large scale, of death and life must be, however mixed up with superstition. The idea of the graves restoring their dead, never mind under what circumstances, absorbs us with the thought of those we have lost; and makes us at once see them again as if living, and feel all the bitterness of knowing the reverse.

The other principal singers were Miss HUGHES, Miss BRUCE, Mr SINCLAIR, Mr PHILLIPS, &c. We heard Mrs WAYLETT sing the 'Hymn of Eve;' but she seemed to do it uneasily, and to force her natural simplicity. We do not know how she succeeded afterwards, for the ballad she was to sing in Part II. did not take place where it should have done; and though we heard the greater part of the performance, we came away after hearing LINDLEY. It was Mrs WAYLETT's first appearence on these occasions, and perhaps she did not feel that they suited her.

Miss PEARSON also made her appearance as an oratorio singer for the first time, but did not succeed. Miss BRUCE obtained considerable and deserved applause in a duett (for so it may be called) with Mr WILLMAN's clarinet, who harmonized with her voice in a surprising manner, making the thirds as true as if he was playing both himself, though in rapid passages. Miss HUGHES deserves to be mentioned for the way in which she gave 'The marvellous works behold amazed;' though a little more force might have been warranted by the amazement. We cannot yet reconcile ourselves to the way in which Mr PHILLIPS's voice is intercepted and made fat by his throat, in its passage from the chest; but we hear him universally admired, and are willing to think we shall become sensible of his merits. We are told that we have not yet heard him on his best occasions. Mr OURY treated us with a fantasia on the violin, which was very clever, with its harmonics, &c.; but how far there was any great mastery of the soul of music in it, we cannot say. His style appeared to us of the gesticulating and convulsive order. But what a style is Mr LINDLEY's on the violoncello! He can play his tricks and prettinesses too when he chooses, and very pretty they are in their proper places, and as a fanciful variety; but then upon what a fine, simple, relishing style of truth he founds them. To his bow indeed the words of SHAKSPEARE belong: it "discourses excellent music;" talks with you, almost with the feeling of a human voice, in the lower and middle notes; and can rise, and rise again on the upper, and still rise, till you seem to hear the very tips of the flageolets of the fairies.—We thought it a high piece of taste in BRAHAM to subject his voice, as he did, to his accompanier's instrument, and to try to vie with its modulations in its own way.

"THE STAR SYSTEM."

TO THE TATLER.

GOOD MR TATLER,—There seems so much of "the milk of human kindness" in your composition, that I venture to point out a species of criticism in your amusing work, of which I think you are not aware; at least not of the extent of its effects on your readers, and on the feelings of those brief chronicles of the times, the poor players. I allude to the capitals of your play-bill columns, by which you hold up to particular observation certain players, typifying them as the *capital* actors of the houses to which they belong, whilst others are left in such visible obscurity as to be found out only with the aid of a glass, like the satellite of some planet.—I have always considered the histrionic art to have been planet-struck whenever the star system gained the ascendancy; and so averse am I to a periodical of so liberal a character as the *Tatler* being thought to dabble in invidious distinctions, or "palter with us in a double sense," that I hope you will look into the marrow of this bone of contention, and reform it altogether. The less notice these little-lettered gentry deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.

I am, good Sir, your Constant Reader,

Feb. 16th, 1831. PETER PENCIL.

P.S. "*The Chaste Salute*" is a literal translation of "*Le Baiser au Porteur*," by Scribe, Justin Gensoul, and de Courcy.

[In future, beginning with Monday's paper, we shall do what we can to remedy the evil so justly complained of by our correspondent. At all events, there will be no such distinctions in our play-bills, nor did they originate with us. We printed them as we found them. Names ought to be left to make their own way with the public, and not be subject to the caprices of managers. Indeed we should think that the better portion of the latter would be glad to avail themselves of an opportunity of putting an end to complaints and heart-burnings on this point. Some have handsomely followed our plan of putting the ladies' names first (by the way, we observe that Mr LEE has done it in his music-bills): let them complete their generous policy by adopting an impartial typography.]

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

A favorite Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

RICCIARDO E ZORAIDE.

[By M. ROSSINI.]

Principal Characters by Madame SIGL VESPERMANN, Madame CASTELLI, Mademoiselle BECK, Signor CURIONI, Signor DEVILLE, Signor DE ANGELI, and Signor DAVID.

Between the Acts,

A NEW DIVERTISEMENT.

Principal Dancers. Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle CLARA, Mademoiselle PROCHE, and Mademoiselle BROCARD, Monsieur PAUL, Monsieur EMILE, and Monsieur LEFEBVRE.

After which, the Favorite Ballet, in Two Acts, of

LA SOMNAMBULE.

The Principal Characters by Madame MONTESSU, Mademoiselle KANIEL, Mlle. CLARA, Mlle. PROCHE, Mlle. DE VIS, and Mme. COPERE, Mesdames J. MERSIE, COUPOTTE, BESEKE, VEDY, GRIFFITHS, PITT, LAURA, LYDIA, CLARI, &c.
M. PAUL, M. EMILE, M. SIMON, M. EDOUARD, M. GEORGE, M. D'ALBERT, and M. LEFEBVRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of

OTHELLO.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Desdemona, Miss PHILLIPS. Emilia, Mrs FAUCIT.
Duke of Venice, Mr THOMPSON. Brabantio, Mr YOUNGE.
Gratiano, Mr FENTON. Ludovico, Mr HAMMERTON.
Othello, Mr KEAN.
Montano, Mr J. VINING. Roderigo, Mr BALLS.
Iago, Mr WALLACK. Cassio, Mr COOPER.
Antonio, Mr CATHIE. Julio, Mr EATON. Marco, Mr STANLEY.
Paulo, Mr S. JONES. Giovanni, Mr CRAMER.
Luca, Mr WALSH. Messenger, Mr HONNER.

In the course of the Evening, (Second time in this Country) F. Kulau's Overture to the Opera entitled, "William Shakspeare," and Spontini's Overture to "Ferdinand Cortez."

To conclude with the Drama of

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

[By J. R. PLANCHE.]

Eudiga, Miss S. Phillips. Ulrica, Miss Faucit.
Charles XII, Mr Farren. Adam Brock, Mr Liston. Major Vanberg, Mr Cooper.
Triptolemus Muddlewerk, Mr Harley.
Gustavus, Mr J. Vining. Colonel Reichel, Mr Cooke.

On Monday, King Richard III; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Will be revived, the Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Mrs BROWN.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
Borachio. Mr BAKER. Conrad, Mr HOLL. Balthazar, Mr HENRY.
Sexton, Mr BARNES. Seacoal, Mr MEARS.
Oatcake, Mr TURNOUR. Lorenzo, Mr IRWIN.

In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

Previous to the Comedy, Mozart's Overture to "Der Schauspieldirector."
Previous to 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.
Previous to the 'Omnibus,' A. Romberg's Overture to "Scipio."

After which, a New Petite Comedy, called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr POWER.]

The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.

Duchess D'Orleans, Miss FORDE. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss TAYLOR.
Lady Ascot, Mrs CHATTERLEY. Annette, Miss PHILLIPS.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr ABBOTT. Marquis de Meneville, Mr BARTLEY.
Sir John Ascot, Mr WARDE. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr POWER.
Pierre, Mr IRWIN. Francis, Mr MEARS.

To conclude with the Farce of

THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

[By Mr TAIN.]

Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Ledger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Rooney, Mr Power.

On Monday, Fazio; Married Lovers; and Comrades and Friends.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

To conclude with a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mrs DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

The Overture and Two of the Songs, by Mr S. Nelson.
Fanny Bolton, Madame VESTRIS, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

After which, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Baroness de Blancbec, Miss STUART. Lucille, Miss FITZWALTER.
Madame Thibaut, Miss SIDNEY.
Colonel Dorville, Mr. SPAGNOLETTI,

To which will be added, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.

To conclude with a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

The Characters as before.

SURREY THEATRE.

The celebrated Drama, entitled

THE ITALIAN WIFE.

Bianca, Miss M. C. POOLE,
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott, Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Venice, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Gonsalvo, Mr Gough, Falsetto, Mr Honner,
Giraldi Fazio, Mr OSBALDISTON,
Bartolo, Mr Williams, Philario, Mr Almar, Antonio, Mr Young,

After which, the favourite Drama of

A HUSBAND AT SIGHT.

The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss Vincent, Ma'ame Simon, Mr C. Hill, Mr Vale, Mr Williams, Mr Lee, Mr Boulanger, and Mr Grammer.

To be succeeded by an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]

Principal Characters by Miss VINCENT, Miss RUMENS, Mr VALE, Mr C. HILL, Mr HONNER, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr ROGERS, Mr GOUGH.

To conclude with a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Principal Characters by Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss VINCENT, Miss SOMERVILLE, and Mlle. ROSIER.
Mr C. HILL, Mr D. PITT, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, and Mr ROGERS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

TACT.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.
The Characters by Miss STOHWASSER, Mrs HUMBY, Mr J. RUSSELL, Mr Smith. Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest, Mr FORRESTER, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss VERNON, Mrs GARRICK, and Mrs HUMBY.
Mr BENNETT. Mr J. RUSSELL. Mr SPENCER. Mr G. SMITH.
Mr MUNROE. Mr G. LEJEUNE. And Mr E. SEGUIN.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.
In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to "Figaro," and Winter's Overture to "Il Ratto di Proserpina."

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER. Miss Stohwasser. Miss Wells. Miss Garrick.
Miss Sinclair. Mr Smith. Mr Tilbury. Mr Munroe. Mr Roberts.
And Mr GREEN.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—The Village Phantom—Neil Jagger's Cave.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck—The Gossip—The Robber of Epping Forest.

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No. 146.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Thoughts on Man, his Nature, Productions, and Discoveries; interspersed with some particulars respecting the Author. By William Godwin. 8vo. Wilson. *(Unpublished.)*

THE BALLOT.

The ground of our answer to Mr Godwin is this;—that he argues the question as if it were one of peace instead of contest,—of choice and the love of cunning, instead of avowed necessity, and compelled, long-taught precaution. He pre-supposes a different state of things from that under which the Ballot is demanded; reasons as if the rich were as willing and able to receive a just moral conviction, as the poor to give it; and leaving out of the question the vice and misery occasioned by the present system of voting, assumes, that the right of secrecy must generate a world of lying, and leave the community worse in that respect than they have been made by all those mercenary and corrupt habits, which it is the object of the Ballot to do away.

It should seem, observes Mr Godwin, that there is a short answer to all which can be said against the Ballot. 'It is in vain to expatiate to us upon the mischiefs of lying, hypocrisy, and concealment, since it is only through them, as the way by which we are to march, that the nations are to be made free. This certainly is a fearful judgment awarded upon our species: but is it true? We are to begin, it seems, with concealing from our landlord or our opulent neighbour our political determinations; and so his corrupt influence will be broken, and the humblest individual will be safe in doing that, which his honest and unbiassed feelings will prompt him to do. No,' exclaims our author, 'this is not the way in which the enemy of the souls of men is to be defeated. We must not begin with a confession of our faint-heartedness and our cowardice.'

Now here we make our first stand against Mr Godwin's arguments; and we say, that we *must* make such a confession, *if what we confess be true.* Mr Godwin is for beginning with truth the second, instead of truth the first; and this it is which destroys his whole reasoning. The public do undoubtedly make a confession of *comparative weakness* in demanding the Ballot,—a confession of faint-heartedness and cowardice, if Mr Godwin so pleases; but such confessions are not apt to be made for a dishonourable purpose, while the avower is preparing for battle, and preparing for it with the very purpose of ultimately doing away his wants and infirmities. *The community want armour, and they say so.* The rich, the few, are well armed in power, and possession, and scorn, and habit, and precedent, and authority, and ignorance of their real interests, and contempt of those of the poor. The poor are naked, and feel that they fight at a disadvantage. They are afraid even of the bribery that may induce them to accept a little food and clothing at the expense of their nobler wants; and they say, 'No, we are now alive to the latter, which include all the rest; and we will begin by putting ourselves in a state to settle the dispute for ever. We will have the armour of secrecy, against all that armour of the rich: and when we say that we will have it, we begin the contest with a fairness, which shows in how just a spirit we make war, and how little we care for the vulgar ends of it.' Mr Godwin says, that 'it is not in morals, as in war,' when 'stratagem is allowable.' But not to repeat that the stratagem (if it is so to be called) is here avowed, the present case is a case both of morals *and* war; nor must it be concealed, that there is a good deal of demoralization on both sides; only the rich deny their's, while they secretly laugh at morals; and the poor have learnt the bitter wisdom of knowing how to lament their's, and are anxious to put an end to its consequences. Are they to do this by depriving themselves of their only resource, and walking up naked to the ranks of their enemies?

'Yes,' says Mr Godwin: 'a quiet, sober, unaltered frame of judgment, that insults no one, that has in it nothing violent, brutal, and defying, is the grace that becomes us. If I would teach another man, my superior in rank, how he ought to construe and decide upon the conduct I hold, I must begin by making that conduct explicit.' Well; this is the very thing we do. We only begin at the very beginning of explicitness, instead of pretending that we have nothing more to unfold.

'The question,' continues our author, 'is of reducing the higher ranks of society to admit the just immunities of their inferiors. I will not allow that they shall be cheated into it. No: no man was ever yet recovered to his senses in a question of morals, but by plain, honest, soul-commanding speech. Truth is omnipotent, if we do not violate its majesty by surrendering its outworks, and giving up that vantage-ground, of which if we deprive it, it ceases to be truth. It finds a responsive chord in every human bosom. Whoever hears its voice, at the same time recognises its power. However corrupt he may be, however steeped in the habits of vice, and hardened in the practices of tyranny, if it be mildly, distinctly, emphatically enunciated, the colour will forsake his cheek, his speech will alter and be broken, and he will feel himself unable to turn it off lightly, as a thing of no impression and validity. In this way the erroneous man, the man nursed in the house of luxury, a stranger to the genuine, unvarnished state of things, stands a fair chance of being corrected.'

As well might he say, that a poor half-naked Peruvian might have stepped out of the ranks of his countrymen during the Spanish invasion, and argued the matter with the ignorant and insulting band of Pizarro, who took themselves for gods.

Mr Godwin admits this arrogance in the succeeding paragraph, almost to the very same extent; and yet at the same argues as if the poor had the whole question placidly and peacefully in their hands.

'But,' says he, in continuation of the above remarks, 'if an opposite, and a truer way of thinking than that to which he is accustomed, is only brought to his observation by the reserve of him who entertains it, and who, while he entertains it, is reluctant to hold communication with his wealthier neighbour, who regards him as his adversary, *and hardly admits him to be of the same common nature,* there will be no general improvement. Under this discipline, the two ranks of society will be perpetually more estranged, view each other with eye askance, and be as two separate and hostile states, though inhabiting the same territory.'

As well might it be argued that any other battle if once entered upon, would never be terminated. The contest at present existing between the aristocracy and the people, (for nobody but our philosopher in his closet—and we use the word in all respectfulness—assumes for a moment that there is no contest) is, whether the aristocracy shall retain their enormous inequality of power, or whether the people shall not gain the portion belonging to them, in consequence of the new impulse given to their cause by the diffusion of knowledge and the late events in Paris. The aristocracy are not only unwilling to concede an inch, but from long sophistry and bad habit are unable to see the propriety of doing so; and were their opponents voluntarily to lay aside their new armour, and content themselves with discussing the question, the others would seize them and lock them under seven-fold chains. We grant that this state of things would not last: the progress of knowledge in any other part of the world would not allow it; the very measures now opposed by Mr Godwin would re-assert themselves, and make their way, precisely because they are of the first necessity, and because a bitter war upon one side, or an unjust exercise of power amounting to violence, can only be terminated by having recourse to the means of warfare upon the other. We give in to no cant about "natural enemies." We believe that there is no natural want of goodness in any class of society, but that all errors, whether of rich or poor, arise from circumstances, and are removeable by time and knowledge. We have often said so. But the people cannot pick and choose every mode of the removal during its progress. Mr Godwin says, that "a few more such examples" as those furnished by the silly Duke of Newcastle would do away with such enormities altogether. Granted: and a hundred more martyrdoms of individuals, and two hundred years more of bribery, corruption, intoxication, and all sorts of lying might possibly bring men round, by some point or other, to a general disgust at the want of a better state of things. But if knowledge

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is to do away the abuses in the meanwhile, it will go by the steps it is now taking, and not by supposing it possible for all the voters and pot-wallopers and miserable poor of the country, to become of themselves an argumentative self-sacrifice.

'The great end,' says Mr Godwin, 'of all liberal institutions, is to make a man fearless, frank as the day, acting from a lively and earnest impulse which will not be restrained, disdains all half-measures, and prompts us, as it were, to carry our hearts in our hands, for all men to challenge, and all men to comment on. It is true, (he continues) the devisers of liberal institutions will have foremost in their thoughts, how men shall be secure in their personal liberty, unrestrained in the execution of what their thoughts prompt them to do, and uncontrolled in the administration of the fruits of their industry. But the moral end of all is, that a man shall be worthy of the name, erect, independent of mind, spontaneous of decision, intrepid, overflowing with all good feelings, and open in the expression of the sentiments they inspire.'

Good; such is the *end;* but what are the means? The argument comes round in a circle. The means with Mr Godwin may be this frankness and fearlessness that he speaks of, this lively and earnest impulse, always disdaining half measures, and going up to the hustings openly to give its vote, independent of mind, and spontaneous of decision. This may be the means with a philosopher: though philosophers themselves have hung back in such cases for many years. It may be the means with a scholar: though it is not common at Oxford. It may, and ought to be, and sometimes is, with a solitary martyr to liberty, who gets persecuted for it half his life, and perhaps sneered at by the philosophers. But these martyrs themselves are the result of circumstances; and though they may think themselves bound to undergo their pains, and even to hazard the worldly good of their connexions, what right have they to expect that all the shopkeepers and suffering fathers in England should go to the same lengths, and not be allowed to adopt certain excellent half measures? Why must they must needs thrust in their teeth their scholarly virtues, and be angry that the best end is not obtained, and deferred, by the very best means? Mr Godwin speaks of "proud attitudes" of liberty, to which true men are "eager to aspire." But there is a little too much of this glorification of good things in his essays; and too great a forgetfulness of such things as do, and ought to reduce merit, as well as happiness, to a greater degree of equality. The object of true lovers of freedom is not to get at proud attitudes, but happy and healthy minds; and lovers of truth as we confess ourselves to be, to an extent which we can neither regret in ourselves, nor insist upon in others, and which we can trace as much to circumstances as anything in the character of another, we can see nothing else in the secrecy of the ballot than the ultimate downfall of corruption, and of the lying, because mercenary vices, which corruption maintains. Mr Godwin fears for the answers that will be made, when men are asked for whom they voted. No doubt there will be paltering here and there. How much is there not already? And what a mass of lying and worldliness, or of any other vice which he thinks convenient to him, is not that man prepared to be guilty of, who returns to his shop from a profligate vote on the hustings, which is notoriously against his conscience, but which he dared not give to another, because he could not openly say that his soul was his own? Mr Godwin tells us that he should say it openly: and it is very easy in Mr Godwin to say this. Perhaps it will be very easy in the community to say it a hundred years hence, *when the ballot has obtained its end, and all classes are more honest.* In the mean time, we do not believe that the majority will of necessity lie, because they are secret on this one point. We grant, that the more truth-loving a man is, the less tendency he has to be secret: yet nothing is more certain, than that the most conscientious lovers of truth are those who can keep a secret the best. And the reason is obvious: they are conscientious in this matter, because they are conscientious in the rest. But they can do it without paltering. Our author, in one part of his essays, remarks, that a man can know nothing of others, which is not derived from a knowledge of himself. Does he mean us to infer from what he has said on the ballot, that if he himself were asked what vote he had given, he should wince, and hum and haw, and tend to betray his secret? If this be the case, we have a right to speak from our own experience; and we can safely say, that nothing would get the secret out of us,—not four horses pulling four ways,—or as many special attornies. In the first place, it would be understood, we presume, all over the country, that such questions would not only be impertinences, but violations of the common expediencies and comfort of all: and if this were not the case, we suppose that a blabber on the subject would be held in the same contempt as a spy or a common informer. Men may tacitly agree to have what secret they please. It is the case already with certain family matters: the regulations of a man's household, his income, &c. And why should not this be added to the rest? If a man were to ask us what vote we had given, (unless we had previously intimated that we should proceed after our usual fashion of explicitness upon that matter as upon others), we should look upon it to be as great a piece of impertinence as if he asked us what income our wife brought us, or what was the secret of our daughter's heart. We should say that it was a secret we kept to ourselves, and our manner would shew that it would be idle to press it further. But would this warrant the questioner in concluding that we had injured our love of truth by keeping the secret? or would the Lord of the Manor have hopes that we should give into all sorts of lying? Would it injure our general frankness? Frankness implies a just freedom of any sort; and a man may be as frank in saying that he has a secret on one particular point, as in shewing that he dislikes secrecy in general. We think, for our parts, the world would be wiser and happier if it had no secrets at all; but it will not get the sooner at this state of beatitude, by waiving the power to enforce a greater degree of honesty.

The Freemasons have a secret. Are they reckoned the less good fellows for that? or have they not a greater reputation than most men for good fellowship, and the wish to advance it?

Are the Americans less patriotic than we for having enjoyed the ballot? Is their government worse? or is an inhabitant of Philadelphia less prepared to give one answer to all the world? In point of fact, are there any of those perplexities in America, between man and man, respecting the ballot, which our author fancies will take place in England?

And France, glorious France,—are there any such perplexities with her? Are the French people less lively, and good-humoured, and obliging, and sensible, and truth-telling, because they enjoy the ballot? Or did the Parisians, the other day, on account of this frightful Jack-in-the-box, omit to shew themselves in the frankest, and noblest, and most surprising light, to all the world; so that the hopes of man have been renewed, and the lovers of truth and liberty are almost content to let the world roll on as it pleases, secure that nothing can turn it back from its brighter prospect.

Virtue itself may be too nicely enquired into, if superfluous demands of it be set up. The point at present in request is, that the people should get into their hands a power which the aristocracy are anxious to keep out of it, and which, the worse and more tyrannical they are, increases the anxiety in proportion. This alone ought to show the conscientious opposers of the ballot, that virtue need fear nothing from an institution, which vice is so eager to prevent.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—In your description of the *Months* in the 'Literary Pocket Book,' you have quoted a verse upon one of the four Seasons, adding,—"Thus sings the oldest English song extant, in a measure which is its own music." In endeavouring to complete the cycle in the quaint spirit of the original, I have not the vanity to suppose that your readers will not detect the new pieces which have been added to the fine old garment.

Your cordial well-wisher,

27th January 1831. ARVICOLA.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

Springé is ycomen in—
Dappled lark singe;
Snowe melteth,
Runnell pelteth,
Smelleth newe buddinge.

Summer is ycomen in—
Loude singe cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
Bloweth meade,
And springeth the weede newe

Autumn is ycomen in—
Ceres, fill horne;
Reaper swinketh,
Farmer drinketh,
Creaketh waine with corne.

Winter is ycomen in—
With stormie sad cheere;
By the paddock,
Whistle Ruddock,
Spark in the ded yeare.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"I suppose." said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a fool."—"Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

ANTIQUITY OF BIRTH.—Francis the first having heard some speeches of Duchatel which had much pleased him, was curious to know whether he was a gentleman by birth. Duchatel answered: "I really do not know from which of the three who were in Noah's ark I am descended."

MONTAIGNE'S STYLE.—Balzac said of Montaigne:—"He is a guide who takes us out of our way, but who brings us into more agreeable countries than he promises."

—Garrick, wishing Sir Joshua Reynolds to make one of a party to dine at Hampstead, and finding some difficulty in persuading him, said, "Come say yes, and you shall chuse your dinner; and that is a privilege I would not grant to every one with such an insatiable, never-resting *pallette* as yours."

—Those that have loved longest love best; a sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished; but that fondness which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those who have lived long together, every thing heard, and everything seen, recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel, or some friendly endearment.—*Dr Johnson.*

VOLTAIRIANA.—Men of wit often endeavour to give point to their sayings by an infusion of paradox. The following instances are reported of Voltaire. On its being observed in depreciation of the merit of Virgil that he was so much indebted for his finest passages to the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer that he might be said to owe to the latter his poetical existence,—Voltaire replied—"If Homer made Virgil, it is his greatest work."—Delille's *translation* of Virgil's Georgics is estimated very highly for its spirit and elegance. Voltaire said of it, that it was the most *original* poem in the French language. This wit seems to have been but imperfectly sensible of the merits of Dante. Hence, making no allowance for the effects of time in diminishing the vividness of allusions to contemporaries and their circumstances, he said, that Dante owed half his fame to his obscurity. F. F.

THE THREE ESTATES OF AUTHORSHIP.—Godeau (a French author of the 17th century), used to say, that the Paradise of an author was when he composed his works; that his Purgatory was when he revised and retouched them; but that his Hell was when he corrected the proofs of the printer. [Godeau might have gone *deeper* into his subject if he had occasionally let the proofs go uncorrected, and deferred reading his works until they were in the hands of the general reader, whose sensations he might have fancied and partaken, as he encountered now and then some astounding blunder.] F. F.

MEDICINAL EFFECTS OF LAUGHTER.—Laughter has ever dissipated disease and preserved life, by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that Erasmus laughed so heartily at the satire by Reuchlin and Von Hutten, that he broke an imposthume, and recovered his health. In a singular treatise on laughter, Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room, jumping up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a horrible grimace. Again putting his tongue to it, he perceived some sweetness of the disclosed manna, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous potion, that after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he grinded his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health.

A MAHOMETAN TRADITION.—During a holy war which was carried on in the happy time of the apostle of God, (on whom be peace!) a certain valiant champion of the enemy's army came out to offer single combat, and demanded that the glorious Ali should be opposed to him. Ali, well pleasing to God, having received the command of the Apostle, girded on his sword only, and immediately went forth alone to the place appointed for the combat. When the friend of the Most High met the infidel, he thus addressed him:—"I come on foot, having one sword; why come you out on horseback, having two swords and two bows? Let those things be so;—but I come out alone to give battle on our side, why do you bring another man, and come both together?" The infidel, at this question, looked behind him, believing that another man had followed him, when, at the same instant, the great Ali, in the twinkling of an eye, made the vile head of the reprobate fly off. The death of the said wicked person having been a source of joy to the followers of Islam, the excellent Alli, meeting the great prophet on his return, related to him the admirable stratagem by means of which he had slain that wretch. This holy tradition has been vouchsafed unto us.—*From the Turkish. See Wilkinson's Wallachia, &c.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Othello.—Charles the Twelth.
COVENT GARDEN.—Much Ado About Nothing.—Married Lovers.—The Omnibus.

WE saw Mr KEAN last night in *Othello*, and regret to say that we saw a difference from old times, which we had not discovered in his *Richard*. The reason is, we suppose, that *Othello* is a much finer character than *Richard*, and demands a greater amount of thought and feeling; and Mr KEAN, whether from exhaustion, or immediate languor, or whatever other cause, may have been content to give it no greater attention. But certain it is, that it was not the *Othello* of old. There was more of that undulating, careless style of delivery, which we used to observe in his performance of characters that did not excite him; a speech, begun finely, would end poorly (which looks as if physical weakness was more concerned in it, than any other falling off); but what we missed more than all, was the famous passage—

"Had it pleased heav'n
To try me with affliction," &c.

which in Mr KEAN's mouth used to be the finest passage in the finest performance on the stage. We remember his standing apart, when he delivered it, alone, absorbed, as if he was left desolate, and then his voice rose with calm misery as though he had the tears in his eyes, and so he continued for several lines. Last night he neither commenced in this style, nor resumed it. It was a speech that others might have made. We thought of the exquisite delivery of old, and felt grateful, and sorry. We wish to speak on this occasion with every respect of Mr KEAN, both on account of the genius and sensibility which must have produced such performances as his, and because we understand he bears himself among his brother actors with a generosity and companionship worthy of his genius. No man after all could give us such an *Othello* as his is still. The delivery of another famous speech—

"O now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind,"

was as beautiful as ever; perhaps had a still more touching melancholy. His repeated fare-wells, with the division of the syllables strongly marked,—

"Fare-well the tranquil mind! fare-well content!
Fare-well the plumed troop, &c."

were spoken in long, lingering tones, like the sound of a parting knell. The whole passage would have formed an admirable study for a young actor, in shewing him the beauty of sacrificing vocal painting to a pervading sentiment. It was right to give emphasis to the word Fare-well,—because the speaker is taking leave of all his felicities, and has the strongest sense of doing so: but Mr KEAN gave no vulgar importance to "the plumed troop" and the "big wars," as common-place actors do; because the melancholy overcomes all: it merges the particular images into one mass of regret.

Miss PHILLIPS's style of acting and personal manner have more of *womanhood* in them, than those of any other of our tragic actresses: nor do we think that any other *Desdemona*, on that account, would equal hers. She obtained great applause last night, when she fell on her knees, and protested that she had never been unfaithful. The point was well given: yet we preferred her gentler passages, and the natural way in which she wept her astonishment, and tried to laugh it away and to reassure herself, when she first becomes sensible of a change in her husband.

This character of *Desdemona* is one of the loveliest ever conceived. She has the heart of a child with all the feelings of a woman. She is generous, painstaking, patient, pleasurable, unweeting of ill. Her ruin comes of her goodness. Some gross commentators have delighted, by *Iago's* help, to discover that she was more sensitive than she need be, or at least not less so than the liveliest of her sex. Why should she be, if she was good and warm-hearted? She fell in love with *Othello* for his mind and soul first, and for all which he had gone through. True sympathy was the ground of her passion. If upon this, all the rest of her being followed, and we are to suppose that her love was a world of pleasure as well as pride to her, it only shews that she was in every respect the woman she ought to have been,—as perfect in body as in heart. Grossness is when there is no heart at all; and no just passion.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

KING RICHARD III.

[By SHAKSPEARE].

Elizabeth, Queen of Edward the Fourth, Mrs FAUCIT.
Lady Anne, Miss FAUCIT. Duchess of York, Mrs WEBSTER.
King Henry. Mr YOUNGE. Prince of Wales, Miss CHIKINI.
Duke of York, Miss POOLE. Duke of Norfolk, Mr THOMPSON.
Duke of Glo'ster, Mr KEAN.
Earl of Oxford, Mr HOWARD. Lord Stanley, Mr HAMMERTON.
Duke of Buckingham, Mr COOPER, Earl of Richmond, Mr WALLACK.
Lord Mayor, Mr ANDREWS. Sir Robert Brackenbury, Mr YARNOLD.
Sir William Catesby, Mr COOKE. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Mr CATHIE.
Sir Walter Blunt, Mr EATON. Tressel, Mr J. VINING. Tyrrel, Mr HONNER.

Previous to the Tragedy, Second time in this Country, G. A. Schneider's Overture to "Richard the Third."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses Barnett and Baseke. Harlequin, Mr Howell,
Pantaloon, Mr T. Blanchard, Clowns, Messrs Southby and E. J. Parsloe.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, (By Command of their Majesties) The School for Scandle; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Miss TAYLOR, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, Miss F. KEMBLE. Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr HENRY, Falsetto, Mr PARRY, Gonsalvo, Mr BAKER.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture, by F. Kuhlau.
Previous to the 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.
Previous to 'Comrades and Friends,' Nicolo's Overture to "La Ruse Inutile,"

After which, a New Petite Comedy, called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr POWER.]

The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss Lawrence. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss Taylor.
Lady Ascot, Mrs Chatterley. Annette, Miss Phillips.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr Abbott. Marquis de Meneville, Mr Bartley.
Sir John Ascot, Mr Warde. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr Power. Pierre, Mr Irwin.
Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with a New Drama, in Two Acts, to be called

COMRADES AND FRIENDS; OR, LIFE FOR LIFE.

[The Music selected and arranged by Mr G. Stansbury.]

Madame Derville, Mrs Chatterley, Madame Bertrand, Mrs Vining,
Nina, Miss Kendall, Eliza, Miss E. Kendall, Laurette, Miss Taylor.
Roland Duroc, Charles Valcour, } Sergeants of a French Regiment, { Mr Warde, Mr Abbott,
Morazzi (the Adjutant), Mr G. Bennett,
Henry (Commander of the Packet), Mr Duruset, La Mouche, Mr Turnour,
Dumont (Lieutenant of the Regiment), Mr Henry,
Adolphus (Son of Madame Derville), Miss Hunt, Joseph, Mr Fuller,
Valentine (an old Domestic) Mr Barnes, Paul, Mr Addison.
In Act II. A Dance of Peasantry.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and Married Lovers.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.

Fifth appearance of Mons. Bouffé, and First of Mademoiselle Jamin.
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par la Première Représentation de

JEUNE ET VIEILLE.

Vaudeville nouveau on Deux Actes, de MM. SCRIBE, MELESVILLE et BAYARD.
Mlle. JAMIN remplire les Rôles de Rose, et de Madame Guichard.
Madame Beaumenil, Mme. PRFVAL. Angélique, Amie de Rose, Mlle. St. ANGE.
Emélie, Pupille de Guichard, Mademoiselle FLORVAL.
Nanette, Servante, Madame GAMARD.
Augustin, Fils de M. et Madame Guichard, Mlle. ELIZA.
M. Guichard, M. GAMARD. Brémont, M. LAPORTE.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

ANDRE, LE CHANSONNIER, OU, LE PROSCRIT.

Drame en Deux Actes, Melé de Musique, par MM. FONTAN et C. DESNOYER.
Mademoiselle Jamin celui de Louise.
Emilie de Solange, Mlle. Florval. Thérèse, Mère d'André, Mme. Baudin.
Cyprien, Officier de Cavalerie, M. Derval.
La Salle, Représentant du Peuple, M. Cloup. Thomas, Payzan, M. Guenée.
Bernard, Père d'André et Concierge du Chateau de Soulanges, M. Préval.
Robert et Philippe, Soldats, MM. Arnaud et Granville.

On Finira par la Seconde Représentation de

QUONIAM.

Vaudeville Nouveau, en Deux Actes, de MM. JADIN et LAURENT.
Helène, Femme de Quoniam, Mlle. Florval. Ursule, sa Cousine, Mlle. St. Ange.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle de Quoniam, Cuisinier, (his original character).
Lambert, son Intendant, M. Préval.
Le Duc de Richelieu sous le nom de François au Premier Acte, M. Alfred.
Le Marquis, le Chevalier, Amis du Duc, MM. Paulin et Cloup.
Laroche, Valet de Chamber, M. Guenée. Un Cuisinier, M. Arnaud.
Sergent du Gué M. Granville.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Mrs Yates. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone. Miles Barnard, Mr Yates.
Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings. Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. Reeve.
[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]
Act. II.—SUMMER.
The Characters as in Act I.

To conclude with the Comic Burletta of

FREAKS AND FOLLIES.

Ellen, Miss Daly. Sir William Franklin, Mr Downe. Doctor Growl, Mr Bayne.
Mr Franklin, Mr Hemmings. Tom Trippit.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Original Comic Burletta, in One Act, to be called

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

The Characters by Miss FITZWALTER, Miss PINCOTT, Miss KABREY, Mr FREDERICKS, Mr COLLIER, Mr COOPER, Mr WORREL, Mr PAGET, Mr COOK, Mr BROWN, and Mr COATES.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

The Overture and Two of the Songs, by Mr S. Nelson.
Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

The Characters as before.

To conclude with, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]

Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

To conclude with a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Principal Characters by Miss M. C. Poole, Miss Vincent, Miss Somerville, Mlle. Rosier. Mr C. Hill, Mr D. Pitt, Mr Gough, Mr Vale, and Mr Rogers.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

Principal Characters by Mrs HUMBY, and Mr J. RUSSELL,

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.
The Characters by Mrs Glover, Miss Wells, Miss Ayres, and Mr Forrester.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett, Mr J. Rusuell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Muhroe, Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.
In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to "Figaro," and Winter's Overture to "Il Ratto di Proserpina."

To conclude with A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

TACT.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.
The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr J. Russell, Mr Forrester, Mr Green, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, and Mr J. Conquest.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—A Day at an Inn—The Black Forest.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck—A Divertissement—The Farmer.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Letter to a Minister of State, respecting Taxes on Knowledge. 8vo. pp. 16. [Not for sale.]

The object of this pamphlet (for which the unknown person is thanked, who sent it us) is to show that all the evils of the country have arisen from ignorance; to recommend, in consequence, the abolition of the stamp-duty on newspapers; and to prove, that the revenue, instead of being injured by it, would be at least tripled by the mere addition to the receipts of the post-office. He omits the tax upon paper, and all that part of the question. The letter is dated the 29th of January; since which a reduction of the duty has taken place, and a very laudable reduction. But for reasons not necessary to enter upon here, ministers seem afraid of an excess of laudability. They would do everything by degrees; and most likely there are several things which they would rather not do at all, however the progress of knowledge may seem to render them inevitable. There are some points, which we doubt whether they could bear to see mooted, at least taking them as a body, and with their present head; and we cannot help thinking they would fain put limits to the circulation of literature, out of an instinct that the entire freedom of it, and the mooting of those points, would follow together. We think them wrong; because we hold that nothing can prevent the discussion of all points, and because their own interests are not what they take them for, under any circumstances. But we have little room for remarks. We differ with the author in attributing all the late burnings to ignorance. Undoubtedly they are so attributable in the very largest sense, including the short-sighted and selfish policy of the upper classes; and nothing can stop them or prevent the recurrence of worse evils, but a general permission to discuss and publish what is best to be done. But we doubt exceedingly whether every man who set fire to a barn or a rick, was in a state of as much ignorance as those who should never have suffered the outrage to come into his head. Extreme adversity sometimes visits men with an awful amount of reflection. Necessity forces upon them a kind of intuition, or at all events a perfect knowledge of their wants and claims; and the extreme nature of that conviction, thus dreadfully produced, adds to the consciousness of right all the energy of passion. That many ignorant, and many bad men, were among the rioters, we have no doubt; but that pure despair, and hunger, and a ghastly forced knowledge, with terror in its hand, was there also, we cannot doubt. We are far from wishing to press this melancholy point, for many very melancholy reasons. It is enough, that no effects of it have been wanting. We heartily agree with the writer at the same time, in thinking that a removal of the general ignorance, to whomsoever the particular imputation attaches, is the only safeguard against these and more dreadful events. We believe, that had the stamp-duty been taken off six months ago, and all England been set communicating their thoughts to one another, with the consciousness that all must hear them, there would have been no such troubles. But then, say the Aristocracy, changes would have come. Yes, inevitably, and *without* convulsion. These changes will come, at all events: they have been coming, in spite of the efforts of the Tories; they are now partly upon us, and they will come on and on, with only this difference,—that if all can discuss them, and have food and knowledge enough to discuss them in good humour, they will come quietly;—if not, they will come with a vengeance. This is what the men whose eyes are "swollen with fatness" and with pride, cannot see. This is what our author, like an honest and sensible man, does see; and he is anxious, for the sake of *all*, to prevent the catastrophe.

'When a change commenced, and knowledge began to be spread abroad, Government, as well as the great men of the earth, should have anticipated the consequences of leaving the husbandry labourers in ignorance, and should have taken care that they were instructed. Had Mr Brougham's bill passed into a law, and had the press been unshackled, the country people would by this time have been in a very different state to that in which they now are, and we should have witnessed none of the evils we now daily witness. But even at that time, Government and the Great were themselves too ignorant to foresee consequences. It is not too much to say, that they were miserably ignorant, and so blinded by their pride, and the foolish desire to perpetuate their importance in the old way, that they could not themselves be taught; the very attempt to teach them was spurned at; and they who by any means endeavoured either to draw their attention to the necessity of a change, or to point out the consequences of their conduct, were treated with contempt; whilst they who busied themselves in teaching the people, were looked at with evil eyes, and talked of as persons whose purpose was mischief, and all sorts of means were resorted to, to counteract their proceedings. It is well known that the establishment of Lancasterian schools were opposed by the rich, and especially by the clergy; and that wherever it was found impossible wholly to suppress them, means the most disgraceful were used to prevent their increase; and these, it is lamentable to say, were but too often successful. The most effectual was the hypocritical pretence of a willingness to teach the people by the establishment of national schools. In many places, where a Lancasterian school was set up, a subscription for a national school was opened; and in places where the subscription was unequal to support two, and was yet divided between two, the Lancasterian school was generally ruined, *and no school remained.* In other places, no sooner was a subscription opened for a Lancasterian school, than another was commenced for a national school, and the consequence was, that money sufficient to establish a Lancasterian school was not collected, *and no school of any sort was established.* Lancasterian schools were, however, established in some large towns, and in these places to prevent the Dissenters wholly taking the teaching of the people into their own hands, national schools were established, and by means of the two, aided by the Sunday schools, and of the desire for information they excited, knowledge was imparted to a great number of persons; and the consequence, the inevitable consequence, the excellent and inestimable result was, that numbers, as they grew up, became examples to others, and gave the most perfect evidence of the good consequences resulting from even the small share of school learning they had received. Look at the difference between the manufacturing and husbandry population, mark the conduct of the two classes, and you will be convinced that the difference is as great as it can possibly be, between two classes of persons so nearly alike, as far as respects the means they have of earning a living in any country, at the same period. Look at the difference between the manufacturers now and the manufacturers only twenty-five years ago, and you will find it scarcely less than that between the manufacturers and the husbandry labourers now. Had there been an unshackled press, had the great men and the Clergy done their duty towards the common people, had they aided the projectors of Lancasterian schools, instead of obstructing them, the husbandry labourers would at the least have been as well informed as the manufacturers are, and the manufacturers would have been much better informed than they are. The husbandry labourers would not have entertained the general and deep-rooted hatred they now entertain for all around them, and none of the mischief now so rife would have taken place.

'The most marked and perfect evidence of the good consequences of even the small portion of knowledge imputed to the manufacturing population is now before us. More than a month ago, the owners of fifty-two cotton spinning-mills attempted to reduce the wages of their work-people; and on the people refusing to take lower wages, they shut up their mills, and thus deprived 60,000 men, women, and children of the wages on which they lived. This was done at the coldest season of the year; done to at a time when fires were blazing on the farms in many counties; and yet, notwithstanding the extraordinary state of excitement, which many circumstances had tended to produce all over the country, no act of outrage was committed, no attempt was made or has since been made, to destroy either the machinery or any other property of any man. Twenty-five years ago, had such circumstances occurred, not a mill would have been left standing. This proceeding of the masters against the work-people was extremely to be regretted, for it was done at a time of such feverish excitement, that nothing short of immediate outrage could have been expected; and that mischief was anticipated from this strike of the masters is well known; but mark, I pray you, the conduct of these poor oppressed persons—what did they do? They met in the open air, and were addressed by some of themselves, who advised them to observe a strict conformity to the law,

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they deprecated any destruction of property, and requested them to be particularly careful that their demeanour should be peaceable. And what has been the result? this—that excepting a trifling disturbance by some unruly boys, the peace has not been broken, no outrage has been committed, no machines have been destroyed, no property has been injured. What is it which has prevented the most extensive mischief? what but knowledge?—What but the very thing, so terribly, not to say, so horridly, alarming to the great, the rich, and the clergy? what but the deprecated, the ill-boded, acquisition of knowledge by the working people? nothing else: and no man who deserves to be attended to for a moment, can doubt, that similar causes, if brought into action on the husbandry labourers, would produce similar effects. The rich and great must either assist to teach the people or they must fight them, and the ultimate consequences of fighting them need not be stated.

'The stamp duties, and other restrictive laws, have confined the actually cheap publications to two descriptions of persons, namely, religious tract societies, and those who set the laws at defiance.

'The first description of persons have distributed millions of tracts, from which no good has resulted, and from which no good can result. Their tracts are nearly all of them dogmatical, containing much more in the style of command, than persuasion; even the foolish stories they tell are in such bad taste, that the mean cant is seen through; and so little indeed do the distributors of tracts understand the people, that both the matter and the manner of their publications are better calculated to do mischief than service. All their distributions have not prevented the burnings; and it is questionable whether they may not in some degree have tended to produce them. Cant and command will produce no good effects on the poorer sort of people; they want facts, useful facts, plainly set forth with clear and short expositions; but these, whilst the law remains as it is, they cannot have.

'They who would willingly assist to teach the people, will not break the laws; nor in any way subject themselves to the consequences of breaking the laws; and thus it has become impossible for them to teach the people.

'I have mentioned the twopenny-halfpenny tract which the Commissioners of stamps extinguished. I will now advert to another, to shew the evil consequences of the power they possess. A respectable person published a tract weekly, called "The Harlequin." It related solely to the theatres, and was sold for twopence. Nothing could be so harmless as this tract; but it gave the purchasers *information* and *intelligence*, matters forbidden by the act; and the Commissioners of Stamps put their interdict upon it, as the Number I inclose to you will show. The Commissioners have a power to deny to the King a dispensing power; they may permit or even authorise publications, or they may extinguish them: no one, except Parliament, can call them to account for anything of this kind; and even Parliament has not the power to control them without passing a new act for the purpose.

'The second description of persons, they who violate the laws, are, with some few exceptions, unprincipled and uninformed; most of their publications inculcate the grossest errors, and can do nothing but mischief; and some are intended solely for this purpose. The misfortune is, that multitudes of persons see no other publications; they know that they are published in defiance of the law; they cherish them because they think the law intends to withhold useful information from them. They confide in the evil notions they propagate; and as they never see anything which contradicts the assertions, or explains the erroneous statements contained in these papers, they necessarily receive them as sacred truths. This is a lamentable state of things; yet all the evils I have noticed would be at once mitigated, and at no very distant period be removed, if the stamp-duty be taken off newspapers.

'I have, I think, exposed evils enough, and pointed out consequences of sufficient importance, to claim your serious consideration. I could add largely to the facts, and could show you the immense advantages of instruction in many places; and more especially in the metropolis, as exhibited to every man's observation who is old enough to remember the state and condition of the housekeepers, the journeymen tradesmen, the labourers, and the servants, some thirty or forty years ago. To such persons, the greatly increased decency of conduct, the sobriety, the cleanliness, the reasonableness and civility of all these descriptions of persons, is remarkable; and I claim full evidence when I assure you, that the improvement in the working people of London has been so great within my own memory, as scarcely to be credited by those who are personally unacquainted with it, or any but the best evidence.

'Do then, I beseech you, urge on your colleagues to propose the total abolition of the stamp-duty on Newspapers; and pray do not neglect this the most of all important and pressing of duties, until the standing crops shall have been fired, and the dreadful consequences of the certain convulsion it will produce are upon us.

'I will now show you how the matter may be arranged, so as to increase the revenue. In the act which repeals the stamp-duty, or in a separate act, let it be enacted, that printed papers, not exceeding four or six ounces, shall be permitted to be sent by the general post.

'Take a sheet of *printing demy* paper, of ordinary quality, as the rule, and charge a postage of one halfpenny on it to any part of the United Kingdom. A demy sheet folds into eight leaves, or sixteen pages, and weighs less than an ounce. There would soon be an immense number of newspapers, or demy sheets, at the price of three halfpence; these would be sent by the post, and distributed all over the kingdom for twopence; others would be sold for twopence, and the present large-sized newspapers, I mean the daily would be sold for twopence-halfpenny. The *Morning Chronicle* is about the size of two demy sheets, and would, with postage, cost threepence-halfpenny, just half of the present price. The number of persons who would take a paper, which cost them only twopence, would be immense; it is the price a great many now pay for reading by the hour; it is less than the price many pay when two or three subscribe to take in a daily or a weekly paper, and nearly as much as four who thus subscribe for a paper. The number sent by the post would be all but enormous; I mean, not only from London, but from one part of the country to another, in every direction, and would, I doubt not, produce more money, *as postage*, than is received from the present stamp-duty. In cases in which the sheet was larger than a demy sheet, a rate of postage might be settled, by exhibiting the newspaper to the proper person at the post-office, and the postage be settled, once for all, according to the number of square inches the sheet contained. But newspapers would not alone be sent by post; pamphlets, essays, addresses, and other matters, on single sheets, or half sheets, and even on quarter-sheets, in great quantities, would be forwarded through the post-offices. Five sheets of printing-demy do not weigh more than four ounces, and an ordinary pamphlet can generally be printed on five or on a smaller number of sheets, and might be sent by the post. At present, from want of conveyance, and the expense of advertising, the sale of pamphlets, and more especially of small pamphlets, is limited to a very narrow circle, and seldom does more than pay expenses; the sale being thus limited, the printed matter is spread over a great many pages, to enable the publisher to charge a price which will cover expenses; but a man who prints a pamphlet and wishes it to be read, if it could be forwarded by the post at a cheap rate, the sale in many places would be more than quadrupled; pamphlets would be printed on thin paper, the matter would be contained in much less space, and they would be sold at the most distant places for less than half, and in many cases for one-third of their present price. Paper-making, printing, and every sort of employment relating thereto, would be greatly increased; and this, just now, would itself be of some importance.

'Newspapers, pamphlets, tracts, almanacks, essays of all sorts, poems, plays, prospectuses, and indeed almost every description of literature, would be sent by the post. I need not enumerate all the various productions; you, like every other person familiar with literary matters, to whom I have mentioned the subject, will at once be able to conceive the importance of this arrangement.

'I beg you to observe, that every piece of printed paper, not exceeding the size of a demy-sheet, would pay one halfpenny postage; and that newspapers as large as the *Morning Chronicle* would pay a penny, and that six small and three large papers would be equal to the present net amount of the stamp on a newspaper; and I think I do not exaggerate, when I estimate the number of sheets which would be sent by the post from all parts of the United Kingdom at fifty times the number of stamps issued for newspapers. Let us, however, take it at only eighteen times, and allowing nothing for large sheets paying double postage, and the revenue will be tripled. Loss of revenue is impossible; gain of revenue is certain; and it would, I think, be difficult to find reasons for not adopting so momentously important an arrangement. Still I know well enough that it will be opposed,—first by those who have power, and are so blinded by its possession as not to see the evil consequences of ignorance, not even by the light of the ricks and barns, and would not have been convinced by the light of the blazing crops, even though it should spread over the whole horizon. To these I have nothing to say. Second, by those persons who absurdly fear the increase of knowledge. To these I say, look at the consequences of ignorance, look at the advantages of knowledge, slightly as they have been noticed; make an effort to see through your fears, and your reason will soon lead you to the right conclusion. But to Ministers, to men intrusted with the government of such a nation as this is, a nation excelling in everything of moment all that is boasted of antiquity, all that at present exists, a nation progressing beyond all that has ever been predicated of it, a nation restrained in its course only by the too long continued barbarity of its laws; to Ministers I say, your duty is obvious, your course is clear as to this matter;—to Ministers I say, the two classes of objectors, however great and powerful some amongst them may be, you ought not for a single instant to be influenced by anything they can say, nor be deterred for a moment by anything they may do.'

— Another version of the same story:—Convinced that patience moderates every grief, the friend of a young widow, who the day before had lost her husband, conceived he could not better comfort her than by advising her *to take patience*. The widow having already within her own mind made choice of a second *caro sposo*, whose name was *Patience*, vivaciously asked, "What! has he mentioned it to you?"

— A certain Deacon belonging to a church in Rhode Island having the mifortune to lose his wife, attempted immediately after his spouse's exit to strike up a match with his maid, whose name was *Patience*. The priest of the village coming in soon after, to console the bereaved husband, told him he must have *patience* to support him in his trouble. "Ah," said the Deacon, "I have been trying her, but she seems to be rather off.—*American Paper.*

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— Aristotle being reproached for giving alms to a bad man, answered, "I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity."

— Themistocles had a daughter. Two men making love to her, he preferred the virtuous man before the rich one, saying, he would would rather have a man without riches, than riches without a man.

— "If I had any voice in the government," said a French wag, "I would exterminate all the engineers and architects; for without them, there would be no *forfaits*," (crimes). As spoken, the word may also be understood *forts faits*, forts built.—*French Homonymes.*

— A Frenchman was dining with a friend, when a calf's liver and a goose were served up. "My faith," said he, "they shall not accuse me of having *ni foi, ni loi*" (neither law nor conscience)—playing upon the words *ni foie ni l'oie*, neither liver nor goose.—*French Homonymes.*

Every government which is not instituted wholly and solely for the interests of the governed, is a TYRANNY. C.

The learned Casaubon was a moderate Calvinist. One of his sons having embraced the Catholic religion, was about to become a member of a religious order (the Capuchins): before taking the vows, he went, by desire of the Superior, to ask the blessing of his father. Casaubon gave it to him heartily, and said to him, "My son, I do not condemn thee; do not thou condemn me: We shall both appear at the tribunal of our Lord."

SWIFT TRAVELLING.—The mode of travelling in the two principalities (Wallachia and Moldavia) is so expeditious, that, in this respect, it is not equalled in any other country. Their post establishments are well organised; there are post-houses in all directions, and they are abundantly provided with horses. Every idea of comfort must, however, be set aside by those who are willing to conform themselves to the common mode of travelling post. A kind of a vehicle is given, which is not unlike a very small crate for earthenware, fastened to four small wheels, by the means of wooden pegs, and altogether not higher than a common wheelbarrow. It is filled with straw, and the traveller sits in the middle of it, keeping the upper part of his body in an erect posture, and finding great difficulty to cram his legs within. Four horses are attached to it by cords, which form the whole harness; and, driven by one postillion on horseback, they set off at full speed, and neither stop, nor slacken their pace, until they reach the next post-house. Within the distance of half a mile from it, the postilion gives warning of his approach by a great and repeated cracking of his whip, so that by the time of arrival, another cart is got ready to receive the traveller.—*Wilkinson's Account of Wallachia and Moldavia.*

RUSSIAN MILITARY TACTICS.—In a war between the Turks and the Russians, during the reign of the Sultan Mustapha, the Turks had drawn together two hundred thousand unknown and undisciplined troops; the camp was in a state of great disorder, and by means of spies who were continually passing to and fro, the Russians were informed of all the secrets of their enemies. Thus they were frequently enabled to defeat their purposes, and effected more by wiles and stratagems than by strength of arms. Upon one occasion three poor men belonging to the assembly of Janissaries, having concerted together, went out to gain some information of the Russians, and, in the darkness of night, seized, on the Muscovite borders, an infidel employed in getting forage. Satisfied with their success, they were conducting him to the camp, when their prisoner said to them, "Sirs! if you set me at liberty, my father, who is a rich man, will reward you largely." They accordingly led him back to the Russian confines, where he soon found a man whom he called his father, and to whom they delivered him. This man professing great gratitude to the three men for bringing him back his son unharmed, gave them five ducats, and promised to show them a sight, which should be to them an additional recompense. So saying, he carried them in disguise into the Russian camp, and placed them at the entrance of a large tent, about which there was a great bustle, while several persons within were weighing gold and silver coin in a large balance, and then filling with it some casks placed near them. Several men in Mussulman dresses were in the tent, and the casks of money were distributed among them. The Russian then led the three men to his own tent, saying, "Part of the money you have seen is to go to your government, part to the Vizier, and other generals of your army. We have purchased your country; the sum just given is the price of Constantinople, which we have bought, and shall soon enter. I tell you this, that you may provide for your own safety. Lose no time, but return to your own country, that you may not be made prisoners; but keep the secret;—say not a word of this in your camp." The comrades returned to the Ottoman camp, and being not very wise, gave implicit credit to the falsehood contrived to deceive them. The secret was soon told to their acquaintances, by whom it was again repeated;—consternation was spread through the whole camp, and great numbers of the troops dispersed. The Russians not only availed themselves of their diminished numbers, but ceased not to indulge their mirth at the expence of their enemies, saying that, in order to disperse a Turkish army, they had only to weigh a little gold in the presence of three of their men, and let them go and inform their comrades of it.—*Abridged from the Appendix to Wilkinson's Account of Wallachia and Moldavia.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Richard III.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio.—Married Lovers.—Comrades and Friends.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MADAME VESTRIS throws such an air of gaiety and good-humour about her little theatre, and renders it so pleasant to turn our steps thither of an evening, that we almost as much dislike to find fault with anything there, as with an attempt to amuse us at a friend's house. The new piece, however, which was produced last night, called *Taken by Surprise*, is really so very trifling and dull, that we must caution her against it, lest she admit any more such. It is pure children's make-believe, and not worth criticism.—There is a disguised Count performing the part of a robber, in order to get back a paper; and soldiers sent for to seize him; and then his own soldiers come and release him; and then some real, right-earnest wicked robbers come into the house and seize the ladies; and there is a fight, and the robbers are conquered; and the pretended robber, the Count, is pardoned; and there is a cowardly innkeeper, who pretends to be very bold, and gets laughed at;—and so they all live very happy after. It is really just as if a parcel of boys had got the stage to themselves one evening, and said, "Now we'll have a game at *sojers* and robbers; and you shall be an Italian Count, and my name shall be "*Ferocio*;" and you and Blenkinsop shall be ladies; and then we'll make as if we seized you, and you shall pretend to be frightened; and Easy Sam here be the audience."

It is judicious in Madame VESTRIS to put these new pieces first. She knows that the audience come chiefly to see herself, and that they will be very indulgent to whatever precedes her. It is as if they came to see a pleasant hostess, and did not much care if a dull old lady was sent to entertain them in the drawing-room till she made her appearance. But she ought to have same regard for our willingness to be pleased, and not send us the dullest little child of the deaf butler.

There was a pleasant touch or so in the cowardly innkeeper, who gets into horrible frights, and throws himself upon "the protection of the ladies." But it could not leaven the whole lump.

Our publisher tells us, that we made a mistake in thinking that Mrs WAYLETT sang in the Oratorio the other night. It is said that she did not appear at all, though her name was in the bill. We remarked, in our criticism, the different style of singing from Mrs WAYLETT'S general manner, in the lady we took for her; and noticed also the non-performance of the air assigned her in the second part. We furthermore stated, that we could not see the faces of the singers at the distance at which we sat. Who then was the lady that sung the Hymn of Eve, assigned to Mrs WAYLETT in the first part? for sung it was, at least if it is the composition containing the lines,

"Should man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove," &c.

The mistake is of no consequence; though we understand, that a simpleton who writes in a shabby paper, would fain make something of it; and intimates, that we had been criticising an entertainment we never saw. He flatters himself! Here is our truth; and there is his falsehood. Where is the likeness? ☞

SIGNOR VELLUTI.—The following anecdote shows how far musical enthusiasm extends in Italy: Signor Velluti, at a party given by an official personage at Florence, executed an air in so exquisite a manner, that the lady of the house arose from her seat, and rushing across the room, kissed the stranger's hand, in token of the delight she experienced.

SCOTCH LATIN.—Every nation pronounces the Latin according to the pronunciation of its own language: which gave occasion to Scaliger to say good-humouredly to a Scotch gentleman who addressed him in a Latin speech,—"You will pardon me, Sir, if I do not make yon a reply, for I do not understand Scotch."

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

A favorite Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

[By ROSSINI.]

The Principal Characters by Madame SIGL VESPERMANN.

Madame CASTELLI. Signor LABLACHE. Signor CURIONI.
Signor DEVILLE. Signor DE ANGELI. and Signor DE BEGNIS.

After which, the Favorite Ballet, in Two Acts, of

LA SOMNAMBULE.

The Principal Characters by Madame Montessu, Mademoiselle Kaniel,
Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. De Vis, and Mme. Copere,
Mesdames J. Mersie, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, &c.
M. Paul, M. Emile, M. Simon, M. Edouard, M. George, M. D'Albert,
and M. LEFEBVRE.

With an efficient and numerous Corps de Ballet.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY COMMAND OF THEIR

MAJESTIES.

The Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr SHERIDAN.]

Lady Teazle, Miss CHESTER. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs FAUCIT.
Mrs Candour, Mrs ORGER. Maria, Miss FAUCIT. Maid, Mrs WEBSTER.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr FARREN. Sir Oliver Surface, Mr DOWTON.
Joseph Surface, Mr MACREADY. Charles Surface, Mr WALLACK.
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr HARLEY. Crabtree, Mr W. BENNETT.
Careless, Mr YARNOLD. Rowley, Mr YOUNGE.
Moses, Mr WEBSTER. Trip, Mr BALLS. Snake, Mr THOMPSON
Sir Harry, (with a Song) Mr SINCLAIR.
John, Mr HONNER. William, Mr C. JONES.
First Gentleman, Mr EAST. Second Gentleman, Mr S. JONES.

In the course of the Evening, C. M. Von Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses Barnett and Baseke. Harlequin, Mr Howell,

Pantaloon, Mr T. Blanchard, Clowns, Messrs Southby and E. J. Parsloe.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, No Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr HUNT. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

Previous to 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.

To conclude with a New Petite Comedy, called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr POWER.]

The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.

Duchess D'Orleans, Miss Lawrence. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss Taylor.
Lady Ascot, Mrs Chatterley. Annette, Miss Phillips.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr Abbott. Marquis de Meneville, Mr Bartley.
Sir John Ascot, Mr Warde. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr Power. Pierre, Mr Irwin.
Francis, Mr Mears.

To-morrow, The Sacred Oratorio of the Messiah.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs Yates. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone. Miles Barnard, Mr Yates.
Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings. Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. Reeve.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

To conclude with the Comic Burletta of

FREAKS AND FOLLIES.

Ellen, Miss Daly. Sir William Franklin, Mr Downe. Doctor Growl, Mr Bayne.
Mr Franklin, Mr Hemmings. Tom Trippit.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Original Comic Burletta, in One Act, to be called

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

The Characters by Miss FITZWALTER, Miss PINCOTT, Miss KABREY, Mr FREDERICKS, Mr COLLIER, Mr COOPER, Mr WORREL, Mr PAGET, Mr COOK, Mr BROWN, and Mr COATES.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

The Overture and Two of the Songs, by Mr S. Nelson.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

The Characters as before.

To conclude with, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Opera of

ROB ROY.

The Principal Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Mrs VALE, Miss RUMENS, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr GOUGH, Mr D. PITT, Mr EDWIN, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr YOUNG, &c.

After which, the laughable Drama, entitled

LAW AND LIONS.

The Characters by Mrs Vale, Miss Vincent, Mr Williams, Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Almar, Mr Gough, Mr Lee, Mr Rogers, and Mr Vale.

To conclude with the Melo-Drama of

FOREST OF BONDY! OR, THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

The Characters by Madame Simon, Miss Vincent, Mr Almar, Mr Gough, Mr D. Pitt, Mr C. Hill, Mr Asbury, Mr Vale, and Mlle. Rosier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Farcical Entertainment, entitled

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

The Music, by Mr Harroway.

Principal Characters by Mrs HUMBY, Miss WELLS, Miss GARRICK, Miss STOHWASSER, Miss AYRES, Mrs GARRICK, and Mr J. RUSSELL.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.

The Characters by Mrs Glover, Miss Wells, Miss Ayres, and Mr Forrester.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.

Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett, Mr J. Ruussell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.

And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, Maria.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to "Figaro," and Winter's Overture to "Il Ratto di Proserpina."

To conclude with A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

TACT.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.

The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr J. Russell, Mr Forrester, Mr Green, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, and Mr J. Conquest.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—A Day at an Inn,—The Black Forest.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck—A Divertissement—The Farmer.

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Nº. 148.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Anecdotes of the French Revolution of 1830. *By William Carpenter* 12mo. pp. 282. Strange.

We again recommend this full and comprehensive little work to the notice of the public, for the purpose of saying a few words suggested by the glorious event which it records.

It is forbidden us by the Stamp Office to relate news. We must not say that fresh events are taking place in Paris, without going with a bag of gold in our hands to Somerset House, to ask permission; nor repeat the exposure of the noble paupers by Radical, in the *Times* newspaper, without contributing our quota to the riches of those paupers. The Duke of Wellington's mother, having a miserably poor son who can do nothing for her, must have two and sixpence of us, if we offer to mention that the Russians have entered Poland; and we cannot state that Bologna and other places in Italy have risen against the old authorities, or even praise a measure of Lord Althorpe's or Mr Brougham's, without contributing nine and twopence a-piece to Mr Croker and Mr Southey, to enable them to give themselves airs in the *Quarterly*. For every man, be it observed, has a right to suppose, that whatsoever he pays to the general stock of taxation, may go into the hands of certain persons. Some people's money must go there; and his particular contribution may go as well as any man's. It would be curious to make out a list on this assumption,—to bring in one's *bill*,—with the several items chargeable throughout the pension list: and perhaps we shall do it.

But if we may not tell what is now happening, we may guess what is to come. The future is a non-entity: it has no existence: it is nothing: and to relate nothing can be no violation of the law. It is possible that we may be even permitted to allude a little to the past. Our paper in general is so entirely literary and theatrical, or so occupied with matters which have long since been done with, that it may be pardoned us, if pressed, or rather squeezed on all sides by the great crowd of human interests, and by all that concerns the welfare of ourselves and others, we utter a cry now and then of grief or joy.

Above all, we are great hopers, and hope cannot help talking of the future. We look upon hope as a part of action. It is certainy no mean contributor to the event. We have done all we could ever since we have been writers, to make people hope. We used to express hopes of Reform, when the greatest part of the world thought its condition hopeless; and by this means we helped to keep up the little struggling torch in its favour, which is now blazing over England, and warming our hearts like another sun. We had hopes of Greece from the very first, and those hopes have been realized. We had hopes that a time would come before long, when men would be able to indulge the most liberal speculations on all points, without obloquy and persecution, provided they did it in a liberal manner; and we have even lived to see that day,—an event, we confess, which we had not equally looked for. Nay, we did hope, that the very events which have lately taken place in France, or at least the spirit and effect of them, would take place in the course of some hundred years or so; though we certainly had no suspicion that so great and glorious a triumph of humanity could have been brought about sooner; nor perhaps could it have been so, but for the cunning stupidity of the legitimate.

Having these hopes then, we may be allowed, as matter of sanguine expectation, to make a few guesses at what we think likely to occur, without having them charged upon us as a presumption: and we must begin by saying, that we expect France before long to become a Republic. We do not mean a republican monarchy, with a Citizen King, but a Republic such as that of the United States, with no King at all, and with a cheap, rational, and sufficing government. We confess, we are now sorry that this did not take place at once; and we should be more so, if it had not enabled the Parisians, after their noble victory, to prove even an excess of their good feelings, and of their willingness to think the best. But perhaps there was something of insincerity in the sincerest congratulations of the Republicans towards their new King,—something of a misgiving, and of a consciousness that they were acting upon ordinary grounds of expediency; and expediencies are apt to turn out the most inexpedient of all things. We confess we had a misgiving ourselves. There were several things about the new King, that tended to make us doubt whether he, or kingship at all, was good for France under this real opportunity of regeneration. We were dissatisfied at the accounts of his parsimony. We could not but feel disappointed with his face and aspect in his portraits: yet these rumours and these portraits might have done him injustice. His retaining, however, the *fleur-de-lis* in his coat of arms, was a strong evidence with us of old Royalism and Bourbonism; and we felt surprised and grieved that it was permitted. We soon began to perceive, from the nature of the Chamber of Deputies, that they were not in accordance with the events of July. The people, we think, had a right to be displeased with the *mode* in which the lives of Polignac and the others were saved, and the smuggling through of their trial. We are entire enemies of capital punishment, which we look upon as unjust to the individual, who is what society have made him; and worse than useless to society, whom it deprives of his services, interests in his misfortunes, and does not deter by his example. We therefore, would not have had a hair of Polignac's head touched. We can understand how a nation not so far advanced as our illustrious neighbours in knowledge and goodness, may put a king or a bad minister to death, and find excuses for it with the reflecting. But France can see farther than the necessity: there is no reason to believe that the populace of Paris, could not see as far in this matter as any one, especially under the influence and pride of a conduct, of which the superior classes in society, (as they call themselves), had certainly not set the example: and we verily believe, that had a republican government taken place, and Lafayette had presented the captive ministers to the people, at once delivering them up to their justice, and implying that he expected them to act as nobly in this instance as the rest, the Parisians would have spared their lives on the spot. The Chambers have continued leaning more and more to the side of old power. Lafayette has thought it fit to have no concern with them; and the Belgium question became mixed up with the "House of Orleans," and the family and personal feelings of the King of the French, with all which the French nation have nothing to do. Thus individuals and families were again made of importance, when balanced with the interests of a country; and thus is one of the most monstrous spectacles which is presented by the arrogation of the few in contradistinction to the rights of the many. No house and no family ought to have been of a moment's importance to France after the events of July: and we believe that a conviction on this point alone will speedily be found to be sufficient for changing the new form of government. We believe that Lafayette will then again come into power; or if the world should be unfortunate enough to lose him, (which is perhaps not very likely, notwithstanding Louis Philip's kind hint on that subject; for Lafayette has a temperate and a cheerful aspect, and may possibly outlive even his Majesty), then some younger spirits will most likely come into play, together with one or two better known friends of the illustrious patriot. This is our guess the first. We suspect, in short, that Louis Philip is contented to be too much on sufferance with his fellow kings; that the maintenance of his dynasty is of equal importance to him with his care for France; that this is not so much his fault as that of royalty, and that the French will not much longer render themselves liable to the chances of such a confusion of ideas.

As guess the second, we venture to think that the Poles will succeed, and that they will set up a monarchy as nearly resembling the present one of the French as possible. The Russians are

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greatly superior in numerical force; but it has been ascertained of late years, that numerical force meets a formidable antagonist in moral, which not seldom outweighs it. Moral force is against the Russians in this question: desperation is against them: the seat of war is against them: the season is against them: right is against them: opinion is against them. The Russian soldiery may think little of right and opinion; but the officers, the generals, the emperor, will not be able to help thinking of them, and this will serve to perplex their operations, just as a man is perplexed in common life, who is sensible that he is going to commit an action, unjust in itself, and looked upon as outrageous by others. Such a man may go down the street in a furious passion; he may resolve to wreak his vengeance on the offending, because injured party, and the party may be physically weak in comparison. But he will excite enmity as he goes; he will perceive it: he will discern symptoms of opposition preparing against him in other quarters: finally, he is a man though a tyrant, and is not insensible to what is thought of him, even by reason of his very pride: and all this shall put doubt in his heart, and weakness in his arm. It is not as it was, when the infamous partition of Poland took place, and when a few patriots and philosophers, here and there, raised up their voices against it, themselves half bribed into acquiescence by the flatteries of the able woman who reigned in Russia, and the pretended brother philosopher who ruled at Potsdam. Knowledge was not diffused as it is now: the people had not grown up into legislators: the press was not everywhere, putting forth its myriads of magic leaves, like the tongues in trees that we read of in romance. Public opinion, in short, did not exist in its present solid state, nor did its expression reach and influence all quarters of the community. Russia can only attack the Poles now, because it is semi-barbarous; but then it is only semi-barbarous; half its brute force is taken out of it; and kings themselves are jealous of the remainder. We have little doubt that there will soon be a native prince in Poland, reigning by the common consent of kings and nations; of nations, because it is just; and of kings, because they think it will be the best thing they can do for themselves.

For the same reason, we have a strong suspicion that the old sovereigns will make as great efforts to place Donna Maria on the throne of Portugal, as they have hitherto made secret ones to keep her out of it. It was very well to try and uphold Don Miguel, as long as pure despotism had any chance, and while they had no fears for legitimacy in other quarters: but, if the latter is endangered, even the brother despot will be sacrificed without mercy. Nay, a cunning merit will be made of putting him down, as an usurper and violator of legitimacy; and the golden opportunity seized of translating the popular wish into a call for the rightful sovereign.

In Spain, we should not be surprised to hear that Ferdinand had had his head cut off, as an incorrigible offender who had been pardoned over and over again, and was no longer to be trusted; but this conjecture supposes that the question would again be put openly at issue between him and the Patriots, and that he has not in the mean time been rendering himself more popular than he used to be, in contrast with others of his family, who have been doing their best to render themselves odious. Besides, Spain lies out of the highway of Europe. One does not know exactly what is doing there, or what has lately been done. The priests are very powerful, and arguments by which we can reason respecting the rest of Europe are hardly applicable to Spain; but still it will be impossible that she can help feeling the effects of the great European movement; and in addition to the old disadvantages of Ferdinand, should the Patriots get a-head, he will have the odium of Bourbonism against him, and they the strong countenance of the anti-Bourbonites in France.

But it is in Italy that we look for the most unexpected event. The Italian patriots have long despaired of doing anything for their country, except by means of a common union, and electing a common sovereign. They see that nothing can be done against foreigners by their petty States: they hate the yoke of the Austrian Emperor, who hates them in return, and keeps as many of them as he can locked up in his prisons. They despise the Court of Naples, are indifferent to the Pope, are angry with the King of Sardinia, and hate the Duke of Modena, whom they have expelled from his capital. On the other hand, they like the French, who, however short they stopped of giving them enough liberty, elevated the people upon the whole; left marks wherever they went of an attention to their comforts (as in giving them public walks, for instance, adorned with trees,) and made such a pleasant impression upon them individually, with their cheerfulness and good-humour, that it has been a common saying—"The Italians like the French better, though they come as enemies, than the English when they come as friends." Furthermore, be it recollected, that Napoleon was an Italian: and not only so, but an Italian in name, aspect, and nature; and that some of the most stirring Patriots at the present moment were officers in his Italian regiments. We do not believe that these men care more for Napoleon than for liberty: we believe the reverse: but the association of ideas just mentioned is something, nevertheless; and were it nothing at all, and offered no facilities for a future settlement of the country, in reference to France as well as Italy, we believe that the period is approaching, when the Emperor of Austria, as a last hope, and for the sake of smoothing his defeat, and of detaining seeming possession of Italy through the medium of his daughter, when his own hold upon it shall be utterly beaten away, will bring forward his daughter's Son, as a harmonizer of the question, and be glad, instead of seeing a republic and losing all power of counteraction to France, to proclaim Napoleon the Second, King of Italy.

The reader will take these guesses for no more than they are worth, nor do we desire that he should. It is not easy to predict anything, even when circumstances appear to set in for it: but what we look upon certain is,—

1. That the people will soon gain the ascendancy in all the most civilized countries.

2. That the monarchs will be happy to compromise matters, in a very different spirit from that which appears to actuate them now.

3. That the aristocracy will *not* retain what they think they shall.

4. That the goods and comforts of the world will be more reasonably shared by all classes; and knowledge, and the means of improvement, wonderfully increase from day to day.

[To-morrow, a notice of the Poems of Messrs Alfred and Charles Tennyson.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

An Unexpected Question.—When Casaubon first entered the Sorbonne it had not then been rebuilt. Some one observed: here is a hall where disputations have been carried on for four hundred years. Casaubon enquired,—What has been decided?

Strong Impressions.—There are no ideas strike more forcibly upon our imaginations than those which are raised from reflections upon the exits of great and excellent men.—*Steele.*

Wisdom will not be too Wise.—If we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from laughter, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.—*Addison.*

— The use of *your humble servant* came first into England on the marriage of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV of France, which is derived from *votres tres humble serviteur.* The usual salutation before that time was—"God help you," "God be with you," and amongst the vulgar, "How dost do," with a thump on the shoulder.

— Lady Townshend was very affected. She had a great deal of wit, which was seldom delicate, and had turned Jacobite on some disregard from the Duke of Cumberland. One day, that she was very severe on the Royal Family, Margaret Cecil, Lady Brown, said to her, "Lady Townshend, it was very well while you were only *affected*; but now you are *disaffected*, it is intolerable." A famous bon-mot of Lady Townshend on the Royal Family was occasioned by seeing them often at Ranelagh: she said, "This is the cheapest family to see, and the dearest to keep, that ever was."—*Horace Walpole.*

Plain Dealing.—Marriages, it is said, are made in heaven; but Spence, in his Anecdotes, tells us of one made in a bookseller's shop, at Bath, or Tunbridge, where Wycherley, the dramatic writer, happened to be when Lady Drogheda, came in and enquired for "*The Plain Dealer.*" A friend of Wycherley's (the author of that play) who stood by him, pushed him towards the Dowager, and said, "There's the Plain Dealer, madam, if you want him!" Wycherley made his excuses; but Lady Drogheda said, that she loved Plain Dealing best. He afterwards visited and shortly married the Countess.

The Graces.—Three pretty women travelling post, were advised to name the driver Benedicite, because *Benedicite* (prayer before meals) precedes *les Grâces*, which may be understood as thanks after meat, or as the Graces. The French are fond of this mode of playing upon words, and it is said that M. Godeau owed the bishopric of Grasse to a pun of the Cardinal de Richelieu. M. Godeau had presented him with a paraphrase in verse of the Benedicite of Daniel, which the Cardinal admired. Sometime after, he said to M. Godeau, "Sir, you have given me *Benedicite*, and I give you *grâces*." The word *grâces* might signify grace after meat, thanks for the verses, or—as spoken,—*Grasse*, of which he then gave him the bishopric.—*French Homonymes.*

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

FIRST CONCERT, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1831.

ACT I.

Sinfonia Eroica	*Beethoven.*
Duetto, Madame Stockhausen and Mr Phillips (Der Berggeist) "Calma, O bella"	*Spohr.*
Military Septetto, Piano Forte, Violin, Violoncello, Contra Basso, Flute, Clarinet, and Trumpet, Mrs Anderson, Messrs Mori, Lindley, Dragonetti, Nicholson, Willman, and Harper	*Hummel.*
Scena, Mr Phillips, "Ah dove mai" (Euryanthe)	*C. M. von Weber.*
Overture, Euryanthe	*C. M. von Weber.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia, Letter V.	*Haydn.*
Scena, Madame Stockhausen, "Mi sospinge" (Zemira e Azor)	*Spohr.*
Double Quartetto, four Violins, two Violas, Violoncello, and Contra Basso, Messrs Mori, Spagnoletti, Moralt, Lindley, Watts, A. Griesbach, Lyon, and Dragonetti (Op. 65)	*Spohr.*
Terzetto, Madame Stockhausen, Signor Curioni, and Mr Phillips, "Tremate"	*Beethoven.*
Overture, Il Don Giovanni	*Mozart.*

Leader, Mr F. Cramer.—Conductor, Mr Cramer.

The first of this Society's series of concerts for the present season took place on Monday evening. The scheme of the performance will show how well worthy was the selection to display the energies of the finest orchestra in the world; and indeed, as a sweeping observation, we may say that we do not remember to have heard in the course of one evening a finer, or more equalized assortment of first-rate compositions. The "Sinfonia Eroica" is in some respects the grandest of Beethoven's writings of this class: many admirers however (and those too, who from their devotion to his genius, as well as from their own science and nicely balanced judgment, are entitled to speak) are of opinion that not only are the first and last movements too extended, (masterly as they are in construction), but, that they may be said to be even wire-drawn. This opinion we conceive is not wholly unfounded, presumptuous as would be deemed the hand that could approach that noble plant with the pruning knife. The listener, however, who could hear the *Marcia funebre* of that symphony with unmoved feeling, may reasonably question his love of music. In the course of this movement, Beethoven has in the most vivid style pictured the subject which gave occasion to the title of his composition. First, we hear the funeral procession with its grave and epic tones of lofty sorrow; and when the train is supposed to have entered the cathedral, this is succeeded by a grand and finely wrought fugue, in the true church character; and this again subsides into the original funeral strain, which gradually fades into shadowy indistinctness, as the last hushing ceremony proceeds, which draws a barrier between the dead and the living. After the custom of military funerals, this solemnity being concluded, it is broken in upon by a lively movement (or *Scherzo*), which, but for its being perfectly in keeping, would impress the hearer with the idea of being flippant and common-place. This is not so, however; for the subject is treated, and dispersed about among the stringed and the wind instruments, with admirable ingenuity and effect.

In the duet from Spohr's opera, *Der Berggeist*, Mr Phillips was at times a little flat; and indeed in the three several pieces in which he was engaged this evening, he did not sing with his accustomed truth of intonation. The solo from *Euryanthe* is not a favourite with us. It is a strenuous toiling after effect, without any adequate result being produced; besides being deficient in definite subject or melody worth listening to.

Madame Stockhausen has greatly improved both in style and execution. She sings not only like a tasteful musician, but with sufficient neatness and facility for whatever may be required of her; while the quality of her voice is both pure and sweet, and she is rarely, we might almost say never, to be caught tripping in her intonation. She amply merited all the applause that was bestowed upon her, for the polished and delightful manner in which she sang the scena from the *Zemira è Azor*; and the composition itself, both in the melodies and the scoring, is worthy of any master.

The terzetto by Beethoven was injured by the injudicious shouting of Signor Curioni; who has neither the power nor the tone of Donzelli, yet endeavours to rival him. He never can succeed; and as regards his efforts in the former accomplishment, the fable of the frog and the ox may remind, and at the same time rescue him from a fatal catastrophe.

The two rich treats of the evening, as well from their novelty as their beauty, were the military septett by Hummel; and the double quartett by Spohr. In alluding to the performance of the former, it may appear unjust to individualize, where in the aggregate we can award nothing but praise; yet the tones and exquisitely chaste playing of Mr Willman have so clung to us, that the remaining silent would burthen us like a troublesome secret. The last of the movements in this septett is the most musician-like; in it, unless we are deceived, three subjects are working together; the one, a kind of corale, the other a playful, dance-like melody, and the third an elaborate fugue; and these are combined with masterly effect.

The *Larghetto* in the double quartett (in the key of B flat, if we recollect) is indeed a perfect combination of melody, enriched by the most refined harmonies. No one of the movements, superior as they all are, made the impression upon us that this did. The specimens of Spohr's talent we heard on Monday evening, added to those parts of his *Faust* and *Jessonda* with which we have been long intimate, warrant us in estimating him, as a various and profound musician, second only to Mozart. He would have been perfectly satisfied with the style in which his quartett was played upon the present occasion. Signor Dragonetti, who, if there be anything worth picking out in the bass, is sure to make the most of it, quite delighted us; and so indeed did Mori, Spagnoletti, and Lindley. They all played to a mute and admiring audience, knowing the gratification they were distributing, and evidently feeling the merit of what they were executing, or they could scarcely have done so well.

In justice, the Overture to the *Don Giovanni* should have taken the place of that to *Euryanthe*, and not have been the piece to play the audience out: as it was, however, we could not but feel pleased in perceiving how small a portion quitted their seats, and how justly the remainder appreciated that noble composition.

If the selection of this first evening be an earnest of what the Directors intend in future to present their subscribers, we beg individually to offer them our perfect satisfaction and thanks. C.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury Lane.—School for Scandal.—And the Pantomime.
Covent Garden.—Cinderella.—And the Married Lovers.

Queen's Theatre.

In going to see the *Merry Wives of Barbican*, which was produced here last night, we thought we should find a *refucimento* of some old English comedy, Barbican having been once a great place of resort, even for gallants from the west end; not to mention that the Nobility had houses in the neighbourhood, up to the time of James II; and that there were clubs of wits in it, and theatres great and small, one of them a nursery for young actors,—

"Where infant queans their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy."

Lord Shaftsbury, who boasted that the London apprentices would rise for him at the lifting of his little finger, had a house in Barbican, the old pilastered front of which is to be seen yet.* Those rooms have had Algernon Sydney in them, and Locke. Milton lived at one time in Jewin street; and Ben Jonson had a theatre in the neighbourhood. But we must not be led away by these pleasing recollections.

If the new piece is from an old play, we are sorry to say it has nothing of the old style and wit. But it is short, and not altogether destitute of agreeableness. The chief faults of it are, that the dialogue is no more than it can well help, thin and thread-bare; and that the plot, after raising the expectation, ends in a few practical jokes, of that kind which seems to call upon us to laugh out of pity. So we do laugh, and become good-natured, because good-nature is claimed of us; but the impression left is not pleasant, and the piece will hardly stand any ground.

The story is quickly told. *Mr John Ogle, the Handsome Turner* (Mr J. Russell), is a gallant personage of that profession, residing in an alley in Barbican, and making love to all his fair neighbours. *Miss Darning, the Fair Stocking-mender* (Mrs Humby), is one of them; but not being a married woman, does not think it right even to pretend to like him, though he has made an impression on her heart. Some of the married ladies conspire to quench his gallantries, and at the same time forward the chaste flame of the spinster. Accordingly, one of them, the butcher's wife, says her husband is absent, and invites him to dinner, to a cutlet; another, on the same ground, invites him to tea, and a third to supper, all on the same day. *Quale portentum neque militaris.* Something prodigious seems as if it must ensue: but the simple catastrophe is, that he does not get in at any of the doors, and that one lady drops a mutton-bone upon him, another some flour, and a third a flood of soap-suds. The wives then all come forth with *sticks*: he takes refuge in the shop of *Miss Darning*, and then they lecture him, and upon his promise of being a good man and taking the spinster to wife, he is pardoned.—Mr Russell is a lively and useful actor, but he is not one of an order good enough to enrich a poor piece with humour not its own. He and Mrs Humby sang two or three songs, the words of which were indifferent, and the music more agreeable than new.

The King went to Drury Lane last night, to see the *School for Scandal*; but as we have spoken more than once of that piece, and also of his Majesty's appearance on these occasions, we can only express our pleasure at seeing the royal regard for these entertainments, and hope he may enjoy them long.

* Part of it is now some Dispensary. It is on the east side of the way, and is easily distinguished.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Sacred Oratorio,

THE MESSIAH.

[By G. F. HANDEL.]

With additional Accompaniments, by Mozart.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

PART I.—Overture.

Recitative, Mr BRAHAM, 'Comfort ye my people.' Air, 'Every Valley.' Chorus, 'And the Glory of the Lord.'

Recitative, Mr PHILLIPS, 'Thus saith the Lord.' Air, 'But who may abide.' Chorus, 'And he shall purify.'

Recit. Miss RUSSELL, 'Behold! a virgin.' Air and Chorus, 'Oh! thou that tellest.'

Recitative, Mr PHILLIPS, 'For, behold! darkness.' Air, 'The people that walked in darkness.' Grand Chorus, 'For unto us a Child is born.'

Pastoral Symphony.

Recitative, Miss PATON, 'There were shepherds.' Chorus, 'Glory to God.'

Air, Miss PATON, 'Rejoice greatly.'

Recitative, Miss BRUCE, 'Then shall the eyes.' Air, 'He shall feed his flock.'

Air, Miss HUGHES, 'Come unto him.' Chorus, 'His yoke is easy.'

PART II.

Chorus, 'Behold the Lamb of God.'

Air, Miss RUSSELL, 'He was despised.' Chorus, 'Surely he hath borne our griefs.'

Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'All they that see him.' Chorus, 'He trusted in God.'

Recitative, Mr BRAHAM, 'Thy rebuke.' Air, 'Behold and see.'

Recitative, Miss PATON, 'He was cut off.' Air, 'But thou didst not leave.'

Semi-Chorus, (the principal Singers), 'Lift up your heads.'

Recitative, Mr HORN, 'Unto which of the angels.' Chorus, 'Let all the angels.'

Air, Miss BYFELD, 'How beautiful are the feet.'

Quartett, Miss BYFELD, Messrs ROBINSON, HORN, and BEDFORD, and Chorus, 'Their sound.'

Air, Mr PHILLIPS, 'Why do the nations.'

Chorus, 'Let us break their bonds asunder.'

Recitative, Mr BRAHAM, 'He that dwelleth in heaven.' Air, 'Thou shalt break them.'

Grand Chorus, 'Hallelujah.'

At the End of the First Part, A New MS. Fantasia on the Flute, by Mr NICHOLSON.

PART III.

Air, Miss PATON, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

Quartett, (the principal Singers) "Since by man came death."

Recitative, Mr PHILLIPS, 'Behold! I tell you a mystery.'

Trumpet Obligato, Mr HARPER.

Recitative, Miss RUSSELL, "Then shall be brought to pass."

Duet, Miss RUSSELL and Mr HORN, 'O Death.' Chorus, 'But thanks be to God.'

Air, Miss BRUCE, 'If God be for us.'

Grand Chorus, 'Worthy is the Lamb.'

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'Love at Limehouse.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS,

By Mr H. CHILDE, Inventor of the DISSOLVING VIEWS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Mrs BROWN.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
Borachio, Mr BAKER. Conrad, Mr HOLL. Balthazar, Mr HENRY.
Sexton, Mr BARNES. Seacoal, Mr MEARS.
Oatcake, Mr TURNOUR. Lorenzo, Mr IRWIN.

In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

Previous to the Comedy, Mozart's Overture to "Der Schauspieldirector."

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss FORDE. Liese, Miss E. TREE. Therese, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs GIBBS. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr HUNT. General Kienwitz, Mr BARTLEY.
Colonel Francœur, Mr ABBOT. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. PENSON.
Moritz, Mr BLANCHARD. Fritz Klaffen, Mr KEELEY.
Paul Richter, Miss TAYLOR. Hubert, Mr Irwin.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge, Nicolo, Mr Webster, Fabio, Mr Hughes,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford,
Spoletto, Mr Bland, Uberto, Mr Robinson, Carlotti. Mr Yarnold.

In the Course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Semiramide,' and Mozart's Overture to 'Die Entfurung aus dem Serail.'

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Irza, Miss FAUCIT, Fatima, Mrs WAYLETT,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr LISTON, Gimbo, Mr HARLEY.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses Barnett and Baseke. Harlequin, Mr Howell,

Pantaloon, Mr T. Blanchard, Clowns, Messrs Southby and E. J. Paraloe.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs Daly.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs Yates. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone. Miles Barnard, Mr Yates.
Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings. Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. Reeve.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

And other ENTERTAINMENTS.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]

Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

The Spanish Hercules, Monsieur Louis VALLI, will go through his Gymnastic Exercises.

To conclude with a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Principal Characters by Miss M. C. Poole, Miss Vincent, Miss Somerville, Mlle. Rosier. Mr C. Hill, Mr D. Pitt, Mr Gough, Mr Vale, and Mr Rogers

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—A Day at an Inn,—The Black Forest.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck—A Divertissement—The Farmer.

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No. 149.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems, chiefly Lyrical. By Alfred Tennyson. 12mo. pp. 154. Effingham Wilson.

Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces. By Charles Tennyson, Trin. Coll. 12mo. pp. 83. Richardson.

We are late with our notice of these volumes, which were published last year; but we did not see them till the other day. They are not of a description to grow stale. We have great pleasure in stating, that we have seen no such poetical writing since the last volume of Mr Keats; and that the authors, who are both young men, we believe, at college, may take their stand at once among the first poets of the day. We mean, that Mr Wordsworth and Mr Coleridge may give them the right hand of fellowship; and that all who love genuine poetry, will read them, and quote them, and feel personally interested about them, and like to live in the world of their thoughts. How seldom is it, that the readers of the great poets,—of Chaucer, Spenser, &c.,—meet with a fresh book, into which they no sooner enter, than they feel as in a new district of their old territory, and turn the first leaf as if they closed the portal behind them, and were left alone with nature and a new friend! Here are two, both genuine, both on the borders of the great country, both in full receipt of its airs, and odours, and visions, and most human voices, and all the congenial helps of a common soil and climate; and both possessing trees of their own, that promise to be mighty, and haunted with the sound of young angelic wings. If we speak with some enthusiasm on the occasion, it is because it is difficult, in common critical prose, to do justice to the least glimpses of such truth and beauty as it is the nature of genuine poetry to disclose. Let the poet say what he will, even of a common beautiful cheek, or an affectionate eye, and *he* knows that there is something in its sweet mystery that leaves an inequality in his best description of it: and it is the same with lovers of poetry, when they speak of its successful cultivation. Sympathy and gratitude combine to exalt their words: the sense of pleasure seizes upon the strongest expressions.

We envy these young men the seasonableness of the time in which they make their appearance, and the circumstances under which they write: that is to say, supposing that the worldly advantages of them will not be too great for their unworldly spirit. They do not appear likely to be diverted from their pursuits, either by narrow wants or painful hostilities. It is not now as in the days of Mr Shelley and Mr Keats, though the period is so little distant. The Tennysons have come at a happier time, when they need not fight against worldly assumption, nor become martyrs to the faith in truth and beauty. That creed, by the diffusion of knowledge, but more immediately and most unexpectedly by the movement of some of its humblest champions, has elevated its golden letters in the sunshine not to the destruction of any better creed, but to the better construction and illustration of the best, and a displacing of the means by the end. Beneficence worshipped is Christianity successful.

As the Messrs Tennyson are brothers, and make their appearance at the same hour, it is natural in readers to ask, which of the young poets is the greater one. We are happy for our own sakes, (for it would not be pleasant to give any other answer), to say that we really cannot make up our minds as to which is the superior. We had our opinion when we first read the books; but it diminished more and more on becoming further acquainted with them; till at length we knew not which to prefer. Alfred Tennyson seemed to have the more exuberant fancy; but then Charles might have been better able to master his; so that his fancy would be no less, but his judgment greater. On the other hand, Alfred possessed full as much imagination as Charles, and seemed to have undergone a greater range of feeling. Yet again, Charles might have had a more limited range in this respect, because his sensations were healthier; and it is a great point to find out which of two poets, supposing them to be otherwise on a par, will ultimately excel the other; he whose feelings are over-subtle, from a greater delicacy of organization, and who possesses the experiences of sickness as well as health, or he, who with sufficient delicacy of perception to express what he pleases on all healthy occasions, may be supposed to retain a greater force or equanimity for the production of a longer work. It will be guessed, perhaps, by these observations, that we look upon Alfred Tennyson as knowing more at present than Charles; perhaps on that account feeling more; while on the other hand, Charles we might think able to turn his knowledge and sensibility (which are both very great) to more consistent and ample account. But in looking, and re-looking from one volume to the other, we find ourselves baffled in making a judgment, and only remain sensible of the rich promise visible in both. We must add, that we have no knowledge whatsoever of these gentlemen, and that their friends will probably smile at the guesses into which their volumes have thrown us. We feel ourselves bound to say in conclusion, that Mr Alfred Tennyson, while he has poems in his volume, that would seem to mark a younger man than his brother, and which the latter, had he written them, might have excluded from his own, has others which are both longer and superior to any in Charles's. And yet, notwithstanding this, we cannot read the best productions of Charles, and not think his natural capacity as great as his brother's. The whole mystery might be explained to us, if we had the least knowledge of the gentlemen. In the meantime, we can only express our thanks to both for the great pleasure they have afforded us, and proceed to lay specimens of their genius before the reader.

We shall begin with Alfred's volume first, as we believe it was first published. Some poets are entirely for the fanciful, others for the imaginative, others for the abstract and sentimental, others for the sensual: some for pure fiction; and some for real life: for poetry is the flower of any sort of experience; which is the reason why there are poets of so many distinct classes, all of them worthy of the name, though very different in rank and power. We pay a compliment to the Messrs Tennyson not less deserved and rare, when we say that they appear to us equally to feel the charms of thought and of sociality; they are sensible that they have flesh and blood creatures to deal with, as well as spiritual ones: and will not render themselves liable to the charge, either of seeming never to have quitted a solitude, or of clogging themselves with too gross a body corporate. We begin with a charming portrait, in which the sympathy with sense and sentiment is equally obvious. The reader will observe some compound epithets in it, printed in a novel manner, which is peculiar to Alfred Tennyson's volume, and struck us as one of the marks of his being liable to be run away with by a conceit. But it is not affectation. It is only a strong sense of the idea he is impressed with, and a strong wish to make others equally sensible of it: but it might have been as well for him to suppose, both for his own sake and the reader's, that others could become sensible of the beauty, without its being pressed upon them after so unusual a fashion. We are not bound to give our compound epithets an "un-in-one-breath-utterable" look, because the Greeks did; not to mention that hyphens give the words, to our eyes, a more musical aspect, such as Mr Tennyson ought to love; for his ear is very beautiful:—

LILIAN.

'Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel, little Lilian.
When my passion seeks
Pleasance in lovesighs,
She, looking through and through me,
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks;

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So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her purfled wimple,
Glancing with blackbeaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks,
Then away she flies.

Pr'ythee weep, May Lilian!
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian:
Through my very heart it thrilleth,
When from crimsonthreaded lips
Silvertreble laughter trilleth:
Pr'ythee weep, May Lilian:
Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a roseleaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.'

In the poem that we next proceed to extract, the author has done a very pleasing thing for the readers of Shakspeare. He has spoken upon a hint of the great poet, and introduced us to the house and the daily life of poor Mariana, who had been deserted by Angelo, and who is described as residing in a desolate manner in a "moated grange." See 'Measure for Measure,' act. 3, scene 1. If the reader would rather have had a less painful impression left upon him at the conclusion of the poem, he may recollect that the story has a happy ending in Shakspeare. We hold that nothing can be better painted, than the scenery in these verses. They have the homely truth of Crabbe, with the relief of a far higher power of sentiment:—

MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."—*Measure for Measure.*

'With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds looked sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said "I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!"

II.

'Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

III.

'Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the nightfowl crow:
The cock sang out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

IV.

About a stonecast from the wall,
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marishmosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silvergreen with gnarled bark;
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

V.

'And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

VI.

'All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

VII.

'The sparrows chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour,
When the thick-moated sun-beam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Downsloped was westering in his bower.
Then said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"'

At page 11, is a piece of perplexity called the "How and the Why," which the uninitiated readers of Mr Wordsworth's "Moods" would think puerile, as they did some of those; but it is man's writing. We only hope that it is not sick writing, and that the author, in these mystifications of himself, only feels the pleasure of a healthy wonderment. If not, we shall answer his How and his Why, by telling him to get on horseback and ride for it, till he comes, by a short cut, to the palace of a sage enchantress, hight Reasonable Indifference. He had better not wait

'For years that bring the philosophic mind.'

The two poems, entitled the 'Merman' and the 'Mermaid,' rather disappointed us; but this was only because our expectations had been so raised by the preceding ones. They are full of elasticity and life. We like the gay, buoyant spirit of the beginnings of them, with their Christmas-game style:—

THE MERMAN.

'Who would be
A Merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone,
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne.

I would be a Merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day: &c.

THE MERMAID.

'Who would be
A Mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea
In a golden curl,
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

I would be a Mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day: &c.'

The following passage from the Merman poem is like a corner in one of the pictures of Giulio Romano, or Raphael:—

'*I* would be a Merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the seahalls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the Mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white seaflower;
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me
Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away
To the pale green seagroves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.'

[As we have made but small way with this volume, and find that we shall be tempted to give more than one or two further notices of these new poets, we must alternate them with other subjects. To-morrow we shall pay attention to an interesting pamphlet just published, on *Military Flogging*; and next day return to our poetical luxuries.]

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

COVENT GARDEN.—Oratorio, the Messiah.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE performance of the *Messiah* last night, at this theatre, though we are great admirers of HANDEL, did not please us so much as the *Selection of Music* at Drury-Lane; doubtless because the effect upon the whole was more sombre and unvaried, and the mind occupied with a succession of thoughts more painful than befits an evening's music. Music is a pleasurable art, even in its melancholy, and should not deal with many continuous thoughts more painful than amount to pensiveness. The more we feel it, the less we like to have it rendered the medium of repeating to us all the sorrows and agonies of the divine heart, which this Oratorio records, however invested as it may be with unearthly grandeur, exalted with trumpets, or deified with choral shouts. HANDEL is, to be sure, a prodigious musician. "He strikes you, whenever he chuses," said Mozart, "with a thunderbolt." We could like a selection of his thunderbolts very well: the very finest pieces of his *Messiah* brought together, and none else, we should not complain of, as a burden of solemn beauty. But even HANDEL has his comparatively common matter, not only of an old fashion, but of a heavy weight; and there is something too much of this in a whole oratorio devoted to one subject. In short, the *Oratorio* was upon us too much last night, in its old shape and shadow. The audience looked as melancholy in their faces as their habiliments; the singers looked melancholy as they went in and out; and the orchestra, mounted above one another on their benches, presented the old melancholy, middle-aged, solemn, and somewhat stiff-looking hierarchy in black coats, whose bows and viols cut rather a different figure from those of the Saint Cecilias in the pictures of the Correggios and Domenichinos.

When HANDEL however is at his finest, there is no desiring anything better. Music has no greater

"Pomp and threatening harmony"

than his (to speak in the noble language of Mr WORDSWORTH): nor did sorrow ever receive a sweeter and more affecting pity. The blasts of his trumpets upon the word Wonderful ("His name shall be called Wonderful") naturally make us repeat the epithet, in delighted astonishment. They issue immediately from the preceding notes, and from a level with them, as if the trumpets blew directly at us, and we beheld their mighty mouths. (ROUBILIAC seems to have been inspired by one of these passages, when he placed the mouth of the trumpet right before us by the side of HANDEL's statue,—a fine stroke of genius, and a singular union of letter with spirit.) Then what a truly pastoral simplicity there is in the Recitative, 'There were shepherds abiding in the fields!' What a pure tenderness in 'He shall feed his flock,' with its caressing accompaniment! And what an excess of pity in 'He was despised and rejected of men!'—'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart' is of the same perfect class of the pathetic, and was admirably sung by Mr BRAHAM, who seemed resolved last night to show how pure and masterly could be his style. We must confess, that we do not think his expression could have been mended. His tones had a trembling tenderness, without hurting their manhood. Miss PATON was in greater force than on the preceding night; but did not strike us altogether as having to sing airs so well suited to her. However, we did not hear them all. Miss RUSSELL does not throw out her voice enough; but she sang 'He was despised' better than we had looked for; and here the lowness of tones was less objectionable. Miss BRUCE obtained considerable applause in 'He shall feed his flock:" and we must not forget, that we never heard Mr PHILLIPS to such advantage, in our opinion, as in 'The people that walked in darkness.' His voice seemed to be less in his throat than usual, and he gave excellent expression to the words that speak of the "great light." The singers in these oratorios would do well in general to put a little more of the dramatic spirit into their performances, as Mr PHILLIPS and Mr BRAHAM do. They turn their music-books over, for the most part, with an air of grave nothingness, and preteud to read them, in order to have something to do with their hands and eyes. It would be better to think of the meaning of what they are singing, and do their utmost to express it.

Between the first two acts, Mr NICHOLSON performed, with great applause, a Fantasia on the flute. This gentleman is an example of the difference between a clever and a fine player. He is a very clever player on the instrument, but he does not apprehend the spirit of music. He is all for the letter, and tosses about his alphabet marvellously, but he never gets really beyond the gamut. All his *sforzandos*, and *crescendos*, and *appogiaturas*, do not get at the soul of what he is about. His is not the art

"Dead things with inbreath'd *sense* able to pierce."

He fetches out of his flute all that mere breath and skill can do, but he puts no heart and mind in it: he excites no feeling but that of a sense of his cleverness. If Sir THOMAS URQUHART, the translator of RABELAIS, could have heard him, he would have described him as one who trills, intonates, tips, tongues, tootletoos, plunges, pifferates, peck-o'-peppers, gamutifies, whiffles, and wambles his flute, "now careering it, and now caracoling it," and all marvellously; but for the music, it is as if a man should say, "Let us shew how we can do without it."

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

GOVERNMENT ACCOUNTS.—Alcibiades came to Pericles, and staid awhile ere he was admitted. When he came in, Pericles civilly excused it, and said, "I was studying how to give my account." But Alcibiades said to him, "If you will be ruled by me, study rather how to give no account."—*Bacon.*

A BIT OF REAL CHRISTIANITY.—[From the Persian of Jami.]—One night the great mosque in Egypt took fire and was burnt down. The Musselmans suspecting the Christians had done it, set fire to their houses in retaliation. . . . . The sultan of Egypt seized those who had burnt the houses of the Christians, and having collected them together in one place, ordered that as many tickets should be written as there were offenders. Upon some were written that they should be put to death; upon others that they should have a hand cut off; and upon others that they should be whipped. And those lots being cast among them, each suffered according to his respective chance. A lot which inflicted death fell upon one, who said, "It is not on my own account that I am afraid to suffer death; but I have a mother, who, excepting me, has no one to support and protect her." By the side of him stood another whose ticket ordered him only a whipping, and he exchanged lots with him saying, "I have no mother;"—and he suffered death in place of the other, who received the whipping.

ITALIAN REPUBLIC OF 1797.—A general federation of the National Guards and the Authorities of the new Republic took place at the Lazaretto of Milan. On the 14th of July, 30,000 National Guards, with the Deputies from the Departments, took an oath of fraternity, and swore to use their utmost efforts to revive the liberty of Italy, and make her once more a nation. The keys of Milan and of the fortresses were delivered by the French to the Cisalpine officers. The army left the States of the Republic, and went into cantonments in the territory of Venice. From this period may be dated the first formation of the Italian army which afterwards acquired so great a share of glory. The manners of the Italians underwent a striking change. The cassock, the fashionable dress for youth, gave place to regimentals; instead of passing their time at the feet of women, the young Italians now frequented the riding and fencing schools and places of exercise: the children no longer played at *chapel*, but had regiments armed with tin guns, and mimicked the occurrences of war in their favourite games. In their comedies and street-farces, there had always been an Italian, who was represented as a very cowardly though witty fellow, and a kind of bullying captain, sometimes a Frenchman, but more frequently a German, a very powerful, brave, and brutal character, who never failed to conclude with caning the Italian, to the great satisfaction and applause of the spectators. But such allusions were now no longer endured by the populace, who insisted on seeing valiant Italians introduced on the stage, putting foreigners to flight, and defending themselves with resolution and boldness. A national spirit had arisen; Italy had her patriotic and warlike songs; and the women contemptuously repulsed those suitors who affected effeminate manners in order to please them.—*Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon.*

ERRATUM.—In the theatrical article yesterday, instead of *Barbican*, it should have been said that Lord Shaftesbury lived in *Aldersgate street.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

A favorite Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

RICCIARDO E ZORAIDE.

[By M. Rossini.]

Principal Characters by Madame SIGL VESPERMANN, Madame CASTELLI, Mademoiselle BECK, Signor CURIONI, Signor DEVILLE, Signor DE ANGELI, and Signor DAVID.

After which, a Favorite Ballet, in One Act, entitled

ŒNONE ET PARIS.

[By M. Gardel.]

The Principal Characters by Madame Montessu, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. De Vis, and Mlle. Brocard, Mesdames J. Mersic, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, &c. M. Paul, M. Emile, M. Simon, M. Edouard, M. George, M. D'Albert, and M. LEFEBVRE.

With an efficient and numerous Corps de Ballet.

At the End of the Opera, the whole of the Company will sing in "God save the King."

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr Planche.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT. Prince Bianchi, Mr YOUNGE, Nicolo, Mr WEBSTER, Fabio, Mr HUGHES, Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING, Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK, Rubaldo, Mr BEDFORD, Spoletto, Mr BLAND, Uberto, Mr ROBINSON, Carlotti. Mr YARNOLD.

In the Course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Semiramide,' and Mozart's Overture to 'Die Entfurung aus dem Serail.'

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr Kenney.]

Irza, Miss Faucit, Fatima, Mrs Waylett, Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster, Bowbell, Mr Liston, Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. Barrymore.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses Barnett and Baseke. Harlequin, Mr Howell, Pantaloon, Mr T. Blanchard, Clowns, Messrs Southby and E. J. Parsloe.

To-morrow, A Grand Musical Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. Shakspeare.]

Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE. Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Mrs BROWN. Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE. Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR. Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT. Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY. Borachio, Mr BAKER. Conrad, Mr HOLL. Balthazar, Mr HENRY.

In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

Previous to the Comedy, Mozart's Overture to "Der Schauspieldirector."

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss FORDE. Liese, Miss E. TREE. Therèse, Miss P. Horton. Widow Klaffen, Mrs GIBBS. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. CAWSE. Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr HUNT. General Kienwitz, Mr BARTLEY. Colonel Francœur, Mr ABBOT. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. PENSON. Moritz, Mr BLANCHARD. Fritz Klaffen, Mr KEELEY. Paul Richter, Miss TAYLOR. Hubert, Mr Irwin.

To-morrow, No Performance.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time

Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.

Sixth appearance of Mons. BOUFFE, who will perform in Three Pieces.

Spectacle Généralement Demandé.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LE FUTUR DE LA GRAND'MAMAN.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, de M. Dartois.

Madame Darbel, jeune Veuve, Mlle. ELIZA.
La Comtesse Emilie, Mme. PAULIN.
Marianne, Femme de Mignot, Nourrice chez le Comte, Mlle. ST ANGE.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Mignot, (his original character.)
M. DERVAL celui de Delmare, futur de la Grand'Maman.
Le Comte Adolphe, M. ALFRED.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

VOLTAIRE CHEZ LES CAPUCINS.

Comédie Anecdote Mêlée de Chant, par MM. Duvert, Desvergers et Varin.

Madame Delban, jeune Veuve, Mlle. Eliza.
Jeannette, Femme de Bruno, Mademoiselle Emma.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle de Voltaire.
Père Pancrase, Gardien des Capucins, M. St Aubert.
Frère Loup, Pourvoyeur, M. Préval. Frère Jacques, Portier, M. Guenée.
Frère Fiacre Sonneur, M. Granville. Théodore, Novice, M. Paulin.
Bruno, Jardinier du Convent, M. Gamard.
M. Lambert, vieux Bourgeois, M. Cloup. Un Paysan, M. Arnaud.

On Finira par

JEAN.

Pièce en Quatre Parties Mêlée de Chant, par MM. Theaulon et A. Signol.

Madame de Ligny, Mlle. Florval. Madame de Sirval, Mlle. Eliza.
La Marquise d'Olban, amie de Madame de Ligny, Madame Paulin.
Madame veuve Chopin, Limonadière, Mme. Préval.
Adelaide, sa Fille, Mlle. St. Ange. Louise, Femme de Chambre, Mme. Gamard.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle de Rigolard, (his original character.)
M. Derval celui de Jean.
M. de Walbruck, et M. D'Offenn, Attachés à l'Ambassade, M. Paulin et M. Guenée.
Un Garçon d'estaminet, M. Arnaud. Un Valet, M. Granville.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES. Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY. Astragalus, Mr YATES. John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE. Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE. Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings. Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr Buckstone.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—Winter.

Alice, Mrs Yates. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly. Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone. Miles Barnard, Mr Yates. Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings. Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith. Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. Reeve.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—Summer.

The Characters as in Act I.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Farcical Entertainment, entitled

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

The Music, by Mr Harroway.

Principal Characters by Mrs HUMBY, Miss WELLS, Miss GARRICK, Miss STOHWASSER, Miss AYRES, Mrs GARRICK, and Mr J. RUSSELL.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.

The Characters by Mrs Glover, Miss Wells, Miss Ayres, and Mr Forrester.

To which will be added, a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs Glover, Miss Sinclair, Miss Garrick, Miss Stohwasser, Miss Wells, Miss Laws, Mr Smith, Mr Tilbury, Mr Munroe, Mr Barnett, and Mr Green.

And (in honour of Her Majesty's Birth-Day) will be presented,

A LOYAL TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN.

Consisting of Song, Dance, and Allegory, by the whole of the Company. In which will be introduced the 'National Anthem,' newly arranged.

To conclude with a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From Gay's Serenata. With Handel's Music, arranged by Mr C. Potter.

Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett, Mr J. Ruussell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.

And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, &c.

In the course of the Evening, (First time in this Country) F. Schneider's Triumphal Overture in honour of the King of England, and Weber's Overture to 'Euryanthe.'

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

The Spanish Hercules, Monsieur Louis VALLI, will go through his Gymnastic Exercises.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. Alfred and C. Z. Barnett.]

Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr G. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

To conclude with a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Principal Characters by Miss M. C. Poole, Miss Vincent, Miss Somerville, Mlle. Rosier. Mr C. Hill, Mr D. Pitt, Mr Gough, Mr Vale, and Mr Rogers.

Coburg Theatre.—De L'Orme—A Day at an Inn,—The Black Forest.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—The Wreck—A Divertissement—The Farmer.

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Nº 150.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Flogging and its Substitute. A Voice from the Ranks; or, a Letter to Sir Francis Burdett, on the Barbarous and Degrading System of Flogging Soldiers and Sailors. By John Shipp, late Lieutenant in his Majesty's 87th Foot, Author of Memoirs of an Extraordinary Military Career, and the Military Bijou. 8vo. pp. 30. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

THE author of this seasonable and painfully interesting pamphlet is well known to the public as a gallant soldier who has written an account of his extraordinary military career, and who, if his authorship presented an aspect somewhat "bearded like the pard," and challenging admiration, was allowed on all hands to deserve what he challenged, and to have his plain speaking attributed to a habit of truth and openness. Our publication did not appear early enough for the notice of Mr Shipp's autobiography; but we read it with great interest, and are glad of the opportunity of adding our testimony to its merits. Mr Shipp is not much of a writer: perhaps it would be better if he aspired to be less; for his images are not very new, nor his metaphors very consistent. But a little better education would have done for him in this matter, what it has done for thousands who have not a tithe of his spirit and good sense. He has acted in life for himself: he has bled, and suffered, and gained distinction, and lost it, and gained it again; all which has sharpened his natural perception and made him think; and it is hard if such a man may not tell us everything he thinks and feels, though nobody has given him a hint about figures of rhetoric.

Mr Shipp has an especial right to speak on the subject before us. Indeed there is probably no man in the kingdom who has a greater, unless it would be possible to meet with one of the sufferers from military flogging whose nature had surmounted its baneful effects, and could impress us with the same sense of his veracity. Mr Shipp has twice risen from the ranks to the degree of lieutenant, (having re-entered them for want of money): he is thoroughly acquainted with the feelings and capabilities of the privates, which he says are greatly underrated by those who have not had the same opportunities of knowing them: finally, he tells us, that for a period of eight years, beginning with the day on which he entered the service as drum-boy, it was his "disgusting duty to flog men at least three times a week." This is an office, with the execution of which it is very painful to associate the idea of the brave John Shipp; but as he commenced his military life with a high sense of the necessity of performing its duties, and says he nevertheless felt disgust and degradation in being compelled to this unworthy task, from which it was thought there was no soldierly way of escaping, to say nothing of the consequences of attempting to do so, this part of his experience has in a singular manner completed his right to speak on the subject. The pamphlet contains a variety of distressing cases, alone sufficient, we should think, to settle the question for ever; and we do believe that Mr Shipp will have had no mean hand in facilitating the settlement of it. We will begin with a description of the punishment itself,—an infernal picture, which, in a second edition of his book, we would recommend Mr Shipp to transfer from the twentieth page to the commencement:—

'When the infliction is ordered to commence, each drum-boy, in rotation, is obliged to strip, for the purpose of administering five-and-twenty lashes (slowly counted by the drum-major) with freedom and vigour. In this practice of stripping, there always appeared to me something so unnatural, inhuman, and butcher-like, that I have often felt most acutely my own degradation in being compelled to conform to it. After a poor fellow had received about a hundred lashes, the blood would flow down his back in streams, and fly about in all directions with every additional blow of the instrument of torture; so that, by the time he had received three hundred, I have found my clothes all over blood from the knees to the crown of my head, *and have looked as though I had just emerged from a slaughter-house.* Horrified at my disgusting appearance, immediately after parade I have ran into the barrack-room, to escape from the observation of the soldiers, and to rid my clothes and person of my comrade's blood. *Here I have picked and washed off my clothes pieces of skin and flesh that had been cut from the poor sufferer's back.* What the flogging in Newgate or Bridewell may be I do not know; but *this* is military flogging.

'I am ignorant what kind of Cats were used when this pernicious system was first introduced into the army, but they are now, I believe, very different in different regiments; and, indeed, there is sometimes a variety kept in the same corps. Those which I have seen and used were made of a thick and strong kind of whipcord: and in each lash, nine in number, and generally about two feet long, were tied three large knots, so that a poor wretch who was doomed to receive one thousand lashes, had twenty-seven thousand knots cutting into his back; and men have declared to me that the sensation experienced at each lash was as though the talons of a hawk were tearing the flesh off their bones.

'Have the advocates for the continuance of this barbarous system ever handled one of these savage instruments? Have they ever poised the Cat in their hands, when clotted with a soldier's blood after punishment has been inflicted? If not, let me inform them, that it has then almost weight enough to stun an ox, and requires the greatest exertion and dexterity in the drummer to wield it. I have heard poor fellows declare that, in this state, it falls like a mass of lead upon their backs. . . . . Often have I been agonised to see the skin torn off the poor sufferer's wrists and legs, by lugging him up to the triangles, as you would the vilest miscreant of the land, and afterwards an inexperienced drum-boy flogging him over the face and eyes. I have heard men beg for a drop of water to cool their parched mouths and burning tongues, which has been denied them.'

The cases, from which we shall now select the most striking, are taken, Mr Shipp informs us, out of at least a hundred which came under his notice:—

CASE THE FIRST.—'On my return home one evening, after having attended the funeral of a soldier belonging to my own company, I got into conversation with the Sergeant, relative to the deceased. The Sergeant, who was quite an illiterate man, said, "the people in the hospital say he died of an in*f*ormation in his side, but he *knowed* the real cause of his death. That ere man never did no good since the time he was flogged for being drunk 'fore guard. He knowed the man well; he was a fine high-spirited youth. Bless you, sir! before his punishment there was not a smarter or finer-looking soldier in the King's army; but, after he was flogged, he never did no more good; but became a dirty slovenly fellow, and was never sober if he had the means of getting liquor. I have heard him declare, that his heart was broken, and that, if liquor did not soon close his miserable life, he would take some more speedy means." This last desperate alternative was never necessary, for he died of drunkenness ere he had attained the age of twenty-six, adding to the long catalogue of those whose buoyant spirits could not brook the degradation of the Cat.'

CASE THE SECOND.—'When I was orderly officer of the main-guard at Cawnpore, several men were condemned to be punished. Among the rest was a youth not more than twenty years of age. The morning on which the punishment was to be inflicted, I visited the prisoners early, and such was the change observable in this poor young fellow, from reflecting during the night on his approaching degradation, that he looked like one whose constitution had, in a few hours, undergone all the diseases incident to the country. His eyes were glassy and inexpressive, his cheeks sunk, and his deportment stooping and loose. Altogether he looked the very picture of woe, and his extreme dejection was so obvious, that I could not refrain from asking him if he was unwell. "No," replied he, "but I am one of those who are to be flogged this morning," and he wept bitterly. "Come, come," said I (and it was as much as I dared to say), "keep up your spirits; your extreme youth, and the fact that this is the first time you have been brought to a court-martial, may probably obtain your pardon." He shook his head, but said nothing in reply. I regret to be obliged to add, that this poor fellow received a hundred and fifty lashes; and, from the day he was flogged until the period of his death, I can venture to assert, that he was never two hours sober. He sold all his own things to purchase liquor, and then stole those of others; and at lost he died in the hospital from drunkenness.'

CASE THE THIRD.—'The following is a melancholy instance, of the same character as the foregoing, in which it is my painful duty to attest the utter ruin of another promising young soldier, by the odious system, the existence of which I deplore. Two men were brought to court-martial. The one was an old and hardened of-

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fender, whose offence was being drunk on guard, and who was sentenced to receive three hundred lashes; the other, a youth, who, for his first offence, absenting himself from evening parade, was condemned to one hundred lashes. The former was admonished by his commanding-officer, his corporal punishment remitted, and his sentence commuted to fourteen days' solitary confinement. This proposal, however, the hardended delinquent rejected with indignation, professing that he would rather take 1,400 lashes, than suffer fourteen days' solitary confinement in the black-hole. He accordingly received his punishment, without moving a muscle, and afterwards, on leaving the square, strutted off, muttering something like, "D—d hoax," or "fudge." The conduct of this depraved fellow nettled the commanding-officer, and he ordered the youth to strip, and receive his punishment. The poor fellow threw himself on his knees, and implored forgiveness in the most earnest and pathetic manner, or that, in preference to the degradation of flogging, his punishment might be commuted to solitary confinement, if even for six months. But, no; the officer was irritated, and the unhappy youth received every lash, after which he left the square sobbing most piteously. During the infliction of the punishment, many a tear did I see that morning stealing down the cheeks of the commiserating comrades of this ill-fated youth, for they well knew that his prospects as a soldier were irretrievably blighted. From this time forth, day after day, and week after week, might this sad victim of "discipline," be seen prowling about (when not in the guard-room for subsequent misconduct, which after this event was constantly the case), with a dejected and care-worn countenance, pensive and gloomy, as though he had lost some dear relative or other; perhaps, as though he had committed an act on account of which he dared not look an honest man in the face. The disgrace he had endured had sunk deep into his heart; a leprosy pervaded his mind; and, in despair, he sought consolation from drink, which soon brought to a termination both his troubles and his life.'

Case the Fourth.—'One wintry morning, when the bleak wind whistled along the ranks of a regiment paraded to see corporal punishment inflicted, every eye was turned in pity towards the delinquent, until the commanding-officer, with Stentorian lungs, pronounced the awful words, "Strip, sir." The morning was bitterly cold; the black clouds rolled along in quick succession; and the weather altogether was such, that the mere exposure of a man's naked body was of itself a severe punishment. The crime of this man was repeated drunkenness, of which he had, undoubtedly, been guilty; but what was the cause of this constant inebriety? Let us trace the evil to its source. It was the sad recollection of his former disgrace by flogging, to which the course of intoxication that he now pursued might justly have been attributed. When the offender was tied, or rather hung up by the hands, his back, from intense cold and the effects of previous floggings, exhibited a complete blue and black appearance. On the first lash the blood spirted out some yards, and, after he had received fifty, his back, from the neck to the waist, was one continued stream of blood. The sufferer flinched not a jot, neither did he utter a single murmur, but bore the whole of his punishment with a degree of indifference bordering upon insensibility, chewing, all the while, what I was afterwards informed was a piece of lead or a bullet. When the poor fellow was taken down, he staggered and fell to the ground. His legs and arms, owing to the intense cold and the long period they had remained in one position, still continued distended, and he was obliged to be conveyed to the hospital in a dooly, a kind of palanquin in which sick soldiers are carried. This unfortunate creature shot himself in his barrack-room, in a sad state of intoxication, and was borne to his solitary pit, and hurled in like a dog. No inquiries were made as to the causes to which this rash act might have been assigned. If any such investigation had been deemed requisite, ample attestations might have been produced, from which it would have appeared that this poor wretch had scarcely ever looked up from the date of his first flogging; that his prospects as a soldier had been utterly destroyed; and that his degradation had been so acutely felt by him as to paralyze his best efforts towards amendment, and at length to sink him into a state of worthlessness and despair.'

Case the Fifth.—'In the experimental corps in which I commenced my military career, I recollect two boys being sentenced to be flogged for desertion. They were brothers, and the elder was not more than thirteen years of age. They had deserted together, and probably intended to have gone home again, not much relishing their new mode of life. The elder boy was tied up first, and, having received about six dozen lashes, he was ordered down, and it became the turn of his younger brother to occupy his place. Afflicted by the idea of what his poor little brother was about to suffer, the senior boy begged, in the most earnest manner, that he might be permitted to take his brother's punishment, protesting, most solemnly, that he was the sole cause of his desertion. When this was refused, and the younger one was ordered to strip, the shrieks of the two rent the air. They flew into each other's arms, clung together, and, when they were torn asunder, the tear of pity started to the eyes of all around. The little fellow received every lash to which he had been sentenced: and in little more than a year after there were not two greater reprobates or vagabonds in the whole corps. The elder boy soon died. Of the fate of the younger I cannot speak with certainty; but I think he was found drowned in Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope.'

There are several more cases in the pamphlet: but has not the reader's heart, understanding, and common humanity "had enough?" We can answer for the readers of the *Tatler*,—for the readers of books and plays, and all the humanities they teach; and we think we can answer for everybody who shall read this pamphlet, now that the system has so diminished in repute, and many gallant officers have declared against it, and the soldiers themselves begin to cry out upon it, in spite of subordination. But it will be defended still. There are many men, who feel such a selfish tendency to think the worst of their fellow-creatures, in order that they may warrant their oppression of them, that they will pretend to see in any advancement of right nothing but a conspiracy to do wrong; but knowledge, opinion, and the glorious Three Days will still settle all.

Some of Mr Shipp's anecdotes would go to show, that men who receive this odious punishment, sometimes become both morally and physically callous; and he says that it has been doubted whether, after receiving a hundred lashes, the pain is any further perceived. Indeed, he says he has heard soldiers declare as much, though he has known pieces afterwards cut out of their backs as big as a pea. This admission will probably be turned against him by hypocrites and half-arguers, who will triumphantly exclaim, "What then becomes of your thousand lashes, and your twenty-seven thousand cuts of the knots?" But not to mention, that by a beneficent provision of nature, it is impossible for extreme pain to be endured beyond a certain pitch, and that the flesh either becomes callous or the sufferers faint, it will depend very much on the constitutions of individuals for how long or how short a period they can endure agony. And who can tell the effects, which the continuing to beat upon the bleeding anvil of a human back may have upon the constitution? How can the juices be expected to circulate properly afterwards in that mass of weals? and who can say, that it does not contribute to that despondency of mind as well as physical deterioration, which is generally observable afterwards in the sufferers? Who cay say that it may not reasonably be supposed to add to their propensity to drinking? This propensity, be it observed, almost invariably takes place; and the sense of degradation, the most terrible effect of all, and the great point insisted upon, both by the opponents of flogging and the sufferers from it, is sure to take place, even when it appears to do otherwise: we mean, when the branded man appears reckless and gay, and even insensible to his shame: for this is nothing but despair, or at any rate implies a habit of mind which the scourge is incompetent to reclaim.

Mr Shipp talks very sensibly on this part of his subject, and proposes some good substitutes for flogging, particularly solitary confinement, and *forfeiture of pay*,—the money to be returned after a certain lapse of time, provided the delinquent behaves well (which we think an excellent proposition), or applied to the purchase of a substitute, in case he does not; the man to be secretly marked on his person on being dismissed, so that he could not enter the service again, though there would be nothing in his appearance to hinder his getting an honest living. Our observant and generous author very rightly proposes, that whatever the punishment might be, officers should make it their business to become more acquainted than they are with the characters of the men under their command, and apportion the degrees of punishment accordingly, taking care not to injure the nature of one person by giving him punishment fit only for another; and also not to thrust a set of men under accusation indiscriminately together, to get polluted by the contagion of different manners and the general despair. Every officer in the service, and every Member of Parliament, ought to read this pamphlet.

The fact is, that substitutes for flogging would be numerous and easy, and we have no doubt will be found so, when they are compelled to be found. Flogging, at all times, and under any circumstances of life, is apt to originate much more in the faults of the inflictors than of the sufferers. It is a temptation to the violent to save themselves time and trouble, and becomes proportioned in its severity, not to the offence punished, but to the offence punishing. Ignorance is the ground of this, as of all other mistakes. We will undertake to assert, without knowing them, that the officers who are against the system, are those most respected for their attainments and information: and if the English soldiery had been as well instructed in reading and writing as the French are, the less informed part of the officers would no more have darud to keep it up than the privates would have borne it. Shame, and the natural reason of the question, would have done it away. Flogging may speedily be done away, and we have no doubt will be so. Thanks to Mr Shipp and all truly gallant men. But what the other men will most hate to see the soldiery acquire, is knowledge, and the terrible art of reading and writing; and unless steps are taken to secure them this amelioration at the same time, all improvements will be incomplete, and the just state of things between officer and soldier insecure.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand.—The Illustrious Stranger.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Much Ado About Nothing.—And the Romance of a Day.

ADELPHI.

A LITTLE Marplot story, amusing enough, by the help of MATHEWS's acting, was produced here last night, under the title of *Kind Intentions*. A lady of the name of *Rosemore* (Miss DALY) has been separated from her husband for some time. She has a daughter *Charlotte* (Miss GLOVER), who has a lover (Mr HEMMINGS); and the lovers are a little jealous. To the party thus situated, *Mr Meanwell* (MATHEWS), a most kind-hearted but over anxious gentleman, who "encumbers with help," suddenly comes in post haste, with the news of Mr Rosemore's death, and of his having left a large fortune to the widow. The widow shocks him with the excess of her affliction, and in running for a glass of water to the china cupboard, a smash is heard. This is blunder the first. He then runs for the doctor. The doctor, who happens to have a penchant for the young lady, is no sooner brought in (*Mrs Rosemore* having in the mean time left the room), than the lover flies in a passion of jealousy, and the young lady is obliged to pacify him, by saying that *Mr Meanwell* has misrepresented the matter, and that there is no need of medical assistance. The doctor, upon this, expresses indignation against the officious old gentleman for causing his intrusion, for which he apologizes to *Miss Charlotte*, telling her, as he makes his exit, that he hopes to be less unwelcome another time. At these words, the lover gets into a fresh paroxysm of impatience, and after venting his spleen both on his mistress and the old gentleman, quits the house in a fury. The young lady, vexed and irritated, says some petulant things in her turn, and poor *Mr Meanwell* is left to lament over blunder the second. Anxious to repair his error, he goes after the young gentleman; and, returning, to tell *Charlotte* that he is coming to make it up with her, informs her that he has found him in a house where it seems she did not wish him to be. Endeavouring to get out of this scrape, he tells one little "white lie" after another, which only makes matters worse; and accordingly, when the lover makes his appearance, he finds jealousy lit up on the other side, and is received with a fire of reproaches. He asks, in the name of wonder, who has calumniated him; and hears, to his astonishment, that *Mr Meanwell* has told a story of his being in a house with somebody's daughter. On this the poor old gentleman is fairly charged with being a mischief-maker and a bad-hearted man; which shocks him exceedingly: and matters are not mended on the young lady's hearing that he had told some "white lie" about herself to the lover. Seized with an agony of perplexity, he labours hard to restore peace, and has just succeeded in making the lovers embrace, when the mother comes in, and catches them in the unauthorized fact, for which she expresses her surprise at her visitor. The will is now discoursed about, as a great peace-maker; and after much ado, the widow is persuaded to let *Mr Meanwell* fetch the lawyer who drew it up. The lawer is brought; all the parties, including *Timothy* the old footman (Mr WILKINSON) take chairs: the old gentleman declares he never was so happy in his life,—a topic on which he expatiates at some length; and the will is read. *Mrs Rosemore* is declared sole legatee to a large fortune; and *Mr Meanwell* again launches out into his good fortune, saying how delighted he is, and how luckily he has repaired all blunders. The lawyer resumes after this interruption, to say that there is a little codicil,—a few lines. He reads. The codicil purports, that the lady is not to have a penny of the fortune, if she consents to let the will be opened within twenty-four hours after her husband's decease. Unfortunately this has been done. The old gentleman receives the execrations of the party, and thinks he shall go mad.

This is a good dramatic point. What shall he do? After tumbling and tossing about alone, on the sopha (which MATHEWS did very well, occasionally half stifling himself with one of the pillows) he sits up on the sudden, exulting in a happy thought, calls them all back, and setting the lawyer to work, makes a gift of all he possesses to the astonished widow. She refuses to receive it; he begs and prays, goes down on his knees, and hearing her say, that she would accept such an obligation from no man but a husband, proposes to marry her. She falls into tears at the memory of her beloved though mistaken husband. *Mr Meanwell* thinks, that as his friend is dead, it can do no harm to further the marriage proposal with another little white lie; and accordingly he is in the act of assuring her, that her husband did not care for her, and had lived with another woman, when he is indignantly clapped on the shoulder by the husband himself! The dead man, it seems, is not dead. This last blunder is speedily set to rights; and the piece is ended.

Mr WILKINSON has little to do, but what little he has, he does well, after his usual quaint fashion. He looks like a man made to hang his face sideways, and utter proverbs. Mr HEMMINGS is a useful actor at this house, not without perceptions of truth and nature, which he has hardly force enough to put into shape. It is a pity he cannot lower his shoulders a little. Miss M. GLOVER seems to improve somewhat upon her stiffness. Her countenance, though different from her mother's, is not without some of its good-natured expression; which makes us wish her well.

By the bye, the author of *Kind Intentions* is not aware of the real moral of his piece. He gives it as a lesson against "excess,"—all excess, he tells us, being bad, even in a virtue. There is a commonplace to this effect, which BACON has contradicted. The great philosopher tells us, that "in charity there can be no excess." However, we must not bring great philosophy in against a farce. But it may be as well to observe, that the real moral of *Kind Intentions* is against being in too great a hurry, and attempting to get out of difficulties by little falsehoods. These are useful morals to inculcate, especially the latter. Excess of kindness we may safely leave to do its worst.

— There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession that they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness.—*Steele.*

— No one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from labour or industry; those to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession, that they may not be as a burthen upon the species.—*Addison.*

— Credulity is the common failing of inexperienced virtue, and he who is spontaneously suspicious, may be justly charged with radical corruption.—*Johnson.*

— Turgot having enquired of M. Bièvre what he thought of the author of a pamphlet entitled, "The Inconvenience of Feudal Rights," he replied, "*C'est un fou, mais non pas un fou fieffé:*" which might mean, "He is a fool, but not an arrant fool;" or, "He is a fool, but a fool who has no fief."—*French Homonymes.*

HEAD-SHAKING INSTEAD OF ARGUMENT.—Many men, especially such as affect gravity, have a manner after other men's speech, to shake their heads. Sir Lionel Cranfield would say, "It was as men shake a bottle, to see if there was any wit in their head or no."—*Bacon's Apophthegms.* [We suspect that no very great reasoner ever gave into this practice; and that some intelligent persons, who do, would leave it off, if they knew what it implied. It is, in fact, an assumption of argument, in default of having any, and has the ungracefulness of a personal assumption besides. It is saying to another, "All which you *do* say, is not worth two-pence to what I *could* say;" thus pretending, that a lack of argument implies the possession of it, and *vice versa*. A strong reasoner, it is true, may hear a person talk absurdly, and think it not worth his while to answer him; but on the same account he will abstain from the gratuitous triumph of shaking his head.]

NEW VERSION OF THE SIXTY-SEVENTH PSALM.—A young lady in the West of England named Grace Lord, had from her great accomplishments become the object of attention to numerous suitors. The young lady constantly referred them to her father, who being of a whimsical temper as well as being much attached to the society of his daughter, for a long time gave no one a favourable reception. At length, a young man, who had remarked that the father was a humourist, after experiencing a refusal, addressed him in the following words, from the version of the 67th Psalm:

"Have mercy on me, *Lord*,
"And grant to me thy *Grace*."

The expedient succeeded: he obtained the young lady with the paternal consent.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A Grand Miscellaneous

SELECTION OF MUSIC.

From the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, C. M. Von Weber, Marschner, Lindpaintner, Rossini, Callcott, &c.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

PART I.

Grand Overture to 'Der Vampyr.' - H. Marschner.

Beethoven's Grand Chorus, 'Glory to God.'

The Solo parts by Miss BRUCE, Mr T. COOKE, Mr ROBINSON, and Mr PHILLIPS.

Recitative, Mr BRAHAM, 'Deeper and deeper still,' and Air, 'Waft her angels. (Jephtha). - - Handel.

Haydn's Grand Mottetto, 'The arm of the Lord.' (From the Oratorio of Judah.)

The Solo parts by Mrs BEDFORD, Miss RUSSELL, Mr T. COOKE, and Mr BEDFORD.

Air, Miss PATON, 'With verdure clad.' (Creation.) - - - - Haydn.

Eybler's Offertorium, 'O Lord be merciful.' The Solo part by Miss BYFELD.

Recit. and Air, Mr PHILLIPS, 'Angel of Life.' (Bassoon Obligato, Mr Godfrey.) Callcott.

Recit. and Air, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Angels ever Bright and Fair.' (Theodora.) Handel.

Grand Scene, Mr BRAHAM, 'The Battle of the Angels.' (Milton's Paradise Lost.) - - Bishop.

Air, Miss PEARSON, 'Wise Men Flattering.' (Judas Maccabeus.) Handel.

Air, Mr SINCLAIR, 'Lord Remember David.' - Handel.

From 'Mose in Egitto.'

Preghiera, Miss BYFELD, Mr T. COOKE, Mr ROBINSON, Mr PHILLIPS, and Chorus, 'O Thou whose Power Tremendous.' (Harp Obligato, Mr Chipp.) Rossini.

Air, Miss BRUCE, 'On mighty Joys.' - Haydn.

Grand Scene from the 'Creation.' - Haydn

Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'In splendour bright.' Chorus, 'The Heaven's are telling.'

The Solo parts by Miss BRUCE, Mr BRAHAM, and Mr PHILLIPS.

At the End of the First Part, a Fantasia on the Piano-forte, by Mrs ANDERSON.

PART II.

Grand Overture, 'Der Vampyr.' - - P. Lindpaintner.

Recit. and Air, Miss HUGHES, 'Tune your Harps.' - - Handel.

Ballad, Miss S. PHILLIPS, 'Come, smiling Hope.' - Auber.

Scena, Mr BRAHAM, 'Through the Forest.' (Der Freischutz.) C. M. Von Weber.

Irish Air, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Kate Kearney.'

Terzetto, Mr HORN, Mr T. COOKE, and Mr PHILLIPS, 'La mia Dorabella.' Cosi fan tutte. - - - Mozart.

Air, Miss PATON, 'Let the bright Seraphim.' (Trumpet Obligato, Mr Harper.) (Samson.) - - Handel.

Grand Selection from Rossini's 'Guillaume Tell.'

Chorus, 'Fair as a Bride.'

Quartet, Miss BYFELD, Miss RUSSELL, Mr SINCLAIR, and Mr PHILLIPS, 'The stream is softly flowing.'

Quintet, Miss HUGHES, Miss RUSSELL, Mr SINCLAIR, Mr BEDFORD, and Mr PHILLIPS, and Chorus, 'From the Hills to the Valley.'

Tyrolean Duet, Miss PEARSON and Miss RUSSELL, 'At close of Day.'

Duetto, Miss PATON and Mr SINCLAIR, 'Ricciardo che Veggo.' - - Rossini.

German Bacchanalian Song, [By Desire] Mr PHILLIPS, 'Im Herbst da Muss man trinken.' (Der Vampyr) - - Marschner.

Chorus, 'Awake the Harp.' - - Haydn.

PART III.

Grand Overture, 'Guillaume Tell.' - - Rossini.

Aria, Miss PATON, 'Di Piacer.' (La Gazza Ladra.) - - Rossini.

Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'The Bay of Biscay.'

New Glee, Mr ROBINSON, Mr T. COOKE, and Mr PHILLIPS, 'Here's a Health to the King and the Queen.' - - Bishop.

Scotch Ballad, Miss PEARSON, 'John Anderson my Jo.'

Air, Mr SINCLAIR, 'My Roses bloom in Winter.' - - A. Lee.

Glee, Miss PEARSON, Miss RUSSELL, Mr ROBINSON, Mr HORN, and Mr BEDFORD, 'O by Rivers.' - - Saville and Dr Wilson.

FINALE. 'Tu è Ver.' The Solos by the principal Singers. (La Clemenza di Tito.) - - - - - Mozart.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'Love at Limehouse.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS,

By Mr H. CHILDE, Inventor of the DISSOLVING VIEWS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of

WILLIAM TELL.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

Emma, Miss HUDDART. Anneli, Miss RUSSELL. Agnes, Miss FAUCIT.
Gesler, Mr H. WALLACK. Sarnem, Mr THOMPSON.
Struth, Mr W. BENNETT. Rodolph, Mr HOWARD.
Lufold, Mr HOWELL. Braun, Mr ROSS.
William Tell, Mr MACREADY.
Albert, Miss POOLE. Melchtal, Mr YOUNGE. Erni, Mr CATHIE.
Furst, Mr FENTON. Verner, Mr COOKE. Waldman, Mr HUGHES.
Michael, Mr COOPER. Jagheli, Mr J. VINING.
Pierre, Mr EATON. Theodore, Mr HONNER.
Savoyards—Miss CRAWFORD, Mr PRICE, and Mr S. JONES.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell," and Weber' Overture to "Der Freischutz."

After which will be Exhibited the New and Splendid DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To conclude with a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called

THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.

[Adapted to the English Stage, by A. LEE.]

Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs Orger. Zerlina, Mrs Waylett.

The Concerted Music, by Misses Byfeld, Bruce, S. Phillips, Russell, and Mrs Bedford.

Fra Diavolo, Mr Wallack. Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr Harley.
Lorenzo, Mr Sinclair. Lucro, Mr Webster.
Banditti—Beppo, Mr Latham. Giacomo, Mr Bedford. 1st Carabineer, Mr Bland.
Postilion, Mr Honner. Francisco, Mr Eaton.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Mrs BROWN.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
Borachio, Mr BAKER. Conrad, Mr HOLL. Balthazar, Mr HENRY.
Sexton, Mr BARNES. Seacoal, Mr MEARS.
Oatcake, Mr TURNOUR. Lorenzo, Mr IRWIN.

In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

Previous to the Comedy, Mozart's Overture to "Der Schauspieldirector."

After which a New Petite Comedy, called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr POWER.]

The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.

Duchess D'Orleans, Miss Lawrence. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss Taylor.
Lady Ascot, Mrs Chatterley. Annette, Miss Phillips.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr Abbott. Marquis de Meneville, Mr Bartley.
Sir John Ascot, Mr Warde. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr Power. Pierre, Mr Irwin.
Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with the Farce of

THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

[By Mr TAIN.]

Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Fayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Ledger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Rooney, Mr Power.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs Yates. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone. Miles Barnard, Mr Yates.
Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings. Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. Reeve.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—A Day at an Inn—The Black Forest.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck—A Divertissement—The Farmer.

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Nº 151.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems, chiefly Lyrical. By Alfred Tennyson. 12mo. pp. 154. Effingham Wilson.

Stanzis and Fugitive Pieces. By Charles Tennyson, Trin. Coll. 12mo. pp. 88. Richardson.

[Continued from No. 149.]

It is the greater pleasure to us to meet with poetry that we can praise, inasmuch as our standard being high, and very few likely to come up to it, we have sometimes books sent to us, to which we can measure out no approbation worth having: the consequence of which is, that we are perplexed between the impossibility of saying anything, and the discourteous appearance of our silence towards the author; especially if (as sometimes happens to be the case) he is the person who sends us the work. We can then only hope, that his amiableness is equal to the other graceful turn of his mind, which has induced him to write verses (for all love of verse is a grace); and that we shall not have made an enemy of him, for hazarding his ill opinion in order to spare his feelings. As to "cutting up" books, except in answer to cuttings up, and where our warfare is open and avowed (and even then it is a task which reflection would willingly dispense with), we have no pleasure in it. It is a bad pleasure and an unjust profit; and ends with hurting the nature both of critic and reader. It is no crime to write an indifferent book, nor can any harm come of it, unless superfluous notoriety and vexation be given to the author. And the reputation and utility of the periodical that indulges in the practice is ultimately hurt by it. Its pages are filled with matter, the zest of which becomes obsolete; so that a reader who takes up the volume, meets with heaps of extracts that are not worth preserving, and a spirit of animadversion upon them that disgusts him with its unseasonable levity,—the echo of laughter a year old, which was not worth much at the time, and becomes revolting in thus revisiting us from a distance. One of the great objects of the literary notices of the Tatler, is to supply the reader with a succession of passages from new publications, interesting either by their subject or their execution, and likely to remain so: by which means the volumes will be rendered worth something during a lapse of years, and nobody will dip into them at random, without being pretty certain of finding extracts worth reading.

So to return to our pleasant task. The poem we next come to, of Mr Alfred Tennyson's (with whose volume we are still occupied) is a very striking one, entitled, *Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not in unity with itself.* It is such as Crashaw might have written in a moment of scepticism, had he possessed vigour enough. Or Andrew Marvel might have written it, when he was midway between his early opinions and his later. We quote from it some lines on the state of infancy, in order that they may precede some others touching a lamb, a very infant personage, and one that requires a nice consideration of the difference between his face and the human aspect, to render the short work made of his life endurable:—

'Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee!
Who lets his waxen fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.
They comfort him by night and day,
They light his little life alway;
He hath no thought of coming woes;
He hath no care of life or death;
Scarce outward signs of joy arise,
Because the Spirit of happiness
And perfect rest so inward is.'

The picture of the slaughtered lamb must be introduced by that of the ox, whom we seem to hear upon a noon in August.

'The ox
Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills
The hornéd valleys all about,
And hollows of the fringed hills
In summerheats, with placid lows
Unfearing, till his own blood flows
About his hoof. And in the flocks
The lamb rejoiceth in the year,
And raceth freely with his fere,
And answers to his mother's calls
From the flowered furrow. In a time
Of which he wots not, run short pains
Through his warm heart; and then, from whence
He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow; and his native slope,
Where he was wont to leap and climb,
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forehead earthward, and he dies.'

The lines entitled the *Burial of Love*, especially in the one containing the classical superlative,

'With languor of most hateful smiles,'

remind us of Mr Shelley; except that there is talk in it of Love having his "revenge." Mr Shelley, for what may be called the material creation of a poem, had not so severe and discriminating a taste of nature as Mr Keats; but no man surpassed, perhaps ever equalled him, in a point which it is to be wished poets would more attend to; we mean, in the rejection of all incompatible moral assumptions, and figments not to be granted.

The burden of the first *Owl-song* is very good and wondrous;—

'Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.'

The *Recollections of the Arabian Nights* highly disappointed us.

'High-walled gardens, green and old,'

are good, and so is the luxury of some of the stanzas; but there should have been more flesh and blood in them, and vicissitude, and magic. And "*good* Haroun Alraschid" will hardly be thought to deserve his epithet, even by the youngest of our brother Arabian Night readers.

The following passage in an *Ode to Memory* shews a taste for nature singularly true and masterly, to have been written "very early in life."

'Pour round mine years the livelong bleat
Of the thickfleecéd sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridgéd wolds,
When the first matinsong hath wakéd loud
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a lowhung cloud.'

The poem, entitled *A Character*, the whole of which we lay before the reader, is surely one of the latest of the author's productions. At any rate, it shows a subtle apprehension of the natures he meets with. We could not but fancy, when we read it, that we had seen the individual it describes, and heard him talk within his marble circle.

A CHARACTER.

I.

'With a half glance upon the sky
At night he said, "The wanderings
Of this most intricate universe
Teach me the nothingness of things."
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

II.

He spake of beauty: that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,
He smoothed his chin and sleeked his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

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III.

He spake of virtue: not the gods
More purely, when they wish to charm
Pallas and Juno sitting by:
And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lacklustre deadblue eye,
Devolved his rounded periods.

IV.

Most delicately, hour by hour,
He canvassed human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power.

V.

With lips depressed as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold:
Upon himself himself did feed:
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chiselled features clear and sleek.

In the compositions entitled *The Poet*, *The Poet's Mind*, and *The Mystic*, we cannot but think that we see allusions to other individuals. The applicability is at all events remarkable, and need not be pointed out to those who have been let into the interior of poetical reading. In *The Mystic* is a sublime line:

'He, often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night.'

From the first of these three poems, which is

'In linked sweetness long drawn out'—

we are tempted to quote largely, but cannot do it at present. We must give, however, the first stanza.

'The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above,
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.'

How fitly these words fall in, and with what a beautiful decision! We must quote a little further:—

'He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,
Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded
The secret'st walks of fame.
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And winged with flame,
Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue.

If this and the rest *(which see)* is not a portrait of Mr Shelley, then the deities of Mythology are not known by their symbols.

If Mr Keats had seen the next composition, *The Poet's Mind*, he would have felt it as a magic circle, drawn round him to repulse the assaults of worldliness and folly. The image of the enchanted fountain on the lawn, and its shrinking into the ground at the aspect of foul intruder, is a beautiful fancy.

The little poem entitled *Nothing will Die*, is justly followed by *All Things will Die*. It wanted that relief. And yet Death in the latter is not welcome. He strikes us into the most melancholy of negations. Here follows a most affecting picture of a dead body, well entitled

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

'Life and thought have gone away,
Side by side,
Leaving doors and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.'

Close the doors, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merrymaking sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!'

The *Tears of Heaven* is a conceit, not founded in natural, and therefore not in poetical truth. *Love and Sorrow* is a pleasanter one, more wilfully artificial, yet better grounded. The author must have been reading Donne, when he wrote it. It might pass for a leaf out of his book.

'Thou art my heart's sun in love's chrystalline:
Yet on both sides at once thou canst not shine:
Thine is the bright side of my heart, and thine
My heart's day; but the shadow of my heart,
Issue of its own substance, my heart's night,
Thou canst not lighten even with thy light,' &c.

This is the very Analogical Doctor' come back again. In the *Ballad of Oriana*, the name seems too often repeated. We hold the *National Song* to be naught, and are therefore glad that it may be considered no longer national; which is a "preferment" for this and all other nations. Our author has the universal and loving eye of a true poet, and must not condescend to pretend otherwise.

But we must escape from the rest of his book; otherwise we shall be quoting the poem on *Love*, and the *Kraken*, and the *Sonnet to J. M. K.*; and the printer will be coming down upon us with a face of pathetic impossibility.

On Tuesday we shall have the pleasure of bringing our readers acquainted with the volume of Mr Charles Tennyson.

WRITINGS OF MR HAZLITT.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—For the information of Mr Cunningham, and those of his readers who may partake of his ignorance of the writings of the man, I send you a list (so far as my memory serves me) of the works of the late Mr Hazlitt. For Mr C. to designate him as "an acute and lively writer on *theatrical subjects*," reminds one of the man who knew Sir Isaac Newton only as *Master of the Mint*. You have answered Mr Cunningham most properly: besides which, you might have added, that in matters connected with art *(Mr C.'s own ground)* Hazlitt has written with a gusto and knowledge, that the biographer of the Painters of England can never hope to attain: for he was himself a fine artist; and had he but had faith in his own powers, with less impetuosity, he would have become a great one.

Your sincere well-wisher. C.

An English Grammar. 1 vol.
An Essay on the Disinterestedness of Human Action. 1 vol.
Eloquence of the British Senate; with Critical Remarks upon the Orators. 2 vols.
Table-Talk; a Collection of Essays. 2 vols.
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Characteristics, in the manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims. 1 vol.
The Picture Galleries of England. 1 vol.
The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte (his last work). 4 vols.

I do not include his Letter to Gifford; or his 'Conversations of Northcote;' or the 'Life of Titian' by the same Artist, and which Hazlitt superintended.

Game Laws and Orthodoxy.—Monsieur de Chabriant stopped the Prince of Conti (going to mass) to request his orders relative to a poacher just apprehended. "A hundred blows and three months' imprisonment," said the Prince, and then pursued his way with the most tranquil air possible. What a transition, from the barbarous punishment of the poacher, to the altar of a mild and beneficent Saviour!—*Madame de Genlis.*—[If this is not making *game* of religion we know not what is. Who is to wonder, that such hard-hearted tyrants underwent a dreadful retribution?]

Vows fulfilled in Miniature.—The priests are generally very active in obtaining rich bequests from their dying penitents, but now and then they are paid in their own coin. An instance of this kind has just come to our knowledge, at which I confess I am wicked enough to laugh very heartily:—A sick gentleman of considerable property thinking himself at the last extremity, called in two of these reverend advisers, who persuaded him, during a violent paroxysm of pain, to vow a pair of silver candlesticks to St Antonio (their patron) in case he should recover. Shortly afterwards he got well, and was duly reminded of his promise. "Certainly," said he, "it is already fulfilled;—it was the first step I took on recovering my health: look here." Then, leading them to a table, he pointed out a pair of silver candlesticks, about two inches in height, and not thicker than a straw, which were placed before a miniature of St Antonio, which he himself possessed.—*Baillie's Lisbon in* 1821, *&c.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Selection of Music.

DRURY-LANE.

THERE is so much inequality in the best *Oratorios*, or *Selections of Music*, sometimes even in the best pieces themselves, and always among the singers,—and the best singers, to say the truth, so often fail in coming up to the beauty of the finest passages,—that we find an act or so of the entertainment quite enough for one evening. If we sat longer, neither critic nor reader would be the better for it,—

Sleepy ourselves, to give our readers sleep.

If all the compositions were as fine as 'In splendour bright,' or 'La Mia Dorabella,' and all the executions of them as much to the purpose as Mr BRAHAM'S and Mr PHILLIPS'S, in those two, we know not how long we should be tempted to stop: but in that case, we suppose, pleasure would perform the effect of dullness, and set us to sleep at the end. Music acts upon the senses more than any other art, and produces the natural consequences of over-excitement. We could never sit out an opera, even of MOZART'S, the least unequal of all composers, without being tired before it was over.

Mr BRAHAM was very fine last night in the scene from the *Creation*, containing the above recitative, 'In splendour bright.' And a beautiful *scene* it is,—truly so called. You behold the sun rising in his strength, and see the rays in the music. HAYDN has hit this point to a nicety. The long, thin, sharp, trembling extatic notes, growing and diffusing themselves, seem radiant at once with splendour and harmony; nor would a Platonical, or even an experimental philosopher, fail to tell us, perhaps, that there was more in the identity than we supposed, light and music being equally traceable to vibrations of the air, and colour having a scale analogous to the gamut. But we must not be carried away by these refinements. It may be a less hazardous one to observe, that if HAYDN is sometimes too literal in his musical pictures (as when he makes his horses gallop, and his "healing plant" go wrapping you about like a bandage) his literalities, curiously enough, suit his grandest occasions the best. We like to hear him make his light grow, and see him lift up the orb of his sun; whereas the other illustrations are offensive. We take the reason to be, that we feel as if nothing too much could be done to subserve to the images of things so exalted (Nature in her greatest moods knowing no distinction of littleness); while on the other hand, the imitation of a horse's gallop is an easy trick, and a condescension.

The ballad of 'Kate Kearney' comes rather oddly among the science and grandeurs of these Oratorio Selections; somewhat like a peasant-girl brought into fine company. But it is not vulgar, as some might suppose it. It is as much the reverse as nature and real feeling can make it; and Mrs WAYLETT sang it very sweetly too, and with great applause. She was encored. Her notes, without much richness, are neat and clear; and she modulates them, at the close, into a cadence of extreme delicacy and softness.

We had the pleasure of helping MOZART'S delightful trio, 'La Mia Dorabella, to an encore, notwithstanding the opposition of some profane persons, one or two of whom were so abandoned to a reprobate non-perception, as to hiss! It was sung by Messrs HORN, T. COOKE, and PHILLIPS,—by the last admirably. We take this opportunity of doing away all that we have hitherto said in doubt of him. We certainly never heard him sing so completely to the purpose before; but seeing what he can do, we can now have no doubt of his having done many things as well. His inability to help laughing, on the words 'Mi fa di ridere,' was admirably given; and so indeed was all the rest of his part: and we thought that the fatness of sound, which is sometimes too perceptible in his throat, was altogether sensibly diminished. Perhaps he has indulged it, as thinking it rich and of good effect: but the more clearly the voice comes from the chest, surely it is the better. Messrs HORN and T. COOKE joined with good proper heartiness in the choral laugh. Mr HORN would do well to give more openness to his Italian vowels. A, in Italian, is not the English A, afraid of opening his mouth, for fear of the coldness of the atmosphere; but a fine broad happy fellow, loud in the sunshine.

We stopped to hear Miss PATON sing 'Let the Bright Seraphim,' with Mr HARPER'S Trumpet Obligato. The lady (though we missed a due degree of power) sang well, and Mr HARPER'S trumpet 'spake' well;* but has HANDEL composed such words to a solitary trumpet, and an occasional second one, with a viol or two?

'Let the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow.'

These are the words. Can such, however fine, be the music? We have not the music book to refer to. Where are the 'loud trumpets?' and where the 'burning row.?' The more the singer desired the seraphim to begin, the more they seemed to refuse; and to those who thought of the words, Mr HARPER'S trumpet, with all its beauty, had an affect the reverse of exalting.

* 'The trumpet spake not to the armed throng.'—*Milton.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

— Not to laugh when nature prompts, is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's face.—*Pope.*

— The man who scruples not breaking his word in little things, would not suffer in his own conscience so great pain for failures of consequence, as he who thinks every little offence against truth and justice a disparagement.—*Steele.*

— It is the duty of every man who would be true to himself, to obtain if possible a disposition to be pleased.—*Steele*

— A man selling a horse, said "*Ce cheval boit et mange bien. Faites le voir, je le garantis sans defaut.*" (This horse eats and drinks well. See him, I warrant him free from fault.) But some of these words would bear a different interpretation. The horse proved blind, and the purchaser wished to make the dealer take him back again. "You cannot do that," said he, "for I warned you of his blindness, when I said, "*Faites le voir.* (Make him see.)—*French Homonymes.*

A RIVER FOR DR. KITCHENER.—At one of the seats of a Portuguese family, not far from Coimbra, the kitchen is very curious and remarkable, not only for its dimensions and the superb manner in which it is appointed, but from a river which flows through the midst of it, from which it is the practice of the cooks to catch the fish as it is wanted for use.—*Baillie's Lisbon in* 1821, *&c.*

LISBON ETIQUETTE.—In Lisbon every master has an arrangement with his servants relative to the arrival of the guests; if a carriage with one gentleman in it appears in the court-yard, the porter rings a sonorous bell *once*, the master hears it, but perhaps does not rise from his seat, as it announces only the arrival of an individual, who is not considered to be a man of any particular consequence; if the bell sounds *twice*, he will generally rise, for this means that a grandee is coming; but when the warning stroke is *thrice* repeated, he always leaves the room to meet the visitor at the door of the house, for then it is a lady who arrives.—*Baillie's Lisbon in* 1821, *&c.*

FRENCH CLASSICALITY UNDER THE OLD REGIME.—Madam de Genlis relates that on one occasion her mother gave a grand theatrical *fête à la Française*, to welcome her husband's return into the country from Paris. The play was Racine's *Iphigenia*. All the chambermaids were put into requisition, "My mother was Clytemnestra, and I was Iphigenia. Dr Piriot took the part of Agamennon, and his son, aged 18, was prodigiously applauded as the fiery Achilles; and in truth he was fiery enough. My dress (in the prologue) was rose-colour under point-lace, ornamented with little artificial flowers of all colours; it reached only to my knee, and I had little boots, straw colour and silver, my long hair flowing, and azure wings. My dress as Iphigenia, *over a large hoop*, was of China silk, cherry colour and silver, trimmed with sables. As my mother had no diamonds, she ordered a prodigious quantity of false stones, to complete our magnificent dresses." Iphigenia, with a cherry-coloured silk over a large hoop!

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.

[By CIMAROSA.]

Principal Characters by Madame SIGL VESPERMANN, Miss FANNY AYTON, Signor DAVID, Mr E. SEGUIN, and Signor LABLACHE.

After which, a Favorite Ballet, in One Act, entitled

ŒNONE ET PARIS.

[By M. GARDEL.]

The Principal Characters by Madame Montessu, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. De Vis, and Mlle. Brocard, Mesdames J. Mersie, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, &c. M. Paul, M. Emile, M. Simon, M. Edouard, M. George, M. D'Albert, and M. LEFEBVRE.

With an efficient and numerous Corps de Ballet.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of

WILLIAM TELL.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

Emma, Miss HUDDART. Anneli, Miss RUSSELL. Agnes, Miss FAUCIT.
Gesler, Mr H. WALLACK. Sarnem, Mr THOMPSON.
Struth, Mr W. BENNETT. Rodolph, Mr HOWARD.
Lufold, Mr HOWELL. Brann, Mr ROSS.
William Tell, Mr MACREADY.
Albert, Miss POOLE. Melchtal, Mr YOUNGE. Erni, Mr CATHIE.
Furst, Mr FENTON. Verner, Mr COOKE. Waldman, Mr HUGHES.
Michael, Mr COOPER. Jagheli, Mr J. VINING.
Pierre, Mr EATON. Theodore, Mr HONNER.
Savoyards—Miss CRAWFORD, Mr PRICE, and Mr S. JONES.

In the course of the Evening, Spontini's Overture to 'Ferdinand Cortez,' and Winter's Overture to 'Maria di Montalban,' and Auber's Overture to 'Fra Diavolo.'

After which will be Exhibited the New and Splendid

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Borromean Islands.

To conclude with a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called

THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.

[Adapted to the English Stage, by A. LEE.]

Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs Orger. Zerlina, Mrs Waylett.
The Concerted Music, by Misses Byfield, Bruce, S. Phillips, Russell, and Mrs Bedford.
Fra Diavolo, Mr Wallack. Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr Harley.
Lorenzo, Mr Sinclair. Lucro, Mr Webster.
Banditti—Beppo, Mr Latham. Giacomo, Mr Bedford. 1st Carabineer, Mr Bland.
Postilion, Mr Honner. Francisco, Mr Eaton.

On Monday, Brutus; Perfection; and Masaniello.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Mrs BROWN.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
Borachio, Mr BAKER. Conrad, Mr HOLL. Balthazar, Mr HENRY.
Sexton, Mr BARNES. Seacoal, Mr MEARS.
Oatcake, Mr TURNOUR. Lorenzo, Mr IRWIN.

In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

Previous to the Comedy, Mozart's Overture to "Der Schauspieldirector."
Previous to 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.
Previous to the 'Omnibus,' A. Romberg's Overture to "Scipio."

After which a New Petite Comedy, called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr POWER.]

The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.

Duchess D'Orleans, Miss Lawrence. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss Taylor.
Lady Ascot, Mrs Chatterley. Annette, Miss Phillips.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr Abbott. Marquis de Meneville, Mr Bartley.
Sir John Ascot, Mr Warde. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr Power. Pierre, Mr Irwin.
Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with the Farce of

THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

[By Mr TAIN.]

Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Ledger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Rooney, Mr Power.

On Monday, Fazio; Married Lovers; and Comrades and Friends.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs Yates. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone. Miles Barnard, Mr Yates.
Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings. Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. Reeve.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss STUART. Fanny, Miss PINCOTT.
Ellen, Miss KABREY. Miss Bramble's Maid, Miss BERRESFORD.
Frank Hartley, Mr RAYMOND. Thomas, Mr COOPER.
Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr COATES.
Police Officer, Mr WORRELL. Shopmen, Messrs YOUNG and HITCHINSON.

After which, an entirely new Burletta, in One Act, called

DUKE FOR A DAY.

The principal part of the Music adapted from Boieldieu's Opera of 'Le Nouveau Seigneur.'

Aline, Miss Sidney. The Duke de Valmont, Mr Hodges. Julian, Madame Vestris.
The Seneschal, Mr W. Vining. Antoine, Mr Newcombe.
Blaize, Mr Cooper. Jerome, Mr Worrell. Servants, Retainers, &c.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in One Act, called

TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

The Characters by Miss Fitzwalter, Miss Pincott, Miss Kabrey, Mr Fredericks, Mr Collier, Mr Cooper, Mr Worrel, Mr Paget, Mr Cook, Mr Brown, and Mr Coates.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master P. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

The Spanish Hercules, Monsieur Louis VALLI, will go through his Gymnastic Exercises.

To conclude with an entirely new Nautical Melo-Drama, to be called

THE WATER WITCH.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss M. C. Poole, Mr Osbaldiston, Mr Williams, Mr Vale, Mr Honner, Mr Rogers, Mr Ransford, Messrs Hobbs, Boulanger, Grammer, Woolf, Tully, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER, Miss SINCLAIR, Miss GARRICK, Miss STOHWASSER, Miss WELLS, Miss LAWS, Mr SMITH, Mr TILBURY, Mr MUNROE, Mr BARNETT, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a Farcical Entertainment, entitled

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

The Music, by Mr Harroway.

The Characters by Mrs Humby, Miss Wells, Miss Garrick, Miss Stohwasser, Miss Brothers, Mrs Garrick, and Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, the admired Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music, by Mr G. Cooke.

The Characters by Mrs Glover, Miss Wells, Miss Ayres, and Mr Forrester.

A DIVERTISEMENT, by Mr Edgar, and the Corps de Ballet, terminating with THE LOYAL TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN.

To conclude with A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

TACT.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.

The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr J. Russell, Mr Forrester, Mr Green, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, and Mr J. Conquest.

In the course of the Evening, (2nd time in this Country) F. Schneider's Triumphal Overture in honour of the King of England, and Weber's Overture to 'Euryanthe.'

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—A Day at an Inn—The Black Forest.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck—A Divertisement—The Farmer.

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Nº 152.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE EXTRAORDINARY BLACK BOOK: *an Exposition of the United Church of England and Ireland; Civil List and Crown Revenues; Incomes, Privileges, and Power, of the Aristocracy; Privy Council, Diplomatic and Consular Establishments; Law and Judicial Administration; Representation and Prospects of Reform under the New Ministry; Profits, Influence, and Monopoly of the Bank of England and East India Company, with Strictures on the Renewal of the Charters; Debt and Funding System; Salaries, Fees, and Emoluments in Courts of Justice, Public Offices, and Colonies; Lists of Pluralists, Placemen, Pensioners, and Sinecurists: the whole corrected from the latest Official Returns, and presenting a complete View of the Expenditure, Patronage, Influence, and Abuses of the Government, in Church, State, Law, and Representation. By the original Editor.* 8vo. pp. 576. Effingham Wilson.

[The introduction to this article has unfortunately been mislaid in the printing-office. The extract supplies an interesting account of French and English Constituency, and of the various descriptions of Boroughs.]

'THE boroughs which return members are of three sorts; first, the close, pocket, or marketable boroughs, in which the power of returning the members is exercised by one or two individuals; secondly, the corporation boroughs, in which the members are returned by a dozen or two of self-elected corporators; thirdly, the open boroughs, in which the members are returned by voters, varying in number from 500 to 8 or 10,000.

'Although the number of voters in the several descriptions of boroughs is so different, there are in fact, with the exception of London, and perhaps one or two more places, only two mediums through which the members obtain their seats; namely, from personal connection with the patron, and open or indirect purchase by money or money's worth. In this consists the glaring and unequal defect of our representative system, and which renders it immeasurably inferior to that of a neighbouring kingdom.

'In France the number of electors amounts to 80,000; the new law proposes to double this number, which is much too narrow a basis long to satisfy the people of that country. In England, the number of electors who *actually* voted for members of the House of Commons, in 1830, has been calculated to amount to 87,000, which is rather more than the number of Electors in France; but mark the difference in the two systems of representation. What class, interest, or section of society do the English electors represent? None: not a single social element, either of property, number, or intelligence. For the most part they are in the lowest state of indigence, non-resident, and the hireling tools of the candidates. Contrast these with the conditions under which the French constituency exercise their suffrages. First, the BALLOT excludes corruption and intimidation; and every elector, according to his judgment, may be supposed to vote for the man best qualified to advance the general interests: he can have no other motive; his only grounds for preferring one person to another must be public, not personal to himself, like those of the English elector. Secondly, the French electors comprise nearly the entire proprietary and intelligence of the community; they consist of householders, retailors, shop-keepers, and of the classes more opulent than these: hence they embody, either directly or through dependence on the working classes, the chief interests of the community.

'But these are not the only points of contrast between the two countries: in France there is no richly-endowed Church nor Aristocracy to make head against; there are no interests like the Bank, or East India Company, or West India planters, or brewers, or old chartered corporations, to counterpoise. The constitution of society is essentially *democratic*; there is no monied aristocracy, nor landed interest: having no primogeniture or entail laws, property is more equally divided. Hence it is that a much smaller body of electors in France would adequately represent and sustain the interests of the community than would be adequate to similar purposes in England: for it must be borne in mind, that the excellence of any system of representation does not consist in the number of voters, but in the unbiassed and incorrupt exercise of their suffrages, and in their being sufficiently numerous to touch on, and constitute a fair and aliquot proportion of every social interest.

'After duly considering the points we have indicated, the reader will not be at a loss to account for the different results presented in the history of the French Chamber of Deputies and the English House of Commons, though both deriving their origin from an elective basis of similar extent, but differently constituted, differentferently exercised, and with widely different interests to contend against. To these discrepances in the two countries we have thought it expedient to advert, because it is highly probable that reference would be made to the limited constitution of France, as an argument for a contracted plan of Parliamentary Reform, which would be neither suited to the peculiarities of our domestic organization, nor adequate to meet the just expectation of the people.'

'Let us now return to the boroughs; and, first, of the absolutely rotten ones, such as the following, out of scores more, present an example:

	Population.
Old Sarum	about 6
Bramber	98
Gatton	135
Newton	about 200
St Michael's	178
Castle Rising	254
Berealston	about 200
Dunwich	about 200
St Mawes	about 300
Ludgershall	477
East Looe	770
Corfe Castle	823
Bossiney	877
West Looe	953

'These, no doubt, were formerly the metropolitan towns of the country, the hives of industry and population, which have exchanged condition with Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool. The population mentioned above is generally that of the entire *parish*; the borough which exercises the right of returning the two members being seldom more than a few miserable huts. There is in all these cases but one real voter, the patron, who is generally the Lord of the Manor; in some instances, as Gatton and Old Sarum, there are literally no inhabitants beyond the bailiff or steward of the estate; and in others, though the population may amount to a few hundreds, the nominal voters seldom exceed twenty,—creatures of the proprietor.

'About disfranchising such places there cannot exist the smallest hesitation; such ghosts and mockeries of towns and cities ought long ago to have been struck out of the national representation, which has been the case with others that formerly sent members to parliament. But it is alleged by some, the proprietors—usurpers or robbers would be a more appropriate term—ought first to receive *compensation*. A borough is reckoned to produce its owner about 3,000*l*. a year, the seats being worth 1,500*l*. per annum. About 60,000*l*. therefore, might be the value of the franchise to the patron. And at this rate it is proposed to buy up, out of the produce of the taxes, all the decayed boroughs in the kingdom.

'What a suggestion! The Boroughmongers have been realizing three thousand per annum by the exercise of the franchises of the people; from the same cause, they and their families and connexions have long been in the annual receipt of immense sums, in pensions, salaries, and sinecures; and now they wish to sell the fee simple of their robberies, and receive a full equivalent for the plunder they may hereafter lose by the interruption of their depredations. In lieu of compensation, ought they not to *refund?* What compensation did the thieves and cut-purses of the metropolis receive for the losses sustained by the introduction of the new police? To buy the boroughs—the people's rights, would be to consecrate the vilest injustice, and quite as pernicious in principle as the ancient black mail, or compounding with the purloiners of bankers' parcels.

'What compensation has any other class of society received for losses sustained by the progress of social improvement? Here is a great measure of national reform about to be introduced, and certain individuals will be damnified thereby. Very well; similar vicissitudes have befallen other sections of the community, and what compensation have they received? What compensation has been awarded to the hundreds of thousands plunged in distress and penury by the introduction of machinery? What compensation has been awarded to the sufferers by the Bank Restriction Act, and the restoration of the currency? What compensation have the publicans obtained for losses incurred by the opening of the beer trade? What compensation has the poor Irish peasantry received, ejected from their homes under the operation of the Subletting Act? None, none; neither would we grant any compensation to the rotocracy. We would award to them the same act of grace and mercy that we would award the West-India slave-holders, they should

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have a bill of *indemnity for past crimes*, and they ought to be truly thankful for it.

'Next, let us advert to the CORPORATION BOROUGHS, in which the franchise is monopolized by a small corporation, consisting generally of less than twenty-four persons. Many of these corporations have become possessed of the elective right to the exclusion of the great bulk of their fellow townsmen, by nothing less than direct usurpation. In the time of Charles II, when a design to establish despotism was entertained, the rights of these towns were taken away by a manœuvre. A book was written by Dr Brady, to prove that the word *commonality* in a charter, meant *corporation*; and in pursuance of this new doctrine, the committees of the House of Commons, in the course of about twenty years, deprived the inhabitants of a great number of boroughs of their elective rights, limiting them to the select corporation in each town.

'As the members of such corporations were generally tradesmen of the place, they have been easily subdued by the influence of a neighbouring peer, or wealthy commoner, upon whose support they depended. Friends and relatives, in some cases persons in the lowest condition of life, and even menial servants have been elected members of such corporations; and these have, in their turn, elected other creatures of their patron, to succeed to vacant places. There are many corporations of this kind which appear to have been instituted as a convenient machinery, by which the elective interest of a patron might be securely managed; the greater number of their members residing at a distance, and visiting the place only to make members of Parliament. When the right is vested in freemen, chosen by these corporations, the case is very little altered; as the freedom is seldom conferred upon any individual on whose support the influential party cannot depend. Even plain right has often been arbitrarily denied; and should the favoured persons incline to change their opinions a host of freemen are admitted on the spur of the occasion to counterbalance their number. Where the right of election has extended beyond these narrow limits to the inhabitants paying scot and lot, the right of persons unfavourable to the influential party has been successfully defeated by omitting to rate them to the parish taxes, and friendly magistrates have been found to sanction the omission, though the rejected persons formed the most wealthy portion of the parish. Attempts have been made from time to time to open these boroughs, by petitioning the house of Commons, but the enormous expense of the prosecution of a petition, places redress out of the reach of poor persons.

'In dealing with these little nests of corruption, there can certainly exist as little hesitation, as in blotting out of the representation the pocket boroughs of peers and rich commoners. The elective franchise ought to be *restored* to the inhabitants generally, and the same course ought to be pursued in respect to those boroughs in themselves populous, but in which the franchise is absurdly confined to the holders of BURGAGE TENURES, mostly few in number, but conferring the only right of voting that exists in the place.

'In very early times, all the burgesses who held houses or lands within the borough were entitled to vote. This has been gradually abridged under various pretexts, but chiefly through parliamentary decisions, and the intrigues of corporations. As the right of sending representatives has been for some centuries regarded as an immunity, it has been restricted to the ancient limits of the place which originally enjoyed it; these limits being often very narrow, wealthy individuals easily acquired the entire real property of the borough; and if the suffrage was confined to burgage-holds, controlled the exercise of it, by conferring on their friends, relatives, and dependents, the right of property during the election. All such boroughs must necessarily be included in the condemned list, and be either totally disfranchised, or the franchise spread over a wider basis.

'The last class of boroughs is, those termed "OPEN," such as Bristol and Liverpool. These are, assuredly, the vilest parts of our representation, exhibiting, every election, the most revolting spectacles of venality, drunkenness, riot, and licentiousness. Money is the chief influence, and expended in every possible form of bribery —in treating, in buying freedoms, in idle pageantry, in the fees of legal agents,—in the conveyance of voters from distant places, in maintaining them while absent, and reconveying them to their homes with the profits of their bartered franchises. There are not half a dozen places in the kingdom, where an honest man, of known competency and character, can hope to be successful in a contest with a man who will expend a fortune to succeed. Thus it is that rich men, or men who are likely to have places and offices to dispose of, are mostly returned for those places; and it is observable, that the open boroughs have returned a smaller proportion of members, than any other class, distinguished for probity, intelligence, and devotion to popular rights.

'The original intent of the charters given to the cities and boroughs of England cannot be mistaken. Unquestionably it was meant that the inhabitants of the places so chartered should elect for themselves representatives in parliament. It was not, however, intended that this should be done by any indiscriminate scheme of representation; because the franchise is always found to be vested in some definite class,—in the *freemen*, or the *free burgesses*, or the *free barons*,—clearly shewing that the vassal, menial, or vagrant should not be eligible to the exercise of the elective function; therefore, it was stipulated that the elector should have acquired his freedom, which generally rendered a certain servitude necessary, and ensured his being an inhabitant, and really interested in the prosperity of the town.

'Circumstances have intervened to defeat entirely the spirit and intent of this arrangement. The intelligent and independent part of the population of open boroughs are mostly ineligible to vote, while the franchise is exercised almost exclusively by the non-residents, by the illiterate, the destitute and profligate, whom the accident of birth, servitude or marriage has qualified. Dispersed throughout the kingdom, the electors have often no subsisting connection with the place in respect of which they vote, except that which enables them to take a drunken journey thither whenever they can wind up some unhappy "third man," to the perilous determination "of giving every freeman an opportunity of exercising his franchise."

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

AN AUKWARD MISTAKE.—A reverend father confessor was one day gravely seated in his confesional, listening to the peccadilloes of a poor negress, whose chief failing was that of drunkenness. She was rather prolix, the confessor took the opportunity of going very comfortably to sleep, secure in his snug retreat, of not being observed by any prying or profane eye. The negress having ceased to speak, and waited a considerable time, in the hope of receiving absolution, at last concluded that the holy father was too much shocked at her enormities to speak, and, with a deep sigh, she quietly withdrew. At the same moment the young and handsome wife of one of the richest merchants in the country took possession of the vacant space, and began to confess her sins to the same worthy auditor; when the latter suddenly awoke, and supposing the negress to be still at the grate, commenced a severe reprimand upon the subject of her drunken propensities: nothing could equal the indignation of the Senhora: conceiving herself to be the person really addressed, she launched forth in the most outrageous manner, venting her wrath at what she called the infamous calumnies of the priest, in language too gross to repeat. —*Mrs Baillies's Lisbon in* 1821, *&c.* [The coarseness of the lady's language might excite a suspicion that the priest's reprimand was not an unjust one.]

PARENTAL SEVERITY, ITS REACTION ON THE PARENT—Montaigne everywhere insists on mildness being exercised by fathers towards their children. He relates on this subject, that a friend of his having lost in the army an only son of whom he cherished great expectations, said to him: "My greatest grief is that I brought up my son with a severity so strict, that it has always veiled from him, as it were, the tenderness I had for him; and I reproach myself unceasingly for never having fully disclosed to him the strength of my paternal love: my grief is so much the more well founded, that I feel sure that he has died with the impression that I loved him but feebly."—[There is something so touching in this confession of the error of a good man, that one cannot help thinking that his severity could hardly have been as great as the natural kindness of his heart, rendered more susceptible by his recent loss, led him to consider it, and that most likely his son had had glimpses of his latent tenderness sufficient to save him from this painful impression which his father supposed him to die possessed of.] F. F.

NEWSPAPER WONDERS.—The newspapers have a peculiar method of exciting the astonishment of their readers, by egregious statements respecting the ages of persons assembled at some recent wedding, or other fatality. They tell us, for instance, that the united ages of the bride and bridegroom, together with those of their fathers and mothers, amounted to no less an aggregate than 266 years! a number of so prodigious an aspect, that, stated to us as a matter of wonder, we involuntarily lose sight of particulars, and begin to stare, in obedience to the demand made on our love of the marvellous. Analyse the matter, and the wonder ceases. The ages of the parents we may reasonably suppose to average 55; that will give us 220 years; and we have then only 46 years to divide between the bridegroom and bride, of which, allotting 26 to the former and 20 to the latter, we have the 266 years complete. But leaving these absurdities, let us attend to facts equally surprising, and which have escaped the attention of the newspapers, for whose facility in making up 'copy' I am induced to relate them. The Messrs. Simson were three brothers. They all held situations in public offices, and justly considering that exercise was good for their health, they judiciously resided a few miles from town, that they might have the advantage of a good walk. One July these three young gentlemen commenced a course of walking, in which they persevered regardless of all contingencies in the weather; and they had when, I called on them (I find by my diary it was on the 29th) walked not less than 870 miles, without appearing at all the worse for it, or expressing the least feeling of fatigue. The reader will not suppose that this exertion was sustained by fasting. On the contrary, it is proper to state that their appetites had been in a very flourishing condition, and that they had consumed while they rested 154½ pounds of meat, with proportionate quantities of bread and vegetables, and drank about 30 gallons of porter besides a few quart bottles of wine, wine-merchant measure. I should not do them justice if I did not add that I saw nothing in their appearance denoting a tendency to gluttony, and that they were not in the least intoxicated. F.F.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—William Tell; The Diorama; and the Devil's Brother.
COVENT GARDEN.—Much ado about Nothing.—Married Lovers.—And the Omnibus.

KING'S THEATRE.

ALTHOUGH we had been present three times last season at the performance of CIMAROSA's lovely opera, "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*," it was with a slight tinge of selfish gratulation that we found the duty had devolved upon us on Saturday evening of giving an account of its first representation this year. CIMAROSA was the most popular composer for the theatre that arose after the death of MOZART; and no wonder; for the merit of that astonishing genius (when it could no longer be exerted) began to be appreciated; and a young spirit succeeding, who had evidently formed the model for his melodies, and the construction of his harmonies upon his illustrious predecessor, was sure to be acceptable. So highly, and at the same time deservedly was the opera of "*Il Matrimonio Segreto*" admired at its first representation, that the Emperor ordered all the performers refreshment, with a reasonable breathing time, and then a complete encore of the performance. Happy CIMAROSA! It is unquestionably the most perfect composition of the gay and graceful class that has appeared since the comic operas of MOZART. The spirits never flag, and the attention never slumbers: every scene is stored with delight; melody after melody arises, and as these move on, we are constantly directed to some lovely effects from the orchestral accompaniments. There is no lack of beauty,—no poverty of invention in any part. From the first and opening duet between the young couple, and which is sweetness and tenderness itself, down to the famous air, 'Pria che spunti dal ciel l'aurora,' the heart is kept in a constant flutter of excitement. It is an opera composed to exhibit *music* itself, in all its features, to the best advantage, and not a piece of mountebank work, to show off the unmeaning contortions of one or two spoiled singers. The orchestra is raised to as high importance as these, and that is as it should be. Hence we get at the secret of the singers (the ignorant ones—and their name is *Legion*) hating such composers as MOZART; because the attention of the audience is unavoidably divided between the part allotted to them, and the instruments. We verily believe that half these exacting people imagine that an accompaniment should own no other function than be-lackey their heels, to prevent their stumbling out of the key.

From among this conceited crew we should assuredly except Signor LABLACHE. He sings like a musician, and always as if his profession were his pastime. With what spirit of revelry did he both sing and perform on Saturday evening: how perfectly true his intonation! how independent, and yet how correct in his time! his humour, too, is always that of a mind that condescends to it—yet, *con amore*; but you feel that it is still subservient to his other accomplishments. When he sings, he sings with zeal, and as if he loved music for itself; when he personates, he never for one moment forgets his character: he is not thinking of his audience, and what they think of him; but how old *Signor Geronymo* would act under certain impressions; and so carefully does he supply the small touches of light and relief in his figure, that it may be pronounced a perfect performance. He is *always* deaf; his eyes are eternally wandering from one speaker to another to catch the subject of discourse: and like a deaf man, and an old one, he repeats his words, and his sentences are succeeded by little indistinct noises; how complete too is the hopelessness of his countenance when all have been trying in vain to give him information; and his intentness of observing the speakers' faces, affords him yet no better clue.—"By Jove! not a word can I make out!" Then his last scene of weeping, and anger, when he discovers the marriage of his daughter;—how naturally the ebullition, with the half-uttered "maladet ——!" subsides into the convulsive sobbing, and sullen feeling of self-abasement, incident to wilful and wayward old children. He lies in the chair swelling and catching his breath like a Brobdignagian baby that has been whipped. He is the finest actor and singer both, that we have seen since the glorious days of AMBROGETTI; and in the latter qualification, for voice, style, and accomplishment in his art, he leaves that clever performer leagues in his wake.

We heard Signor DAVID for the first time this evening since his appearance in this country. From the various reports that had reached us, we went prepared to dislike his singing. It is therefore with pleasure we acknowledge our partial disappointment. His style is much too florid to give us pleasure; and although his expression is frequently judicious, it is redundant. The quality of his voice has been, we conjecture, better than it now is; his falsetto, which is both good and extensive, remains unimpaired, and to this he constantly resorts: though generally admired, however, we cannot say it afforded us any gratification: but his natural tones, when unforced, and delivered in the smooth cantabile style, appeared to the best advantage. He should be urged to use his sforzando with moderation, for it frequently resolves into a painful cry. We can believe that his zeal upon these occasions runs away with him; and hence, he spoiled the fine air, 'Pria che spunti;' to which defect must be added, that, in our judgment, he overlaid it with ornament. He seems in earnest, however; and this alone would lead us to pass lightly the faults alluded to; also that display of sensitiveness, which may not unreasonably be mistaken for affectation.

Mr E. SEGUIN undertook the part of *Il Conte Robinsone* at the short notice of two days: indulgence was therefore requested of the audience in his behalf, and the hint shall not be lost upon us. If the opera be repeated he will no doubt improve the performance, which he must do to maintain his credit. He is a clever young singer and actor.

It is with reluctance that we confirm the suspicion we entertained of Madame SIGL VESPERMANN upon her first appearance under the disadvantage of a cold. Her style is meretricious, her intonation frequently false, and the quality of her voice is at times so painful that we could fain be well rid of it. The best designation, perhaps, of her manner is, that she is a *peevish* singer. Her high notes, and when forced, are a succession of squeals.

We have little better compliment to bestow on Miss AYTON. The opinion may appear harsh, but we must say that in the single item of intonation, she is the most uncertain singer we ever heard in public; and as an actress one of the least attractive. Her manner is *brusque*, vehement, and unnecessarily confident.

Had we remained to see the new ballet of "*Œnone et Paris*" we should have little space left to describe it. Let us venture the criticism that it is not inferior to the ordinary run of these classical calcitrations.

C.

A SEASONABLE SORT OF TRUTH, SELDOM UTTERED.—A person "respectably" dressed pushing violently through one of the crowds assembled to witness the illuminations the other night, a gentleman laid his hand upon his arm, as he was advancing, and administered the following placid reproof; the effect of which was not diminished by a tone somewhat resembling Lord Foppington's:—"Compose yourself, sir, compose yourself, sir; you are a man of a disgusting irritability."

A "PARTICUAR DOG."—Lekain was the contemporary of Garrick, and like him, in his own country, the greatest actor of his day; they were excellent friends, and each fancied the other his superior. One day Garrick and Lekain amused themselves in the *Champs Elysées*, at Paris, by counterfeiting drunkenness, to the great amusement of a crowd of bystanders: Lekain, at length, said, "Well, my friend, do I perform it well?"—"Yes, replied Garrick, hiccuping, "very well, you are drunk all over except your left leg."—*Dramatic Table-Talk.*

PROMPT OBEDIENCE.—Foote was in the habit of imitating the peculiar manners of General Smith, whom he introduced into his comedy of 'The Nabob,' under the name of Sir Matthew Mite. One day the General sent for Foote: "Sir," said he, "I hear you have an excellent turn for mimicry, and I find that I, among others, have been the subject of your ridicule."—"Oh," said Foote, gaily, "I take all my acquaintance off at times,—and what is more wonderful, I often take myself off"—"Pray let us have a specimen," said the General. Foote put on his hat and gloves, took his cane, made a short bow, and retreated from the house, without uttering another word.—*Dramatic Table-Talk.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of

BRUTUS; OR THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

[By HOWARD PAYNE.]

Tullia, Mrs FAUCIT. Tarquinia, Miss FAUCIT. Lucretia, Mrs NEWCOMBE.
Priestess of Rhea's Temple, Mrs WEBSTER. Vestal, Mrs EAST.
Lavinia, Miss CRAWFORD.
Titus, Mr COOPER. Sextus Tarquin, Mr YOUNGE. Arums, Mr J. VINING.
Lucius Junius, Mr KEAN.
Collatinus, Mr H. WALLACK. Claudius, Mr COOKE.
Valerius, Mr THOMPSON. Lucretius, Mr HAMMERTON.
Horatius, Mr YARNOLD. Celius, Mr EATON.
Flavius Corunna, Mr FENTON. Centurion, Mr C. JONES.
Messenger, Mr HONNER. First Roman, Mr DOWSING.
Second Roman, Mr S. JONES. Third Roman, Mr BISHOP.

In the course of the Evening, Beethoven's Overture to 'Coriolan,' and an Overture, chiefly adapted from Irish Airs, and Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'

After which,

PERFECTION.

Susan, Mrs Orger, Kate O'Brien, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing, 'My own Blue Bell,' (A. Lee) and the Irish Ballad of 'Kate Kearney.'
Charles Paragon, Mr Vining. Sir Lawrence Paragon, Mr W. Bennett.
Sam, Mr Webster.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

[By M. AUBER.]

Elvira, Miss Byfeld. Fenella, Mrs Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chikini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.
Ruffino, Mr Bland. Lorenzo, Mr Howard. Moreno, Mr Yarnold.

To-morrow, School for Scandal; a Ballet; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Miss TAYLOR, Clara, Miss PHILLIPS,
Bianca, Miss F. KEMBLE, Giraldi Fazio, Mr WARDE,
Duke of Florence, Mr EGERTON, Bartolo, Mr BLANCHARD,
Philario, Mr HENRY, Falsetto, Mr PARRY, Gonsalvo, Mr BAKER.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture, by F. Kuhlau.
Previous to the 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.
Previous to 'Comrades and Friends,' Nicolo's Overture to "La Ruse Inutile,"

After which a New Petite Comedy, called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr POWER.]

The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss Lawrence. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss Taylor.
Lady Ascot, Mrs Chatterley. Annette, Miss Phillips.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr Abbott. Marquis de Meneville, Mr Bartley.
Sir John Ascot, Mr Warde. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr Power. Pierre, Mr Irwin.
Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with a New Drama, in Two Acts, to be called

COMRADES AND FRIENDS; OR, LIFE FOR LIFE.

[The Music selected and arranged by Mr G. Stansbury.]
Madame Derville, Mrs Chatterley, Madame Bertrand, Mrs Vining,
Nina, Miss Kendall, Eliza, Miss E. Kendall, Laurette, Miss Taylor.
Roland Duroc, Charles Valcour, } Sergeants of a French Regiment, { Mr Warde, Mr Abbott,
Morazzi (the Adjutant), Mr G. Bennett,
Henry (Commander of the Packet), Mr Duruset, La Mouche, Mr Turnour,
Dumont (Lieutenant of the Regiment), Mr Henry,
Adolphus (Son of Madame Derville), Miss Hunt, Joseph, Mr Fuller,
Valentine (an old Domestic) Mr Barnes, Paul, Mr Addison.
In Act II. A Dance of Peasantry.

To-morrow, Cinderella; Hide and Seek; and Teddy the Tiler.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time.
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.

Seventh appearance of Mons. BOUFFE, and Second of Mlle. JAMIN.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par la Première Représentation de

LA FAMILLE DE RIQUEBOURG.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, de M. SCRIBE.
Mademoiselle JAMIN remplira le Rôle de Hortense de Riquebourg.
Elise, Nièce de Riquebourg, Mlle. FLORVAL.
M. Riquebourg, Négociant, M. DERVAL. George, son Neveu, M. PAULIN.
Le Vicomte D'Heremberg, M. ALFRED.
Lapierre, Domestique de Riquebourg, M. ARNAUD.

Suivi de

ANTOINE; OU, LES TROIS GENERATIONS.

Pièce en Trois Epoques, Mêlé de Chant, par MM. MELESVILLE et BRAZIER.
Léon, Fils du Marquis de St. Valler, et Jules, son petit Fils, Mlle St Ange.
La Marquise de St. Valler, Madame Préval.
Clémentine, sa Nièce, Mlle. Florval. La Comtesse de Moirmont, Mme. Baudin.
La Baronne de Lorges, Mademoiselle Eliza.
Henriette, Fille de Leblanc fils, Mademoiselle Herminie.
Madeleine, Nièce d'Antoine, Mme. Gamard.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle d'Antoine. Le Marquis de St Valier, M. St Aubert.
Le Vicomte de Chailly, Col. de Chevaux Légers, M. Laporte.
Leblanc Père, Fermier, M. Préval. Le Président de Chatenay, M. Arnaud.
Le Consolier, M. Alfred. Le Chevalier de Mirecourt, M. Paulin.
Un Valet, M. Granville. Placide, Provincial, M. Gamard.
Bertrand, Concierge, M. Pelissié. François, M. Guenée.
Leblanc Fils, Manufacturier, M. Cloup.

Suivi de la Seconde Représentation de

PIERRE; OU, LE COUVREUR.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, en Cinq Tableaux, par MM. BRAZIER et CARMOUCHE.
Jasmin, Jokey, Mlle. Eliza. La Comtesse de Beauford, Mme. Préval.
Herminie, sa Nièce, Mlle. Corra. Josephine, Bouquetière, Mme. Gamard.
Madame Loquet, Portière, Madame Baudin.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle de Pierre, (his original character.)
Le Duc de Beauford, M. St. Aubert. Octave, amoureux d'Herminie, M. Paulin.
Bermont, Notaire, M. Préval. Bombardini, Chef d'Orchestre, M. Guenée.
Giraud, ami de Pierre, compagnon Couvreur, M. Gamard.
Un Clerc de Notaire, M. Arnaud. Un Gendarme, M. Granville.
Laffeur, Valet, M. Cloup.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont,
Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp,
Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paule,
Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss STUART. Fanny, Miss PINCOTT.
Ellen, Miss KABREY. Miss Bramble's Maid, Miss BERRESFORD.
Frank Hartley, Mr RAYMOND. Thomas. Mr COOPER.
Money, Mr W. VINING. Mr Williams, Mr COATES.
Police Officer, Mr WORRELL. Shopmen, Messrs YOUNG and HITCHINSON.

After which, an entirely new Burletta, in One Act, called

DUKE FOR A DAY.

The Music by B. Livius, Esq.
Aline, Miss Sidney. The Duke de Valmont, Mr Hodges. Julian, Madame Vestris.
The Seneschal, Mr W. Vining. Antoine, Mr Newcombe.
Blaise, Mr Cooper. Jerome, Mr Worrell. Servants, Retainers, &c.

After which, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Characters by Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Miss Sidney,
Mr Spagnoletti, Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Spanish Hercules, Monsieur Louis VALLI, will go through his Gymnastic Exercises.

After which, an entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN,
Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER,
Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS,
Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

To conclude with an entirely new Nautical Melo-Drama, to be called

THE WATER WITCH.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.
The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss M. C. Poole, Mr Osbaldiston,
Mr Williams, Mr Vale, Mr Honner, Mr Rogers, Mr Ransford,
Messrs Hobbs, Boulanger, Grammer, Woolf, Tully, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER, Miss SINCLAIR, Miss GARRICK,
Miss STOHWASSER, Miss WELLS, Miss LAWS, Mr SMITH, Mr TILBURY,
Mr MUNROE, Mr BARNETT, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a Farcical Entertainment, entitled

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

The Music, by Mr Harroway.
The Characters by Mrs Humby, Miss Wells, Miss Garrick, Miss Stohwasser,
Miss Brothers, Mrs Garrick, and Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, a New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, entitled

TACT.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.
The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe,
Mr Spencer, Mr Forrester, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest,
and Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett,
Mr J. Ruussell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe,
Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, &c.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—The Old Oak Chest.
—The Death of Christophe.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Richard III.—The Tale of Mystery.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces. By Charles Tennyson, Trin. Coll. 12mo. pp. 83. Richardson.

Poems, chiefly Lyrical. By Alfred Tennyson. 12mo. pp. 154. Effingham Wilson.

[Continued from No. 151.]

Mr Charles Tennyson's volume is occupied chiefly with Sonnets; on which account he modestly quotes in his title-page part of a line in Wordsworth.—

'The Sonnet's humble plot of ground.'

It is a plot that may contain many pretty things, like Chaucer's "green-closet," in the Bower and the Leaf; or a Persian's little bit of pet garden, an inch of lawn, amid a lump of roses and plane trees, which he wins from the mountain waste, and makes a nest for a mistress and a guitar. This is an image that would vindicate the illegitimacy of Mr Tennyson's Sonnets, which are not according to the arbitrary rule of the master he has quoted, and of the Italians. They consist of fourteen lines, but the rhymes of the octave are not according to rule: the rhyme is varied. It is not of much consequence; though undoubtedly the greater the difficulty, the greater the mastery, provided the current of the poet's words be natural and unimpeded. The greater or less indifference to the legitimate structure of sonnet during the age of Shakspeare, when almost all the great writers of that day contributed their portion to the stock, and Italian poetry was in vogue, is not unworthy of remark. Shakspeare's Sonnets, which are numerous, are all illegitimate. He does not seem to have cared to avail himself of any of the details of Italian literature within his reach, with the exception of what Paynter's collection of stories furnished him for his plots. He calls Roméo, Rómeo, and Desdémona, Desdemóna: and so familiar has he made us with those pronunciations, that we almost think the Italian the wrong ones. The Sonnets of Daniel, who married a sister of John Florio, author of the Italian Dictionary, are as illegitimate as Shakspeare's. Sir Philip Sydney's are legitimate. Drummond's are partly so, and partly otherwise. Spenser (and Drummond too sometimes) has made a sort of compromise with the legitimacy of the Italian, by repeating one of the rhymes of the octave, though not the other. Shakspeare's Sonnets, however, are in one respect of the most legitimate kind. They are evidently written under the impulses of the moment: which is probably one of the reasons why he would not stop to consider the arbitrary construction. It has been doubted whether that construction suits the genius of the English language: but the doubt is anterior to the publication of Mr Wordsworth's sonnets, and after those it would be difficult to repeat it. The honour, whatever it may be, of overcoming the difficulty, is greater in English than Italian: while on the other hand, the pleasure of the perusal is likely perhaps to be less; rhymes being so much more numerous in Italian, and having probably been multiplied in the sonnet for that reason, in order that so small a poem might contain some reasonable difficulty of execution. We certainly think that a great deal of genuine harmony, and a result peculiar to itself, are perceptible in the illegitimate structure of the English sonnet, when written by a masterly hand. It may be remarked by the way, as a matter of curiosity, that among the sonnets of Milton, which are all written after strict rule, agreably to his Italian scholarship, there is a comic one, fashioned upon the principle recognised in such cases; to wit, with a *coda*, or tail to it. It begins

'Because you have thrown off your prelate lord;'

and is erroneously put by the editors among his miscellanies.

Mr Charles Tennyson dedicates his volume to his "sister Mary" in a sonnet ending with an address to the critics, half playful, and half serious, in a very fraternal style, which takes us much:—

'Critics! be your dispraise from harshness free
And scornful gibe, nor give me cause to grieve;
For, if ye sternly say I cannot sing,
My Sister's name is on a shamed thing!'

We have the pleasure of saying, that the name is upon a volume fit to be bound like a casket, and to be laid among the most honoured elegancies of the boudoir. We hope we have thus propitiated the Grace that presides over fraternal compliments, (a rare piety, and much to be cultivated). On first looking at the dedication, we felt ourselves threatened with some new aspect of Nemesis, and began to consider what goddess there was in the household list of the ancients, whose business it should be to avenge the *læsa majestas* of the young lady.

The author has scarcely turned over a new leaf, when he presents us with a sonnet on a kiss, not of the fraternal order. Its beginning is much to the purpose, and not to be mended:—

'When lovers' lips from kissing disunite
With sound as soft as mellow fruitage breaking,
They loathe to quit what was so sweet in taking,
So fraught with breathless magical delight.'

This is beautiful. But the close of the next quatrain is not orthodox. It is not in the interior of love's religion:—

'The scent of flowers is long before it fade,
Long dwells upon the gale the vesper-tone,
Far floats the wake the lightest skiff has made,
The closest kiss when once imprest is gone.'

We venture to say that there are many female lips, (it may not be so easy to predicate it of male), which retain the impression of a kiss for many hours afterwards; aye, or even of an arm round the waist, or a kiss on the hand. But these are the delicacies of a faith not lightly to be discussed.

It is well said, in the Sonnet to the Lark,

'Peace dwells with thee for ever, not the peace
Of cool reflection, but redundant glee.'

A similar point,—the calmness of excessive motion, and of a rapid whirl of the life within us, like that of an infant's blood, or what we may suppose of the planets, is finely touched upon in the following sonnet, which is nobly written. The two last lines we omit as inferior to the others:—

'Vexation waits on passion's changeful glow,
But the intellect may rove a thousand ways
And yet be calm while fluctuating so:
The dew-drop shakes not to its shifting rays,
And transits of soft light—be bold to choose
This never satiate freedom of delight
Before the fiery bowl and red carouse,
And task for joy thy soul's majestic might:
So for the sensual will be rarer need;
So will thy mind a giant's force assume,
Strong as the centre of the deep Maelstroom,
When flung into the calm of sightless speed.'

Mr Charles Tennyson, like his brother, is a genuine lover of nature, but seems to prefer the hour of evening for his landscapes. Our impression from the other is, that he prefers to begin with the very beginning of morning, and to have all the day before him. The one seems to wish to be exercising his powers, the other to have arrived at the end of them. We extract a series of landscapes from Charles's volume, in which this propensity to the decline of the day is beautifully observable. In Sonnet 46, there is mention of the morning; but it is characterized by the pealing of the huntsman's horn, and by the first reflection of wood in water, as the twilight clears away; which latter circumstance is new and striking. The succeeding lines, however, descriptive of evening, are far better, especially the last one, which we have marked in Italics; though "busy" is not a good word:—

— 'When cool eve is busy on thy shores,
With trails of purple shadow from the west,
Or dushing in the wake of tardy oars.'

SONNET XL.

(A Summer's Evening.)

'It is a summer's gloaming, faint and sweet,
A gloaming brightened by an infant moon,
Fraught with the fairest light of middle June;
The garden path rings hard beneath my feet,

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And hark, O hear I not the gentle dews
Fretting the silent forest in his sleep?
Or does the stir of housing insects creep
Thus faintly on mine ear? day's many hues
Wan'd with the paling light, and are no more,
And none but drowsy pinions beat the air;
The bat is circling softly by my door,
And silent as the snow-flake* leaves his lair,
In the dark twilight flitting here and there,
Wheeling the self-same circuit o'er and o'er.'

SONNET XIX.

(Evening.)

'See'st thou how clear and sharp the shadows are
Among the cattle on yon ridgy field;
So softly glooming amid light so fair:
Yon mighty trees no blasts may dare to wield;
The things that own most motion and most sound
Are trunced and silent in a golden swound;
Where is the wind? Not in yon glassy sky—
Not in the trees—what deep tranquillity
Has hushed his voice? *Methinks so calm should fall*
The eve before the great millenial morn,
Before the first of those high days is born,
Whose placid tenor shall be peace to all:
Sink deeply in my thought, surpassing scene!
And be thy memory clear, for I would live therein.'

SONNET XLVIII.

(An Evening Sun and Shower.)

'Hung on the show'r that fronts the golden west
The rainbow bursts like magic on mine eyes,
In hues of olden promise there imprest,
Frail in its date, eternal in its guise—
The vision is so lovely that I feel
My heart endued with beauty like its own,
And taking an indissoluble seal
From what is here a moment, and is gone;
It lies so soft on the full-breasted storm,
New born o'the middle air, and dewy-pure,
And tricked in nature's choicest garniture;
What can be seen of lovelier dye or form?
While all the groves assume a ghastly stain,
Caught from the leaden rack and shining rain.'

TO FORESTS.

'Ye mighty forests, deep and old,
With knotty stems and towering shade,
That, where the lordly streams are rolled,
A dense and matted gloom have made:

Your arms are rife with germs of life,
Your heads receive the rushing wind:
With lingering sweeps the night-breeze creeps
O'er your thick robes and wrinkled rind:

Ye stand like shrouds before the clouds,
That hold the sunset of mid-June—
And darker still, when o'er the hill
Creeps the pale dawning of the moon.

O then the soft suffusion clear
Peers over your enormous screen,
The skies are white with silver light,
How grand the shade! how sweet the sheen!

And when the sun's first rosy line
Is drawn i'th'east—thro' every glade
A glow with golden dews ye shine,
And orange tints your depths pervade.'

[To be concluded.]

* We must object to the simile of the snow-flake, as not harmonious and seasonable.

A FALSE POSITION.—Marcel was a dancing-master, and the first posture-master of his day. He used to say that none but the English possessed dignity enough for dancing well. He was so wrapt up in the sublimity of his art, that he would not pardon the least inelegance of posture. In his latter days, he was in very reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with the gout. A young lady, who had been one of his pupils, prevailed with her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand. He immediately threw it from him, and said, "Go, and take it up, Mademoiselle, and present it to me, as I taught you." She burst into tears, and obeyed. "I consent to take it now, and thank you; but your elbow was not quite rounded enough."—*Dramatic Table-Talk.*—[This is the way in which the graces of nature are destroyed by the formality of art, and women are first rendered artificial, and then censured for not being natural. M. Marcel, who was so desirous of a theatrical presentation of his pension, deserved to have it in theatrical coin; and however faulty might be the position of the young lady's elbow, one cannot help thinking that her heart was in the right place.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

PROPERTY TAX.—It is said, that the Venetians had a property-tax of ten per cent, many centuries ago.

SLIGHT TENURE OF FRIENDSHIP.—A word ill taken obliterates ten years' merit. The last action carries it: not the best and most frequent offices, but the most recent and present do the work.—*Montaigne.*

— The reason of a thing is not to be enquired after till you are sure the thing itself be so. We commonly are at "What's the reason of it?" before we are sure of the thing. It was an excellent question of my Lady Cotton, when Sir Robert Cotton was magnifying of a shoe, which was Moses's or Noah's, and wondering at the strange shape and fashion of it, "But, Mr Cotton," says she, "are you sure it is a shoe?"—*Selden.*

AN ECCLESIASTICAL PARADISE.—From thence I proceeded to Bonn, a pleasant town near the Rhine, about twelve miles south-east of Cologne. The palace, which is spacious and superb, has from every part of the front a view from the Rhine, at a distance of about two miles, across a delightful garden both extensive and magnificent, lost to the right and left in the expanse of a level fruitful country. Beyond the Rhine appears a sweep of very high hills, dispersed and retiring in noble disorder, covered with trees, verdure, and, in appearance, round towers, and the ruins of great buildings. To the rear, there is nothing to be seen but the town, about a couple of miles in circumference, well enough built, and a country full of trees and corn. The present Elector is Maximilian, the Emperor's brother. The world, and that enchanting seat weighed more with him than the pleasures of a nuptial bed; for you know the electors of Bonn are always ecclesiastics. I stayed but one day there. The morning we left it, we saw him at a distance in the gardens,—a book in his hand—I suppose reading his morning breviary,—with some fine-looking women. He saw at once we were strangers, approached, and addressed us with that familiar easy politeness that so eminently marks his character. He was in his usual dress (black), quite plain and simple; his size about five feet eight inches; pretty fat; his face long, ruddy, and an aquiline nose. He is lower and grosser than the Emperor; but a family likewise is discernible. His revenue is very inconsiderable; and keeps in pay no more than about fifty soldiers; but he is sincerely beloved by his subjects, for his simplicity, benevolence, and justice. His affability led him to ask many questions about England, the Royal Family, Ireland, &c. He pressed Captain Hall and me to dine with him; but our engagement had been fixed with a public carriage, and we were obliged to leave himself and his ladies in full enjoyment of their Paradise, in order to proceed to Coblentz —*Descriptive Journey, &c. by a Young Nobleman.* 1786.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY.—The King of Portugal upon his first arrival at Queluz, observed some chairs placed in one of the state apartments. "What is all this?" said he, "What is all this? How came these chairs here?" The attendants replying that they were intended for the use of the Cortes, when they came to pay their duty to their Majesty, he quickly rejoined, "The Cortes! Take them away instantly! No person shall ever use a chair in my presence!" All the Royal Family have hitherto been approached on the knee only; and a Portuguese lady and her daughters, in rather delicate health, complained to me very lately, that it was always so great a fatigue to them to pay a visit to the Queen and Princesses in their own apartments, that they usually went to bed immediately after their return from the royal presence, and this in consequence of their being obliged to remain kneeling the whole time that these high personages chose to prolong the conversation!—*Mrs Baillie's Letters from Lisbon in* 1821, 1822, *and* 1823.

THE WRONG TRIUMPHANT—FOR A TIME.—The thesis which Ramus maintained in order to obtain his degree of Master of Arts, gave great offence to the world. He proposed to maintain this proposition, 'That the doctrines of Aristotle were false.' His success in this dispute emboldened him, and inspired him with the desire to probe to the bottom the philosophy of Aristotle, and to combat it vigorously. The first two works he published on this matter caused great broils in the university of Paris. He was cited before the criminal court, as a man who wished to overturn both religion and science. Francis the First must needs meddle in the dispute; after a very partial examination of the doctrine of Ramus, his books were interdicted throughout the kingdom, and he was condemned to abstain from teaching philosophy any more. His enemies manifested their joy in the most surprising manner. The taking of a great city, or the gaining of an important battle could not have caused more ado. At the theatre even, Ramus was ridiculed in a variety of ways, amidst the acclamations and applauses of the Peripatetics.—[Peter Ramus was born in the year 1515 and died in 1573. Not many years after, the celebrated Lord Bacon gave the death-blow to the ascendancy of Aristotle; and it is a curious circumstance, and no less instructive to majorities than encouraging to those who may happen to be in a small minority on questions of importance, that Ramus is now believed to have been right, and might now, in the same city, maintain his doctrines without even an opponent.—F. F.]

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Brutus; Perfection; and Masaniello.
COVENT GARDEN.—Paulo.—Married Lovers.—And Comrades and Friends.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

We are sorry to be again under the necessity of finding fault with a new piece at this pleasant little theatre; but we have no praise to bestow on the *Duke for a Day*, except that some parts of the music are pretty. Its best support is in Madame VESTRIS's legs. The piece, it seems by the play-bills, is taken from a French opera entitled *Le Nouveau Seigneur*, the music of which is by BOIELDIEU. Mr LIVIUS has adapted the music, and added an overture and other music of his own composition and adaptation. "Which is which" we cannot decide; for the bill is somewhat obscure on this head; and the overture, we are sorry to say, we missed.—[To those, by the way, who object to our making these confessions, we can only observe, that they will at least serve to shew the conscience with which we criticize what we do see." To which we may add, that we feel it right for the author or other persons concerned to have the benefit of such confessions.] We repeat, therefore, that some of the music is very pretty: indeed, the whole of it, that we heard, may be so characterized. Two or three of the passages have even an air of pleasing novelty, not unworthy the name of the French composer. Whether Mr LIVIUS had any share in these or not, we cannot say, as we met with no book of the songs; but at all events, the music is creditable to his taste.

For the rest we have not a syllable of approbation. *Amicus Livius, amica Vestris; at magis amica Veritas.* If the *Duke for a Day* is taken from *Le Nouveau Seigneur*, words as well as music, and the original piece is a good one, then the translator in his abridgment (for the French piece is called an "opera") must by some unfortunate accident have left out all the vivacity and retained the dullness. The plot is told in few words, and there is no dialogue worth speaking of. A young Duke (Mr HODGES) is going to visit a seat of his ancestors, where he has never been before, and is preceded by his page (Madame VESTRIS) who takes it into his head to personate his master. The Page is accordingly honoured in that character: he receives the homage of the Seneschal and the villagers; gives a dinner; and takes likings to the pretty girls. The real Duke meanwhile arrives in secret, and watches him; and one or two equivoques take place between him and his unconscious tenants. The Seneschal has two nephews, one of the name of *Antoine*, a reasonable proper fellow (Mr NEWCOMBE) who loves and is beloved by *Aline* (Miss SYDNEY); the other, *Blaize* (Mr COOPER) a ninny and a butt, who loves her in vain. *Antoine* has the disguised Duke's good-will for his marriage; but the Page, who has taken a liking to *Aline*, thinks proper to prefer *Blaize* for her husband. The reader naturally thinks that something might be made of all this in the dialogue; but there is nothing. The page is a little bit of a *Don Juan*; that is all; and he is performed by Madame VESTRIS, which is much: but it will not do. The matter is not mended by a payment of gold, which the Seneschal comes to pay to the pretended Duke, and which mightily tempts his Grace to be a thief. Dukes have been thieves before now, and pages too; but people do not go to a theatre to learn humanities no higher than the contempt of stealing; and we are ashamed for the gallant Page, both when he is tempted, and when he overcomes the temptation. To conclude, the Duke makes his appearance in the middle of the dinner given by his mimic; and the due fright and forgiveness terminate in a chorus.

Madame VESTRIS looks, acts, and sings in her usual pleasing manner;—she has a pretty page's dress, and a cap with a feather curling round behind it and caressing the back part of her neck in a most refined fashion; and then we need not say, how meritorious is her leg. It was the first time, by the way, for some years, that we had seen her leg; and after the late noise made about it in the sculptors' shops, the sight had all the intensity of a first vision. It is a most gracefully turned piece of nature's workmanship, there is no doubt; though we may suggest to the fair proprietor, that dark-laced boots do not set it off so well, as if the shoe and the legging were of one colour. Nature has not given the ladies fair calves, and inky feet and ancles. A leg, to be seen at its best, should appear all of one hue, like the real leg, or that of a statue. A white shoe, with a white rose in it, we take to be the foot *plus ultra*.

Good, however, as the singing and acting of Madame VESTRIS is, and exemplary her leg, we must caution her how she bestows them upon dull pieces. She is always sure of a certain degree of applause, especially when she asks for it at the fall of the curtain; but the impression she leaves, on occasions like the present, is that she has been helping an indifferent production, not that the production has added to her stock; and this is not to the advantage of her theatre.

☞

TALMA ON THEATRICAL COSTUME.—"Every actor ought to be his own tutor," says Talma. "If he has not in himself the necessary faculties for expressing the passions, and painting characters, all the lessons in the world cannot give them to him."—After some remarks on the importance of correct costume on the stage, this tragedian observes,—"The theatre ought to offer to youth, in some measure, a course of living history; and does not this negligence [of costume] give him entirely false notions of the habits and manners of the historical characters whom tragedy revives? I remember very well that, in my youth, the reading of history presented to my imagination the kings and princes, as I had seen them on the stage; I figured to myself Bayard elegantly dressed in a chamois-coloured coat, without a beard, and powdered and frizzed like a petit-maitre of the eighteenth century: Cæsar I pictured to my mind, tightly buttoned in a white satin coat, and his long flowing locks tied with rosettes of riband."

GAMING is said to have been invented by the Lydians, when under the pressure of great famine: to divert themselves from their sufferings, they contrived dice, balls, tables, &c. "More likely," says a learned censor, "the passage ought to be otherwise translated, 'the Lydians, having contrived dice, balls, and tables, were reduced to great famine, and to extreme sufferings, &c.'"—Montaigne seems to be well aware of the evils of gaming, and gives us the reason why he relinquished it. "I used (says he) to like formerly games of chance with cards and dice; but of that folly I have long been cured, merely because I found that whatever good countenance I put on when I lost, I did not feel my vexation the less."—Father le Compte, in his Travels in China, says, "Gaming is equally prohibited among the common people and the mandarins, and yet this does not hinder their playing, and frequently losing all they have—their lands, houses, children, and even their wives, which are all sometimes laid on a single card."—Shakspeare says, "Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful."—Lord Bacon, says, "A *gamester*, the greater master he is of his art, the worse man he is."—And Addison says, "Could we look into the mind of a common *gamester*; we should see it full of nothing but trumps and matadores; his slumbers haunted with kings, queens, and knaves."

THE LANGUAGE OF PRECIOUS STONES.—In Poland every individual is supposed to be born under the influence of some particular destiny or fate, which it is impossible for him to avoid. The month of his nativity has a mysterious connection with one of the known precious stones, and when a person wishes to make the object of his affections an acceptable present, a ring is invariably given, composed of the jewel by which the fate of that object is imagined to be determined and described. For instance, if a woman is born in January, her ring must be a jacynth or a garnet, for these stones belong to that peculiar month of the year, and express constancy and fidelity. I saw a list of them all, which was given by a Polander to a lady who allowed me to copy it:—

January -	Jacynth or Garnet.—Constancy and fidelity in every engagement.
February -	Amethyst.—This month and stone preserves mortals from strong passions, and ensures them peace of mind.
March -	Bloodstone.—Courage and success in dangers and hazardous enterprises.
April - -	Sapphire or Diamond.—Repentance and innocence.
May - -	Emerald.—Success in love.
June - -	Agate.—Long life and health.
July - -	Cornelian or Ruby.—The forgetfulness or the cure of evils springing from friendship or love.
August -	Sardonyx.—Conjugal fidelity.
September	Chrysolite.—Preserves from, or cures folly.
October -	Acquamarine, or Opal.—Misfortune and hope.
November	Topaz.—Fidelity and friendship.
December	Turquoise, or Malakite.—The most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life; the turquoise has also the property of securing friendly regard;—hence the old saying, that "he who possesses a turquoise, will always be sure of friends."—*Baillie's Lisbon in* 1821, *&c.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.

[By CIMAROSA.]

Principal Characters by Madame SIGL VESPERMANN, Miss FANNY AYTON, Mademoiselle FILIANI, Signor DAVID, Mr E. SEGUIN, and Signor LABLACHE.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Signor Costa.

The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mademoiselle Clara, Mademoiselle Proche, Mademoiselle Zoe Beaufere, and Madame Montessu,

Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.

M. Lefebvre, M. Simon, M. Emile, M. Gouriet, M. Venafra, M. O'Brien, M. Edouard, M. George, M. D'Albert, M. Bertram, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.

With an efficient and numerous Corps de Ballet.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr SHERIDAN.]

Lady Teazle, Miss CHESTER. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs FAUCIT.
Mrs Candour, Mrs ORGER. Maria, Miss FAUCIT. Maid, Mrs WEBSTER.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr FARREN. Sir Oliver Surface, Mr DOWTON.
Joseph Surface, Mr MACREADY. Charles Surface, Mr WALLACK.
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr HARLEY. Crabtree, Mr W. BENNETT
Careless, Mr YARNOLD. Rowley, Mr YOUNGE.
Moses, Mr WEBSTER. Trip, Mr BALLS. Snake, Mr THOMPSON
Sir Harry, (with a Song) Mr SINCLAIR.
John, Mr HONNER. William, Mr C. JONES.
First Gentleman, Mr EAST. Second Gentleman, Mr S. JONES.

Previous to the Comedy, G. Onslow's Overture to 'Alcade de La Vega.'

After which,

A DIVERTISEMENT.

Principal Dancers, Mademoiselles Celeste and Constance, Miss Baseke, Miss Barnett, and Madlle. R. Guet.
Misses Ballin, Lane, M'Henry, Lydia.
Mesdames, Gear, Vallancey, Willmott, Griffiths, A. Jones, Claire, Webster.
Mr Gilbert,
Messrs. Bartlett, Baker, Wieland, Chikini, Downe, Stanley, Roffey, and Burdett

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses Barnett and Baseke. Harlequin, Mr Howell,
Pantaloon, Mr T. Blanchard, Clowns, Messrs Southby and E. J. Parsloe.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory, and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands

To-morrow, no Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr HUNT. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

After the Opera, Mozart's Overture to 'La Clemenza di Tito.'
Previous to 'Teddy the Tiler,' Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflote.'

After which, an Interlude, called

HIDE AND SEEK.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree, Charlotte, Miss Lawrence.
Mordaunt, Mr Diddear, Merton, Mr Duruset, Moses, Mr Keeley.

To conclude with the Farce of

TEDDY THE TILER.

Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly, Oriel, Miss Lawrence,
Flora, Miss Nelson, Julia, Mrs Brown, Ladies, Mesds. Perry and Appleton.
Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans, Henry, Mr Duruset,
Frederick, Mr Baker, Bombardine, Mr Henry, Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour,
Teddy Mulowney, the Tiler, Mr Power,
Tim, Mr Addison, Stiff, Mr Mears, Apewell, Mr Irwin, Constable, Mr Fuller,
Richard, Mr Heath.

To-morrow, A Grand Musical Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Characters by Miss STUART, Miss FITZWALTER, Miss SIDNEY, Mr SPAGNOLETTI, Mr NEWCOMBE, and Mr COLLIER.

After which, an entirely new Burletta, in One Act, called

DUKE FOR A DAY.

The Music by B. Livius, Esq.

Aline, Miss Sidney. The Duke de Valmont, Mr Hodges. Julian, Madame Vestris.
The Seneschal, Mr W. Vining. Antoine, Mr Newcombe.
Blaise, Mr Cooper. Jerome, Mr Worrell. Servants, Retainers, &c.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

The Characters by Miss Stuart, Miss Pincott, Miss Kabrey, Miss Berresford, Mr Raymond, Mr Cooper, Mr W. Vining, Mr Coates, and Mr Worrell.
Mr Young, and Mr Hitchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]

Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

To conclude with an entirely new Nautical Melo-Drama, to be called

THE WATER WITCH.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss M. C. Poole, Mr Osbaldiston, Mr Williams, Mr Vale, Mr Honner, Mr Rogers, Mr Ransford, Messrs Hobbs, Boulanger, Grammer, Woolf, Tully, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER, Miss SINCLAIR, Miss GARRICK, Miss STOHWASSER, Miss WELLS, Miss LAWS, Mr SMITH, Mr TILBURY, Mr MUNROE, Mr BARNETT, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a Farcical Entertainment, entitled

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

The Music, by Mr Harroway.

The Characters by Mrs Humby, Miss Wells, Miss Garrick, Miss Stohwasser, Miss Brothers, Mrs Garrick, and Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, a New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, entitled

TACT.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.

The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr Spencer, Mr Forrester, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest, and Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.

Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett, Mr J. Russell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.

And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, &c.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—The Old Oak Chest.—The Death of Christophe.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL.—EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street; J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.

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No. 154.] [Price Twopence

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

THE EXTRAORDINARY BLACK BOOK: *an Exposition of the United Church of England and Ireland; Civil List and Crown Revenues; Incomes, Privileges, and Power, of the Aristocracy; Privy Council, Diplomatic and Consular Establishments; Law and Judicial Administration; Representation and Prospects of Reform under the New Ministry; Profits, Influence, and Monopoly of the Bank of England and East India Company, with Strictures on the Renewal of the Charters; Debt and Funding System; Salaries, Fees, and Emoluments in Courts of Justice, Public Offices, and Colonies; Lists of Pluralities, Placemen, Pensioners, and Sinecurists: the whole corrected from the latest official Returns, and presenting a complete View of the Expenditure, Patronage, Influence, and Abuses of the Government, in Church, State, Law, and Representation. By the Original Editor.* 8vo. pp. 576. Effingham Wilson.

WE copied out the whole of this title-page the other day, and we now repeat it, partly by way of joke for its voluminousness, but chiefly to let the reader see how important that voluminousness is. This publication, the advertisement tells us, has been rewritten and newly arranged, so as to become an entirely new work, and is sold at two-thirds of the price of former editions. It has sometimes been called The Black Book, and oftener The Reformers' Bible.

It is a Bible we shall often have occasion to preach from. We do not agree with all the positions of the Editor; but we do, heartily, with most of them; and (not to speak it profanely) think his Bible calculated to make the community "wise unto their salvation." Never was a more seasonable book; and never was the instant for it more fitted than the one at which we are now writing these words,—yes, this very instant,—at which we can hardly look towards a certain quarter in the western part of the metropolis, and not expect to see a fire burst out of it, like that of a great hay-rick.

Reader. Your words are alarming, Mr Editor. What! Do you mean set on fire by one of the rick-burners?

Far from it, dear Reader. We mean, set on fire by its own fretting heart and improper composition. What will be the result of the fermentation going on at this moment? What will be the aspect of the matter by the time this paper comes into the reader's hands? We are not allowed to write upon it: we cannot help thinking about it: we are sure of the end of it. But what will be the nature of the progress? What will be the progress all over Europe; for every quarter of it is concerned. That stone thrown into the waters on the 27th of July made a circle which will extend to its whole circumference. We have a strong personal inclination to think the best of some of the present Ministry. We like the natural candour of Lord Althorp, and pity it for the dangers by which it is beset. We feel grateful to Lord Brougham. We entertain a high opinion of his talents. We are *not* astonished at what he is doing in the Court of Chancery; for we know him to be a greater-minded man than people are accustomed to see in office, and of an ambition suitable to his intellect. In short, we confess that we grudge the Aristocracy their possession of him. But will he save all that they expect him to save for them? Or will they let him save the greater part in the only feasible way of doing it, if it can be done? We are sure he cannot do the one, even if he wishes it, which we trust is doubtful. We are almost as sure, that they would not allow the other. In a word, we find it impossible to associate two such ideas together, as a proper reform, and a reform headed by the Aristocracy. Were we to find ourselves mistaken, we should turn round, and be ready to worship public virtue in its most surprising shape: but we know of but one who has hitherto shewn an incarnation of that sort, and that is Lafayette. He is the only born aristocrat we are acquainted with, among the leaders of the world, who has no taint of exclusiveness.*

* We know one other born aristocrat, to whom the same character applies; but though an influential as well as excellent man, he is not a public man, in the ordinary sense of the word; and of him we dare not trust ourselves to speak at present.

We cannot help seizing this opportunity of adding a word or two to our "guesses." The opinion is increasing, we see, that France will speedily have a republic. It is said that the Italians will have a republic also. They will, if they are wise; but whatever may be the termination of their struggle, still we cannot help thinking that the Emperor of Austria, as a forlorn hope, will throw young Napoleon among them, both as a chance for a last hold, and out of spite to the French. We would have nothing to do with young Napoleon, if we were Italians, and could avoid it; nor with young Murat; nor with any king or kinglet, whole or half legitimate; because in all of them there is an instinct different from that of the public good. It is only by a miracle that we ever have such a thing as a truly great and good Sovereign, or even a truly good-humoured one,—an Alfred or William the Fourth. And even in the latter case, parties will be raising the most formidable rumours, and giving the public to understand how impossible they consider it for a King and his people to think alike.

But we detain the reader from his book. Our business with it at present is simply to give him some pungent tastes of its quality, in choice bits out of its list of places and pensions, &c.

'Bathurst, Earl, Teller of his Majesty's Exchequer	-	£2,700
Clerk of the Crown in Chancery	-	1,105
Bathurst, Charlotte, Pension on Civil List, 1823	-	600
Pension on Civil List, 1825	-	200
Pension on Civil List, 1829	-	100
Bathurst, Mary, Pension on Civil List, 1826	-	250
Bathurst, Hon. Charles, Pension on Civil List, 1826	-	350
Commissioner of Bankrupts and Receiver of Duchy Court of Lancaster	-	850
Bathurst, Hon. W., Deputy Teller, Exchequer	-	1,000
Clerk in Privy Council Office	-	2,000
Bathurst, Hon. S., Treasurer to Government, Malta	-	1,560

'Few persons have evinced a more exemplary appetite for the public money, than Lord Bathurst. His Lordship's family has mostly been in the receipt of 10,000l. or 12,000l. a-year, from fees, pensions, and taxes. He still retains two valuable sinecures, his son William Lennox one, and an office nearly a sinecure, and his son, Seymour Thomas another. Within the last few months he has been strenuous in his efforts to obtain *firmer hold*; first he tried to superannuate his second son, who had been a couple of years in the Victualling Office, as a retired commissioner; failing in that, he next with the most indecent precipitancy, and almost by absolute force, thrust him into the office of the late Mr Buller, as Clerk of the Privy Council. If one did not know that the assurance of men is mostly in the inverse proportion of their deserts, one would be surprised at the pecuniary audacity of this nobleman. Lord Bathurst is notoriously a person with the least possible claims to public honour and emoluments; he is altogether without talent; a most feeble, awkward, and puzzled speaker; and in every sense of the word, a most trifling personage.

'Ellenborough, Lord, Chief Clerk of Court of King's Bench - - - - -	£9,625

'This amphibious lord is also *Custos Brevium* of the King's Bench; an office held jointly with Lord Kenyon, who receives the emoluments during his life. Both offices were given to Lord Ellenborough by his father, the late High-Prerogative Judge. Justice may well be *dear*, when fees can be levied on suitors to support such monstrous judicial sinecures.

'Farnborough, Lord, Pension on the 4½ per cent. [West India] Duties, 1801 - - (*Charles Long*, a rich man, who always held lucrative offices, without a family, and no claim whatever on the Barbadoes Planters.)	£1,500
Goulburn, Right Hon. H., Pension as late Irish Secretary, *July* 1825 - - -	2,000'

'The late Chancellor of the Exchequer seems better qualified for the management of ecclesiastical than secular affairs, of which the Tithe-composition Act is an example. Such a specimen of imbecility, folly, and mystification, as his speech on the introduction of the Civil List this session was never before presented to Parliament. To expatiate on the *frugality* of the late King in not having exceeded his income! Why, had he been HELIOGABALUS himself, and supped on diamonds, he could not have dissipated his immense revenue. Then to talk about the inexpediency of separating the

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various items of the Civil List expenditure, lest the Radicals should discover the personal expenditure of the monarch, and thence institute invidious comparisons between royal and republican institutions—what inanity! All these matters are now thoroughly understood by everybody. Only read our chapter on the Civil List and the *economy* of George IV, and the cost of a KING will be as clear as daylight. But ought it to be inferred from thence we are unfavourable to monarchical government? No! we know too well what *is*, to think for a moment of what *de novo* might be; we know, too, that though the key stone is not the arch, there could be no arch without it—at least not a *Gothic* arch!'

'Grafton, Duke of, Hereditary Pension out of the Excise Revenue - - - £7,200.
Ditto, ditto, Post Office ditto - - - 4,700.
Sealer of King's Bench and Common Pleas - 2,888.

'This is one of the four illegitimate descendants of Charles II, raised to ducal peerages. It might be right in this King to quarter the produce of his debauchery on the people's industry, but it is with surprise and indignation we find it continued to the present day. How happened it the revolution Whigs of 1688 did not rid the country of this infamy? The present Duke returns two or three members to the lower House: he is said to be an "excellent gentleman."—Whether the motto, *Et decus et pretium recti*—"the ornament and recompense of virtue," refers to the pensions or descent of his Grace, it is not easy to determine.'

'Howick, Viscount, son of Earl Grey, and M.P. for Higham Ferrers; under Secretary of State for the Colonies - - - £2,000.

'The *Greys* are crowding thick upon us; we have already chronicled half a dozen or more, brothers, brothers-in-law, sons, and sons-in-law of the Premier. Somebody must fill official employments, and it is natural for a man to prefer his own, and no one can blame him when the claims of candidates are equally balanced, but it is rather unusual for so many members of a family to be qualified for offices, and some of these offices of great trust and responsibility. Lord Howick is a young man of promise, but hardly experienced enough to grapple with the many perplexing questions involved in colonial affairs. The Whigs, however, seem bent on repeating those practices which for so long a period turned the public stomach against them, and made the very name stink in the nostrils of the people. During their short turn of nine months, in 1806, their rapacity exceeded all former example, and never before was witnessed such a precipitate clearing of the public offices to make way for friends and dependents. Earl Grey was then First Lord of the Admiralty; his brother and four more Greys received very lucrative appointments; one was sent out Commander-in-Chief to the Cape of Good Hope, with a salary of 4,000*l.* per annum, and another salary of equal amount as Lieutenant-Governor, though, under such circumstances, the salary of a Lieutenant-Governor had never been more than one or two hundred pounds But this was not so bad as giving two *reversions* to Lord Erskine's favourite clerk, and filling, with their party connexions, the situations of collectors of customs, surveyors of the customs, waiters, and searchers, at Buenos Ayres, a place not then in our possession!'

'Manchester, Duchess Dowager of, compensation allowance for loss of the office of collector of customs outwards, held by the late Duke of Manchester - £2,928.

'Here is a curious case—a dowager duchess, ninety years of age at least—receiving compensation for loss of office as searcher of customs! What services can this lady have rendered? Her husband was known some fifty years ago as a court lord, and if the marriage was improvident, why must the widow be quartered on the public? Has not a labourer's or a mechanic's wife an equal claim? Must we have a pauper nobility to support the dignity of the crown? Why is she not maintained by her son, the late Governor of Jamaica; or her grandson, Lord Mandeville, who married a rich heiress?'

'Mornington, Ann, Countess Dowager of, pension on Civil List, July 1813 - - - - £600

'By the Powers! Here is the Prince of Waterloo's aged mother, Anne Hill, among the state paupers. This is too bad, at any rate. We always knew the Duke was fond of money, but we did think he would provide for his parent. It is not less a reproach to his brothers, Wellesley, Maryborough, Cowley, and Gerard-Valerian, the Prebendary of Durham, all of whom have been receiving not less than 40,000*l.* a year, and yet to suffer this venerable progenitor to be maintained out of the taxes, is infamy past endurance. What a griping set they must be! Arthur was always thrifty and provident, and there are persons in London in possession of a pressing letter he addressed, at the commencement of his career, soliciting a very humble office under the Irish Government as a permanent provision.'

'Newcastle, Ann, Duchess Dowager of, pension on Civil List, 1803 - - - - - £780.

'We have recounted several countesses and a marchioness, and this is the second pauper duchess. There is an act of Elizabeth, which renders it imperative on children, when of sufficient ability, to maintain their parents, and we see no reason why the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Manchester, and his Grace of Newcastle should be exempt from its operation. Mr Sadler, who purposes trying his hand at the poor laws, will not, we trust, suffer this matter to escape attention, and his Newark patron be compelled to discharge his filial obligations.'

'Nelson, Earl, pension, by Act of Parliament - £5,000.

'Brother of Admiral Nelson. A striking instance this of the injustice of hereditary honours. The present possessor, a Norfolk parson, could have had as little claim to the rewards of the hero of the Nile, as any other chance person picked up in St Paul's Church yard.'

'Short, Charles, Clerk of the Rules and Orders of the Court of King's Bench, *from fees* - - £5,172.

'We are not exactly acquainted with the official duties of Mr Short, but the nature of them and the sources of his vast emoluments require investigation. It is curious to remark, that the greatest portion of public taxes is levied on articles of general consumption, and paid by the industrious classes; and the emoluments of the most lucrative judicial offices arise principally from fees paid out of the property of bankrupts, insolvents, and imprisoned debtors.'

'Tierney, Mrs. pension on Civil List, 1830 - £400.

'Widow of the late M.P. for Knaresborough, and who, if in need of assistance, ought to have obtained it from the wealthy banker, her relative; or, if not from him, from the Duke of Devonshire and other party connexions of her husband. But aristocracy is the grave of virtue. The rich lords, like the rich clergy, immersed in luxury and dissipation, are strangers to sympathy with indigence and misfortune. They do not even provide for the destitute of their "order," and seldom come forward to support any work of utility or benevolence. There are exceptions among the nobility, but this is the general character of the *corporation*; all useful, meritorious, and charitable undertakings are planned, supported, and executed by the middling and industrious classes. It is the same in Ireland, as we learn from the Parliamentary report of last session; there, all institutions for the education of the people, and for their relief in sickness and old age, have been established, and are supported, not by the absentee landlords, bishops, and pluralists, but by the farmer, the poor tenantry, and tradesmen. But can there need further proof of the vicious nature of aristocracy in church and state, than the deplorably ignorant and destitute state of our agricultural population? Of the hundred and thirty-eight miserable creatures on the Berkshire calendar, only twenty-five could *write*, and only thirty-seven could *read*; yet, in face of this evidence of the neglect of the people by their "natural protectors," Justices Park, Vaughan, and others of the Special Commissioners, would insinuate that the clergy and lords of the soil had done *their duty*, and that the risings of the peasantry did not proceed from want of food or want of education, but from the wicked machinations of seditious writers, itinerant lecturers, and foreign incendiaries.'

'Wellington, Duke of, pensions out of Consolidated Fund - - - - - £8926
Constable of the Tower - - - 950
Colonel of Rifle Brigade - - - 238
Colonel of 1st Regiment of Foot Guards - 2695
Lord Warden of Cinque Ports - - 295.

'Our readers may have observed in the course of this work, and previous to the fall of the Duke, that we dropt several laudatory expressions in his favour. The fact is, we were pleased with the energy with which he had carried through the Beer Bill, the Catholic Relief Bill, and the bill for the abrogation of the Test Acts, and we firmly believed him to be, if not a foe to a *job* in his own person, or that of his friends and family, a determined foe to jobs in others. Hence our *gratitude*; we flattered ourselves the Duke might prove a judicious and patriotic statesman, as he had shown himself a successful military commander. All our hopes have been grievously disappointed, and after the demonstrations made by the Prince of Waterloo of his capacity and views, since the meeting of Parliament, we have no hesitation in ranking him among the most incapable of ministers and the greatest enemies of our country and mankind.

'In his foreign policy, the Duke is the stedfast partizan of the Holy Alliance; in his domestic policy he belongs to the Tory faction; that besotted crew of plunderers, possessed of neither common sense nor common honesty, and whose demon ascendancy of forty years has entailed on the empire all its calamities. Agreeably with the views of this party, the Premier had prepared to open the Parliamentary campaign. Retrenchment was to proceed no further; the principle of free trade was not to be persisted in; judicial, ecclesiastical, and above all, parliamentary reform, and everything new or novel was to be repudiated or discountenanced. Abroad, the continental system was to be upheld,—the idle treaties of 1815 maintained inviolate,—and after a million of bayonets had been silently assembled on the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Adige, the kingdom of the Netherlands forcibly re-established, and the liberties of Frenchmen subverted by another victory of Waterloo. Such was the train of mischief laid by the Field Marshal! One hundred millions more to be added to the debt,—the dead-weight doubled,—and Europe deluged with blood, that half-a-dozen crowned conspirators might be guaranteed in their usurpations over the rights and liberties of the human race. * *

* * * * * * *

'It is astonishing how the Duke could hit on such a mistaken course of policy. Would none of the parasites, pensioned dowagers and demireps, who haunt his steps, open his eyes? Even Sir R. Peel might have told him England is not in the state it was in 1793; that there has been a complete revolution in public sentiment; that an individual is hardly to be found who is not con-

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vinced of the blunders, profligacy, and misgovernment of the last half-century; and that all classes, rich and poor, are either dismayed by the overwhelming embarrassments of the system, and quiescent in its defence, or the open and determined partizans of its thorough reform. Under such altered circumstances, what a brainless project to think of reviving the Pitt system,—resorting to Algerine Acts,—appealing to persons of property,—and coercing the entire population, the most favourably disposed portion of which is resolved to be *neutral*, and all the rest in fierce and determined opposition.

'It is hardly worth while enquiring how far the Duke participated in the plans of the miserable Polignac. The wretched outcasts would not have sought shelter here, had they not been previously apprised of the *spirit* of those who presided over the public councils. Subsequently, the ex-Premier has been pleased to designate the glorious *three days*, a "bad example,"—an opinion, no doubt, he shares, in common with Prince Metternich, and the Autocrat of Russia. France had not much to gain by her immortal triumph; she had only to defend, not to conquer free institutions. Her first revolution had swept away an oppressive tithe system, a privileged noblesse, a feudal game-code, and a plundering and barbarous judicial administration. Would to God our revolution of 1688, had done as much for us, and then we should not have still to struggle through the Augean stable of aristocratical, legal and ecclesiastical abuse!

'We shall leave the Duke with a fervent prayer that he will never again be Premier of England. His ideas and sentiments are wholly alien to the happiness and liberties of Englishmen, and we verily believe his return to power would be the signal for a general rising throughout the United Kingdom.'

THE STAR SYSTEM.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—Your correspondent Peter Pencil appears to have written to you under the influence of very kind and liberal feeling; but, I think, without considering the principal object for which the play-bills are printed, viz. the information of the public. There seems to me good reason, apart from any wish to gratify certain actors, why the names of some of them should be printed more conspicuously than those of others; for as the characters represented are confessedly of unequal importance, one is naturally more desirous to know who are to play the principal characters, than who are to play the subordinate; an object best attained by the distinction hitherto adopted, and which I venture to suppose was adopted from that, and not a less charitable motive. The guiding principle should be the relative importance of the characters in the play,—a distinction obvious to readers and play-goers, few of whom, having *Richard the Third* in their minds, think equally of the *Duke of Glo'ster* and the *Duke of Norfolk*; and certainly little anxiety is ever manifested to know who shall perform such parts as the latter. This indifference is reasonable, and is attributable to the inferiority of the part, not of the actor; on whom, however, it should operate as a stimulus to additional zeal in his profession, since by performing inferior parts well, he may hereafter entitle himself to claim parts of more consequence. These minor parts are, at present, too little attended to by actors; and it would seem to be as difficult to get the ordinary attendants well represented, as to find a good *Romeo* or *Hamlet*.

I cannot assign the importance of the subject as a good apology for troubling you, even at this length; but time and place often regulate that matter; and as your love of the right in great things does not make you inattentive to it in small, you may perhaps deem these lines, in a theatrical point of view, as not unsuitable or unseasonable in the Tatler.

Your constant Reader,

India Rubber.

[Our correspondent, with his ingenious name, is very welcome; but we think Peter Pencil remains, unrubbed out. From what we know of the readers of play-bills, it does not appear to us, that they care in general for the distinction alluded to. If they know the play or the actors (and those who know the one, are likely to be acquainted with the other) the distinction is not necessary to them; and if they do not, it conveys to them no information for which they are prepared by any previous knowledge on theatrical points. The point is at all events very doubtful; while the abolition of the custom would do away with much heart-burning and partiality.]

Armenian Jollity.—The Armenians, like the Turks, never take their women out with them in their parties of pleasure:—these are composed exclusively of the privileged sex, and *amusing* things they are! They get their heavy bodies carried to some open spot in the country, by horses or asses; there they cross their legs and sit down, and gorge in unsociable silence. When their meal is over, they take their cup of coffee, and light their eternal pipes, which they keep smoking till it is time to return home. All their amusement concentrates in this—they have no idea of pleasure beyond smoking; and the only variety they know is occasionally to substitute the Persian pipe for the usual chibook. (These parties are called Keffs) Keff is a Turkish word, in use by all classes of Levantines,—it signifies, what in my school days, we used to term "*a jollification*." It applies admirably in this sense to the Armenian parties!—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople*.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury Lane.—School for Scandal.—A Divertisement.—And the Pantomime.
Covent Garden.—Cinderella.—Hide and Seek.—And Teddy the Tiler.

Adelphi.

There has been a falling off, during the last few weeks, in the minor pieces at the theatres. *Bringing Home the Bride, or the Husband's First Journey*, which we saw here last night, appears to be from the French; but if so, either the original is less sprightly than is usual with the productions of our pleasant neighbours, or their fancy helps out an author in a manner unknown to audiences in England; for the new piece dragged a good deal, in spite of the acting of Reeve, the Yateses, and Mrs Fitzwilliam. And though it rallied towards the conclusion, there was an impresssion of disappointment in the house. This impression was the stronger, from the promise with which it set out. There was a wedding-day, with Mrs Fitzwilliam and her simplicity for the bride, Yates for a gay young lawyer introduced to her by an over-confident husband, and Reeve for the husband, with his bridling burliness, his hollow back, large calves, lax small-clothes, rumbling countenance, and joints loose in the hinges. This bride and bridegroom,—he all in white and drab, and she in riding-coat and a great white hat,—take leave of the gallant hand-kissing lawyer, and the innkeeper their father, with a great favour pinned to his breast, and ascend into a gig with a *real horse* to it, which is brought on the stage, to show how lively and true everything is going to be. And so far, so good. But the progress is poor enough. The gig runs away; the bridal couple lose one another, and go making enquiries of everybody for the lost object of their affections: the husband returns home to pass a cheerless night, and get scolded by his father-in-law in the morning; and the wife meets with a young lawyer in the rain (Mr Yates), who makes love to her, takes her to a tavern, and all of a sudden finds his angry master before him; to wit, the gay attorney himself, who sends his young rival home, and follows with the lady himself. An imperative call to attend a client forces him to quit her: he leaves her to the care of his sister; and in a little while the spectator finds the parties assembled at the house of the bridegroom, who is profuse in his acknowledgements.

We have nothing to add, except that there are some songs which are set to popular airs,—one or two of them not unamusing.

Ingenious Reckoning.—Madame de la Fayette, the accomplished romance writer, at the age of 39 said, "I reckon still by 20."

Pleasure from a Right Source.—The same lady said to Segrais, that of all the praise she had received, nothing had pleased her so much as two things which he had said,—that her judgment exceeded her wit, and that she loved the truth in all things.

Importance of Minding your Q's.—Ramus, in 1551, was appointed one of the Royal Professors of Rhetoric and Philosophy. Soon after, he had to take part in a singular affair. About a year before his appointment, the professors had begun to correct some abuses which had crept into the pronunciation of the Latin language. Some ecclesiastics concurred in this reform, to the infinite chagrin of the doctors of the Sorbonne, who carried matters so far as to deprive an incumbent of his revenues, for having pronounced *quisquis, quanquam*, according to the new reform; and not *Kiskis, Kanham*, according to ancient usage. The incumbent having appealed to the Parliament, the Royal professors, particularly Ramus, fearing that he would sink under the credit of the Faculty, thought themselves bound to support him; they therefore sought an audience, and represented in so lively a manner to the Court the indignity of such a process, that the accused was absolved, and left at liberty to pronounce the words as he pleased.—[The character of Ramus was altogether an estimable one. He seems to have entered on his enquiries with the single view of arriving at the truth, and giving it welcome, without regard to its agreement with his prepossessions, or its consequences to his future fortunes. He was bred a Catholic, but subsequently embraced the Protestant religion, by which he rendered himself an object of persecution; and, at length, after a chequered life, he became one of the victims of the infamous massacre on St Bartholomew's Day, in the year 1571.—F. F.]

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A Grand

SELECTION OF MUSIC.

From the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, C. M. Von Weber, Cimarosa, Rossini, Spontini, Sir J. Stevenson, Dr Clarke, &c.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'Love at Limehouse.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS,

By Mr H. CHILDE, Inventor of the DISSOLVING VIEWS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr YOUNGE, Nicolo, Mr WEBSTER, Fabio, Mr HUGHES,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,
Rubaldo, Mr BEDFORD,
Spoletto, Mr BLAND, Uberto, Mr ROBINSON, Carlotti. Mr YARNOLD.

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Irza, Miss Faucit, Fatima, Mrs Waylett,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr Liston, Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses Barnett and Baseke. Harlequin, Mr Howell,
Pantaloon, Mr T. Blanchard, Clowns, Messrs Southby and E. J. Parsloe.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Mrs BROWN.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
Borachio, Mr BAKER. Conrad, Mr HOLL. Balthazar, Mr HENRY.
Sexton, Mr BARNES. Seacoal, Mr MEARS.
Oatcake, Mr TURNOUR. Lorenzo, Mr IRWIN.
In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

After which a New Petite Comedy, called

MARRIED LOVERS.

[By Mr POWER.]

The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss Lawrence. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss Taylor.
Lady Ascot, Mrs Chatterley. Annette, Miss Phillips.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr Abbott. Marquis de Meneville, Mr Bartley.
Sir John Ascot, Mr Warde. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr Power. Pierre, Mr Irwin.
Francis, Mr Mears.

To conclude with the Farce of

THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

[By Mr TAIN.]

Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Fayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Ledger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Rooney, Mr Power.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Characters by Miss STUART, Miss FITZWALTER, Miss SIDNEY, Mr SPAGNOLETTI, Mr NEWCOMBE, and Mr COLLIER.

After which, an entirely new Burletta, in One Act, called

DUKE FOR A DAY.

The Music by B. Livius, Esq.

Aline, Miss Sidney. The Duke de Valmont, Mr Hodges. Julian, Madame Vestris.
The Seneschal, Mr W. Vining. Antoine, Mr Newcombe.
Blaize, Mr Cooper. Jerome, Mr Worrell. Servants, Retainers, &c.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. DANCE.]

The Characters by Miss Stuart, Miss Pincott, Miss Kabrey, Miss Berresford, Mr Raymond, Mr Cooper, Mr W. Vining, Mr Coates, and Mr Worrell. Mr Young, and Mr Hitchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]

Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

To conclude with an entirely new Nautical Melo-Drama, to be called

THE WATER WITCH.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss M. C. Poole, Mr Osbaldiston, Mr Williams, Mr Vale, Mr Honner, Mr Rogers, Mr Ransford, Messrs Hobbs, Boulanger, Grammer, Woolf, Tully, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

The Characters by Mrs GLOVER, Miss SINCLAIR, Miss GARRICK, Miss STOHWASSER, Miss WELLS, Miss LAWS, Mr SMITH, Mr TILBURY, Mr MUNROE, Mr BARNETT, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a Farcical Entertainment, entitled

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

The Music, by Mr Harroway.

The Characters by Mrs Humby, Miss Wells, Miss Garrick, Miss Stohwasser, Miss Brothers, Mrs Garrick, and Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, a New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, entitled

T A C T.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.

The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr Spencer, Mr Forrester, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest, and Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.

Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett, Mr J. Russell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.

And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, &c.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—The Old Oak Chest.
—The Death of Christophe.

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Nº 155.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1831.

On Monday next, The Tatler will begin to admit Advertisements, *but under such an arrangement of its letter-press as will take nothing from the reader.*

This opportunity may be particularly worthy the attention of those who deal in commodities conducive in any way to the Graces of Life, whether intellectual or external, such as Books, Music, Paintings, Engravings, Sculpture, Apparel, Jewellery, and all kinds of Fancy Articles; in short, anything connected with habits of elegance and refinement.

The space of The Tatler devoted to this purpose will be of necessity a great deal smaller than in other Daily Papers, so that every Advertisement *will be sure of being seen;* and Advertisers will bear in mind, that as the readers of the paper consist of Play-goers, Men of Leisure, Actors and Actresses, Accomplished Women in general, the Lovers of Books, Music, &c., and other cultivators of social intercourse and amusement, they form the very description of persons who are the most likely to repay the use made of its columns.

Advertisements received at the Tatler Office, 4 Catherine street, Strand; also by Mr G. Reynell, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 42 Chancery lane; and by Messrs C. and W. Reynell, at the Printing Office, 45 Broad street, Golden square.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces. By Charles Tennyson, Trin. Coll 12mo. pp. 83. Richardson.

Poems, chiefly Lyrical. By Alfred Tennyson. 12mo. pp. 154. Effingham Wilson.

[Concluded from No. 153.]

We resume our extracts from the Poems of Mr Charles Tennyson.

The 21st Sonnet, "On Startling some Pigeons," has something very pleasing in the first eight lines, and noble in the two last. The "sober chiding" of the pigeons, with the character given to it in the eighth line, is true to verisimilitude, and gives us a sort of smiling respect for the gravity assumed at the moment by the sympathy of the young Poet:—

'A hundred wings are dropt as soft as one,
Now ye are lighted—lovely to my sight
The fearful circle of your gentle flight,
Rapid and mute, and drawing homeward soon:
And then the sober chiding of your tone
As there ye sit, from your own roofs arraigning
My trespass on your haunts, so boldly done,
Sounds like a solemn and a just complaining!
O happy, happy race! for tho' there clings
A feeble fear about your timid clan,
Yet are ye blest! with not a thought that brings
Disquietude, while proud and sorrowing man,
An Eagle, weary of his mighty wings,
With anxious inquest fills his little span.'

The only objection we have to make to this Sonnet, is a fear that the beautiful birds whom it addresses are not quite so blessed as the Poet thinks. We remember being startled some years ago with a French work upon pigeons, which informed us that they are extremely pugnacious and jealous creatures, and that the turtle-dove is in the habit of thumping his mate. It is impossible, however, not to suppose that any race of creatures in a healthy condition are not far happier than otherwise.

The commencement of Sonnet 22d is delicate and picturesque:—

'See'st thou her blushes, that like shadows sweet
Pass upward from the silence of the heart,
Avowing its fond dream by token meet—
Their crimson traits dissolve; but not depart
The hopes they usher to the lover's breast.'

The exordium of the next has a graceful subtlety:—

'I trust thee from my soul, O Mary dear;
But ofttimes, when delight has fullest power,
Hope treads too lightly for herself to hear,
And doubt is ever by until the hour.'

The third and fourth lines of Sonnet 25, entitled "Martial Ardour in Age," make the imagination assume a lofty aspect:—

'And if ye marvel that mine eye doth glow,
Now every pulse of fervid youth is lost,
Ye never heard the kingly trumpets blow,
Nor felt the fieldward stirring of a host.'

This is like Chaucer,—

'- - - - - their horses freshly stirring,
With bloody soundis of the trumpets loud.'

We are glad to see, however, by another Sonnet on "War," that the author's heart misgives him as to the propriety of exalting these appeals to animal force. He says,—

'The tide of things should flow less troubled, sure;
To clear its current sages do impart
Their fruitful streams, and the wise Poet's heart
Pours in its crystal tribute, bright and pure!
But still doth war present a mighty lure,' &c.

We believe that the respect for war and warriors has much decreased of late, especially since the mistakes the latter have made in legislation, and the animal nature they seem to have exhibited, compared with the intellectual of the new leaders of mankind; nor do we conceive that wars in future need be more inevitable, than squabbles and boxing-matches among the men who were accustomed to them when little boys. But the poets, till lately, may certainly be charged with having contributed to the old delusion. Perhaps it was their business to adorn and make the best of a necessity. But when doubt comes among the wise, it is a signal that necessity has ceased.

THE OCEAN.

'The ocean at the bidding of the moon
For ever changes with his restless tide:
Flung shoreward now, to be regather'd soon
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride
And semblance of return:—Anon from home
He issues forth anew, high-ridg'd and free—
The gentlest murmur of his seething foam
Like armies whispering where great echoes be!
O leave me here upon this beach to rove,
Mute list'ner to that sound, so grand and lone,—
A glorious sound, deep drawn and strongly thrown.'

Those lines marked in Italics are fine.—Here is a gentler sonnet, and deeper-thoughted,—"On the Love of Home:—

'Hence with your jeerings, petulant and low,
My love of home no circumstance can shake,
Too ductile for the change of place to break,
And far too passionate for most to know—
I and yon pollard-oak have grown together,
How on yon slope the shifting sunsets lie
None knew so well as I, and tending hither
Flows the strong current of my sympathy;
From this same flower-bed, dear to memory,
I learnt how marigolds do bloom and fade;
And from the grove that skirts this garden glade,
I had my earliest thoughts of love and spring:
Ye wot not how the heart of man is made:
I learn but now what change the world can bring!'

DEATH.

'Plac'd at the limit of all mortal being,
The mute unquestionable shadow stands.'

A CHURCH.

'There duly, as the merchant to the mart,
Come aged men, whom daily deaths make fewer.'

The next couplet is not so "unquestionable" as death:

'There all the spirit of a Christian heart
Is bodied forth in gentle rites and pure.'

That surely depends on the doctrine taught. If anything of Calvin or Athanasius be there, we should say that the "Christian heart" could not be very easy at hearing it. We look upon the following as by far the best of the pieces in which religion is introduced. The thought is novel and entire: it does not overlook anything: its sincerity equals its amiableness: and there is more

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hope for the world in this sort of charity, than in that which begs a question for the conventional:—

THE ALTAR.

'How fondly look'd I on the place,
Assigned to rites of spousal love!
How saintly seemed that board of grace,
With Jesus blessing bread above!

'Twas bosomed in a kindlier air,
Than the outer realms of care and dole;
A sacred spirit brooded there,
Whose spell like silence lull'd the soul!

'For though full oft the accents dear,
Here uttered, had been falsely fond,
Still they were breathed and plighted here,
And broken in a place beyond!'

No. 42 is a good Sonnet on a Captive. The particularity about the birds, in the last three lines, has a lively air of circumstance. Every morning the poor prisoner

'Heard the stir and song
Of birds in royal gardens far below,
Telling of bowers and dewy lawns unseen,
Drenched with the silver steam that night had left—
Part blossom-white, part exquisitely green,
And ringing all with thrushes on the left,
And finches on the right, to greet the sheen
Of the May-dawn; while he was thus bereft!'

Our author, in Sonnet 43, far over-rates the genius of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, after all, was but a clever, a showy, and a flimsy painter, spoilt by crayon-drawing, fashion, and hasty wants. His pictures want both soul and body; and are destined to perish, like the generation he painted. The following stanza, at p. 69, would have frightened him:—

'When Kings demand, with haughtiest aim,
Beyond their weight of kingly claim,
With worthy scorn and anger stirr'd,
We fill the balance with the sword.'

Voila la Congres (of his portraits) *dissout!*

We do not like the translations from Anacreon. They are of the literal and simple order, which is a better mistake than that of the florid; but the more we consider Anacreon and the ancient lyrics, the more we are persuaded that some degree of paraphrase is necessary, to assimilate them in effect to the original. We are to recollect, that the ancient odes were written to be sung to music; that the poet himself was the first performer; and that the idea of words and music was probably never divided in the mind of the reader. The spirit of enjoyment is a spirit of continuousness. We may suppose what we like of Greek simplicity and brevity, especially in their epigrams or inscriptions, the shortness of which was most likely prescribed, in the first instance, by the nature of the places on which they were written: but we may be pretty certain, that the shortest of Anacreon's songs was made three, or four, or five times as long as it appears to us, by the music with which it was accompanied. Take a song of Metastasio's, as set by Arne or Mozart, and we shall find the duration of it a very different thing in the study and the theatre. The only true way, therefore, of translating an ode of Anacreon, is to sympathize as much as possible with his animal spirits, and then to let the words flow as freely as they will, with as musical and dancing a melody as possible, so as to make the flow and continuity of the verse as great a substitute as we can for the accompaniment of the lyre. The only versions of Anacreon, in the English language, that are really worth anything, are those of Cowley; and these are as paraphrastic as they are joyous. We will lay before the reader the one on the Grasshopper as a specimen, not caring withal whether he may have seen it twenty times before; for he may have heard many fine airs, and drank many bottles of wine; but that is no reason why he may not choose to hear one of the airs repeated, and take another glass. There is music and wine together in this version of Cowley's It is not entirely free from his conceits, though they are not of such a description as to make us wish them away; and their presence adds to the impression of the writer's sincerity:—

'Happy insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!

(What a beautiful line is that!)

Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill:
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king.
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer he, and landlord thou.
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he:
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year.
Thee Phœbus loves and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know:
But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.'

We are bound to state, that the more closely we have become acquainted with Alfred Tennyson's poems, the more the author has risen upon our admiration. Perhaps we feel ourselves the more inclined to prefer him to Charles, because he seems less disposed to tie himself down to conventional notions,—less willing to blink any great question or feeling, and to put up with a consciousness of doing so. It may itself be a mere conventional mode of talking in Charles, and an assumption of the knowing: but when we see in a sonnet addressed to a friend an announcement of his intention to take orders, and afterwards meet with the following passage, we feel something come over us, which perhaps tends to make us think less of his genius than we ought. The Italics to the word *must*, and to the third line after it, are of our own putting:—

TO ——.

'Think'st thou, if spirits pure as thine,
Through life might be for ever near,
I should not every fear resign,
As from my boyhood's home I steer?

But 'tis not so—my heart *must* bleed,
With thorns amid a world of guile,
Snows to my rosy clime succeed,
And Cunning's cant to Virtue's smile.'

Why must it? And what sort of a comment would our young author here furnish to any text he may hereafter preach upon? We trust that this committal of himself vindicates his good intentions: but the style of it is not favourable to that opinion of his natural powers, which we felt ourselves so much inclined to draw from the finer passages we have quoted. If we might be allowed to address our young Poet as friends, (and all poets make us their friends, whether they please to lend an ear to us in return or not) we should say to him, in imitation of his own lines—

- - - - 'Be bold to choose
Truth's never-satiate freedom of delight
Before these narrowed and misgiving views,
And task for joy thy soul's majestic might.'

FORCED WIT NOT WORTH THE EXPENSE.—The Count de Bussi was said to have a great deal of wit: "It costs him too much," said M. de la Chesnaye: "I shall never buy any at the shop where he gets it."

HAPPY COMBINATION.—Mademoiselle de Scudery wrote to the Count de Bussi:—"Your daughter has as much wit as if she saw you every day, and she is as wise as if she had never seen you at all."

REVENGE IN IMAGINATION.—I found the agha of Alacchchetta (a fat coarse old fellow, who was an acquaintance of my conductor) beating a drunken Greek mason with his pipe-stick. The poor artist, who was building him a kiosk, had evidently lost the perpendicular line in a wall; and this had struck the mathematical eye of the Turk simultaneously with the unfortunate toper's own condition. The Greek was excessively hurt at the correction he had received, and wine had made him valiant. "Curse the old rogue!" said he, as the authority went into the house to fetch us chibooks—"Curse him, and curse me if I am not revenged on him!"—"Silence, Palikari, prudence!" said my guide, who feared the poor devil would get into a scrape, by some sudden explosion. "I'll be revenged on him!" continued the mason. "Be quiet, man! what can you do?"—"Do?" said he, thinking awhile, "why, I'll mix the mortar so that it shall not hold two stones together: that's what I'll do, and the wall won't stand a week."—"And then you'll get a good drubbing, and have to build the fallen wall again for nothing."—"Yes," said the mason briskly, "but perhaps the old thief may be under it, when it falls!"—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

COVENT GARDEN.—A Grand Musical Performance.

ADELPHI.

WISHING to vary the reader's Lenten theatricals, we looked in here last night, to witness an entertainment, which, considering the gravity that is understood to predominate on the Wednesdays and Fridays of this season, has rather a startling title; to wit, *Morsels of Mirth, for Moments of Merriment*. We have no objection to it,—considering the matter with the due philosophy, and in how modest and urbane a style Mr WILLIAMS begs permission to make us laugh. Nor do his visitors appear to have any; for a more good-natured assembly of people we never witnessed than the audience on this occasion. Mr WILLIAMS, it seems, besides being a songster and a teller of stories, has for these eight years been an eminent performer on the card-pack, and a satirist of city wit and grammatical aberrations; all which is the more disinterested in him, inasmuch as his own pronunciation is not always Catholic, nor his style oppressively correct. We entered the house, with a judicious intimation on the part of the check-taker, that the performances were not of the usual description; and found a well-looking gentleman in possession of the stage, which was most elegantly set forth as a furnished apartment, with portraits on the walls; three (as it were) golden tables with lamps, and a variety of mysterious moveables on the same; which we regarded with much the same curiosity as Don Cleofas did the phials in the "Devil upon Two Sticks." From the middle of the stage, over the orchestra, there was a covered way into the pit; and two others led from sides along two or three of the side-boxes; over all which the operator occasionally made incursions among the audience, to request that they would take a card, or lend him their goods and chattels. At one time, he performs some amazing piece of magic with the Knave of Clubs, at which a pleasing though tranquil astonishment pervades the assembly, they perhaps having seen something not altogether unlike it before. Then he sings a song about the Lord Mayor, or tells an elegant story of a pig and an Irishman; and then he returns to his "illusions," and gratifies us by knocking our watches out of a corked bottle, or making a couple of half-crowns dance a *pas-deux* in a sugar basin. This latter feat was highly applauded, the magician going so far as to borrow a fur-cap from the pit, and putting the sugar-basin upon it, in order to show that there was no collusion between the basin and the table;—a circumstance so manifest as to produce the most cordial rounds of applause. One striking instance of Mr WILLIAMS's taste, and the winning ways these gentlemen have with the fair sex, we must not omit. Some of the spectators have cards dealt out to them; and these, one by one, they are requested to summon out of a card-rack, or some such machine, on the table; upon which the word of command is given, and the intelligent pieces of paper behave themselves accordingly. One gentleman, however, in vain ordered his card to "rise." The order was repeatedly disobeyed. The house knew not what to think. Every body would have felt in pain for Mr WILLIAMS, but for the tranquil way in which he bore himself, and the unmoved, we might almost say the heroical, expression of his countenance. At length he requested to know what card it was the gentleman had drawn.

"The Queen of Hearts."

"The Queen of Hearts!" exclaims Mr WILLIAMS, smiling:—"That indeed explains the mystery, for it is a lady who is called upon to rise, and it is fitting the request should be made in the politest manner."

(Here there is a pretty flutter of approbation among all the ladies; and several gallant voices applaud.)

"Could you not favour us, Sir," resumes Mr WILLIAMS, "with one of those graceful speeches with which you address other ladies, when you would persuade them to rise?"

The Queen is at length requested in a proper manner to favour the house with her appearance, and she rises in all the majesty of the picture-card.

Two of Mr WILLIAMS's songs are very effective,—one on the Lord's Mayor's Feast that was to have been, and another entitled 'The Nervous Family," which is written with a considerable feeling of the ludicrous, and well set to the tune of "We're all nodding." Much of the entertainment, one would think, might be easily improved to his advantage, by having recourse to some popular writer: but if all his audiences resemble those of last night, he may be content with the number of his visitors, if not always with the amount of their applause. His manner is somewhat hard, and he now and then trips in his sentences: but we are not called upon to be very critical; for Mr WILLIAMS modesty disclaims all idea of competition with the "Lion of Laughter MATHEWS," and the "inimitable YATES."

We never see an exhibitor of this sort, but he does us one great good: he reminds us of Swift's exquisite banter upon the impossibilities which geniuses of his class are sometimes led to announce, by the vivacity of their public knowledge. One of the feats of his Wonderful Performer consisted in *letting* any gentleman have his eye thrust half way out of its socket, during which operation he was to see an "unspeakable number of beautiful colours."

Another, was to prepare a board full of spikes at the bottom of a wall, and to *let* any gentleman leap down upon it, first having taken off his shoes. And he was to alight as upon a feather-bed.

Item, he lets any lady give him her little child, and cunningly tosses it upon a set of javelins prepared on purpose, where it sticks for some time, "to the satisfaction of the beholders." After which it is taken down, without so much as a hole in its coat.

With many others, which we cannot call to mind, without doing injustice to the style. One of them is to let any gentleman take a basin of scalding water, and toss it *right* in the face of his favourite lady.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

A COMPLIMENT OFF-HAND.—One day, says Menage, I held with both of mine one of the hands of Madame de Sevigné. When she withdrew it, Pelletier said to me, "That is the finest work which has ever gone out of your hands."

REVENGE OF A NEGLECTED AUTHOR.—The Abbé de Morelles not only translated the poems of others, but also made verses himself; and in speaking of the injustice of the age, he said, that in spite of the public, he had published one hundred and thirty-three thousand one hundred and twenty-four verses.

THE RIVAL VILLAGES.—Mr MacFarlane, in his 'Constantinople,' gives a curious picture of the absurdity into which the want of occupation, and the want of ideas, may drive people, for the sake of some sort of excitement. He tells us that in the neighbourhood of Smyrna are two villages called Bournabat and Boodjà. One or other of these villages is patronised by the inhabitants of Smyrna, who are absolutely divided into two parties, each vehemently insisting upon the pre-eminence of the favourite village; they not only keep up a continual discussion upon the subject among themselves, but are at great pains to persuade the traveller of the exclusive advantages of the one village, and objections to the other. The author gives a little dialogue between two ladies of the rival parties, which sufficiently proves the lamentable condition of the fair adversaries: "Why, you have no water at Boodjà, six months in the year," says the lady of Bournabat. "If we have occasionally a scarcity of water, we have, at the same time, neither musquitoes nor Turks to annoy us," retorts the lady of Boodjà. "You cannot walk out in the day-time; you have no shade," says the lady of Bournabat. "But we can walk out in the evening without lanterns, which is what you cannot do at Bournabat," replies the lady of Boodjà. "We have more *bon ton*, more finery," says the lady of Bournabat. "We have more merry parties, and more freedom," says the rival lady. "But we have five consuls at Bournabat!"—adds the one with emphasis. "We care so little about consuls," once retorted a wicked advocate on the other side, "that we let our pigs eat them." This refers to an accident which befel a gentleman of consular dignity at Boodjà, who, when feeding a sow and a litter of pigs, had a large piece bitten out of his leg, by the ungrateful matron. Upon the whole, an English reader would probably be inclined to favour the village of Boodjà, only making an exception against the breeding—perhaps it would be more proper to say the morals— of its pigs.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled
IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.
[By Cimarosa.]
Principal Characters by Madame SIGL VESPERMANN, Miss FANNY AYTON, Mademoiselle FILIANI, Signor DAVID, Mr E. SEGUIN, and Signor LABLACHE.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir Walter Scott's Novel of
KENILWORTH.
[By M. Deshayes.]
The Music by Signor Costa.
The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel Mademoiselle Clara, Mademoiselle Proche, Mademoiselle Zoe Beaufere, and Madame Montessu,
Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.
M. Lefebvre, M. Simon, M. Emile, M. Gouriet, M. Venafra, M. O'Brien, M. Edouard, M. George, M. D'Albert, M. Bertram, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.
With an efficient and numerous Corps de Ballet.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,
THE BRIGAND.
[By Mr Planche.]
Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr YOUNGE, Nicolo, Mr WEBSTER, Fabio, Mr HUGHES,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called
THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.
[By Mr Kenney.]
Irza, Miss Faucit, Fatima, Mrs Waylett,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr Liston, Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. Barrymore.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses Barnett and Baseke. Harlequin, Mr Howell,
Pantaloon, Mr T. Blanchard, Clowns, Messrs Southby and E. J. Parsloe.

To-morrow, A Grand Musical Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
[By W. Shakspeare.]
Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Miss BROWN.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."
After which a New Petite Comedy, called
MARRIED LOVERS.
[By Mr Power.]
The Songs composed by Mr Barnett.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss Lawrence. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss Taylor.
Lady Ascot, Mrs Chatterley. Annette, Miss Phillips.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr Abbott. Marquis de Meneville, Mr Bartley.
Sir John Ascot, Mr Warde. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr Power. Pierre, Mr Irwin.
To conclude with the Farce of
THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.
[By Mr Tain.]
Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Ledger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Rooney, Mr Power.

To-morrow, No Performance.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time.
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.
Positively the last Six Nights of M. BOUFFE, who will perform in Three Pieces.
Spectacle Demandé.
On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par
VOLTAIRE CHEZ LES CAPUCINS.
Comédie Anecdote Mélée de Chant, par MM. Duvert, Desvergers et Varin.
Madame Dolban, jeune Veuve, Mlle. ELIZA.
Jeannette, Femme de Bruno, Mademoiselle EMMA.
M. BOUFFE remplira le Rôle de Voltaire.
Père Pancrase, Gardien des Capucins, M. ST. AUBERT.
Frère Loup, Pourvoyeur, M. PREVAL. Frère Jacques, Portier, M. GUENEE.
Frère Fiacre Sonneur, M. GRANVILLE. Théodore, Novice, M. PAULIN.
Bruno, Jardinier du Couvent, M. GAMARD. Un Paysan, M. ARNAUD.
M. Lambert, vieux Bourgeois, M. CLOUP.
Suivie de
LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE.
Comédie en Trois Actes, de Molière, avec les corrections du Théâtre Français.
Béline, seconde Femme d'Argan, Mme. Baudin.
Angélique, Fille d'Argan, Mlle. Jamain. Toinette, Servante d'Argan, Mlle. St. Ange.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle de Thomas Diafoirus.
Argan, Malade imaginaire, M. Laporte. Béralde, Frère d'Argan, M. Cloup.
Cléante, amant d'Angélique, M. Alfred. M. Diafoirus. Médecin, M. Préval.
Purgon, Médecin, M. Guenée. Fleurant, Apothicaire, M. Granville.
Bonnefoi, Notaire, M. Arnaud.
On Finira par
LE BENEFICIAIRE.
Vaudeville en Cinq Tableaux.
Madame Lesoufflé, Madame Baudin. Palma, sa Fille, Mlle. Elisa.
Zéphirine, Danseuse, Mademoiselle Florval.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle du Bénéficiaire. Dubémol, Chanteur, M. Derval.
M. de la Tirade, Acteur Tragique, M. Pelissié. M. Desrosiers, M. Alfred.
M. Golden, Anglais, M. Laporte. Eugène, M. Paulin.
Un Régisseur, M. Cloup. Le Domestique de Dubémol, M. Arnaud.
Le Domestique de la Tirade, M. Guenée. Le Domestique de Zéphirine, M. Granville.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
KIND INTENTIONS.
Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called
BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.
The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont,
Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp,
Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo,
Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr B. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An entirely new Burletta, in One Act, called
DUKE FOR A DAY.
The Music by B. Livius, Esq.
The Characters by Miss SYDNEY, Madame VESTRIS, Mr HODGES,
Mr NEWCOMBE, Mr COOPER, and Mr WORRELL.

After which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
[By Mr C. Dance.]
The Characters by Miss Stuart, Miss Pincott, Miss Kabrey, Miss Berresford,
Mr Raymond, Mr Cooper, Mr W. Vining, Mr Coates, and Mr Worrell.
Mr Young, and Mr Hitchinson.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called
THE CHASTE SALUTE
[From M. Scribe's "Baiser au Porteur."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Characters by Miss Sydney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter,
Mr Spagnoletti, Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of Colman's, by Mr Planche and Mr C. Dance.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled
THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.
The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN,
Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER,
Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS,
Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled
"SWING."
[By J. Alfred and C. Z. Barnett.]
Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr C. Hill,
Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

To conclude with an entirely new Nautical Melo-Drama, to be called
THE WATER WITCH.
The Music by Mr Blewitt.
The Characters by Mrs Somerville, Miss M. C. Poole, Mr Osbaldiston,
Mr Williams, Mr Vale, Mr Honner, Mr Rogers, Mr Ransford,
Messrs Hobbs, Boulanger, Grammer, Woolf, Tully, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,
TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called
EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.
The Characters by Mrs GLOVER, Miss SINCLAIR, Miss GARRICK,
Miss STOHWASSER, Miss WELLS, Miss LAWS, Mr SMITH, Mr TILBURY,
Mr MUNROE, Mr BARNETT, and Mr GREEN.

After which, a Farcical Entertainment, entitled
THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.
The Music, by Mr Harroway.
The Characters by Mrs Humby, Miss Wells, Miss Garrick, Miss Stohwasser,
Miss Brothers, Mrs Garrick, and Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, a New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, entitled
TACT.
[By M. Barnett.]
The Music, by J. A. Barnett.
The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe,
Mr Spencer, Mr Forrester, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest,
and Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Operatic Piece, entitled
GALATEA.
From Gay's Serenata. With Handel's Music, arranged by Mr C. Potter.
Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett,
Mr J. Ruussell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe,
Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, &c.

Coburg Theatre.—De L'Orme—The Old Oak Chest.
—The Death of Christophe.
Sadler's Wells Theatre.—Richard III. — The Tale of Mystery.

Published by J. Onwhyn, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. Chappel,—Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; A. Hays, 165 Regent street; J. Field, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; Marsh, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at Ebers's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.
C. and W. Reynell, Printers, Broad street, Golden square.

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Nº 156.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1831.

TO ADVERTISERS.

On Monday next, The Tatler will begin to admit Advertisements, *but under such an arrangement of its letter-press as will take nothing from the reader.*

This opportunity may be particularly worthy the attention of those who deal in commodities conducive in any way to the Graces of Life, whether intellectual or external, such as Books, Music, Paintings, Engravings, Sculpture, Apparel, Jewellery, or any kind of Fancy Article; in short, anything connected with habits of elegance and refinement.

The space of The Tatler devoted to this purpose will be of necessity a great deal smaller than in other Daily Papers, so that every Advertisement *will be sure of being seen*; and Advertisers will bear in mind, that as the readers of the paper consist of Play-goers, Men of Leisure, Actors and Actresses, Accomplished Women in general, the Lovers of Books, Music, &c., and other cultivators of social intercourse and amusement, they form the very description of persons who are the most likely to repay the use made of its columns.

Advertisements received at the Tatler Office, 4 Catherine street, Strand; also by Mr G. Reynell, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 42 Chancery lane; and by Messrs C. and W. Reynell, at the Printing Office, 45 Broad street, Golden square.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Gorton's Topographical Dictionary.—*A Topographical Dictionary of Great Britain and Ireland, compiled from Local Information, and the most recent Official Authorities. By John Gorton, Editor of the General Biographical Dictionary. The Irish and Welsh Articles by J. H. Wright, M. A. Professor of Antiquities, &c. &c. With fifty-two Quarto Maps, Drawn and Engraved by Sidney Hall.* In Three Volumes. Vol. I, pp. 739. Chapman and Hall.

This is a great improvement upon the publications known by the name of Gazetteers. It has several novel points of utility for reference; its type is both solid and clear; its maps remarkably entitled to the same eulogy; and the spirit of its information on a par with that of the times. In short, it has not dishonored the name of its Editor; and may, and we have no doubt will, stand by the side of his excellent "Biographical Dictionary," as a standard book of reference, uniting the convenience of smaller works of the sort, with the carefulness, and (for all general purposes) the comprehensiveness of larger.

It is but justice to the Editor to quote a few passages from his preface, in order to show the industry and good conscience with which he has executed his compilation, and to give the reader a proper idea of the exclusive advantages that are to be found in this New Topographical Dictionary.

'The Editor,' says the Preface, 'may be allowed to observe, that he has sought to condense as much general information as possible, in the smallest compass in which it could be clearly conveyed; to obtain access to the best information in his power, including a direct correspondence with places of importance; and finally, to form a convenient manual for the parlour book-case appertaining to every rank in life; to be always at hand for immediate reference, and not unfrequently of sufficient authority to supersede the necessity of application to more voluminous sources of information

'In the accomplishment of this task, some errors will inadvertently occur, whatever system be adopted, or attention bestowed. The sources of misconception are at the same time not very numerous, but instances occur in which no exertion or industry will suffice to produce a total exclusion of ambiguity. This chiefly relates to places of which the population-returns make no mention, because the number of inhabitants is not specifically stated, but included in that of the parish or other larger division, with which it may be directly or arbitrarily connected; neither is there any authority or authorities that can be altogether depended upon in this respect. A separate alphabet of these places, stating name, parish, hundred, and county, will form, however, a portion of the Appendix, which will also rectify and explain all the discovered omissions and inaccuracies which have been committed in the course of the undertaking.'—P. 8.

With regard to the peculiar features of the work, the Preface tells us "that there is none, either upon a small or a large scale, which, with equal particularity and comprehensiveness, has thrown the whole of Great Britain, Ireland, and their insular dependencies, *under one general alphabet, in such a manner as to forfeit not a single benefit derivable from their separation.* Even if it be admitted, that the locality of a place, so far as relates to its situation in England, Scotland, and Ireland, be seldom unknown, the liability of referring to the wrong alphabet is of continual recurrence, to the occasional consumption both of time and temper; while, where uncertainty may exist as to the portion of the United Kingdom, in which the place sought for is situated, the advantage is obvious and unequivocal.' * * * 'A second peculiarity of arrangement, upon which a new Topographical Dictionary may advance some claim to novelty and ability, consists in *the selection of such particulars to form a heading to each article, as may frequently form the sole object of occasional reference*; such as distance, post-town, markets, fairs, population,' &c. * * * Another point is 'the attention paid to exactitude in the topographical *locality of each place, as distinguished from the general one.* Many points of business may be determined and governed by trustworthy accuracy, in this respect, especially in the office of the lawyer; and not unfrequently in that of the merchant or trader; seeing that especial customs sometimes belong to particular districts, as respects tolls and other matters, by which their transactions may be materially guided. The population and other Parliamentary returns which have become so abundant of late years, supply many additional facilities in this direction, of which it has been endeavoured to make a proper use.'

Speaking of the ecclesiastical divisions of the country, especially as regards parish livings and their patronage, the Editor says, 'To a certain degree, *the clergy claim the same privilege of being silent as to their extent of property* as other people; and while this reasoning is deemed correct by the Government and Legislature, little more can be done than to repeat the old nominal valuations, except, when Parliamentary aid having become necessary, it could only be obtained by a disclosure of the paucity of remuneration, which had led to the appeal.'

Mr Gorton lays great stress on the assistance he has received in the topography of Wales. Of poor Ireland, destined to be unhappy in all her particulars, it is said that so much laxity and inaccuracy has prevailed in relation to the minor branches of her topography, 'that all approximation to correctness must be accounted as so much gained from mist and obscurity.'

As a good specimen of the work, we will select an account of a town not uninteresting in itself, but made a prominent object at present by a circumstance now taking place, which has brought its Parliamentary character forward in all the lustre of rottenness. Among the boroughs proposed by Lord John Russell to be disfranchised, is the renowned one (capitally named) of

'BOROUGHBRIDGE, West Riding, County of York.
'London, 206 m. NNW. York, 17 m. NW.
'Ripon, 6 m. SE. Population, 860. Market day, Saturday.
'Fairs, April 27 and 28, for horned cattle and sheep; June 22 and 23, ditto, with horses and hard-ware; and October 23, horned cattle and sheep. Members of Parliament, 2.

'A borough, market-town, and township in the parish of Aldborough, in the wapentake of Clare, situate on the south bank of the river Ure, over which there is a stone bridge. The houses are well built, and the town possesses many good inns; its consequence having originated in its position as a thoroughfare on the great north road, from which, and from its manufacture of hard-ware, the principal business of the inhabitants is still derived. It early obtained a market, and in 1577 was constituted a borough, with the privilege of sending two members to Parliament. The right of election is in the burgage-holders, who are nominally between seventy and eighty; but the appointment of the two members is actually enjoyed by the *Duke of Newcastle*; returning officer, the bailiff of that nobleman, who also governs the town. Boroughbridge is a chapelry to the parish of Aldborough; living, a curacy, in the archdeaconry of Richmond, and diocese of Chester; annexed to the vicarage of the northern church. About half a mile south of the town are three stupendous obelisks, called the Arrows, respectively, eighteen, twenty-two and a half, and twenty-two feet high, and each computed to weigh from thirty to thirty-six tons. They

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are formed of coarse rag-stones, and a great diversity of opinions exist among the antiquaries as to the purpose for which they were erected, and by whom. The major part of these authorities, however, assign them to the Romans; and deem them the *metas*, or stones round which the chariots were turned in the chariot races. In the year 1321 a sanguinary battle was fought near this place, between the forces of Edward II and the insurrectionary barons, headed by the Earl of Leicester, in which the latter were defeated, and the Earl and several more noblemen taken prisoners, and executed. Here are annual races.'—P. 251.

We add an account of a little town in Westmoreland, now become interesting upon a very different score:—

'BROUGHAM, or BURGHAM, co. Westmoreland.
P. T. Penrith (283) 2 m. SE. Pop. 143.

'A parish and township in West ward; living, a rectory in the arch-deaconry and diocese of Carlisle; valued in K. B. 16*l.* 10*s.* 7½*d.*; church ded. to St Wilfred; patron (1829) the Earl of Thanet. Brougham Castle, a majestic and venerable pile, is situated on a woody eminence, at the confluence of the Eamont and Lowther rivers, a mile from Penrith, on the site of the Norman station Brouvoniacum. It is of Roman architecture, and was built by the Veteriponts and Cliffords, and last repaired by the celebrated Anne (Clifford) Dowager Countess of Pembroke in 1651: since which it has been not only left to decay, but a part of the materials have been appropriated to the erection of farm-houses. Near this castle is the lofty pillar, with a lengthy inscription, recording the parting of the above spirited Peeress, with her mother, the Countess of Cumberland; in memory whereof she left 4*l.* per annum to the poor of Brougham for ever, to be distributed every second day of April, "on the stone hereby."'

Speaking of Brougham Hall, the seat of "the eminent writer, lawyer, and orator," who now presides in the House of Lords, the article adds,—

'It was at a very early period the property of the family of Brougham, but was divided and carried away into different families by the marriages of co-heiresses, until ultimately re-united in one individual, whose daughter sold it to John Brougham, Esq. a descendant of the original family, by which curious combination of circumstances, the estate has been restored, not only to the posterity, but to the name of its ancient possessors.'—P. 306.

Our only objection to the New Topographical Dictionary, (and this may be peculiar to ourselves, and might have demanded a total alteration of the plan to remove it), is that the little interesting circumstances scattered here and there, connected with literature and antiquities, tempt us to wish that there were more of them. But we are insatiate in these matters. Under the head of Bethnal Green, for instance, we are told that "the well known ballad of the 'Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green' was written in the reign of Elizabeth, and founded on a legend, recording the supposed adventures of Henry de Montford, son of the famous Earl of Leicester, who lost his life at the Battle of Evesham, in the reign of Henry the Third. This story is a great favourite with the inhabitants; and the blind beggar not only forms a well known sign, but is painted upon the staff of the parish beadles."—Now here we would at least have had a taste of the ballad, if not the whole of it.

So at 'Cumnor,' in Berkshire, the scene of the catastrophe in Sir Walter Scott's novel of 'Kenilworth,' we would have had the pretty picturesque commencement of Mickle's ballad. We forget the first line, but we remember the landscape so beautifully touched in the remainder:—

'The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.'

At Alloway in Ayrshire, we would have had a piece of Tam o' Shanter, a production which the Editor has not forgotten. At Ailsa, we desiderated the fine sonnet of Mr Keats, addressed to Ailsa Rock, beginning

'Hearken, thou craggy ocean pyramid:'

and at Banbury, the cakes and religion of which are duly recorded, we would have found Drunken Barnaby's memento:—

'To Banbury came I (O profane one!)
Where I saw a Puritane one,
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.'

Nay, at Ballyspellin, 'the Spa (says the work) so celebrated in the verses of Dr Sheridan and Dean Swift,' we would have taken at least the Doctor's closing stanza:—

'My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring hell in;
But since I'm here, to heav'n so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin.'

At Dorchester is a pleasant anecdote of Arbuthnot:—'Dr Arbuthnot, the friend of Swift and Pope, settled here as a physician in the early part of his life; but meeting with little practice, he determined to leave the town, because, as he jocosely declared, "a man could neither live nor die in it."'

Having alluded in the course of our article, to a remarkable public event now in progress, we cannot but seize the earliest opportunity of congratulating upon it all the lovers of Reform. Great good must come of it, however it may terminate in the immediate spot where it originates. We are greatly surprised at its originators: we enjoy exceedingly the dismay of its opponents: and though we cannot suppose that its authors can contemplate the whole of its consequences (which, if they did, would exalt them still higher in our opinion), yet we feel perfectly certain, that if anything could save the Tories themselves from losing their share of aristocratical ascendancy, it would be a measure resembling this very one. Far should we be from entertaining so favourable an opinion of it, if such were likely to be the case: but of all their forlorn hopes (if they really understood on what to found them)—this, we are persuaded, would be the only one, which could give them even the semblance of such a chance. Their expectation of making anything like a stand, was, and is ridiculous; and, we now trust, will not prove something worse: but they were right in thinking that one concession would produce more. It will produce, we believe, just as many concessions as it ought; and among others will be that of the Ballot,—an institution, which, in any Parliament pretending to go upon grounds of reason, or not flagrantly daring to sophisticate, might be irresistibly brought forward upon the ground of their own use of it. They find it necessary for their own interior purposes. With what face could they deny it to the people?

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

NOBILITY.—For democracies, they need it not [nobility]; and they are commonly more quiet and less subject to sedition, than where there are strips of nobles; for men's eyes are upon the business, and not upon the persons; or if upon the persons, it is for the business' sake, as fittest, and not for flags and pedigree. We see the Switzers last well, notwithstanding their diversity of religion and of cantons; for UTILITY is their bond, and not respects. *Bacon.*

NAPOLEON'S LEARNING ENGLISH.—During dinner, the Emperor described to us the contents of some French (query English) papers, which he had by him, and which he said, gave an account of the shipwreck of La Perouse, his different adventures, his death, and his journal, &c. The narrative consisted of most curious, striking, and romantic details, and interested us exceedingly. The Emperor observed how highly our curiosity was excited, and then burst into a fit of laughter. This story was nothing but an impromptu of his own, which he said he had invented merely to show us the progress he had made in English.—*Las Casas' Journal.*

DR POCOCK, THE TRAVELLER.—That celebrated oriental traveller and author was a man of mild manners and primitive simplicity. Having given the world a full detail of his researches in Egypt, he seemed to hold himself excused from saying anything more about them, and observed in general an obdurate taciturnity. In his carriage and deportment he appeared to have contracted something of the Arab character, yet there was no austerity in his silence, and though his air was solemn, his temper was serene. When we were on our road to Ireland, I saw from the windows of the inn at Daventry, a cavalcade of horsemen approaching on a gentle trot, headed by an elderly chief in clerical attire, who was followed by five servants at distances geometrically measured and most precisely maintained, and who upon entering the inn proved to be this distinguished prelate, conducting his horde with the phlegmatic patience of a Schiek.—*Cumberland's Memoirs.*

MR BENTHAM.—As contemporaries seem designed to keep pace with one another in intellect, no less than in manners, every one who rushes on far beyond the ranks, or exhibits any very strong desire to do so, is naturally viewed from that moment with suspicion, at least, if not with envy and aversion. His constitutional vigour and alacrity receive the name of affectation, and instead of being considered a great man, he is sometimes regarded as a mountebank. This has happened in our own age. When Mr Bentham published his Defence of Usury, almost fifty years ago, he was treated as a visionary, and his notions were despised. Time went on, and in the course of thirty or forty years, some few came up with Mr Bentham's position, and found it no longer so absurd as it had appeared through the mists of distance. Meanwhile, the philosopher was stretching away before them, inventing and discovering, and still appearing in his new positions as ludicrous as in the matter of usury. When they overtake him again, they may again find him rational; and, meantime, he can wait.—*St John's Anatomy of Society.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand.—The Illustrious Stranger.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN. — Much Ado About Nothing.—Married Lovers.—And The Omnibus.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

AFTER so many disappointments in minor pieces, we are glad to have found one a little more in the usual sprightly fashion. We began to think the vintage of light wines was failing. The new musical entertainment produced here last night, entitled "*Mrs G.*," is a translation, we understand, by Mr BARNETT, from a French piece called *Madame Gregoire*. The English title announces a scene in England; but the locality of the original is retained at some expense to consistency, for the sake of the piquant initial; and we are not disposed to quarrel with the arrangement, considering the little veracities that are so often of necessity sacrificed to the production of stage effect.

The plot turns upon the ancient story of a woman's inviting several of her lovers to an assignation, at the same spot and at the same hour, and exposing them. *Madame Gregoire*, alias *Mrs G.* (Mrs GLOVER), is the jolly middle-aged landlady of the Golden Pippin, who has an establishment handsome enough to make people fall in love with her, and a face equally sufficient to warrant their laying the passion to a different account. *Monsieur Timide Tendre* (Mr SMITH) attacks her (if he can be said to attack); *Monsieur Alexis Chassée* (Mr FORESTER) attacks her with his two legs, being a dancing-master; *Monsieur Perigorge* (Mr MUNROE) attacks her, with his middle-aged wig and gruffness; and *Monsieur Achilles Belle-rose*, Serjeant of the Garde de Corps (Mr J. RUSSELL) attacks her with his military renown, and his name uniting heroism and sweetness. *Mrs G.* is secretly inclined to the Serjeant, who suspects it, and who being willing to marry the jolly hostess, secretly invites himself, without asking, to her apartment. To this same apartment comes, in a short time, *M. Timide Tendre*, with a bottle of wine in each hand, a patch over his left eye, and a wooden leg under his left knee,—the disguise under which Madame has invited him to come and see her, with the understanding that he is to personate a husband of her's, who she says is coming home from the wars in that state. The Serjeant begins drinking the wine of *M. Timide*, and contrives to huff him out of the house; after which he goes behind a curtained bed, and being overcome with his drink, lies down and sleeps. There enters then another phenomenon, in the like condition with *Tendre*; to wit, *M. Perigorge*, who has scarcely announced himself to the servant, as the expected husband, when a third arrives, in the person of *M. Chassée*. These two patch-eyed and wooden-legged gentlemen take one another for the real man, and are cursing their stars, and wondering at each other's forbearance, when the fair object of their passion comes in; and pretending, as she stands behind them, to recognise her long absent spouse, entreats him—(they do not know which)—to come to her arms. Finding her call not responded to, she has a violent fit. The humanity of one of them induces him to turn about, and approach her. "Go (she groans aside) into the room on the left." He vanishes. The other approaches. "Go (she says to him) into the room on the right." Away skips *M. Chassée*. The wives of these two gentlemen, also by appointment, then come in: the candles are put out; the husbands are called back, and have their wives' hands put into theirs with encouraging words, whispered by the fair deceiver, as if in her own person, she all the while protesting that they are doing their own handsome wives injustice. They grasp the blessing, praising the kind giver, and saying that their wives are nothing to her. The candles then are suddenly brought in, neighbours and soldiers pour in likewise (brought by the resentful *Monsieur Timide*), and the ladies are made triumphant.

A perplexity however suddenly arises. The somewhat too rejoicing virtue of *Madame Gregoire* is threatened with the resentment of the Gods. A snore, to the consternation of all present, is heard from the bed! The curtains are drawn, and the gallant Serjeant is found stretched on the hitherto unsullied down of *Madame Gregoire*. Madame bursts into tears, and says she "should not have thought it of the Serjeant." What is to be done? The gallant soldier seizes the opportunity for a *coup de main*, and whispers her, that no hope remains for her reputation, unless she declares herself married. She does so, and the Golden Pippin is won.

Mrs GLOVER plays her part remarkably well; looks it to the life; and laughs, and goes into fits, with a relish equally suitable to the gaiety of her *embonpoint*. The way in which she reads a simpleton's letter in verse, and hinders its real dullness from palling upon the audience, by mixing it up with her laughter as she proceeds, is admirable; and completely did what it intended. Mr FORRESTER, as *M. Chassée*, was very good in the legs. His countenance, when they had nothing to do, was not quite so effective. Mr J. RUSSELL, we should think, by his name *(Achilles Belle-rose)* hardly puts sufficient sweetness into his strength. But a song which he sings to the Tyrolese air, at present so popular about the streets (in *Hofer*, we believe), has a very ludicrous effect. That up and down, gargling sort of passage, which forms the burden of the original, is made to fall on the initial, in the words "Mrs G.;" and being somewhat fantastic and mystical in itself, is pleasantly mocked by being rolled about on the single letter.

The theatre deserves great praise for the way in which the piece is got up. The costume of the reign of Louis XV is preserved to a nicety; and the new and selected music by Mr HARROWAY is not unworthy of its French character. Among the airs, is the pretty and striking one of *Prenez garde*. ☞

MISTAKING ONE'S TALENT.—Racine had a great desire to be thought a courtier, but he did not know the way. The king seeing him one day walking with M. de Cavoye, said, there are two men whom I often see walking together, and I guess the reason. Cavoye with Racine fancies himself a wit, Racine with Cavoye fancies himself a courtier.

"GREAT WITS TO MADNESS SURE ARE NEAR ALLIED."—One of the oddities of Mezerai, the historian, was that of writing always by candle-light, even in the middle of the day in the height of summer; and as if he was fully persuaded that the world had no sun to light it, he never failed to see his visitors to the street-door, bearing a candle in his hand.

THE GENERAL OUT-GENERALLED.—General W—— was in the habit of recounting the following circumstance with great glee, as having happened to himself whilst in Canada. Having, one winter's day, gone a little distance to dine with a friend, and there meeting with a party of merry fellows, the General, who was no enemy to his bottle, made it rather late before he returned to his quarters, and had moreover either forgotten, or not provided himself with the pass-word for the night. But as even this did not occur to him until challenged by the sentinel, he demanded a parley, and stating who he was, found no difficulty whatever in prevailing on the latter (a raw Irish recruit, and who was, besides, well acquainted with the general's person) to let him pass. So far all went well. But the General had, like many other men, a little bit of a foible, which was, when he had taken a glass, to fancy himself a rather smart officer; and wished to impress the same notion on the poor sentinel. No sooner, therefore, had he received permission to enter the wicket, than he turned on the soldier in a violent rage, and demanded how the d—d rascal dare let any one pass without the parole, &c. adding at the same time, that as sure as he was alive, he would have him tried and flogged next morning. In vain did the poor Irishman beg his Honour's pardon, and humbly urge that he could not keep his "Gin'ral shivering in the could sich a bitter night, and he knowing him all the while:" but nothing could pacify the gallant officer; punished he must be. The soldier finding all his arguments lost on the determined martinet, stopt short all at once, and thus accosted him, "And ye'll flog me, Gin'ral, for not keeping ye here to perish in the could? ye'll flog me?"—"That will I," said the General, so sure as my name is W——." "Och, but you wont thin," said the soldier (bringing his musket to the charge, with his bayonet at the officer's breast) "bide ye there, Gin'ral; by Jasus, ye're not gone yet;" and very deliberately marched the General into the sentry box, where, in spite of all his protestations, that he only meant to frighten a young recruit, and that, so far from harming, he would reward him, &c. the inexorable fellow kept him, for two of the longest and coldest hours he had spent in his life, till finally relieved by the rounds.—*From a Correspondent.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A Grand

SELECTION OF MUSIC.

From the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, C. M. Von Weber, Winter, Martini, Guglielmi, Spontini, Rossini, &c.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

PART I.

Sphor's Grand Overture to 'Pietro Von Abano.'

First time at these Performances. Beethoven's 'Benedictus.'

Quartetto, Miss BYFELD, Miss RUSSELL. Mr T. COOKE, Mr PHILLIPS, and Chorus.

J. Eybler's New Grand Offertorium. Double Chorus. 'Timebunt gentes.'

Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'O loss of sight,' and Air, 'Total Eclipse.' (Samson.) Handel.

Recit. and Air, Miss PATON, 'Ye sacred Priests.' - - - Handel.

Air, Mr PHILLIPS, 'Lascia Amor.' (Orlando.) - - - - - - Handel.

Oboe and Bassoon Obligato, Mr PEIN and Mr GODFREY.

Aria, Mr SINCLAIR, 'Fra un istante.' - - - - - - Rossini.

Air, Mrs WAYLETT, 'The Hymn of Eve.' - - - Dr Arne.

Recit. and Air, Miss BRUCE, 'On mighty pens.' (Creation.) - Haydn.

Hymn, Miss HUGHES, 'Laudate Dominum.' From a Vesper. (MS.) - Mozart.

Quartetto, Miss PATON, Miss BYFELD, Mr BRAHAM, and Mr PHILLIPS, 'Cielo il mio labbro.' (Bianca e Faliero.) - - Rossini.

Air, Miss PEARSON, 'Come, ever smiling liberty.' - - Handel.

Grand Scene, Mr BRAHAM, [by Desire] 'Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see.' (Oberon). - - - C. M. Von Weber.

The Grand Finale from Rossini's 'Guillaume Tell,' 'The tramp of many feet advancing.' The Solo parts by Mrs BEDFORD, Miss RUSSELL, Mr SINCLAIR, Mr PHILLIPS, Mr BEDFORD, &c.

At the End of the First Part, a Concerto on the Violoncello. By Mr LINDLEY.

PART II.

Spontini's Grand Overture to 'Olympia.'

Duetto, Miss PEARSON and Miss RUSSELL, 'Giorno,' (From Semiramide.) Rossini.

Bravura, 'Plume thy wings again love.' - - A. Lee.

Air, 'Can I my love resign.' - - - A. Lee.

Grand Trio, Mr SINCLAIR, Mr BEDFORD, and Mr PHILLIPS, 'When our Tyrol.' (Guillaume Tell.) - Rossini.

New Ballad, Mrs WAYLETT, 'My Jamie is far on the sea,' (composed for her.)

Duet, Mr BRAHAM and Mr PHILLIPS, 'I, my dear, was born to-day.' Travers.

Echo Song, Miss S. PHILLIPS, 'What airy sound.' - Bishop.

Recit. and Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'Abercrombie.' Braham.

Laughing Terzettino, Miss HUGHES, Mr SINCIAIR, and Mr PHILLIPS, 'Vadasi via di qua.' - - - - Martini.

Recit. ed Aria, Miss PATON, 'Ah! compir.' - - Guglielmi. Violin Obligato, Mr OURY.

Air, Mr SINCLAIR, 'The mistletoe bough.'

Glee, Mrs WAYLETT, Mr HORN, Mr T. COOKE, Mr ROBINSON, and Mr BEDFORD, 'Who is Sylvia.' - - Ravenscroft and Morley.

Air, Miss PEARSON, 'The Ray of Hope.' - - Bishop.

Germao Bacchanalian Song, Mr PHILLIPS, 'Reicht mir nectar.' C. Von Weitcheld.

Trio, [by Request] Mrs WAYLETT, Miss HARRINGTON, and Mr BEDFORD, 'The Chough and Crow,' and Chorus. - - Bishop.

PART III.

Rossini's Overture to 'La Gazza Ladra.'

Ballad, Mrs WAYLETT.

Air, Miss PATON, [by Desire] 'Should he upbraid.' - - - Bishop.

Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'The Bay of Biscay.'

Air, Miss PEARSON, 'The Moon is on the Hill.' - Welsh.

Air, Mr SINCLAIR, 'Gardez vous,' and Chorus. - - - - - - Auber.

Air, Miss CRAWFORD, 'Hasten to the starlight.' Horn.

Finale. Grand Double Chorus. 'He gave them Hailstones.' (Israel in Egypt.) Handel.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'Love at Limehouse.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS,

By Mr H. CHILDE, Inventor of the DISSOLVING VIEWS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Lord BYRON's Tragedy of

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT. Ida Stialenheim, Miss FAUCIT.
Werner, Mr MABREADY. Ulric, Mr WALLACK. Gabor, Mr COOPER.
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. WALLACK. Fritz, Mr YOUNGE.
Otto, Mr COHEN, Henric, Mr SALTER. Eric, Mr C. JONES.
Idenstein, Mr W. BENNETT. Rodolph, Mr COOKE.
Arnheim, Mr FENTON. Meister, Mr EATON. Ludwig, Mr CATHIE.
Herman, Mr S. JONES.

After which will be exhibited the splendid

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

DECORUM; OR, VERY SUSPICIOUS.

The principal Characters by Mrs Faucit, Mrs Orger, Mrs C. Jones, Miss Faucit, Mr Farren, Mr Harley, Mr Howard, and Mr Salter.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Hero, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Mrs BROWN.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
Borachio, Mr BAKER. Conrad, Mr HOLL. Balthazar, Mr HENRY.
Sexton, Mr BARNES. Seacoal, Mr MEARS.
Oatcake, Mr TURNOUR. Lorenzo, Mr IRWIN.

In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss Forde. Liese, Miss E. Tree. Therèse, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs Gibbs. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. Cawse.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr Hunt. General Kienwitz, Mr Bartley.
Colonel Francœur, Mr Abbott. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. Penson.
Moritz, Mr Blanchard. Fritz Klaffen, Mr Keeley.
Paul Richter, Miss Taylor. Hubert, Mr Irwin.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]

Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

To conclude with the admired Melo-Drama, entitled

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

[By E. FITZBALL, Esq.]

The Characters by Miss Scott, Miss Jordan, Mrs Vale, Miss Rumens, Mr Gough, Mr D. Pitt. Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Vale, and Mr Rogers.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—The Old Oak Chest. —The Death of Christophe.

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Nº 157.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1831.

TO ADVERTISERS.

On Monday next, The Tatler will begin to admit Advertisements, *but under such an arrangement of its letter-press as will take nothing from the reader.*

This opportunity may be particularly worthy the attention of those who deal in commodities conducive in any way to the Graces of Life, whether intellectual or external, such as Books, Music, Paintings, Engravings, Sculpture, Apparel, Jewellery, or any kind of Fancy Article; in short, anything connected with habits of elegance and refinement.

The space of The Tatler devoted to this purpose will be of necessity a great deal smaller than in other Daily Papers, so that every Advertisement *will be sure of being seen;* and Advertisers will bear in mind, that as the readers of the paper consist of Play-goers, Men of Leisure, Actors and Actresses, Accomplished Women in general, the Lovers of Books, Music, &c., and other cultivators of social intercourse and amusement, they form the very description of persons who are the most likely to repay the use made of its columns.

Advertisements received at the Tatler Office, 4 Catherine street, Strand; also by Mr G. Reynell, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 42 Chancery lane; and by Messrs C. and W. Reynell, at the Printing Office, 45 Broad street, Golden square.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

An Essay on the State of the Country, in Respect to the Condition and Conduct of the Husbandry Labourers, and to the Consequences likely to result therefrom. Pp. 16. [Not for sale.]

This pamphlet we take to be from the same hand that wrote the "Letter to a Minister of State respecting Taxes on Knowledge." It is full of startling matter; and like everything now said, written, and done, makes us glad that a certain great question has been brought forward in a manner indicative of a right progress. We again have to differ with the author respecting the extent of ignorance which he attributes to the rick-burners: indeed we think he differs with himself, when he admits that the rick-burning has obtained its end, and that the hopelessness of all attempts to reduce wages has forced the consideration of the state of the country into the only channels of argument that can do it good. How is this state to be generally and briefly described? Unquestionably thus:—There is a church and an aristocracy, that have enormously too much: there is a middle class, part of which have much more than enough; part, the proper work and the proper leisure; and all, enough to subsist upon somehow or other:—finally, there is the poor class, who are forced to work over much, and to eat (for the most part) too little; and the intelligence of these has increased with their misery. The Tories,—fat fools!—their blood whirling with the confidence of their beef and port, are for driving matters to extremities, and having a fight. They would fain have their palaces burnt about their ears, as the ricks were,—

"All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde!"

After which, like the idiot in Johnson, they would "go and lie all night on the bridge." The Whigs, made doubly sensible of the value of their theories of liberty by the frenzy of the Tories, and not the less incited to carry them into practice in order to render hopeless the return of the others to office (and it was a masterly and gallant measure), have declared for the people, in the hope of tranquilly settling the question, and saving their coronets. Well: we believe it now may be tranquilly settled, let the Tories rage as they please, or even succeed in some immediate effort. It is sufficient that the whole aristocracy, all over wealthy and over idle, have not agreed to exasperate the whole democracy, all sharpened in intellect, and a great many starving. A reformed Parliament will meet, and *Tithes* will go directly. That will be the first concession,—the first step towards giving back to the poor some of the "crumbs that fall from the rich man's table." A thousand footmen will be in a state of consternation; and tens of thousands of hard-working labourers will look up, and see "the day of their redemption drawing nigh." *Rent* would have gone before, if the Whigs had not saved the Tories. What is to be done next, we shall not guess; but at all events, the *too little* must be made greater, and the *too much* must disburse (thank God! they need not "bleed"). To the just appreciation, and therefore to the tranquillity, of this *inevitable consummation* the author of the pamphlet before us would fain contribute; and to this end he writes, among many other things worth reading, as follows:—

'Since workmen, by the repeal of the laws which forbade them to combine either to raise their wages, or to regulate the hours of working, have been repealed, they have generally abstained from doing mischief to the machines or other property of their employers; very little mischief in this way has been done since the final repeal of these laws in 1826, and that little was done only by the most ignorant of them. No doubt need be entertained that, when somewhat better informed, as workmen cannot fail to be, all such unjustifiable proceedings will wholly cease.*

'Vast numbers of working people are convinced that destruction of machines and other property must diminish, and cannot increase, the quantity of employment, and this conviction will become general.

'Labourers in husbandry have not been able to associate as workmen have done, and thus they have been debarred the opportunities which workmen have had to instruct one another. Workmen have been free agents in comparison with husbandry labourers, who have had no will of their own. They have been interfered with in every possible way; they have been controlled and regulated in a manner which tended to increase their number disproportionately to employment, depressed them lower and lower, and kept them in a state of ignorance, which deprived them even of the hope of bettering their condition; it prevented their understanding their relative situation, as they might have been taught to understand it; and at length drove them to commit enormities, by which they expected to draw attention to their condition; they resorted to intimidation in the only way which, to them, seemed likely, even for a moment, to be effectual; they knew that any attempt to intimidate, by merely showing themselves in numbers, would be useless; the time had long gone by, when such proceedings could have been of any use to them; and some, more desperate than others, set an example to all, which all could understand, and all were likely to follow, or to countenance; they set fire to stacks and barns; and yet when they commenced this course of proceeding, it was more from despair than hope, and, probably (it may, indeed, almost be said certainly), without contemplating the increase of wages to which it led. The mischievous and lamentable example was followed; the intimidation it produced was at once apparent; advantage was taken of it, and increase of wages was demanded and obtained. Farmers have been compelled to sign agreements, and promise to give wages which they cannot afford to pay. The labourers acknowledge this, but say they cannot afford to starve any longer, and starve they will not.

'This, then, is the state of the case: wages are demanded and paid, which, if they come from profit, *must ruin* the farmers. Farmers must have a reasonable profit, or they must cease to carry on their business; the cannot have a reasonable profit, or any profit at all, if, besides paying the wages demanded, they pay Tithes, Rent, Taxes, and Rates.

'Will intimidation cease? Will labourers desist from demanding wages which farmers cannot afford to pay? The answers are—No, they will not desist; intimidation will not cease. There may be, and most likely there will be, intervals of peace, or rather cessations of hostilities; but attempts to reduce wages, will again produce the burning of farm produce.

'Much has been said of the efficacy of talking and writing to the husbandry labourers; but these at present would be utterly useless, as to any immediate effects to be produced on them. They should long since have been taught, it is too late to expect immediate good consequences from talking to men circumstanced as they are; their

* A very short time ago, in conversation with some workmen who were complaining of the machinery used in their trade, they were asked—"Why do you not, like the husbandry labourers, break and burn the machinery?" The reply was—"NO, we will commit no violence: besides, some of the masters would be very much obliged to us for destroying their machines: many of them are almost out of date, in consequence of recent improvements: they would make the county pay as much money for their old machines as would enable them to replace them with the newest and most improved. No, no! we know better than that."

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object is an increase of wages, and this, to them, has become past, present, and future; they carry their reasoning no further. Talk to one of these men with the half-crown in his fist, which he has received for his day's labour; tell him of the mischief of burning stacks, and extorting wages he knows the farmer cannot afford to pay, and the chances are ten to one, that he will show the consequence of his conduct, by exhibiting the money, and reply to your arguments by laughing in your face.

'To expect a *permanent* cessation of stack-burning, and a fall of the labourer's wages, which stack-burning has extorted, is unreasonable; and he who does expect it will probably be disappointed.

'What, then, may a reasonable man calculate upon as the result? Let us enquire.

'1. Labourers obtain from farmers wages which they cannot afford to pay, if they are also to pay *Tithes*, *Rent*, *Taxes*, and *Rates*.

'2. If farmers pay these wages, and pay them they must, they cannot long continue either to pay *Tithes* or *Rent** in full, if, indeed they can pay much or anything towards either; the deficiency must therefore fall on the parsons and landlords. The immediate terror from withholding tithes and rent, will be less than that which compels them to pay the increased wages and rates; add to which, that they will calculate on the protection of the labourers, to whom they pay good wages, against both parsons and landlords.

'3. But if tithes and rents are not paid, or paid only in part, the incomes of parsons and landlords will either be wholly or partly destroyed, and they will be compelled to discharge servants, to purchase fewer articles from tradesmen, and to consume fewer manufactured goods.

'4. The business of tradesmen and manufacturers must therefore fall off! and they, too, will discharge servants and working people: many of these must come upon the parish, for it will be impossible for them to procure employment, and the poor-rate will increase as the ability to pay it decreases.†

'5. Thus poverty and misery will increase amongst servants and workpeople, the profits of their employers will fall, embarrassment will come on, and when this has proceeded to a certain length, the trading and manufacturing portion of the people will refuse to pay taxes.

'6. Whenever any considerable portion of the people shall refuse to pay taxes, the example will be immediately followed, Government will be left without revenue, and be unable to maintain itself any longer.

'7. If, then, husbandry labourers cannot be put back again to the pauper allowance, nor the number of the people be diminished to that for which profitable employment can be found, a Revolution is inevitable.

'Some of these statements may require elucidation.

'The first and second need no comment; they will it is concluded, be admitted.

'The labourers have, in many places, learned them so well, that they have told the farmers not again to pay *tithes* in money, but to set them out, and leave the rest to them; and they have cautioned farmers not to pay rent beyond their means, and to rely on them for protection. It is fully admitted by intelligent persons, residing in the counties where burnings have been most frequent, that very many farmers and others, if they do not make common cause with the labourers, tolerate their proceedings, and look forward to the time when their assistance will be expected, to protect them from the consequences of omitting to pay *tithes* and *rent*.

'To the matter contained in the remaining statements, many objections have been made: they may all, however, be resolved into this: That inasmuch as the husbandry labourers will, in consequence of increased wages, be enabled to purchase the goods which the parsons and landlords used to purchase, trade will not decline, as has been predicted; and if trade does not decline, the consequences mentioned will not follow. This statement contains a fallacy. The labourers and their families will no longer be only half-fed, whilst in employment. On the contrary, they and their families will be well fed; their number is very large, and the quantity of food they will consume must be very great; it will be an immense quantity, in addition to that which they have been accustomed to consume, and the increase of wages will be nearly all expended in food. They will no doubt purchase more articles of coarse clothing; but this, when compared with the quantity the parsons and landlords used, including, as ought to be done, their families, servants, and dependents of all sorts, will be but a small quantity; and the same may be said of traders and manufacturers, their servants and work-people, who will be discharged, and reduced to abject poverty.

'All the farm produce, and all the commodities which can go to wages, without destroying profits and putting an end to business, is a certain proportionable quantity. This quantity is by no means sufficient, plentifully to feed all the people who are employed, and are able and willing to work. All that is produced at home, and some which is procured from abroad, is consumed; and yet hundreds of thousands of persons have not enough.

'The whole quantity of everything eatable, which has been consumed by the labourers and working-people, has been unequally divided—

'1. Amongst many who have had enough.

'2. Amongst a larger number who have not had enough.

'3. Amongst many more who have not had nearly enough.

'4. Amongst many who have been more than half-starved.

'5. Amongst many who have had such small quantities that they have died, either of starvation, or of the diseases which bad food, in small quantities, have either produced or rendered fatal.

'From this statement, which will be denied by no observing man, it is plain that if an equal distribution were made, *none* would have enough.

'Husbandry labourers and their families, generally, have not had enough even whilst employed, if all of them were now to have enough; and if they, too, for whom no employment can be found are to have, as is demanded, an increased allowance, the whole of the difference of the additional quantity they will consume must be taken from others, and misery will spread all over the country. A different distribution, it must be remembered, is not an increase in the quantity to be distributed;* it can only be taken from one description of persons, from a vast number who cannot afford to have their usual quantity diminished, to be given to another description of persons, who doubtless very much need it.

'As the increase of wages received by the husbandry labourers will be expended almost wholly in food, and as the parsons, landlords, tradesmen, and others, will be compelled to consume fewer commodities, the decrease in the demand for commodities will be very great.†

'Let us endeavour, rapidly, to trace the consequences.

'The demand for tradesmen's goods being on the whole diminished, the quantity of business done will be lessened; but tradesmen struggle hard under such circumstances; they exert themselves to an extent scarcely to be conceived, to prevent a *decrease* in the *quantity* of business they had been accustomed to transact. Each will endeavour to supplant his neighbour by underselling him; but this can only be done by lessening profits; and the contention to retain old customers, and to procure new customers, will ruin a large number of tradesmen; and the same will be the result to manufacturers. As business continues to decline, and profits become less and less, tradesmen and manufacturers must discharge servants and work-people in great numbers, for whom no employment will be found. All persons employed in commerce, and dealers of all sorts, will be affected in the same way; and the consequences as they regard those persons will also be the same. Competition for employment amongst discharged servants and working-people, will lower wages, and produce a state of misery hitherto unknown. This appears to be a necessary, and consequently an inevitable result. But this state would not be patiently endured by either the working-people or their employers; and long before the misery of the working people became general, or their employers were ruined, an outcry would be heard, and the housekeepers, who have always had, and always must have, the power of the state in their hands, would refuse to pay taxes, and the Government would come to its end.'

Which refusal of taxes may a Reformed Parliament avert, by such anticipations, as may convert huge and forced tribute into light, reasonable, and willing assistance.

* 'It has been concluded, from calculations made to ascertain the fact, that an increase of one shilling per head per day, to every husbandry labourer above eighteen years of age, with a proportional rise to all below that age, and to women, and including only those who are actually employed, amounts to a sum greater than the whole rental received from land.

† 'If the condition of husbandry labourers should improve faster than servants, and work-people are compelled to come upon the parish, the poor-rate may for some time decrease, but it will soon again increase, and far exceed any amount it has hitherto reached.

* The distribution being altered as described, the price of food will rise, as the price of everything else from decrease of demand falls; and this would put out of employment many who are retained by persons not engaged in business, who are neither parsons nor landlords. The fall in the price of commodities, under these circumstances, will not compensate the rise in the price of food. The different distribution of food will, to some extent, tend to increase the quantity of food imported; and this is, as far as it goes, a mitigating circumstance; but as it does not at all invalidate the argument, it is therefore unnecessary to show how it would have this tendency, or to take any further notice of it.

† The price of food will rise, and the price of commodities will fall, and this will throw many out of employment who are now retained by persons who are neither parsons nor landlords, nor engaged in business. The fall in the price of commodities will not compensate the rise in the price of food.

SINGLE-LEGGED LADIES.—The "received position" among the ladies of Smyrna, is to sit with one leg on the sofa bent under them, and the other hanging over the edge—(the sofas are far too high for it to touch the ground.) You will see in this strange attitude, half a dozen ladies, sitting side by side on a long sofa. And a Frenchman who saw for the first time in his life, this unipedal exhibition, had reason to ask, "*Si les belles dames de Smyrne n'avaient qu'une jambe?*"—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople.*—[This reminds one of the story in Boccaccio, of the Cook and the Crane; in which the former having been tempted, by its fine savour, to eat one of the legs of the bird which he had dressed for his master's dinner, was called to account for serving it up in that imperfect state; and boldly answered that cranes had but one leg. To convince his master, he proposed to show him some of the living birds. The master acquiesced, the birds were sleeping, and one leg only was visible; but a cry of *huish* soon awakened them, and discovered the second. The cook, however, was not at a loss for an answer:—he objected that his master had not cried *huish* to the roasted bird. The Frenchman should have cried *huish* to the ladies of Smyrna.]

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—A Grand Musical Performance.

DRURY LANE.

WE cannot say much for the main part of what we heard at the Oratorio last night. Not that some of the singers, and of the pieces too, were not excellent; but, as we before observed, there is so much ordinary matter mixed up with them, and bad music, though not exciting like good, is so wearisome a repose after it, that we can never sit out half of one of these entertainments without getting tired. We are sorry we arrived in time only to hear the conclusion of *Total Eclipse*, sung by Mr BRAHAM,—written by one of the greatest of musicians, *blind*, to the words of one of the greatest of poets, *blind* also.

> " O loss of sight, &c.
> Total eclipse! No sun, no moon, no stars:
> Dark, dark, irrecoverably dark,
> Dark 'mid the blaze of noon."

We are ashamed at not remembering the passage, or being able to call to mind how much of it is set by HANDEL. MILTON, in the case of Samson, was describing his own,—one of the English Samsons, who pulled down the House of Lords. It is said that on one occasion, while presiding in the orchestra at the performance of this composition, HANDEL was so moved, that the tears were seen pouring out of his blind eyes. Mr BRAHAM would not have diminished them.

There was a great deal too much ROSSINI in this night's entertainment. His " gravities " are not so good as his " gaieties," especially in the choral part. He has too much

> —— ' Gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder.'

We cannot think more highly,—nor indeed so much so,—of M. VON WEBER'S Grand Scene—' Oh, tis a glorious sight to see!' It is a literal, vulgar composition, of loud and soft, all obvious and old. And SPONTINI'S Grand Overture to *Olympia* disappointed us. We knew nothing of him but from the Overture to *Semiramide*, which we heard the first night of these performances, and which it has been upon our conscience to have omitted noticing. We thought there was wonderful energy and *movement* in that Overture. It was like an army of cavalry going to battle. There is energy in the Overture to *Olympia*, and some hint of a like character; but it struck us as common-place, compared with the other. SPONTINI has a fine way of making the upper notes of his wind instruments tell over the rest,—like a sort of continued and stormy hilarity. We fancy him able to set Polyphemus's reeds to music, blowing from the top of Mount Ætna, and making the waters whistle back over the beach.

Mrs WAYLETT sang very prettily the *Hymn of Eve*; and Miss PEARSON was to have sung *Come ever smiling Liberty*, but some injudicious person (probably the same who has done it before, and whose good-nature ought to be more discreet) provoked opposition by the sudden and solitary vehemence of his applause *before-hand*. He clapped as if he had been fairly stung with transport by anticipation. Now there is unfortunately an opinion prevalent among the frequenters of the theatre, that this young lady, however well she may be grounded in the rudiments of her art, has been too prominently or prematurely brought forward; and though the clapping gave rise to more, and the audience ultimately encouraged her all they could, yet the hissing it also gave rise to, made her burst into tears, and rendered her unable to proceed. We hope her friends will be more discreet another time. They should do it, if only to save her from the equivocal pathos of the tears; which her enemies will be as ready to set down to the account of spleen and anger, as her encouragers of sensibility. Miss PEARSON afterwards sung in a duet with Miss RUSSELL, and had recovered herself sufficiently to obtain applause.

But the best thing we heard was a *Laughing Trio* from MARTINI. The success which *La Mia Dorabella* met with the other night, suggested, we suppose, this addition to the laughing stock. It is a capital good one, short and sweet; and fairly set the house in a sympathetic roar, twice, nay three times; for it was twice encored. The performers were Miss HUGHES, SINCLAIR, and PHILLIPS, all of whom duly played their parts, but particularly PHILLIPS, who threw himself so heartily into the spirit of the thing, that the English audience fancied he could not help himself; and part of their enjoyment was evidently occasioned by that notion. It is possible that the lively fancy of this singer might really have thus carried him away; but it is a curious instance of the ordinary gravity of our countrymen, that would attribute his admirable performance only to his being unable to help laughing, and not to his relish of the composition. However, there were, doubtless, many who understood him too. At all events, the audience were themselves fairly carried out of their usual temperance of enjoyment. The first encore was uproarious. As to the second, which was not wanting in vivacity either, we shall make bold to lay claim to a part in it. The glory of helping the people to a good thing in this world is not to be lost. We shall waive our claims on the Ministers for having advocated Reform these twenty years. We shall say nothing of the wear and tear we have gone through in the service of the freedom of discussion and liberal opinion of all sorts. But nothing shall induce us to conceal, that it was we, whose lifted up and most additional *encore* finally brought the question of a third performance of *Vadasi via di qua* to a successful issue, and so made an English audience thrice happy in one evening. ☞

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF TALLEYRAND.—" Talleyrand's countenance," added the Emperor, " is so immoveable, that nothing can ever be read in it. Lannes and Murat used jokingly to say of him, that, if while he was speaking to you, some one should come behind him and give him a kick, his countenance would betray no indication of the affront."—M. de Talleyrand is mild and even endearing in his domestic habits. His servants, and the individuals in his employment, are attached and devoted to him. Among his intimate friends, he willingly and good-humouredly speaks of his ecclesiastic profession. He one day expressed his dislike af a tune which was played in his hearing. He said he had a great horror of it: it recalled to his recollection the time when he was obliged to practise church-music, and to sing at a desk. On another occasion, one of his intimate friends was telling a story during supper, while M. de Talleyrand was engaged in thought, and seemed inattentive to the conversation. In the course of the story, the speaker happened to say in a lively manner, of some one whom he had named, " that fellow is a comical rogue; he is a married priest." Talleyrand, roused by these words, seized a spoon, plunged it hastily into the dish before him, and with a threatening aspect, called out to him, " Mr Such-a-one, will you have some spinage?" The person who was telling the story was confounded, and all the party burst into a fit of laughter, M. de Talleyrand as well as the rest.—*Las Casas' Journal.*

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—The Emperor concluded with these remarkable observations:—" England and France held in their hands the fate of the world; and particularly that of European civilization. What injury did we not do each other! What good might we not have done! Under Pitt's system we desolated the world; and what has been the result? You imposed on France a tax of fifteen hundred millions of francs, and raised it by means of Cossacks. I laid a tax of seven thousand millions on you, and made you raise it with your own hands, by your Parliament. Even now, after the victory you have obtained, who can tell whether you may not, sooner or later, sink under the weight of such a burden? With Fox's system, we should have understood each other, we should have accomplished and preserved the emancipation of nations, the dominion of principles. Europe would have presented but a single fleet, and a single army. We might have ruled the world. We might every where have established peace and prosperity, either by dint of force or persuasion.—Yes, I repeat, what mischief have we done! What good might we not have effected!" —*Las Cases' Journal.*—[It is melancholy to think, that if this great soldier had been as great a man in other respects as he fancied himself, *he* alone might have done all this, by maintaining a republic, and leading the intellect and *conscious right* of the world.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE thought our friends had become singularly slack in their epistolary favours. Last night we received a packet of letters, which had evidently been accumulating in the publisher's box; but we got them so late, that we must defer them until our next.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

LA CENERENTOLA.

[By ROSSINI].

The Principal Characters by Mrs WOOD, (late Miss PATON.)

Madame CASTELLI, Mademoiselle FELIANI, Signor DAVID, Signor LABLACHE, Signor De ANGELI, and Signor DE BEGNIS.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Signor Costa.

The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mademoiselle Clara, Mademoiselle Proche, Mademoiselle Zoe Beaupre, and Madame Montessu,

Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.

M. Lefebvre, M. Simon, M. Emile, M. Gouriet, M. Venafra, M. O'Brien, M. Edouard, M. George, M. D'Albert, M. Bertram, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.

With an efficient and numerous Corps de Ballet.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Lord BYRON'S Tragedy of

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs FAUCIT. Ida Stialenheim, Miss FAUCIT.
Werner, Mr MABREADY. Ulric, Mr WALLACK. Gabor, Mr COOPER.
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. WALLACK. Fritz, Mr YOUNGE.
Henric, Mr SALTER. Eric, Mr C. JONES.
Idenstein, Mr W. BENNETT. Rodolph, Mr COOKE.
Arnheim, Mr FENTON. Meister, Mr EATON. Ludwig, Mr CATHIE.
Herman, Mr HONNER.

After which will be exhibited the splendid

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

DECORUM; OR, VERY SUSPICIOUS.

Mrs Fussleton, Mrs Faucit. Miss Gray, Mrs C. Jones. Emma, Miss Faucit.
Piminy, Mrs Orger. Mrs Brown, Mrs Webster,
Mr Fussleton, Mr Farren. Mr Bogle, Mr Harley. Frederick Chester, Mr Howard,
Timothy, Mr Salter. Mr Brown, Mr Eaton. William, Mr Honner.

On Monday, Brutus; Perfection; and Masaniello.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

To conclude with the Grand Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT AND HARLEQUIN FAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

Columbine, Miss L. Johnstone.
Harlequins, Mr Keeley and Mr Ellar.
Clown, Mr Paulo, Pantaloon, Mr Barnes.

On Monday, [By Command of their Majesties] Cinderella; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, to be called

MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——

Mrs Headly, Mrs EDWIN. Mrs Crawley, Mrs KNIGHT.
Rosa Crawley, Miss LANGLEY. Lucy, Miss STEWART.
Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr FREDERICKS. Mr Crawley, Mr COOPER.
Mr Leach, Mr W. VINING. Lothario Leach, Mr COLLIER.
Mr Welford, Mr NEWCOMBE. Charles Welford, Mr BROUGHAM.
Thomas, Mr HITCHINSON.

After which, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Characters by Miss Sydney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnoletti, Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

To conclude with an entirely New Burletta, to be called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

The Overture and Two of the Songs, by Mr S. Nelson.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."

Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Musical Entertainment, called,

MRS G——.

The Music by Mr Harroway.

Mrs G—. Mrs GLOVER. Mariette, Miss GARRICK.
Mrs Tendre, Mrs GARRICK. Mrs Perigorge, Miss WELLS.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss STOHWASSER.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr SMITH. Mr Perigorge, Mr. MUNROE.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr FORRESTER. Peter, Mr G. SMITH.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr LEJEUNE. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. RUSSELL.
The Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet.

To which will be added, a New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, entitled

TACT.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.

The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr Spencer, Mr Forrester, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest, and Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.

Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett, Mr J. Ruussell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.

And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, &c.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]

Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

To conclude with the admired Melo-Drama, entitled

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

[By E. FITZBALL, Esq.]

The Characters by Miss Scott, Miss Jordan, Mrs Vale, Miss Rumens, Mr Gough, Mr D. Pitt. Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Vale, and Mr Rogers.

COBURG THEATRE.—De L'Orme—The Old Oak Chest.—The Death of Christophe.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Wreck.—The Tale of Mystery.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1831.

TO ADVERTISERS.

On Monday the 14th inst. The Tatler will begin to admit Advertisements, *but under such an arrangement of its letter-press as will take nothing from the reader.*

This opportunity may be particularly worthy the attention of those who deal in commodities conducive in any way to the Graces of Life, whether intellectual or external, such as Books, Music, Paintings, Engravings, Sculpture, Apparel, Jewellery, or any kind of Fancy Article; in short, anything connected with habits of elegance and refinement.

The space of The Tatler devoted to this purpose will be of necessity a great deal smaller than in other Daily Papers, so that every Advertisement *will be sure of being seen;* and Advertisers will bear in mind, that as the readers of the paper consist of Play-goers, Men of Leisure, Actors and Actresses, Accomplished Women in general, the Lovers of Books, Music, &c., and other cultivators of social intercourse and amusement, they form the very description of persons who are the most likely to repay the use made of its columns.

Advertisements received at the Tatler Office, 4 Catherine street, Strand; also by Mr G. Reynell, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 42 Chancery lane; and by Messrs C. and W. Reynell, at the Printing Office, 45 Broad street, Golden square.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs, for 1831. In Two Volumes. Volume the First. 12mo. pp. 320. (Third Vol. of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library.) Longman.

It was a judicious thought in Dr Lardner to commence a publication of this sort at the present moment: for never was the state of the world so interesting. There have been epochs as startling, perhaps more so, on account of the calm which preceded them, or their unexpectedness on the part of the general community. The death of Charles the First constituted one. The first French Revolution brought another. But at no period in history have events taken place of such mighty magnitude of interest to all mankind. At no period have the countless myriads of human faces been turned, now to this quarter of Europe, and now to that, to see what new benefit is to arise, what old and almost despairing wish is to be realized, what earnest of better days is to be given to poverty, what strength to the belief in good, what joy to sincerity, what "ardour to virtue," and "confidence to hope." Dryden talked of his "Annus Mirabilis," because it had a fire in it, and a plague, and a victory over the Dutch! What a poor year of wonders was that, compared with the one of these times! *Every* year is now an Annus Mirabilis.

It is intended, in this portion of the Cabinet Library, to give a volume a year; but the Retrospect is so unusually interesting in the present instance, and takes in so wide a field, that the Editor says it has been found impossible to confine it to the proposed limit. It is therefore intended to give us two volumes. In the one now published, "A view of the state of politics at the close of 1829 is followed by an account of the proceedings of the British Parliament until the decease of the late King, with some notice of that monarch and his successor. The political state of France before the revolution of July, and the various causes which led to the event, form the subject of the next chapter:" and "the remainder of the volume is devoted to the discussion of the past political changes produced in France and Belgium."

We shall speak more of the book to-morrow. At present we must content ourselves with extracting from it the character of his late Majesty George the Fourth, which is written with a truth (however paradoxical it may seem) at once liberal and severe,—liberal in not forgetting the causes of error, severe in not mincing the result. Another publication of this Cabinet series has lately given a more detailed account of his Majesty; and it may be asked why we repeat this new judgment about him. We answer, for the same reason that induced the writer to give it; namely, a conviction that people are a long while before they cease to attach consequence to the history of a lately deceased Monarch, especially if his life seemed willing to elude detection, and the more that is known of him, the more surprising it becomes that such a man could have been of *any consequence!* We like to read of such men as Frederick, and Napoleon, and Washington, and La Fayette, because they have extraordinary characters, and have taken a necessary part in great events:—and we like to read of such men as George the Fourth, because they have characters so ordinary as to make their very mediocrity singular, in connection with the circumstances that made its actions important. We here see one of the commonest of mankind (for we cannot but be astonished at what the author says of his intellect) occupying *by chance* one of the most important positions in society, enabled, also *by chance*, to influence the greatest events and the actions of the greatest men, and thus rendered *by chance* an object of interest to all the world, when, in any other station than the one he occupied, people would have thought no more of him than they do of their haberdasher! As *Sir Hugh Evans* would say, "This is pretty superiorities!"

'The character of George IV. has, like that of every other prince, living or recently dead, been drawn with very different colours by different hands; with some it has been made the subject of extravagant eulogy, and with others of undeserved censure. Those who are disposed to extend their indulgent connivance to the errors and vices of monarchs, and who reserve their prying criticism for a vulgar station, hold him up nearly as a model of perfection; while he has been as unjustly mangled by another class of critics, who feel a particular predilection to apply their scalping-knife to crowned heads; and who, like the ancient priests, delight to select their victims from rare and consecrated races. But George IV. was neither much better nor much worse than the average run of princes brought up in the perpetual view of a throne, released from the restraints of prudence at the age when passion is strongest, and placed in all stages of his life beyond the sphere of the common motives of ambition, or fear of degradation, which actuate other men.

'As a king, in the exercise of his authority, he understood his age and nation. With the professional proneness of his *caste* to exalt prerogative, he never ostensibly allowed it to interfere with the ascertained rights or settled opinions of his subjects. Though he was never known to suggest reform or repairs in the social edifice, and busied himself rather with questionable innovations in more vulgar architecture, he was too enlightened to oppose those changes in the national policy, which the progress of knowledge had rendered necessary, and which were suggested or supported by his responsible advisers. Accordingly, the latter ten years of his reign will always be memorable in the annals of England, for the ameliorations of our commercial code, for improvements in our criminal laws, and for the abolition of sectarian distinctions and qualifications for civil privileges.

'In the domestic relations of his life, or in the selection of his private associates, his warmest friends can say nothing in his praise. The great vice of his character seemed to be an intense selfishness, which could neither share nor excite strong sympathy,—which could make no sacrifice and incur no trouble for others,—which taught him to consult only his own humours, his own caprices, and his own ease, as the supreme law for those about him, as well as for himself,—and which never calculated at what cost to others he purchased his own gratifications, whether of power, pride, taste, luxury, or wit, or sensual indulgence, provided he secured them. Hence his extravagance in expenditure, and the careless indifference with which he applied to the national purse. Hence he is described as never knowing the value of money, because he never could conceive anything too valuable in gratifying his desires—whether they took the direction of the turf or the gaming-table; whether they prompted him to entertain buffoons or to patronize the arts—to buy trinkets or to build palaces. Hence, for his amusement, he often tempted to familiarities which he resented, and reconciled his condescension with his dignity, by the merciless sacrifice of the hapless dependant, who in presuming upon the one offended the other. Hence he selected for his ministers those public men, who, in conducting his government, would give him least trouble; and passed a sentence of arbitrary exclusion against all others, from personal pique or prejudice.

'In making this last remark we by no means intend to insinuate

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that on any extraordinary emergency, during any great party conflict, or with any great national interest at stake, he would have allowed his love of ease, or his feeling of personal partialities, to influence his mind in the choice of his servants; but happily such occasions seldom occur; and the propensity to which we allude, may, in ordinary times, produce considerable mischief, though it would be overpowered by extraordinary circumstances—by the presence of great dangers, or the demands for great exertions. It probably was the secret cause of the dissolution of the Goderich administration, the formation of the Wellington cabinet, and the continued exclusion of Lord Grey from any share of power.

'As a part of the same character, it may be remarked, that he was incapable of disinterested friendship or constant attachment. In the early part of his life, he was cordial with those whom he admitted into his society, or who administered to his pleasures; but he never forgot the distance between the heir apparent to the throne and a subject, and, while he expected fidelity and submission, shewed no return of lasting regard. The slightest cause of irritation, the least unauthorized encroachment on his kindness beyond the prescribed bounds, severed the frail tie. His connexion with Mr Fox was one of politics, not of friendship; but from the terms on which they lived, a generous confidence in the great statesman whom he admired, ought to have prevented him from making him the dupe of falsehood, in the case of his marriage with Mrs Fitzherbert. His treatment of Sheridan, who was so long his adviser in difficulties,—the promoter of his pleasures,—the companion and ornament of his convivial hours, and whom he deserted in the last stage of wretchedness and neglect, when his wit was no longer required to enliven, nor his talents to guide him, will for ever remain a proof of his heartlessness. It is, indeed, true that before his "evil days came on," Sheridan had been wanting to himself, to his brilliant talents, to his immortal reputation; but he had not failed in his duty to the prince: he had contracted no habits which the prince had not sanctioned by his example, or encouraged by his society; and a small pittance from that immense income, which was now squandered with more reckless profusion than his smaller allowance in the period of their common extravagance, might have rescued him a few years longer from the grave, or rendered his descent into it less gloomy, forlorn, or deserted.

'Most of those who shared his familiarities or were admitted to his table at the early part of his life, had been discarded before its close; and not one man of brilliant parts or independent character was ever voluntarily invited to a continued intercourse, or could endure the terms at which it must be purchased.

'On the other hand, it need not be said that his resentments and antipathies were less fleeting than his friendships. His insulting treatment of his wife immediately on their marriage, and his continued course of persecution after their separation, must be censured by those who might not be disposed to break a lance in defence of the purity or prudence of his wife's conduct. Without alluding to any further instances of this unforgiving disposition, it may be sufficient to say, that, for causes unknown to his Royal Highness, his aversion to his brother the duke of Sussex was not overcome even at the prospect of death.

'That he was a man of cultivated understanding and varied accomplishments his bitterest enemies cannot deny. (!!) His skill in music and his taste in pictures were universally admitted. His acquaintance with literature, science, and politics, was probably greater than that of any contemporary sovereign; and none of his brother Monarchs understood more profoundly the laws and mysteries of court fashion, or could exhibit in more finished perfection the polish and elegance of court manners. The eulogy on his character by the Duke of Wellington, on proposing the address of condolence on his death, will not be contested, so far as intellectual accomplishment is concerned; and, were it not that his flatterers have claimed for him every virtue under heaven, we might, probably, have spared the few harsh remarks which we have been compelled to make on his moral habits and general principles of action.

'The death of George the Fourth had been so long expected, that it produced but slight sensation when it occurred. The public had been allowed to know so little about his malady or his sufferings,—he had kept himself in such strict retirement, and seemed so much to shrink from popular sympathy, that little regret was either felt or expressed at the event.

'Very different was the strength of feeling with which the accession of his successor, William IV, was hailed. The lowest of the people seemed sensible to the contrast between the manners of the two monarchs. The new sovereign exhibited himself to his people, conversed with them, and shared in their tastes and amusements. He was understood to have contracted no habits of extravagance; and he showed no haughty disdain of popular approbation. Though he retained the ministers, and professed to act on the political system of his predecessor, he immediately acquired a great share of popularity, which was peculiarly due to his own frank nature, and affable deportment. His instant promotion of some of his old friends, such as Sir Sydney Smith, his well-timed liberalities, and his total disregard of party distinctions in receiving the homage of his subjects, afforded the best omen of a happy reign.'—P. 126.

The only fault we have to find with this character is the opinion the author has expressed relative to the amount of George the Fourth's intellect and accomplishments. We must again express our amazement that he can apply such terms to that Prince. We have more than once noticed the extraordinary delusion which the acutest of observers, on other points of his history, seem *willing* to entertain on this; and can only account for it by supposing, that they have never recovered the gallant ideas given them when they were young respecting the *Prince of Wales*. Yet surely, his Dutch taste in pictures, his *miserable* taste in architecture, his incoherent and ungrammatical letters, and the testimonies of one like Sir Philip Francis, who absolutely manœuvred to avoid dining with him, because he was so dull and tiresome, (to say nothing of all which he *did*, and all which he did not do!) are sufficient to overthrow the fondest dreams on this head, bequeathed us by the delight of our grandmothers.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

Royal Play-going.—A king ought now and then to take pleasure in hearing and reading of comedies, because thereby he may perceive and hear many things done in his realm, which otherwise he would not know.—*Wit's Commonwealth.*

Charlemagne was of lofty stature and immense strength, and notwithstanding his infamous massacre of the Saxons, adorned with many good as well as great qualities. He was sober in his tastes, just in his legislative capacity, and a lover of generosity, which by his study of economy, he was able to practise. He administered the business of his family and personal domains with as much strictness as that of his empire, and even sold the herbs of his garden. He was a good master, a good father, and a good friend; for the other side of his character, it need only be said that he was a conqueror and a king.—*Notes to Ritchie's Romance of History.*

Good Manners is the art of making those people easy, with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.—*Swift.*

Ceremony.—I have seen a duchess fairly knocked down by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb, running to save her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birth-day at court, a great lady was utterly disconsolate by a dish of sauce let fall by a page directly upon her head dress and brocade; while she gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some point of ceremony with the person who sat next her. Monsieur Boys, the Dutch Envoy, whose politics and manners were much of a size, brought a son with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates they first offered round in order, to every person in company, so that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence, that being china, they broke in twenty pieces; and stained half the company with wet sweat-meats and cream.—*Swift.*

Musical Notes of Screech-Owls.—Mr White, in one of his delightful letters to Mr Pennant, says, "My musical friend, at whose house (Fyfeld, near Andover) I am now visiting, has tried all the owls that are his near neighbours, with a pitch-pipe set at concert pitch, and finds they all hoot in B flat. He will examine the nightingales next spring." From what follows this note, it, however, appears, that "neither owls nor cuckoos keep to one note."—*Knowledge for the People, Part IV.*

A Noble Gift makes Noble Gratitude.—A lady residing at the Mauritius, many years ago, emancipated a slave whose good conduct and fidelity she wished to reward: being in affluent circumstances, she gave him, with his freedom, a sum of money which enabled him to establish himself in business, and being very industrious and thrifty, he soon became rich enough to purchase a small estate in the country, whither he retired with his family.—Years passed away, and while he was rapidly accumulating money, his former mistress was sinking into poverty; misfortune had overtaken her, and she found herself in old age, poor, solitary, neglected, and in want of the common comforts of life:—this man heard of her unhappy condition, and immediately came to the town, and sought her out in her humble abode: with the utmost respect he expressed his concern at finding his honoured lady in so reduced a state, and implored her to come to his estate, and allow him the gratification of providing for her future comforts. The lady was much affected at the feeling evinced by her old servant, but declined his offer; he could not however, be prevailed on to relinquish his design: "My good mistress," said he, "oblige me by accepting my services; when you were rich, you were kind to me; you gave me freedom and money, with which, through God's blessing, I have been enabled to make myself comfortable in life; and now I only do my duty in asking you to share my prosperity when you are in need." His urgent entreaties at length prevailed, and the lady was conveyed in his palanquin, to the comfortable and well-furnished apartments assigned to her by his grateful care; his wife and daughters received her with the utmost respect, and always shewed, by their conduct, that they considered themselves her servants: deserted by those who had been her equals in station, and who had professed themselves her friends while in affluence, this good lady passed the remainder of her days in comfort and ease, amid those who had been her dependants.—*A Lady's Recollections of the Mauritius.*

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CHARACTER OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH UNDERSTANDINGS.—I never saw men of better understanding than the French who apply themselves to consider things with due attention; and the English that can shake off their too deep meditations, to return to that faculty of discourse, and freedom of wit, which, if possible, ought always to be had. The finest gentlemen in the world are the French that think, and the English that speak.—*St Evremond.*

WAR ON THE TOM-TITS.—It may have been requisite in former times to keep under or reduce the numbers of many predaceous animals, which, in a thickly-wooded country, with an inferior population, might have been productive of injury; and we even find parliamentary statutes enacted for this purpose: but now, however, our loss by such means has become a very petty grievance; our gamekeepers do their part in removing pests of this nature, and the plough and the axe leave but little harbour for the few that escape; and thus we war on the smaller creatures of creation, and call them vermin. An item passed in one of our churchwardens' accounts, was, "for seventeen dozen of tomtits' heads!" In what evil hour, or for what crime, this poor little bird can have incurred the anathema of a parish, it is difficult to conjecture. The price set upon its head is four-pence per dozen, probably the ancient payment when the groat was a coin.—*Knapp.*

A PRETENDED ANSWER TO A LETTER THAT NEVER WAS WRITTEN.—[This is one of Swift's jokes, written to Stella; and excellent of its kind. Nothing can be more natural, or like notices of what had actually occurred.]—*Dr Swift to Mrs Johnson.*—"Jack Grattan said nothing to me of it till last night; it is none of my fault: how did I know you were to dine abroad? You should have sent your messenger sooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourself may do well enough here; but pray send it soon. I wish you would give a body more early warning, but you must blame yourselves. Delany says, 'He will come in the evening;' and for aught I know, Sheridan may be here at dinner. Which of you was it that undertook this frolic? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at last I found it. Pray do not serve me these tricks often. You may be sure, if there be a good bottle, you shall have it. I am sure I never refused you, and therefore that reflection might have been spared. Pray be more positive in your answer to this.

"Deanry House, Sunday Morning, April 30, 1721.

"*Margoose*, and not *Mergoose*; it is spelt with an *a*, simpleton.

"No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad Archdeacon P. got home safe, and I hope you take care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have easily overtaken me; for I walked softly on purpose; I told Delany I would."

A TRAVELLER HAUNTED BY FIGS.—The musquitoes were as tormenting as ever, and I found another annoyance nearly as vexatious, superadded to the miseries of Smyrna: it was the fig-trade. This interesting branch of commerce was then in its full activity; you could not stir in the narrow streets for the long lines of camels loaded with figs; you could hardly move on the Marina for the drums of figs rolling to be shipped; you could not sleep after three o'clock in the morning, for the noise of some two or three hundred women and children employed in picking and packing figs. You heard nothing around you, and about you, but talk of figs. "How are figs? What's the price of figs?" rang in your ears from morning till night, through the agreeable variety afforded by the different organs of every man you met. You would have thought that the whole mind of Smyrna had become one vast receptacle of sweetmeats. If you asked for news, you were told figs were getting up. If you complained of the heat, you were informed that the figs were luxuriously ripe. If you drank to a person at table, it was ten to one but his soul was below stairs with his drums. In short, the parody in the 'Rejected Addresses,' "In the name of the prophet, Figs!" would have been no parody in Smyrna during the long month of September. * * * * I was sailing quietly out of the bay for Chesmé, leaving behind me, to my infinite satisfaction, the musquitoes and figs of Smyrna; but I was not yet so clear of the latter pest as I imagined; the ship I was in was partly loaded with figs. In going below to bed in the evening, a new affliction awaited me. I had scarcely laid myself down, when I felt something crawling over me; presently a creeping procession was formed on every part of my body. I called lustily for a light to kill the bugs. The cabin boy came in with an intelligent grin; and by the lamp I found I was covered, not with the dark brown foul reptile, "familiar to man," but with innumerable long white worms or maggots, that issue, as I was then told, from the fresh-packed figs, and insinuate themselves into every corner of the ship, and circulate or nestle until the uncongenial clime of the north destroys them. I was informed, moreover, that they were perfectly sweet, and quite innocent, and that "they only tickled." * * * * The next morning these white vermin fell in my coffee from the beams of the deck—on my plate, almost into my mouth; and on taking my book, I found them running through its pages. The malediction of Anastatius against opium could hardly have been bitterer than what I ejected against figs. *His* curse, he flattered himself, took effect; but I have now the charity to hope mine will not, as it would destroy one of the great resources of Smyrna. * * * As I had got somewhat used to the fig-worms, I slept soundly this night, and the morning was awakened with the glad tidings that breakfast was ready, and that we had just come to anchor at Chesmé."—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Werner.—The Diorama.—And Decorus.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—And the Pantomime.

DRURY LANE.

THEATRICAL audiences of late have been so good-natured, that it was a singular thing here on Saturday night to witness the damnation of the new piece, *Decorum; or, Very Suspicious*,—a damnation too of the old sort, with groans, yells, cat-calls, and the general cry of "Off! Off!" There were some clapping hands here and there, that struggled with the uproar; but the disapprobation was so persevering, that the latter scenes were performed in dumb show, and apparently hurried through in order to secure the chance of a second night. We think it would be judicious in the author to withdraw his piece. The good points are too rare, and the intervals heavy. With some of the prominent characters the audience have no general sympathy,—as that of an old maid (Mrs C. HILL) who lives in a horror of indecorums; and of a lady's maid (Mrs ORGER) who urges pretensions to genteel treatment with too passionate a sincerity. Then the chief character of all (FARREN'S), whose suspiciousness amounts to disease, and who thinks that his wife is poisoning him, is of very doubtful comedy. At all events, it is very hazardous, and requires a hand like MOLIÈRE'S to invest it with such circumstances as shall be irresistibly ludicrous, and so occupy us entirely with its fantasticalness. Now *Mr Fusselton* is all but a madman; calls for the "stomach-pump" at the merest hint of his fancy, and has friends about him who take the matter seriously, and tax *Mrs Fusselton* with murder; upon which the lady indignantly drinks the supposed poison "as her only answer," and then falls to humming a song. Now all this voluntary tragedy is too heavy to be carried off by a song. All the characters are over-wrought, and made too serious and incorrect. We have heard the author's name, but do not mention it, as his next effort may probably be more successful, and damnations are not always proportioned to demerits. We cannot say, that we think the piece ought to have succeeded, but we have seen worse do so. It is right however to add, that the audience, up to a late point, manifested repeated inclination to hear the piece out. Considerable intervals of silence prevailed in the house, of a very unusual description. Nor must it be omitted that the principal performers (Mr FARREN, Mrs ORGER, &c.) never played better. The failure of the author seems to have lain in misdirected painstaking; but this, while it conciliates criticism, is apt to make the audience more tired, and weary them out. He must therefore do his best to profit by experience, and console himself meanwhile with reflecting, that among the damned there is illustrious company,—FIELDING, DRYDEN, CONGREVE, SHERIDAN, FLETCHER, BEN JONSON, *cum multis aliis.**

* Since writing this article, we observe by the play-bills, that the piece s withdrawn.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thanks to E. S.

S. H. W.,—A LOVER OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE,—A LOVER OF ART,—and PHILO-DRAMATICUS, will be inserted;—the second to-morrow.

The Fourth Edition of "*Laconics*" has not been received by the Editor.

H. M. C. is under consideration.

The communications of the writer, who signs with a *French name*, will be very welcome.

We do not understand the drift of the "*Lines written for an Empty Grave.*"

The letter from *Camden Town* is arrived.

"*Literary Intelligence*" is an advertisement.

We are obliged to J. L. G.; but the subject is not worth his lines.

We hardly know what to do with so large and flattering a looking-glass as DRAYTON CLIFFE'S letter has opened upon us. But we must try to give a portion of it.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of

BRUTUS; OR THE FALL OF TARQUIN.

[By Howard Payne.]

Tullia, Mrs FAUCIT. Tarquinia, Miss FAUCIT. Lucretia, Mrs NEWCOMBE.
Priestess of Rhea's Temple, Mrs WEBSTER. Vestal, Mrs EAST.
Lavinia, Miss CRAWFORD.
Titus, Mr COOPER. Sextus Tarquin, Mr YOUNGE. Aruns, Mr J. VINING.
Lucius Junius, Mr KEAN.
Collatinus, Mr H. WALLACK. Claudius, Mr COOKE.
Valerius, Mr THOMPSON. Lucretius, Mr HAMMERTON.
Horatius, Mr YARNOLD. Celius, Mr EATON.
Flavius Corunna, Mr FENTON. Centurion, Mr C. JONES.
Messenger, Mr HONNER. First Roman, Mr DOWSING.
Second Roman, Mr S. JONES. Third Roman, Mr BISHOP.

In the course of the Evening, Beethoven's Overture to 'Coriolan,' and an Overture, chiefly adapted from Irish Airs, and Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'

After which,

PERFECTION.

Susan, Mrs Orger. Kate O'Brien, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing, 'My own Blue Bell,' (A. Lee) and the Irish Ballad of 'Kate Kearney.'
Charles Paragon, Mr Vining. Sir Lawrence Paragon, Mr W. Bennett.
Sam, Mr Webster.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

[By M. Auber.]

Elvira, Miss Byfeld. Fenella, Mrs Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chikini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.
Ruffino, Mr Bland. Lorenzo, Mr Howard. Moreno, Mr Yarnold.

To-morrow, William Tell; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY COMMAND OF THEIR

MAJESTIES.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

Previous to the Opera, "God save the King," will be sung, with full Chorus.

To conclude with the Grand Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr Farley.]

Columbine, Miss L. Johnstone.
Harlequins, Mr Keeley and Mr Ellar.
Clown, Mr Paulo. Pantaloon, Mr Barnes.

To-morrow, Venice Preserved; Hide and Seek; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled

"SWING."

[By J. Alfred and C. Z. Barnett.]

Principal Characters by Miss Vincent, Miss Rumens, Mr Vale, Mr C. Hill, Mr Honner, Mr Williams, Mr Rogers, Mr Gough, Mr Asbury, Messrs. Young, &c.

To conclude with the Comic Opera of

THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss Vincent, Madame Simon, Mrs Vale, Mr Williams, Mr Gough, Mr C. Hill, Mr Edwin, Mr Ransford, Mr Rogers, Mr Vale, Miss Boden, Mr Lee, Mr Webb, Mr Almar, and Mr Asbury.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

In the course of the Season, the following Performers will appear for the first time.
Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY, du Theâtre du Gymnase.
Madame ALBERT, du Theâtre des Nouveautés.
M. BRUNET, Artiste, du Theâtre des Variétés.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

FREDERIC LE GRAND; OU, LE PANIER DE CERISES.

Vaudeville en Un Acte.

Eugène, jeune Page du Roi, Mademoiselle ELIZA.
Madame Vandeck, Madame BAUDIN. Estelle, Mlle. HERMINIE.
Fréderic, Roi de Prusse, M. ST AUBERT. Victor, Page du Roi, M. PAULIN.
Birmann, Maître d'Hotel, M. GUENEE. Le Major, M. GRANVILLE.

Suivi de

MARIE MIGNOT.

Vaudeville Historique en 3 Actes et 3 Epoques, de MM. Bayard et P. Duport.

Marie Mignot, Nièce de Mignot, Mlle. Florval.
Marion Delorme, Mlle. St Ange. Marie, Fille de Mignot, Mlle. Eliza.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle de Mignot. Nacquart, Procureur, M. Cloup.
Lagardie, amant de Marie Mignot, M. Alfred. Casimir de Pologne, M. Laporte.
Gaston, Secrétaire-Copiste du Maréchal, et Secrétaire de Casimir, M. Paulin.
Un Valet, M. Arnaud.

On Finira par la première Représentation de

BLAISOT; OU, LA LECON D'AMOUR.

Tableau Villageois en Un Acte, Mêlé de Vaudevilles, par MM. Laqueyrie et Garin.

Rose, Fille de Malhurin, Mlle. Jamain.
La Mère Rabaud, Mère de Blaisot, Madame Prêval.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle de Blaisot, jeune Paysan niais, (his original character.)
Malhurin, M. Prêval. Thomas, Fermier, M. Cloup.
Paul, son Neveu, M. Paulin. Un Moissonneur, M. Arnaud.
Un Villageois, M. Granville.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, to be called

MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——

Mrs Headly, Mrs EDWIN. Mrs Crawley, Mrs KNIGHT.
Rosa Crawley, Miss LANGLEY. Lucy, Miss STEWART.
Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr FREDERICKS. Mr Crawley, Mr COOPER.
Mr Leach, Mr W. VINING. Lothario Leach, Mr COLLIER.
Mr Welford, Mr NEWCOMBE. Charles Welford, Mr BROUGHAM.
Thomas, Mr HITCHINSON.

After which, a new Burletta, in One Act, called

DUKE FOR A DAY.

The Music by B. Livius, Esq.

The Characters by Miss Sydney, Madame Vestris, Mr Hodges, Mr Newcombe, Mr Cooper, and Mr Worrell.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

[By Mr C. Dance.]

The Characters by Miss Stuart, Miss Pincott, Miss Kabrey, Miss Berresford, Mr Raymond, Mr Cooper, Mr W. Vining, Mr Coates, and Mr Worrell. Mr Young, and Mr Hitchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of Colman's, by Mr Planché and Mr C. Dance.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Musical Entertainment, called

MRS G——.

The Music by Mr Harroway.

Mrs G—. Mrs GLOVER. Mariette, Miss GARRICK.
Mrs Tendre, Mrs GARRICK. Mrs Perigorge, Miss WELLS.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss STOHWASSER.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr SMITH. Mr Perigorge, Mr. MUNROE.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr FORRESTER. Peter, Mr G. SMITH.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr LEJEUNE. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. RUSSELL.
The Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet.

To which will be added, a New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, entitled

TACT.

[By M. Barnett.]

The Music, by J. A. Barnett.

The Characters by Miss Stohwasser, Mrs Humby, Mr Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr Spencer, Mr Forrester, Mr Tilbury, Mr Taylor, Mr J. Conquest, and Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA,

From Gay's Serenata. With Handel's Music, arranged by Mr C. Potter.

Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett, Mr J. Ruussell, Mr Spencer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.

The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, &c.

In the course of the Evening, Martini's Overture to "Henri IV."

Coburg Theatre.—The Jew of Vienna—De L'Orme—Abbey Lands.

Sadler's Wells Theatre.—Richard III—Doctor Bolus—The Wreck.

Published by J. Onwhyn, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. Chappel,—Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; A. Hays, 165 Regent street; J. Field, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; Marsh, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at Ebers's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.

C. and W. Reynell, Printers, Broad street, Golden square.

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Nº 159.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1831.

TO ADVERTISERS.

On Monday the 14th inst. THE TATLER will begin to admit Advertisements, *but under such an arrangement of its letter-press as will take nothing from the reader.*

This opportunity may be particularly worthy the attention of those who deal in commodities conducive in any way to the Graces of Life, whether intellectual or external, such as Books, Music, Paintings, Engravings, Sculpture, Apparel, Jewellery, or any kind of Fancy Article; in short, anything connected with habits of elegance and refinement.

The space of THE TATLER devoted to this purpose will be of necessity a great deal smaller than in other Daily Papers, so that EVERY ADVERTISEMENT *will be sure of being seen;* and Advertisers will bear in mind, that as the readers of the paper consist of Play-goers, Men of Leisure, Actors and Actresses, Accomplished Women in general, the Lovers of Books, Music, &c., and other cultivators of social intercourse and amusement, they form the very description of persons who are the most likely to repay the use made of its columns.

Advertisements received at the TATLER OFFICE, 4 Catherine street, Strand; also by Mr G. REYNELL, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 42 Chancery lane; and by Messrs C. and W. REYNELL, at the Printing Office, 45 Broad street, Golden square.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs, for 1831. In Two Volumes. Volume the First. 12mo. pp. 320. (Third Vol. of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library.) Longman.

(Concluded from yesterday.)

THE most interesting passage of this volume, at the present moment, is the following selection of testimonies to the distresses of the country, as laid in *vain* before the unreformed Parliament of last year. The arguments for considering them in a committee were met and destroyed by the assertion, that a committee would be of no use: and we agree with it. So the distresses went on, and the burnings followed; and meanwhile the events took place in Paris, and we are now to have the Parliament reformed. The first subject of enquiry, when the reformation has taken place, must be, "What is to be done *for the starving part of the people of England?*" We grudge nobody his comforts: we grudge nobody his luxuries, as long as they do not render him unfeeling: but it is frightful to see the opponents of this admirable measure of Government coming down, night after night, to the House, with their warm, well-fed bodies, and insolent eyes, and repeating the disgusting falsehood about the national content and prosperity, while thousands of Englishmen are shivering, and famishing, and fierce with wretchedness. In some, it is true, we believe it to be sheer want of imagination,—the pure inability to conceive anything out of their own sphere, or to feel a pain which they do not themselves undergo. Should any of our readers deem this incredible, we would illustrate its possibility by the example of boys who torment cockchafers, and grown men who ride horses to death, or hunt down a shrieking hare. It is not that they are deliberately cruel, but that they are habitually dull and thoughtless, cannot admit, without compulsion, an idea distinct from their self-complacency, and when compelled to get a glimpse of another, recoil from it as an injury *done to themselves!* We happened to sit near such a man the other night at the play. He was a fat, burly fellow, with his chin in his neckcloth, who had evidently degluted a hasty dinner to come and see a popular performance, and who had poured the due quantity of wine over his three courses, with which his face was red, and his voice bland and buttery. He had an incipient asthma, made little adoring bows of recognition to certain other fine people in the front rows (which made us take him for a master-cook), had a great bunch of seals to his plethora, and was altogether a most effeminate potency. He was unquestionably either a master-cook, or a boroughmonger's agent, or one of those serviles now about to be turned out of Parliament, whom nature intended for butlers, and a fat sympathy sometimes makes companions of Dukes. We have seen Dukes as like them as brothers. A gentleman next him was telling this personage how troubled he had been, during a visit to the country, to find that there was so much distress, and that poor men with families were earning no more than four and five shillings a week. "Depend upon it, Sir," said the other, in a voice as bland as before, and tumbling his seals about, "that you were imposed upon. Nothing but pretence, Sir: nothing but pretence, and *rebellion*, and the wish to create confusion, Sir. Impostors are always to be found, who make a pretence of poverty. There is no end of them." With this refutation the gentleman seemed by no means satisfied, but the speaker was. He made a little calm, asthmatic hem, settled himself more luxuriously in his place, and watched, with happy eyes, the opening of the second act.

This man was a fool. There are others, who have not his excuse; but some may be allowed to have half of it. Ignorance and insolence divide them into two blissful parts. The rest have no excuse at all, but that of a disbelief in all virtue and hope, which is, to be sure, itself a folly, and which teaches them to care nothing but for their own profit, to lie and bully as hard as they please, and to take all mankind for a parcel of slaves like themselves. They will lie to the last; but with very different effect from what they did when in power: for the prosperity of their lying required the sanction of their worldly success. Some men would be dazzled too much to inspect it; others would love it, out of their own natural vulgarity; and others would feel a sort of instinctive superstition at it, as a thing permitted by Providence for its "inscrutable purposes,"—a fine phrase, always at hand as a last argument to vindicate submission.

But to our extracts.—The writer is speaking of the Session of Parliament in February 1830.

"'The advocates for an enquiry,' says he, 'into the state of the country, having failed in the debate on the address, resolved to bring forward the subject of national distress on separate motions. In the meantime, they were reinforced by numerous petitions, which poured in from every part of the kingdom, to negative the ministerial declarations, and to shew the severity as well as the universality of the national sufferings. Some hundreds of these petitions have been printed by order of the House of Commons; and present a picture of poverty and misery drawn by the people themselves, the fidelity of which can scarcely be doubted, and the force of which can scarcely be increased. More than fifty of these petitions came from Kent, and describe a state of things which ought to have rendered the late tumults and conflagrations in that county no matter of surprise. One from Bedfordshire states that the labourers are 'receiving wages which give them barely the means of protracting a cheerless existence, *deprived of all the comforts and almost all the necessaries of life.*' This same petition mentions that there are parishes in the county, purely agricultural, where there are from fifty to ninety able bodied men, who, destitute of other work, are employed by the parishes and receiving *four shillings a week*, and that no blame attaches to the farmers who are unable to afford more. From a Berkhire county-meeting the same complaint is sent. The poor are said to be in a miserable state, 'their parish allowance and wages being scarcely sufficient to maintain even their existence. The weekly payments to able-bodied men who could not find employment, is stated in some *places so low as two shillings and eight pence*. There is no wonder therefore, that this country was latterly visited by disturbances, and a special commission. The picture drawn in these petitions of the state of Buckinghamshire is no less appalling. In one of them we are told that many persons commit depredations and misdemeanours to get into prison, thus to preserve themselves from lingering starvation, that many have contracted *disorders by eating the flesh of animals that die naturally*; and other unwholesome food; that their health suffers for want of fuel; and that when they apply to the parish they are charged with insolence, because they cannot starve and be contented.' Lord Nugent, who presented this petition, confirmed its statements from his personal knowledge.

'The following is a representation from the owners and occupiers of land in some districts of Cambridgeshire:—'The labourers, now no longer able to maintain themselves by the sweat of their brow, are driven to the scanty pittance derived from the parish fund-,

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which is doled out to them, not according to the labour received in return, but to the extent of their families: congregated on roads and in gravel pits, their spirits have become broken, and they are constantly repining at their hard condition, and *inciting each other to vicious courses*, while their employers are regarded as task-masters, and the ties of attachment to the land of their birth become gradually torn asunder." The petition from the county of Cumberland takes a wider range of complaint, and states that "the distress is not confined to one branch of productive industry, but at the same time and with equal pressure, weighs down the land-holder and the manufacturer, the shipowner and the miner, the employer and the labourer." The magistrates, landholders, and clergy of the county of Derby represent the state of that county as deplorable; "rents reduced and in arrear, tenants ruined, labourers unemployed, and farms thrown out of cultivation." We could multiply these representations, which have all nearly the same features, from Essex, from Norfolk, from Hampshire, from Hertfordshire, and from every other county in England; but we shall only cite one or two examples more. In a petition from Louth in the same county, it is stated that "labourers are without employment; crime encreases; the bonds of society are loosened; and, from the peer to the peasant, all classes are rapidly approaching to ruin, misery, and starvation; which, if not arrested, must terminate in convulsion. "A petition from the parish of Rendham, in Suffolk, predicted what has subsequently taken place. It stated that "the poor-rates have been progressively increasing for some years; and that the petitioners are seriously afraid that sufferings so severe, although they have hitherto been borne with exemplary patience, *will end in general riot and confusion.*" In a petition from the farmers, freeholders, and others of Croydon, in Surrey, the petitioners state that they "can no longer endure to see their fellow-countrymen who are born to the lot of labourers starving under their eyes; that they shudder under the reflection that, without some timely aid, such will soon be their own lot." The last example of distress which we shall cite from this long list of grievances is contained in a petition from Frome, in Somersetshire, the correctness of which was vouched for by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who presented it to the House of Peers. "That there is no disinclination," say the petitioners, "in the poor to labour during this inclement season: numerous men, women, and children, may be seen dragging loads of coal up the steep hills on the road from the coal-pits to Frome, for a very small recompense." "I have been," said the right reverend prelate, "a witness to the most afflicting distress, and which I could not, if I would, describe. I have seen with my own eyes multitudes who could *obtain no work and were starving; others yoked together like oxen, drawing coals from the pits in the neighbourhood.*"

'On the 25th of February a long discussion took place in the House of Peers on the state of the country, thus described, on the motion of Lord Stanhope for a Committee of enquiry. His Lordship dwelt particularly on the depressed state of the agricultural interest. He expressed his belief that there was not one occupier of land, from one extremity of the land to the other, who would not eventually be involved in difficulty and distress. He said that rents were now paid in some places only, from profits, but in most from the capital, of the farmer. According to a statement in which his Lordship placed confidence, "the expense in cultivation, and the outgoings of the farmer, exclusive of rent, now exceed by six shillings the whole returns of an acre of land." In some parishes the proceeds do not suffice to maintain the poor; and they had been obliged to make application to the neighbouring parishes for assistance. The Noble Lord illustrated his view of the depreciation of all articles by a statement of prices. In looking at the foreign trade of the country, he found it equally depressed; for the excessive exports which had been mentioned in the King's speech had been measured in the quantities of commodities sent out of the country, and not in the real value of the returns obtained for them. The state of the revenue was likewise alarming. "Such was the natural tendency," he said, "of distress in all countries to encrease, that it would go on increasing; and the effects produced by it would become causes of its aggravation."—"The country," he thought, "was rapidly advancing to a state of bankruptcy—to a state of general disorganization, *which will end in the total dissolution of the body politic.* He called for enquiry to arrest the progress of these evils, or to ascertain whether their causes were beyond legislative remedy.

* * * * * * *

'The Duke of Richmond supported the motion, and gave a dreadful picture of the distress of the labouring poor, whom he described as placed on the parish roads at only 4d. or 3d. a day. "Who has not heard," cried he, "and who having heard can listen unmoved to the statement of British subjects, of British peasants guiltless of any crime, *harnessed in the waggons of Cheshire*, degraded to the offices of the brute creation? Yet this is not a solitary instance. The same has occured in other counties." At Blackburn there were 11,360 persons requiring assistance, whose entire incomes averaged only one shilling and sevenpence per week; and one third of Preston, namely 10,000, were receiving relief from the soup committee."—P. 82.

Now hear a quotation, made by a certain borough-mongering desperado, whom the late Mr Cumberland (this phrase requires classical authority) called "the talking potatoe." He is one of those writers in the Quarterly Review, who have been happily designated as "fellows with crape over their faces." Among friends however, the crape-men take off their crape; and thus accordingly, in his own visible and unblushing person, spoke he:—

'The present was but a fictitious and factitious alarm: they would recover themselves—they would regain their former station of peace and security if they had only patience and firmness.* It was possible, and nobody would deny it, that there might be a better arrangement of the constitutional elements than that which we possessed, but he did in his heart firmly believe that no human ingenuity could, *à priori*, have ever discovered an arrangement so well adapted to promote the prosperity, the wealth, the happiness, and liberty of the people. It was a constitution where—

'The jarring interests of themselves create
Th' *according* music of a well-mixed state.
Such is the world's great harmony that springs
From order, union, *full consent* of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
To serve, *not suffer*, strengthen not invade;
More powerful each as *needful* to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest.'

Ri tiddy tum, te tum te riddle di,
To twaddle dee, and rum te teedle ti.

This happy quoter, by the way, is said to be the representative of the borough of Aldborough; but it is a mistake. He is Representative of one of the Peers,—*Member for the Marquis of Hertford.* This is the style in which he ought to be designated—*The Hon. Member for the Marquis of Hertford.* The plan should be adopted in all similar instances. Thus Sir Charles Wetherell is member, not for Boroughbridge, but for the Duke of Newcastle; Sir Henry Hardinge for the Duke of Northumberland; Mr John Villiers Shelley, for Lord Monson; Mr G. Bankes for Mr H. Bankes; and Mr Baring for *himself!*

How pleasant, *how proper* would it be, to hear the Lord Advocate of Scotland reply to the "Honourable Member for Mr H. Bankes," and the representative of Middlesex to the "Honourable Member for *Himself!*"

OBJECTION TO AN ORATORIO CUSTOM.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—A portion of your excellent Journal being devoted to Theatricals, I beg leave to call your attention to an abuse which has of late crept into our patent Theatres; and which, in my humble opinion, calls for some animadversion. I address myself to your publication, in the hope that the evil may be remedied in another quarter. Being a kind of "fanatico per la musica," I frequently look in to hear the Oratorios, or, as they are now with more propriety designated, "Selections of Music," which take place alternately at the two large theatres. Now, Sir, the abuse to which I allude is this:—One or two of our celebrated vocalists, whose names I do not deem it expedient to mention, have contracted a habit of *retiring* as soon as they have given a specimen of their vocal powers, and *returning* when their services are required. This has occurred more than once, and has been slightly adverted to by a contemporary journal; but I am sorry to perceive that the nuisance has not abated. It not only betrays a great want of sense, but savours very much of conceit, and is, besides, a mark of disrespect to the audience. As an inert spectator, it is far from my wish to be deficient in courtesy, especially to the female portion of our warblers; but I really think it would not be exacting *too* much to request, as a favor, that they would remain seated till the end of each act or division of the performance, when the whole body might retire. A word to the wise is enough. Should this breach of decorum continue, it will not be amiss if the names of the parties are shewn up. Hoping, however, that such publicity will not be *courted*, but that this gentle admonition may be as kindly taken as it is meant, by the parties to whom I allude, I remain,

Your admirer, and constant reader,

Philo Dramaticus.

[It would seem hard to insist that the gentlemen and ladies in question should sit any where longer than they feel inclined, provided their absence does us no harm. But the question is, whether the licence is taken on account of their rank, and denied to singers of an inferior grade. If so, we should say, at all events, that it would be a grace in them to waive the privilege. Perhaps the stage is cold:—perhaps it is felt disagreeable to sit so long and be stared at. Still, if others cannot retire because of the cold, the penalty of the lustre might be endured, to avoid implying a mortifying distinction]

* It is doubtful whether by the word *they* the speaker means the boroughmongers or the people. If the boroughmongers, we are to understand by "patience and firmness," good dinners and non-concession. If the people, patience can only mean that they are to starve and die a little more, and by God's blessing they may then be as badly off as they used to be.

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MISS PEARSON.

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—I beg to correct a statement of your periodical, respecting the unmanly attack that was made on Miss Pearson last Friday. You say it was caused by some indiscreet friend of hers, applauding before hand:—Sir, I was present, and immediately she rose to sing, I heard a hiss: it came from No. 21 Box dress circle—after that, followed the applause, but the hiss, before she sung a note, was unmanly and cowardly, to say the least of it.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A LOVER OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

[What led us to conclude that the clapping came from some indiscreet friend (in addition to our not hearing the hiss) was, that we had noticed an applause of precisely the same sort on a former occasion. It is unpleasant, under any circumstances, to hear a hiss directed against a female; and a hiss, before she opens her mouth, would certainly seem to imply either a private enemy, or a critic in a very superfluous state of indignation. We hope however that in the end the young lady will not be the worse for it, and that she will feel herself called upon either to put more of her sensibility into her performances, or not to carry herself with that sort of air upon the stage, which probably arises from youth and inexperience, perhaps even from the simplicity of candour, but which many people take for a degree of confidence unwarranted by the amount of ability.]

IN WHAT SENSE THE KING NEVER DIES.—It has been said that, constitutionally, "the King never dies," and that "the King can do no wrong." On such forms of expression, the following passage from the Treatise on Government, by Algernon Sidney, furnishes an admirable commentary:—'The names of Kings are used in treaties when they are either children, or otherwise incapable of knowing what alliances are fit to be made or rejected; and yet such treaties do equally oblige them, their successors, and people, as if they were of mature age and fit for government. No man, therefore, ought to think it strange, if the King's name be used in domestic affairs, of which he neither ought nor can take any cognizance. In those cases, he is perpetually a minor; he must suffer the law to take its due course; and the judges, though nominated by him, are obliged by oath not to have any regard to his letters or personal demands. If a man be sued, he must appear; and a delinquent is to be tried *coram lege*, but no otherwise than *secundum legem terræ*, according to the law of the land, not the King's personal will and opinion. And the judgment given must be executed, whether they please him or not, it being always understood that he can speak no otherwise than the law speaks, and is always present as far as the law requires. For this reason, a noble lord who was irregularly detained in prison in 1621, being by Habeas Corpus brought to the bar of the King's Bench, where he sued to be released upon bail, and an ignorant judge telling him he must apply himself to the king, he replied, that he came thither for that end; that the king might eat, drink, or sleep where he pleased, but when he rendered justice he was always in that place. The king that renders justice is indeed always there: he never sleeps; he is subject to no infirmity; he never dies, unless the nation be extinguished, or so dissipated as to have no Government. No nation that has a sovereign power within itself does ever want this king. He was in Athens and Rome, as well as Babylon and Susa; and is as properly said to be now in Venice, Switzerland, or Holland, as in France, Morocco, or Turkey. This is he to whom we all owe a simple and unconditional obedience. This is he who never does any wrong; it is before him we appear when we demand justice, or render an account of our actions. All juries give their verdict in his sight: they are his commands that the judges are bound and sworn to obey, when they are not at all to consider such as they receive from the person that wears the crown.—*Gorton's Topographical Dictionary.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Brutus.—Pertection.—And Masaniello.

COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—And the Pantomime.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

IF the new little piece here last night, called *My Grand Aunt*, or *Where there's a Will*——, had been richly acted; we mean, if the performers had been able to give the due portion of comic garnish to the points furnished them by the author, we think it would have had an effect resembling those of the little comedies of the GARRICK and FOOTE school. It was not badly performed either, considering the humble pretensions of most of the company at this house; and the curtain fell amidst considerable applause. We know not who the writer is. The plot is simple and pleasant. *Mrs Headley* (Mrs EDWIN) an old maiden lady of sixty, has a number of middle-aged cousins, nieces, and nephews, the *Crawleys*, and the *Leeches*, and the *Glossovers*, who expect to profit by her will testamentary, but like most persons who deserve those allegorical appellations, have secretly a good deal of will of their own, rascally. Among their other speculations, the *Crawleys* wish to marry their daughter to the son and heir of the *Leeches*, who does not deserve her, the poor girl's affections being at the same time fixed upon a young *Mr Welford*, who is deserving but not rich. Some perplexity is produced in consequence on all sides; the old lady taking part with the young lady, and sending for young *Welford* to come and speak to her. At this juncture, *Mr Lionel Glossover* (Mr FREDERICKS) thinks he might as well settle the matter himself, by marrying his venerable cousin, and so becoming the dictator of the family. He accordingly makes love; is well received; and immediately begins lording it about him, calling the family together to meet the old lady and young *Welford*, and insisting with the most violent politeness that they shall all be seated. At length the whole party are assembled, the old lady in the middle; and she begins to tell them how she concedes the point of the young lady's marriage,—how, at the same time, she thinks it but just that she should indulge her own wishes while consulting theirs,—and *argal*, how she has thought fit to choose a friendly partner for her declining years, to whom, of course, it would be but fitting that she should leave the whole of her property. The consternation may be conceived. The old lady is here seized with a fit of bashfulness, and begs *Mr Lionel* to tell the remainder. *Mr Lionel* accordingly hums, and haws, and graciously seconds the motion in due style, concluding with informing them that the happy man is himself. *There*, however, the old gentlewoman says he is mistaken. *Mr Lionel's* consternation is added to that of the others. Who then can the happy man be? It is the boy that is standing beside her,—young *Mr Welford*. Mr LIONEL, among the airs he had given himself, had asked one of the cousins how he felt, and another if she would not "take a glass of water," &c.: so they now all come about him, and ask him how *he* feels, and whether *he* will not take a glass of water; and moreover, they request that he will be seated. He dashes out of the room. The old lady, having enjoyed the distress a little while, then calls her niece to her, gives her to understand that although there is a husband in the case, and that the property will be his, and young *Welford* be the husband, yet the husband was intended, not for herself, but for her "little good girl;" and so joining the hands of the young couple, the piece concludes.

In saying that this little production resembles the petite comedies of the last century, we do not mean to compare it to the best of them. It has not got their rich humour, and compact, sparkling dialogue. But it appears to us to be not unlike them in a certain air of nature and good sense; in the rejection of the superfluous, and even the possession of quiet and sly dramatic points, or hits of situation. The shrewdness and hearty humour of the old lady are well conceived; and we like the judicious names of the *Crawleys* and *Leeches*, which are at once characteristic and common.

The performers took pains, and deserve to be praised; though we could not help thinking what an effect the MATTOCKSES, ROBERT PALMERS, and others would have produced, with a dash of BANNISTER and SUETT among the rest. Mrs EDWIN is a useful and attentive actress, but she is hard and wants humour. She also mistakes a nice articulation and a vehement tone, for judgment and fervour. Indeed, this mistake is the characteristic of her whole style of acting. Mr FREDERICKS did very well in the passage where he politely forces the people into their seats: and Mrs KNIGHT, Mr COOPER, and the others, were more than respectable in the same scene; but the whole performance wants enriching.

☞

The KING and QUEEN went to Covent Garden last night, to hear Miss INVERARITY; but as the Royal visits to the theatre are, luckily, nothing new, and His Majesty's popularity and certainty of receiving applause, are equally well known, we did not think ourselves called upon to forego a novelty at another house.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled
LA CENERENTOLA.
[By ROSSINI].
The Principal Characters by Mrs WOOD, (late Miss PATON,)
Madame CASTELLI, Mademoiselle FELIANI, Signor DAVID,
Signor LABLACHE, Signor De ANGELI, and Signor DE BEGNIS.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of
KENILWORTH.
[By M. DESHAYES.]
The Music by Signor Costa.

The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mademoiselle Clara, Mademoiselle Proche, Mademoiselle Zoe Beaupre, and Madame Montessu,
Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.
M. Lefebvre, M. Simon, M. Emile, M. Gouriet, M. Venafra, M. O'Brien, M. Edouard, M. George, M. D'Albert, M. Bertram, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.
With an efficient and numerous Corps de Ballet.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of
WILLIAM TELL.
[By Mr KNOWLES.]
Emma, Miss HUDDART. Anneli, Miss RUSSELL. Agnes, Miss FAUCIT.
Gesler, Mr H. WALLACK. Sarnem, Mr THOMPSON.
Struth, Mr W. BENNETT. Rodolph, Mr HOWARD.
Lufold, Mr HOWELL. Braun, Mr ROSS.
William Tell, Mr MACREADY.
Albert, Miss POOLE. Melchtal, Mr YOUNGE. Erni, Mr CATHIE.
Furst, Mr FENTON. Verner, Mr COOKE. Waldman, Mr HUGHES.
Michael, Mr COOPER. Jagheli, Mr J. VINING.
Pierre, Mr EATON. Theodore, Mr HONNER.
Savoyards—Miss CRAWFORD, Mr PRICE, and Mr S. JONES.

In the course of the Evening, Spontini's Overture to "Ferdinand Cortez," and Rossini's Overture to "L'Italiana in Algieri."

After which, a New Farce, called
TURNING THE TABLES.
[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]
Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called
DAVY JONES.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]
The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.
Columbines, Misses Barnett and Baseke. Harlequin, Mr Howell,
Pantaloon, Mr T. Blanchard, Clowns, Messrs Southby and E. J. Parsloe.

The new and splendid
DIORAMA, Designed and Painted by Mr STANFIELD.
The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.
Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Maggiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, No Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of
VENICE PRESERVED.
[By OTWAY.]
Belvidera, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Duke of Venice, Mr BAKER, Priuli, Mr EGERTON,
Bedamar, Mr DIDDEAR, Jaffier, Mr WARDE,
Pierre, Mr C. KEMBLE,
Renault, Mr EVANS, Elliot, Mr HENRY, Mezzana, Mr SUTTON,
Captain of the Guard, Mr MEARS, Spinosa, Mr IRWIN,
Previous to the Tragedy, Beethoven's Overture to 'Egmont.'
After the Tragedy, Mozart's Overture to 'La Clemenza di Tito.'

After which, an Interlude, called
HIDE AND SEEK.
[By Mr LUNN.]
Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree. Charlotte, Miss Laurence.
Mordaunt, Mr Diadear. Merton, Mr Duruset. Moses, Mr Keeley.

To conclude with the Grand Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
Columbine, Miss L. Johnstone.
Harlequins, Mr Keeley and Mr Ellar.
Clown, Mr Paulo. Pantaloon, Mr Barnes.

To-morrow, A Grand Selection of Music.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
KIND INTENTIONS.
Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called
BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.
The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, to be called
MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——
Mrs Headly, Mrs EDWIN. Mrs Crawley, Mrs KNIGHT.
Rosa Crawley, Miss LANGLEY. Lucy, Miss STEWART.
Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr FREDERICKS. Mr Crawley, Mr COOPER.
Mr Leach, Mr W. VINING. Lothario Leach, Mr COLLIER.
Mr Welford, Mr NEWCOMBE. Charles Welford, Mr BROUGHAM.
Thomas, Mr HITCHINSON.

After which, a new Burletta, in One Act, called
DUKE FOR A DAY.
The Music by B. Livius, Esq.
The Characters by Miss Sydney, Madame Vestris, Mr Hodges, Mr Newcombe, Mr Cooper, and Mr Worrell.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
[By Mr C. DANCE.]
The Characters by Miss Stuart, Miss Pincott, Miss Kabrey, Miss Berresford, Mr Raymond, Mr Cooper, Mr W. Vining, Mr Coates, Mr Worrell, Mr Young, and Mr Hitchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]
Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

An interesting Drama, entitled
DAMON AND PYTHIAS.
Hermion, Miss M. C. POOLE. Calanthe, Miss SCOTT,
Eudosia, Miss SOMERVILLE, Phygenia, Miss VINCENT.
Arria, Miss RUMENS, Rygcia, Madame SIMON,
Lyphrasia, Mrs VALE, Listea, Miss NICOL,
Damon, Mr OSBALDISTON, Philitius, Mr ALMAR.
Damocles, Mr GOUGH, Procles, Mr HONNER,
Dionysius, Mr D. PITT, Pythias, Mr C. HILL, Lucullus, Mr LEE,
Fabius, Mr WEBB, Pellagus, Mr YOUNG,
Arcus, Mr HOBBS, Melcthon, Mr EDWIN, Aranthon, Mr RANSFORD,
Naxillus, Mr BOULANGER, Petus, Mr GRAMMER,
Executioner, Mr THOMPSON, Soldiers, Senators, &c. &c.

After which, a Dramatic Romance, called
THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.
Helena di Rosalvi, Miss M. C. Poole, Genevieve, Miss Vincent,
Claudine, Miss Boden, Jacinthe, Miss Rumens. Rosa, Miss Nicol,
Felix, Mr Osbaldiston, Rosalvi, Mr D. Pitt,
Jeronymo, Mr Young, Marco, Mr Lee, Baptista, Mr Webb,
Florio di Rosalvi, Miss Ellis, Julio di Rosalvi, Master Frank Carbery,
Juan, Mr Tully, Pietro, Mr Jones, Fabricio, Mr Woolf.

To conclude with a Romantic Melo-Drama, entitled
THE BROKEN SWORD.
[By W. DIMOND, Esq.]
Rosara, Miss Vincent, Stella, Miss Somerville,
Jacintha, Miss Jordan, Beatrice, Miss Nicol, Ninna, Miss Rumens,
Jannette, Miss Boden, Rosa, Miss R. Boden. Goatherds, &c
Baron Maraldi, Mr Gough, Captain Zavior, Mr Williams,
Colonel Rigolio, Mr D. Pitt, Claudio, Mr Honner,
Pedro, Mr Grammer, Pablo, Mr Vale, Esteven de Burgos, Mr C. Hill,
Myrtillo, Mademoiselle Rosier, Fabio, Mr Smith,
Nicaro, Mr Boulanger, Bartolo, Mr Jones, Thomaso, Mr Wild.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,
TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

A Musical Entertainment, called
MRS G——,
The Music by Mr Harroway.
Mrs G—. Mrs GLOVER. Mariette, Miss GARRICK.
Mrs Tendre, Mrs GARRICK. Mrs Perigorge, Miss WELLS.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss STOHWASSER.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr SMITH. Mr Perigorge, Mr. MUNROE.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr FORRESTER. Peter, Mr G. SMITH.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr LEJEUNE. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. RUSSELL.
The Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled
GALATEA,
From GAY'S Serenata. With HANDEL'S Music, arranged by Mr C. POTTER.
Principal Characters by Miss Vernon, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Humby, Mr Bennett, Mr J. Russell, Mr Speucer, Mr G. Smith, Mr Munroe, Mr G. Lejune, and Mr E. Seguin.
And a Chorus of Twenty Voices.
The Incidental Dances by Misses Gilbert, Forster, Ward, Hutton, Cadwell, &c.

To which will be added,
A DIVERTISEMENT.

To conclude with a Farcical Entertainment, entitled
THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.
The Music by Mr Harroway.
The Characters by Mrs Humby, Miss Wells, Miss Garrick, Miss Stohwasser, Miss Brothers, Mrs Garrick, and Mr J. Russell.
In the course of the Evening, Martini's Overture to "Henri IV."

COBURG THEATRE.—The Jew of Vienna—De L'Orme—Abbey Lands.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Richard III—Doctor Bolus—The Wreck.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1831.

TO ADVERTISERS.

On Monday the 14th inst. The Tatler will begin to admit Advertisements, *but under such an arrangement of its letter-press as will take nothing from the reader.*

This opportunity may be particularly worthy the attention of those who deal in commodities conducive in any way to the Graces of Life, whether intellectual or external, such as Books, Music, Paintings, Engravings, Sculpture, Apparel, Jewellery, or any kind of Fancy Article; in short, anything connected with habits of elegance and refinement.

The space of The Tatler devoted to this purpose will be of necessity a great deal smaller than in other Daily Papers, so that every Advertisement *will be sure of being seen;* and Advertisers will bear in mind, that as the readers of the paper consist of Play-goers, Men of Leisure, Actors and Actresses, Accomplished Women in general, the Lovers of Books, Music, &c., and other cultivators of social intercourse and amusement, they form the very description of persons who are the most likely to repay the use made of its columns.

Advertisements received at the Tatler Office, 4 Catherine street, Strand; also by Mr G. Reynell, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 42 Chancery lane; and by Messrs C. and W. Reynell, at the Printing Office, 45 Broad street, Golden square.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs, for 1831. In Two Volumes. Volume the First. 12mo. pp. 320. (Third Vol. of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library.) Longman.

We thought we had done with this volume; but we return to it once more, to give its character of Lafayette, and to notice a remark or two respecting that admirable person, and the late revolution.

'It was lucky for the public tranquillity,' says the writer, 'that among the persons now ready to take the lead, there was a man like Lafayette, who enjoyed the full confidence of the victorious party,—whose name had been known to the people for upwards of forty years, as their warm and consistent friend; whose reputation had been identified with the national glory; and who already represented in his person two revolutions, in the new and old world.

'The popularity of the venerable chief was great and undisputed. Generous, affable, and kind-hearted in private life, adored by a patriarchal family of three generations, he enjoyed a national reputation as a patriot and lover of freedom, which had been accumulating without a drawback for fifty years. As an ardent champion for liberty and national independence, he drew his youthful sword in the cause of America, and shared the friendship as well as the toils and renown of Washington. The principles for which he then fought, were afterwards his guides in all situations of life, and amid all vicissitudes of fortune. This invariable consistency and entire devotion to the popular cause, constituted the charm of his character, and gave him an influence over the minds of his countrymen, which neither his rank, his abilities, nor his services could have commanded. Exiled from France as the enemy of liberty, because he was the friend of order, and arrested in Austria as the enemy of order because he was the friend of liberty, he continued equally faithful to his principles in the prison of Olmutz, as in the command of the National Guard of France. At the head of the first revolution as long as it was unstained with atrocities, he never deserted its principles in their disgrace; having the good fortune to escape the honours of the empire, and to incur the hatred of the restoration, he brought an unsullied glory and long-tried virtue to strengthen and direct the second. General Gerard and some of the other permanent deputies were likewise objects of public confidence, as being always opposed to the court. The General took the command of the regular troops. Lafayette, who had been the founder of the National Guard in 1789, and who was always looked upon as their father, was now invested with the command in chief of this effective instrument of national security and public order, and repaired to the Hotel de Ville, at the head of a great body of guards, and surrounded by an immense assemblage of citizens in a high state of excitement and enthusiasm.

'From this place he issued animated proclamations for encouraging the people, regulating the service, and organizing the formation of the civic militia, to whom the protection of life, property, and liberty, was now exclusively intrusted. Sentinels and patrols from this force were sent to all quarters of the capital. Towards the evening a deputation from St Cloud arrived at the Hotel de Ville to propose an accommodation, on the conditions of forming a liberal ministry and rescinding the ordinances. But, as Marmont had predicted, it came too late. New rights had been created by victory. The sovereignty of the people was now triumphant over the sovereignty of the throne. The Hotel de Ville was more powerful than the Tuilleries; and the municipality of Paris, instead of acknowledging a portfolio, had a crown to give away. No reliance could be placed on the faith of a man who had already broken his oath, or the mercy of a prince who had swept the streets of his capital with grape-shot;—and Charles X had ceased to reign.' —P. 231.

The deputies were then got together, and the crown on the 7th of August, was given to the Duke of Orleans. A republic, however, had been wished for by many:—

'Assemblages of republicans, consisting of students from the different schools, who had fought during the revolution; and the leaders of different popular associations, had collected round the chamber on the 6th, and had excited some alarm among its members. Addressing themselves to the deputies as they passed, they declared, that in not deciding for a republic they were betraying the cause of those who had driven away the Bourbons. General Lafayette and another popular deputy, M. B. Constant, harangued them on their illegal proceedings, and requested them to disperse quietly, with some effect; but did not entirely obtain their object. After the sitting was over, they proceeded to the amount of several hundreds, to the place de Louis XV, in a tumultuous manner, and threatened to engage greater bodies of the students, and to procure a reinforcement of armed citizens from the fauxbourgs on the following day, to compel the Chamber of Deputies to do its duty. It was suspected by some that General Lafayette had not been so zealous as he ought to have been in exerting his influence to put down this political mob, and that he would not have been displeased to hear the word President of a Republic attached to his name. In this case, the government could not have stood a month, and all Europe would have taken the alarm at the prospect of anarchy in France. In such critical circumstances, M. Delessert, and several friends of the venerable republican, waited upon him and his son, M. George Lafayette, to press them to more active interference, on a threat, that if the assemblage again collected it must be dispersed by an armed force. This menace had its effect for the time. Delegates were sent round to the clubs and the schools to countermand the meeting; and the deputies were allowed to vote the charter, and to dispose of the crown without molestation or tumult.'—P. 255.

We differ with two points in this account of Lafayette and the Revolution,—first in the distinction drawn between his ability and his virtue; and second, with the assertion that a republican government would not have lasted a month. The author, by the way, repeats the saying attributed to Lafayette, that the new monarchy, with the Duke of Orleans at the head of it, was the "best of republics." We have seen the authenticity of this saying denied. We know not what it is possible for the General to have said in a moment of transport at the exit of Charles X; nor do we forget, that although he gave up and has never since resumed his title of Marquis, he stood by the first constitutional monarchy, as well as advocated the second. But we doubt whether he could think any monarchy which retains the means of corruption, the "best of republics,"—unless, indeed, he expected it shortly to become a different thing than it turned out. Perhaps he did; for he has gone out himself, dissatisfied with it. To return, however, to our two points; we think it is high time for the world no longer to be under the delusion of making those distinctions between ability and a commanding height of virtue, which are so flattering to men of a second-rate order, and which have done so much harm, by leading people to suppose great goodness and great discernment incompatible. Ability (or what is so called), though found often among men not of the highest virtue, is *sure* in the end to *lose*, in direct proportion to its want of goodness, whether the loss occur in a public shape or private. In private, the man gets a seared heart, and loses his comfort: in public

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he loses or injures some great cause. Now we hold that an extreme condition of moral excellence and consistency like Lafayette's (we do not speak in the canting, but in the philosophic sense) is of necessity accompanied with the very highest kind of discernment. It is *itself* a proof of it; or it is the instinct of the discernment, enabling the possessor to dispense with the usual ways of acquiring it. And we have no doubt whatsoever, that men, gifted to that degree, will always be found, by those capable of understanding them, gifted with the power of shewing the intellectual instinct which it implies; and able, when the occasion is worthy of them, to think and discourse in the very best and most convincing manner. Lafayette is *remarkable*, in the Chamber of Deputies, for the fineness of his sense, and the deep impression which it makes; nor does he want, when he thinks them necessary, the sententious tact of the orator, or the smartness of the humourist; as was shewn the other day, when he spoke so happily about "men who were furious with moderation." He gets up in the assembly, looks and speaks in his usual natural manner, and lets the *wisdom of the truth that is in him* take its course. Could a man of less goodness be so able a reasoner? Could a reasoner of less ability be so good a man? We think not; for then he would not be altogether the man he is, and governments would have abounded with Lafayettes, perfect in their character for honesty, and outlasting, in the consequences of it, the wisdom that is corrupted into cunning. What is the amount of these, *and where is their success?* What seed of intended and included good has *their adversity* sown? For *this* too is the privilege of what (for want of a word to express it) may be called *agathosophy*, or the identification of wisdom and goodness. The very non-success of an illustriously good man leaves a sting of sweetness in the hearts of his followers that is sure to produce good. Love incites doctrine; doctrine opinion; and opinion moves the world.

With regard to the republic which "would not have stood a month," we are convinced that it would have been triumphantly settled on the instant,—*more* triumphantly than the new monarchy, more to the astonishment (we grant) of the allied monarchies; but for that very reason more to their utter bafflement and non-resistance. It would have petrified them, in every sense of the word. Why should it not? It is the sense of *right* on the part of the French that has enabled them to maintain their position: and what right had they *not* to eject Bourbonism altogether, and set up the same form of government that the Anglo-Americans did? The right was indisputable. It would have been put to the allied courts in the calmness of conscious strength, and of the beautiful triumph of the Three Days; and not one would have dared to gainsay it. Whether the French themselves would have suffered it to last, is another question. We think they would; because the diffusion of knowledge, especially in France, has rendered the community wiser, and less inclined to mingle right with wrong; which is a fact the Tories of this country cannot discern, nor believe in, because their own pretended rights are mixed up so exceedingly with wrong. We are however not going to enter into any abstract question about monarchy and republics. *We are content that the new state of things, gloriously opened upon the world, both in France and* ENGLAND, *should bring about* WHATEVER IS BEST AND MOST REASONABLE,—which we feel certain the progress of knowledge must do. Our sole object at present was to express our difference of opinion with what appeared to us a very gratuitous assertion on the part of the author of the 'Retrospect.' We have our opinion as to other matters, but will not vent it at present, lest our motives should be mistaken by the honest of any party, especially by those of the party now ruling, who have raised themselves millions of miles in our respect, and whose measures we only wish we could advance with a millionth part of the force of our desire. We always thought that the present Chancellor would have carried a certain spirit of improvement and exaltation with him, wherever he went; but we confess we did not think Lord Grey capable of so noble a movement as this, even as a matter of policy. We own ourselves radical on the subject of reform, to the very tip of the root; and therefore we go farther than these measures; but not the less for that do we think them wise and delightful, and calculated to secure the ultimate good of *all*,—aye, even of the Tories, *sua si bona norint*,—if they did but know their own *goods*, and would not confound them with rotten boroughs.

PRECIOUS TEARS.—At the funeral of his Majesty, Louis the Eighteenth of France, the trappings of the horses belonging to the state carriage, were ornamented with bunches of silver tears.—*Historical Traveller.*

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—Your criticisms on works of art are so just and so *piquantes*, that many of your readers regret their infrequency: but while I admit that your remarks on Sir Thomas Lawrence are not exceptions to them, being *in the main* no less true than severe, may I be permitted to hint, that, in spite of his sophistications of style, and his courtier-like treatment of nature, he had a feeling for grace and truth, which, though evidenced in meretricious modes, and almost neutralized by them, did nevertheless redeem, in a certain measure, the "showy and flimsy" quality of too many of his pictures? Let me recall to your recollection those two portraits of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi, which, maugre the *Lawrence*-like expression of the faces, I think you must allow to be splendid works of art, and as such, worthy of a better fate than you predict for them. I may be allowed to assure you, dear Mr TATLER, that I lament the want of integrity in Lawrence's style, as much as you condemn it; that I think, with you, his drawing was merely neat and clever, by virtue of mechanical skill and practice, and that its very gracefulness was artificial; but I must differ with you in thinking that that accomplishment had any share in "spoiling" him; for I conceive that in him the man spoilt the artist, and the sycophantic character the beautiful style. I cannot help thinking, that not only Lawrence was great as an artist, by virtue of his feeling for nature,—of his fine sense of the merely beautiful,—his nice perception of eye and his ready skill of hand,—but that without the first qualification, which I contend he possessed, the latter would have been quite insufficient to enable him to evince those refinements of art which distinguished his best works. He threw mind into his art, though his portraits, as you justly observe "want soul." His mind, I grant, was "subdued to the quality" of his company, and his taste was sophisticated; but still, I would maintain the existence of his natural genius for art, though I cannot argue for its supremacy over the insincerities and false refinements of his style.—I have proved myself so poor an apologist, that, were it not that I feel with how much force a sweeping censure from you (who so rarely indulge in them) will act on the fame of Lawrence, in the minds of those whose opinions are of value in matters of taste, I should not trouble you with this attempt to modify the excommunication to which you have sentenced him.

Your admiring reader,

A LOVER OF ART.

[We suspect that our correspondent and ourselves are of one identical opinion on this point: only a severe mode of putting the case against Lawrence rouses his good-nature to take the favourable side, while an over-estimation of the President's merits provoked us into that kind of sweeping censure which, we are well pleased to be told, is not usual with us. We cannot help thinking, that in the very best of Lawrence's works there is a certain air of conscious fragility, such as might be supposed to be instinctive in himself, and which, with a varnish of aristocratical self-possession over it, was the prevailing expression he found among his fashionable sitters. They were "of the porcelain clay of the earth," not in Shakspeare's sense, but in the sense of the china-shops,—fine, weak, costly, stationary, not to be touched. He could not have painted a man of marble, like Napoleon, or the intellectual sovereignty of such heads as you see in Titian. They would have put him out, like the presences of the Gods. What was too great for a master of the ceremonies, would have been too great for Lawrence. In short, we look upon him as a tip-top, courtly, fashionable, fugitive painter, not without great cleverness, or a perception of grace and truth certainly, but as certainly without such a perception of them as helped him to get out of the modes by which they are disfigured; otherwise how could he have looked on their divine countenances, and told the lies that his painting did? Must we confess, at the same time, that we never saw his portraits of the Pope and the Cardinal? We must, for it is true. We have seen his paintings only in separate collections; and know nothing of the portrait of Pius VII. except through the medium of the engraving.]

MAN NEVER WHOLLY DEVOID OF HUMANITY.—We have scarcely an instance on the records of cruelty and crime, of a man's wholly divesting himself of the feelings of humanity; we always find some corner, however confined, in which affection is deposited, and even Nero left friends who wept his fall, and strewed his grave with flowers.—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople.*

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.—Why were petrels, in past times, thought to predict a storm?—Because they seem to repose in a common breeze, but, upon the approach, or during the continuation, of a gale, they surround a ship, and catch up the small animals which the agitated ocean brings near the surface, or any food that may be dropped from the vessel. Whisking like an arrow through the deep valleys of the abyss, and darting away over the foaming crest of some mountain wave, they attend the labouring bark in all her perilous course. When the storm subsides, they retire to rest, and are no more seen. Our sailors have, from very early times, called these birds "Mother Carey's chickens."—*Knapp—Knowledge for the People, Part IV.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—William Tell.—Turning the Tables.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Venice Preserved.—Hide and Seek.—And the Pantomime.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE exertions of this neat little theatre do it great credit. If any body wishes to see how far *twirling* will go, he should see the *divertissement* that was brought out here last night. It was so extraordinary that we are not sorry to be obliged to see it again, in consequence of the absence of one of the three new French dancers announced,—to wit, the male dancer, who was unable to appear, on account of an accident. The other two had the *debut* themselves; so that the story, we presume, was given up, for we saw none. We beheld only an exhibition of rival skill, with the *corps de ballet* in attendance. Both the ladies are young, with pleasanter and more earnest countenances than the major part of their sisterhood; and both are very active and skilful. The house is so small, that you see them almost as in a room; and the fervour of their seriousness, united with that of their action,—(to say nothing of the size of leg common to those who "thump the verdant floor,")—had sometimes almost a formidable aspect, as they came pitchiug themselves from the back of the stage, and looking in your face.

To judge from a first appearance (which does not always furnish complete ground for decision) we should say, that one of the dancers excels the other in attitude; while the other surpasses her to a far greater degree in making a *tee-to-tum* of herself, and twirling in a most interminable manner,—all however with sufficient grace. When you expect her to leave off, she seems to begin afresh; and this impression she will *repeat*; so that it would appear that she might continue for ever, if she chose. And at the termination she walks apart, as tranquil and steady as if nothing had happened. The dancers in GOLDSMITH,

'——— Who simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down,'

would have stood no chance with her. We have seen a great long room full of dancing peasants in Italy, waltzing all at once upon that principle, and getting every moment more staring, serious, and red. They would have envied the supremacy of her conclusions, and the eternity of her recurrence.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

SECOND CONCERT, MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1831.

ACT I.

Overture, Faust	*Spohr.*
Scena, Signor LABLACHE, "Che sento" (Faust)	
Quartetto, (No 4) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs TOLBEQUE, GRIESBACH, MORALT, and LINDLEY.	*Beethoven.*
Duetto, Mrs WOOD (late Miss PATON) and Signor LABLACHE, "Bella imago" (Semiramide)	*Rossini.*
Sinfonia in D.	*Beethoven.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia (Jupiter)	*Mozart.*
Recit. ed Aria, Mrs WOOD, "Mi tradì" (Il Don Giovanni)	*Mozart.*
Notturno, two Oboes, two Clarinetts, two Bassoons, and two Horns, Messrs G. COOKE, G. IRWIN, WILLMAN, POWELL, MACKINTOSH, TULLY, PLATT, and RAE	*Mozart.*
Duetto, Mr BENNETT and Signor LABLACHE, "Parlar, spiegar" (Pietro l'Eremita)	*Rossini.*
Overture, Egmont	*Beethoven.*

Leader, Mr MORI,—Conductor, Mr BISHOP.

The scheme of the second concert of the present season, though good in the main, was not so worthy of the Philharmonic Society as the first. Although it is probable that the Directors are desirous of accommodating their selections to the conflicting tastes of the subscribers, they ought notwithstanding to bear in mind the principle upon which the Society was instituted—that of having the *best* compositions performed, as they are, and can be performed no where else. They should also never forget their "pride of place," and that it is expected at their hands not merely to fill their subscription every year, but to be an unerring authority in questions of sound taste; to be the leaders, and not the servants of second and third-rate minds; but gradually to draw these to a knowledge of the true faith. Much has been done of late years, and they may yet do more, both for good music, and their own reputation. There were three or four people, it is true, who during the last performance expressed some impatience at the septett of HUMMELL, and the double quartett of SPOHR; but only observe the attention such persons pay to the general performance, and their approbation or disapprobation becomes a matter of perfect indifference. It is only to be regretted that they should have excluded others who would have appreciated those beautiful compositions. An admirer of poetry who can perceive no loveliness in the Fairy Queen or the Faithful Shepherdess; and the lover of music who cannot feel the genius of SPOHR and of HUMMELL, are, according to our apprehension, in a similar predicament. The former of these composers is perhaps the most independent and fine thinker of any musician of the present day. His ideas are all bold and upon a grand scale: the construction of his harmonies are never common-place. He puts down what he feels, without reference to the judgment or decision of inferior minds. His own thoughts occupy him when he writes, and not what the thoughts of the million will be as to the result. He is sure of the support of kindred minds, and that is enough for him. When MOZART was writing the *Requiem*, he never reflected for a moment what such critics as Mr PARKE the oboe-player would think of the performance; and if he had, he would not have altered a note, unless it were for the better.

The overture to the opera of *Faust* which opened the performance of this evening is a noble composition, daring and grand, with a mixture of sweetness and dark mystery aptly in character with the subject of which it is the prologue. The slow movement succeeding the first, for solemnity of thought, and for the boldness and originality of the harmonies, is in our estimation worthy of any musician. The scena which succeeded the overture, sung by Signor LABLACHE, was not to our taste the most happily selected, either for the reputation of the opera, or the peculiar powers of the singer. The fine solo in four sharps, by Mephistophiles, "Va Sbramando," with its turbulent and fiery accompaniment, would have better suited all the parties. Signor LABLACHE however is not heard to the best advantage in a concert-room; he is essentially a dramatic singer, and though a very fine and correct one, he appears to be in trammels when not in action. And then the portentous exorbitance of his voice, and which he cannot restrain within due bounds for three bars successively, without its bursting forth with the explosions of a volcano, render his exhibitions in the penfold of a concert-room amusing. In the duet with Mrs WOOD, his magnificence descended to her level—at times: as for poor little Mr BENNETT, he could have eaten him with a pin and a corn of salt. "Our fat friend" must learn English, and study the accommodating character of Professor Bottom, who could roar you both the lion and the sucking dove. As we have alluded to the singers, it may as well be mentioned at the same time that Mrs WOOD, who was properly, that is to say, handsomely greeted, sang the recitative from the *Don Giovanni* excellently: her expression of the words, "Perchè questi sospiri," was pathetic and delicate: in the beautiful air, "Mi tradì," which followed, we thought her not so effective—perhaps by comparison;—it is difficult, and she might not be sufficiently self-possessed to give to it all the requisite expression. The quality of Mr BENNETT'S voice is agreeable; its falsetto not so, and he is liable to sing out of tune; at least he was too flat almost all through the duet of this evening. The two pieces selected from ROSSINI are in serious operas. From their flippant character, no mortal would have guessed this. He is the Genius of triplet, bustle, and *tappage*.

The quartett from BEETHOVEN was well performed. Mr TOLBEQUE, who played the first violin, exhibits good promise, but he has evidently come forward too early; he wants power, and his upper notes are frequently faulty. He will produce a different impression after two years more of constant and close practice.

The symphony in D by BEETHOVEN was his second of this class of composition. It is both rational and symmetrical. The *andante* is a most charming melody; the *scherzo*, original and admirably treated; and the finale perhaps the most original of the whole. It was finely played.

As for the *Jupiter* symphony, criticism has been exhausted upon that wonderful work. Suffice it to say, that we envy SALOMON the thought of stamping that title upon it; and that (albeit being thorough MILTONIANS) we should hesitate upon the choice of being the authors of such a production, or the *Comus*.

With the exception of Mr WILLMAN, the other performers executed the *Notturno* but indifferently. They were unsteady, out of tune, and apparently nervous.

The fine overture to *Egmont* closed the performance of the evening.

C.

THE KINGFISHER.— Why is the term halcyon used figuratively for quiet?—Because the halcyon or kingfisher was feigned by the poets to breed in the sea, and that there was always a calm during her incubation.

As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,
Where the peace-loving halcyon deposits her brood.
—*Knowledge for the People, Part IV.* *Cowper.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have unfortunately mislaid the letter of our friend W. S. H.; but if we do not find it, it shall at all events be answered in to-morrow's paper.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A Grand Miscellaneous

SELECTION OF MUSIC.

From the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, C. M. Von Weber, Spohr, Pergolese, Rossini, Avison, &c.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

PART I.

Spohr's Grand Overture to 'Jessonda.'

Recit. Mr PHILLIPS, 'Be comforted,' and Air, 'The Lord worketh wonders.' Handel.

[By Desire] 'Luther's Hymn.' Mr BRAHAM, and Chorus, (Trumpet Obligato, Mr HARPER.

Mozart's First Grand Mottetto, 'O God when thou appearest.'
The Solo parts by Miss HUGHES, Miss RUSSELL, Mr T. COOKE, and Mr BEDFORD.

Air, Miss PATON.

Chorus, 'Gloria in excelsis Deo.' - - Pergolese.

Redemption. Air, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Holy! Holy!' - - Handel.

Trio, [by Desire] Miss PEARSON, Miss HARRINGTON, and Mr BEDFORD, 'Sound the loud timbrel.' (Sacred Melodies.) - Avison.

Scena, Mr SINCLAIR, [by Desire] 'Fra un istante,' (Torvaldo e Dorliska) Rossini.

Air, Miss PEARSON, 'What tho' I trace.'

Judas Maccabeus. Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'My arms! against this Gorgias,' and Air, 'Sound an alarm.' - - - Handel.

Chorus, 'We hear the pleasing dreadful call.' - Handel.

L'Allegro. Air, Miss HUGHES, 'Let me wander not unseen,' and Chorus, 'And young and old.'

Terzetto, Miss BYFELD, Miss RUSSELL, and Mr T. COOKE, 'Pria di partir.' (Idomeneo.) - - - - - Mozart.

Duetto, Mrs WAYLETT and Mr SINCLAIR, 'Care Pupille.' - - - Blangini.

Mosè in Egitto. Duetto, Miss PATON and Mr BRAHAM, 'Ah! se puoi cosi lasciarmi.' - - - - Rossini.

Mount of Olives. Grand Chorus, [by Desire] 'Hallelujah.' - - Beethoven.

At the End of the First Part, Master H. C. COOPER, will perform De Beriot's Sixth Air, with Variations, on the Violin.

PART II.

C. M. Von Weber's Grand Overture to 'Oberon.'

Air, Miss BYFELD, 'In infancy.' (Artaxerxes.) - - - Dr Arne.

Air, Mr T. COOKE, 'Who would not love.' - - T. Cooke.

Air, Miss PEARSON, 'By the simplicity.' - - - - - Bishop.

From Oberon. Quartet, Miss PATON, Mrs WAYLETT, Mr BRAHAM, and Mr BEDFORD, 'Over the dark blue waters.' - C. M. Von Weber.

Terzetto, [by Desire] Miss BYFELD, Miss RUSSELL, and Mr SINCLAIR, 'Cruda sorte.' (Ricciardo e Zoraide.) - - - Rossini.

Ballad, 'Mrs WAYLETT, 'Come where the Aspen's quiver.' - - - - A. Lee.

Air, [by Desire] Mr BRAHAM, 'The Winter it is past.'

Duet, Miss HUGHES and Mr T. COOKE, 'Time has not thinned my flowing Hair.' - - - - Jackson.

Air, Mrs MAPLESON, 'To the gay tournament.' - - - T. Cooke.

Irish Melody, Miss S. PHILLIPS, 'The minstrel boy.'

Air, Mr SINCLAIR, 'Beneath the wave'

Aria, Miss PATON, 'Ah! come rapida.' (Il Crociato.) - - Mayerbeer.

Glee, Miss RUSSELL, Mr ROBINSON, Mr T. COOKE, and Mr BEDFORD, 'Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate singa.' - - Dr Cooke.

Air, Miss PEARSON, 'Ev'n as the Sun.' - Horn.

Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'Stand to your guns.' - - - - Carter.

The Grand Finale to 'Der Freischutz,' 'Now prepare.' - - - C. M. Von Weber.
The Solos by Miss PATON, Mrs BEDFORD, Mr BRAHAM, Mr T. COOKE, Mr G. SMITH, Mr JONES, Mr BEDFORD.

PART III.

Auber's Grand Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'

Ballad, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Meet me by moonlight.' - - Wade.

Air, Miss PATON, 'The banks of Allan Water.'

Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'The Bay of Biscay.'

Air, Miss BRUCE, 'O Araby, dear Araby.' - C. M. Von Weber.

Air, Miss HUGHES, [by Desire] 'The hunter's signal horn,' - - A. Lee.

Quartet, Mr ROBINSON, Mr T. COOKE, Mr BEDFORD, and Mr G. SMITH, and Chorus, 'The hart and hind are in their lair.' - - Bishop.

Air, Mr SINCLAIR, 'The spring time of year is coming.' - Sinclair.

Finale. 'Viva Enrico.' (Enrico IV.) - Pucitta.

The Solo parts by Miss HUGHES, Mr T. COOKE and Mr BEDFORD.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'Love at Limehouse.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS,

By Mr H. CHILDE, Inventor of the DISSOLVING VIEWS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr YOUNGE, Nicolo, Mr WEBSTER, Fabio, Mr HUGHES, Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING, Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK,

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Il Tancredi;" P. de Winter's Overture to "Tamerlan;" and C. M. Von Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz."

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Irza, Miss Faucit, Fatima, Mrs Waylett,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Aman, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr Liston, Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To conclude with the Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

[By C. M. VON WEBER.]

Linda, Miss BRUCE. Rose, Mrs BEDFORD.
Adolph, Mr T. COOKE. Caspar, Mr HORN.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

To conclude with the Grand Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

Columbine, Miss L. Johnstone.
Harlequins, Mr Keeley and Mr Ellar.
Clown, Mr Paulo. Pantaloon, Mr Barnes.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FIRE RAISER, OR THE HAUNTED MOOR.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an entirely new Nautical Melo-Drama, to be called

THE WATER WITCH.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss M. C. Poole, Mr Osbaldiston. Mr Williams, Mr Vale, Mr Honner, Mr Rogers, Mr Ransford, Messrs Hobbs, Boulanger, Grammer, Woolfe, Tully, &c.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Jew of Vienna—De L'Orme —Abbey Lands.

Published by J. ONWHYN, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, parcels, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. CHAPPEL,—EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; A. HAYS, 165 Regent street: J. FIELD, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; MARSH, 145 Oxford street, next door to Fladong's Hotel; at EBERS's Library, Old Bond street; and by all Book-sellers and Newsmen.

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Nº 161.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1831.

TO ADVERTISERS.

On Monday the 14th inst. The Tatler will begin to admit Advertisements, *but under such an arrangement of its letter-press as will take nothing from the reader.*

This opportunity may be particularly worthy the attention of those who deal in commodities conducive in any way to the Graces of Life, whether intellectual or external, such as Books, Music, Paintings, Engravings, Sculpture, Apparel, Jewellery, or any kind of Fancy Article; in short, anything connected with habits of elegance and refinement.

The space of The Tatler devoted to this purpose will be of necessity a great deal smaller than in other Daily Papers, so that every Advertisement *will be sure of being seen;* and Advertisers will bear in mind, that as the readers of the paper consist of Play-goers, Men of Leisure, Actors and Actresses, Accomplished Women in general, the Lovers of Books, Music, &c., and other cultivators of social intercourse and amusement, they form the very description of persons who are the most likely to repay the use made of its columns.

Advertisements received at the Tatler Office, 4 Catherine street, Strand; also by Mr G. Reynell, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 42 Chancery lane; and by Messrs C. and W. Reynell, at the Printing Office, 45 Broad street, Golden square.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Maritime and Inland Discovery. Vol. III. 12mo. (Sixteenth Volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.) Longman.

This volume contains sketches of the modern voyages in the new hemisphere, including those of Cook and Perouse, up to Ross, Parry, and Humboldt, and the Journeys of Captain Franklin, Head, &c.; accounts of modern Eastern adventure, including the interesting acquaintance made with Japan by Golownin, and the travels of Webb, Raper, and Fraser in the Himalayah Mountains; and finally, the African explorations of Bruce, of Park, and Denham and Clapperton. This is much for 362 pages. It would be too much, were it not an historical summary; which is a characteristic the reader must bear in mind. The accounts however (from the glance we have given to the work) appear to be singularly scrupulous and comprehensive for so rapid a survey. The lesser points are not forgotten, and the main ones are properly dwelt upon. We only miss a point of importance in Cook's last voyage, which we shall notice presently, and Humboldt's beautiful account of those myriads of lights in the air which he saw on one occasion in South America. We have his account of the cavern of nocturnal birds, and the ghastly fight between the electric eels and the horses; and Bruce's cow is not forgotten: with a good judgment upon it and upon the traveller himself. We have almost been tempted to insert the well-known, but always interesting account of the death of Captain Cook: but abstain, for fear of making our readers rise upon us with all their books in their hands. However, we may give the summary of the merits of that celebrated navigator, and what he did for the world. This is not so old; and it has brought another work to our recollection, from which we shall extract some passages which we look upon as golden ones, and which nevertheless are very likely not to have been dug out of it by reviewers in general.

'"In order," says the history, "to estimate the merits of Capt. Cook, it will be only necessary to survey generally the extent and nature of his discoveries, and to examine what influence they exerted immediately on the commercial enterprise of nations. In the extent of the coasts which he surveyed or discovered, he far surpasses every other navigator. The Eastern coast of New Holland, 2,000 miles in extent, was totally unknown till he traced it; escaping from the dangers of that intricate navigation solely by his cool intrepidity, and the resources of his skill. He also circumnavigated New Zealand, the eastern and southern parts of which were quite unknown, and supposed by many to be united to the *Terra Australis Incognita.* New Caledonia and Norfolk Island were both discovered by him; and the New Hebrides, from his labours first assumed a definite shape in our maps. He rendered an essential service to geography also by his circumnavigating the globe in a high southern latitude; for, though the exertions and dangers of that difficult navigation were not repaid by any brilliant discoveries, it set at rest a question which had for ages divided the opinions of speculative geographers. Sandwich Island or Southern Thule, may be numbered among his discoveries, although it is probably the land which Gerritz had descried a century before.

'His discoveries on the north-west coast of America were still more important and more extensive. In one voyage he effected more than the Spanish navigators had been able to accomplish in the course of two centuries. In sailing through Behring's Strait, he determined the proximity of Asia and America, which Behring himself had failed to perceive; and he assigned the coast of the Tshuktzki to its true place; which, in many maps of his time, was placed some degrees too far to the westward.

'It is needless to recapitulate here the large additions which are made to our knowledge of the groups of islands scattered through the Pacific Ocean. Some of the Society and Friendly Islands were known before his time; but he carefully surveyed those Archipelagoes and fixed the positions of the chief islands, such as Otaheite and Tongataboo, with an accuracy equal to that of an European observatory. He prided himself especially on having discovered the Sandwich Islands; and there is no good reason to refuse him that honour, for, if even it be true that a Spanish navigator, named Gali, discovered those islands in 1576, and that he gave to Owhyhee the name of *Mesa* or *Table* Mountain, which is marked in old Spanish charts twenty-two degrees to the west of the Sandwich Islands, but in the same latitude with them; yet no stress can be laid on a discovery from which mankind derived no knowledge. The Spaniards seem soon to have totally forgotten the Sandwich Islands, if they ever knew them, notwithstanding the advantages which they might have derived from those islands in their frequent voyages from New Spain to Manilla. Anson and many other navigators might have been spared infinite distress and suffering in their voyages across the Pacific, had anything certain been known of the existence and situation of the Sandwich Islands.

'But Cook's merit is not more conspicuous in the extent of his discoveries, than in the correctness with which he laid down the position of every coast of which he caught a glimpse. His surveys afford the materials of accurate geography. He adopted in practice every improvement suggested by the progress of science; and, instead of committing errors amounting to two or three degrees of longitude, like most of his predecessors, his determinations were such as to be considered accurate even at the present day; nor was this the merit of the astronomers who accompanied him on his expeditions. He was himself a skilful observer, and at the same time so vigilant and indefatigable, that no opportunity ever escaped him of ascertaining his true place. He possessed in an eminent degree the sagacity peculiar to seamen, and in his conjectures respecting the configurations of coasts he very rarely erred. La Perouse, who was a highly-accomplished seaman, always mentions the name of Cook with the warmest admiration, and frequently alludes to the remarkable correctness of his surveys. Crozet also, who wrote the narrative of Marion's voyage, speaking of Cook's survey of the shores of New Zealand, says,—"That its exactness and minuteness of detail astonished him beyond expression;" but Cook's skill as a marine surveyor may be still better estimated from the chart which, at the commencement of his career, he constructed of the coasts of Newfoundland; and of that chart, Captain Frederick Bullock, the able officer who has recently completed the survey of Newfoundland, speaks in those terms of warm commendation, which a man of ability naturally bestows on whatever is excellent.

'From the second expedition of Cook may be dated the art of preserving the health of the seamen in long voyages: before that time, navigators who crossed the Pacific, hurried precipitately by the shortest course to the Ladrones, or the Philippine Islands; and yet they rarely reached home without the loss of a large proportion of their crew. Cook, on the other hand, felt himself perfectly at home on the ocean; he did not care to limit his voyages, either in space of time or of distance; he sailed through every climate, crossing both the arctic and antarctic circles; and proved that a voyage of four years' duration does not necessarily affect the health of seamen. This was a discovery of far greater importance than that of a new continent could have been: by his banishing the terror that arose from the frightful mortality that previously attended on long voyages, he has mainly contributed to the boldness of navigation which distinguishes the present day.

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'Among the immediate effects of Captain Cook's voyages, the most important was the establishment of a colony at Botany Bay. That great navigator seems to have contracted a partiality towards the New Zealanders; he admired their generosity, their manly courage, and their intelligence. Their country appeared to him fertile, abounding with commodities which might become valuable in commerce; and he hints, though with diffidence, to the possibility of a trade being carried on between Europe and New Zealand. His observations on this subject had influence, no doubt, on the minds of the English Ministers, and they resolved on establishing a colony at New Holland; and the result has justified Cook's sanguine anticipations. The fur-trade also, which soon caused such a concourse of European shipping in the Pacific ocean, originated in his third voyage; but his familiarity with the South Sea islanders, the trade which he established with them, and the practice which he commenced of purchasing sea-stores from them, have had, perhaps, a stronger influence on navigation in the Pacific.

'Finally, to complete the eulogium on this great navigator, it will be sufficient to enumerate some of the distinguished seamen who served under him, such as Vancouver, Broughton, Bligh, Burney, Colmet, Portlock, Dixon, &c.; these men learned under Cook the arduous duties of their profession, and they always spoke of him with unqualified admiration and respect.'—P. 89.

What a pity that a man like this should have fallen a victim to his attempt at practising a deception; for that such was the case there is no doubt. Our author speaks of the attempt to "*entrap*" the King of Owyhee. Ledyard, a man of exalted veracity, has settled that point. We regret that the author has not availed himself of the pages of that excellent person, to add another cause to the exasperation of the natives; for the trick was not all; nor was it the only circumstance with which trick had mingled. Cook, from long habits of command and success, and partly, no doubt, from that kind of self-dependence for which in general he had so much reason, but which is apt to lead a self-educated man into a dangerous confusion of his will with his right, had, in visiting the fatal bay just before, seized upon a fence round a consecrated spot of ground, for wood. He offered indeed hatchets in exchange for it; but the chiefs were afraid to accept even that tempting bait in return for what they conceived a profanation. 'It was a very unequal price,' says Ledyard (who was with him) 'if the honest chiefs would have accepted of the bribe; and Cook offered it only to evade the imputation of taking their property without payment. The chiefs again refused it. Cook then added another hatchet, and kindling into resentment, told them to take it or nothing. Kikinny, to whom the offer was made, turned pale, and trembled as he stood, but still refused. Cook thrust them into his garment that was folded round him, and left him immediately, to hasten the execution. As for Kikinny, he turned to some of his menials, and made them take the hatchets out of his garment, not touching them himself. By this time, a considerable concourse of the natives had assembled under the walls of the Morai, where we were throwing the wood down, and were very outrageous, and even threw the wood and images back as we threw them down; and I cannot think what prevented them from proceeding to greater lengths; however, it so happened, that we got the whole into the boats, and safely on board.'—P. 136.

'This story,' says Mr Jared Sparks, in his Life of Ledyard (which is the book we spoke of above) 'is told differently by Captain King, who wrote that part of Cook's Third Voyage, which relates to the Sandwich Islands. As he represents it, no objection was made to the proposal for taking away the enclosure of wood that surrounded the Morai, and even the images were tumbled down and carried off, under the eyes of the priests, without any resistance or disapprobation on their parts. This would seem improbable. The Morai was the depositary of the dead, a place where the images of the gods were kept, and solemn ceremonies performed. It is not easy to reconcile the two accounts; but Ledyard was employed with others in removing the fence, and he manifestly describes what he saw. He might not have been so well acquainted with the manner and conditions of the purchase as Captain King; yet in the detail of occurrences in which he was engaged, and their effects on the people around him, it is hardly possible that he should have been mistaken.'—*Life of Ledyard*, p. 137.

Of the attempt to entrap the King, Ledyard says, 'On the 13th, at night, the Discovery's large cutter, which was at her usual mooring at the bower buoy, was taken away. On the 14th, the Captains met to consult what should be done on this alarming occasion; and the issue of their opinions was, that one of the two Captains should land with armed boats and a guard of marines, and attempt to persuade Teraiobu, who was then at his house in that town, to come on board upon a visit; and that, when he was on board, he should be kept prisoner until his subjects should release him by a restitution of the cutter."—P. 143.

The attempt failed, and circumstances ensued which ended in the death of the illustrious navigator. We cannot resist this opportunity of repeating Ledyard's account of the heroical behaviour of a gentleman, whom we have had the honour of seeing and conversing with. It is, Colonel, then Mr Phillips, Cook's Lieutenant of Marines, who was with him when he died:—

'Cook and Mr Phillips were together a few paces in the rear of the guard, and perceiving a general fire without orders, quitted Teraiobu, and ran to the shore to put a stop to it; but not being able to make themselves heard, and being close pressed upon by the chiefs, they joined the guard, who fired as they retreated. Cook, having at length reached the margin of the water, between the fire of the boats, waved with his hat for them to cease firing and come in; and while he was doing this, a chief from behind stabbed him with one of our iron daggers, just under the shoulder blade, and it passed quite through his body. Cook fell with his face in the water, and immediately expired. Mr Phillips, not being able any longer to use his fusee, drew his sword, and engaging the chief whom he saw kill Cook, soon despatched him. His guard in the meantime were all killed but two, and they had plunged into the water, and were swimming to the boats. He stood thus for some time, the butt of all their force, and being as complete in the use of his sword as he was accomplished, his noble achievements struck the barbarians with awe; but being wounded, and growing faint from loss of blood and excess of action, he plunged into the sea with his sword in his hand, and swam to the boats; where, however, he was scarcely taken on board, before somebody saw one of the marines that had swam from the shore, lying flat upon the bottom. Phillips, hearing this, ran aft, threw himself in after him, and brought him up with him to the surface of the water, and both were taken in.'—P. 148.

The Lieutenant's wound was "not dangerous, though very bad." Ledyard was on shore at the moment, a corporal under him. Perhaps nobody guessed what an extraordinary man they had with them, in the person of that corporal.

We have the pleasure of remembering Colonel Phillips well. We met him at C. L.'s with his old friend and messmate Captain (late Admiral) Burney. He was a fine, hale, florid, good-humoured old gentleman, with a face full of heartiness; and we trust is alive, and will pardon this mention of him.

We are obliged to leave off without making those quotations from Ledyard to which we alluded in the beginning of our article, but though the book containing them was published three or four years since, we cannot resist the opportunity of indulging ourselves, and we believe the reader, with them; which we shall accordingly do to-morrow.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

The Mahometan Road to Eternal Bliss.—The stages to Heaven are thus divided by the prophet:—prayer carries a man half way; fasting the rest; but it is charity that gains him admittance to the society of the houris.—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople.*

— Insects have been known to stock ponds on hills with fish! The large water-beetle, which feeds upon the spawn of fish, occasionally, in the evening, climbs up the stems of rushes, &c. out of the water, so as to take wing: in these circumstances it has been caught, and, on being put into water, has been found to give out the spawn with which it had gorged itself previous to taking flight, both in a digested and undigested state; so that, on trial, it has been found to produce fish of various kinds.—*Jameson.*

Soame Jenyns.—A disagreement about a name or a date will mar the best story that was ever put together. Sir Joshua Reynolds luckily could not hear an interrupter of this sort; Johnson would not hear, or if he heard him, would not heed him; Soame Jenyns heard him, heeded him, set him right, and took up his tale, where he had left it, without any diminution of his humour; adding only a few more twists to his snuff box, a few more taps upon the lid of it, with a preparatory grunt or two, the invariable forerunner of the amenity that was at the heels of them. He was the man who bore his part in all societies with the most even temper and undisturbed hilarity of all the good companions whom I ever knew. He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honour in all the colours of the gay; his lace, indeed, had long since lost his lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days when gentlemen wore embroidered figured velvets, with short sleeves, boot cuffs and buckram skirts; as nature had cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her so close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not wear them: because he had a protuberant wen just under his pole, he wore a wig that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of a lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of these and his nose for another wen, that added nothing to his beauty; yet I heard this good man very innocently remark, when Gibbon published his history, that he wondered any man so ugly could write a book. Such was the exterior of a man, who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into.—*Cumberland's Memoirs.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCE OF LAST NIGHT.

COVENT GARDEN.—A Grand Miscellaneous Selection of Music.

COVENT GARDEN.

We heard nearly the whole first part of the *Selection of Music* last night; which, considering that it was not over till past nine, was quite enough. If we had stayed the other two parts, there was not *much* to hear in the way of selection, though most probably the modern music, of which they chiefly consisted, was well received. There were more ballads in the list, and productions of living composers, than usual.

Miss PATON was in fine voice last night. She seemed determined, by the strength and vehemence of her tones, to refute the notion of those who think that her power is diminished. We forgot to mention, in our last notice of these performances, that Miss PATON, who had become Mrs WOOD the day before, was in bridal white, with a wreath of roses in her hair. She was received with great cordiality. We were highly and agreeably struck with the simplicity of the announcement of the marriage in the newspapers,—"JOSEPH WOOD to MARY ANN PATON." This was neutralizing the whole matter of rank, and at the same time shewing the full force of the lady's name. "MARY ANN PATON" had a very good sound. The name implied the presence of an accomplishment, and the reputation of it. And "JOSEPH WOOD" had his claims also. The lady, we observe, is still called Miss PATON in the English bills. In those of the Italian Opera they call her Mrs WOOD. The fair divinities of old had two appellations, one by which they were known in heaven, and the other on earth. We hope the married one, on this occasion, is the former.

We entered the theatre while BRAHAM was in the midst of the glory of his *Luther's Hymn*, which he sings most nobly. And a most magnificent and affecting composition it is. Mr HARPER again delighted us with his trumpet obligato. Mr BRAHAM subsequently gave HANDEL'S 'Sound an alarm.' His own utterance of those words are "sound" and "alarm" enough, without the music. It is as if Stentor had come to earth again, and his voice had become melodious.

PERGOLESE'S 'Gloria in Excelsis,' a chorus in which all the singers take part, is a true bit of 'joy in heaven.' The Italians appear to us to be particularly excellent in the chearful part of their sacred music. They are not afraid of making heaven seem really a happy place. There is a pause, by the way, towards the close of this composition, the suddenness and length of which are singularly striking. We fancy the whole choir of heaven looking mutely upwards, absorbed in the bliss of the divine presence.

The beginning of AVISON'S 'Sound the loud timbrel' pleases us much. It is striking, original, and agreeable. Miss PEARSON, who took a part in it, and afterwards sang 'What though I trace,' was well received, and met with applause in both instances.

Miss PATON and Mr BRAHAM sang a duet from ROSSINI, not eminently good, nor can we think that their voices go well together. It is a pity to make them spoil one another. Mrs WAYLETT was encored in a pleasing ballad, the name of which we have overlooked. But the composition that upon the whole delighted us most, was HANDEL'S 'Let me wander not unseen,' from *L'Allegro*. That imitative passage about the 'merry bells,' comes very well in here, and is not a conceit; music having surely a right to imitate music, and the animal spirits of the line demanding it. The notes on the word 'dancing,' by the same rule, justly represent what they speak of, and are dancing itself. We were going to express a profane doubt, whether HANDEL, while he equalled MILTON in grandeur (as far as music can be said to equal poetry) did not surpass him in a sense of the pleasurable; but when we recollect the passage in the great bard, we abstain.

> 'Or let the merry bells ring *round*,
> And the jocund rebecs sound,
> To *many a* youth, and *many a* maid,
> *Dancing* in the checquer'd shade.'

What lightness, and bound of step is here! And how the bells peal over again in the word 'round!' The words marked in Italics in the third line set the elasticity of the motion before us; and then the accent, coming on the first syllable of the last line, expresses the bound. All poets, by the very tenure of their art, which implies the greatest delicacy of perception, most have a fine sense of the pleasurable; and the painter of Eden was assuredly no exception to the rule, whatever his Puritanism might have said to it.

We must not close this article without speaking of a former one upon the Oratorios, which called forth the nonsense of the "shabby paper" alluded to in consequence. A correspondent, whose indignant letter on the subject we are sorry to have mislaid, and who has our best thanks for his kindness, reminds us, that in addition to the insinuation which we refuted, it was implied, that we had been using a passage out of Mr HAZLITT'S writings, as if it had been our own:—at least, a passage of our own (upon the character of SHAKSPEARE'S *Beatrice*) was quoted in that paper, as if it had been Mr HAZLITT'S. We remembered hearing of this absurd implication, or whatever it may be called, before; but had forgotten it. Our readers surely need not be informed, that it was as false as the other, and that we never practise deceptions worthy only of the people that can suppose them. The criticism, every word of it, such as it was, was entirely our own. ☞

CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.—England is situate in the nothern part of the temperate zone; the longest day in the year being sixteen hours and thirty-four minutes; and the shortest, seven hours and forty-four minutes; so that independent of accidental circumstances, the country enjoys but a moderate share of the genial influence of the sun; and even during the period that luminary is above the horizon, the sky is frequently obscured by clouds, forming a striking contrast with the sunny skies of the south of Europe. Foreigners have abundantly complained of our gloomy atmosphere; and a Spanish Ambassador here in the reign of Charles I. not having seen the sun during a whole month previous to his departure, desired a courtier, who waited on him, to give his dutiful respects to his Majesty, and also to the sun whenever he might get a sight of him. But the deficiency is compensated by that peculiar freshness of vegetation, which characterises British landscape, and which depends on the frequent descent of the clouds in rain and dew. More rain falls in the western than in the eastern part of England, and more in the north than in the south. According to the experiments of Mr John Dalton, the annual average quantity that falls throughout all England, is thirty-one inches and three-tenths, and the annual average of the dew about six inches, which makes the whole depth of descending moisture thirty-six inches, of which about twenty-three inches are carried off by evaporation. From the Journals of the Royal Society, it appears that the annual quantity of rain in and near London is but twenty-one inches and a quarter. Though the weather in this country is proverbially changeable, yet the alternations of heat and cold are usually not excessive; and both the severity of winter and the parching heat of summer are felt here in a much less degree than in the parallel climates on the coutinent, a circumstance to be accounted for from our insular situation. The extreme of high temperature usually occurs in July or August, and that of low temperature in January; at the former period the mercury in the thermometer seldom rises above eighty-six degrees, and at the latter it rarely falls lower than eight or ten degrees; though sometimes it has sunk down to zero of Fahrenheit. Among the most severe frosts which ever happened in this country, is one recorded by Matthew Paris to have lasted from November to April in 1076; in the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries memorable frosts took place during the winters of 1683, 1709, & 1730. From the observations made by Mr Luke Howard, at Plaistow, it has been ascertained that the temperature of the air in London is raised two degrees above that of the surrounding country, by artificial causes. The wind is extremely uncertain, and its variations can scarcely be reduced to any fixed principles. It blows with the greatest strength and constancy from the south-west, hence detached and exposed trees lean in the opposite direction. East and north winds are more frequent on the eastern than on the western side of the island, and south and south-west winds are oftener felt on the latter than on the former. Tempests, extending generally over the country are fortunately rare occurrences. One of the most remarkable was that which took place November 26th, 1703, when Eddystone lighthouse was blown down. It may be remarked that thunder storms scarcely ever occur here between December and May. Among the more uncommon meteorological phenomena are aerolites, or stones, which have fallen from the atmosphere. In the British museum is a fragment of a meteoric stone, weighing fifty-six pounds, which fell near Wold Cottage, December 18th, 1795.—*Gorton's Topographical Dictionary.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled
LA CENERENTOLA.
[By ROSSINI].
The Principal Characters by Mrs WOOD, (late Miss PATON,)
Madame CASTELLI, Mademoiselle FELIANI, Signor DAVID,
Signor LABLACHE, Signor De ANGELI, and Signor DE BEGNIS.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of
KENILWORTH.
[By M. DESHAYES.]
The Music by Signor Costa.
The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mademoiselle Clara, Mademoiselle Proche, Mademoiselle Zoe Beaupre, and Madame Montessu,
Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.
M. Lefebvre, M. Simon, M. Emile, M. Gouriet, M. Venafra, M. O'Brien, M. Edouard, M. George, M. D'Albert, M. Bertram, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.
With an efficient and numerous Corps de Ballet.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,
THE BRIGAND.
[By Mr PLANCHE.]
Maria Grazie, Mrs W. BARRYMORE, Ottavia, Miss FAUCIT.
Prince Bianchi, Mr YOUNGE, Nicolo, Mr WEBSTER, Fabio, Mr HUGHES,
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. WALLACK and Mr J. VINING,
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr WALLACK.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Il Tancredi;" P. de Winter's Overture to "Tamerlan;" and C. M. Von Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz."

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called
THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.
[By Mr KENNEY.]
Irza, Miss Faucit, Fatima, Mrs Waylett,
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson, Arzan, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr Liston, Gimbo, Mr Harley.
To conclude with the Opera of
DER FREISCHUTZ.
[By C. M. VON WEBER.]
Linda, Miss Bruce. Rose, Mrs Bedford.
Adolph, Mr T. Cooke. Caspar, Mr Horn.

Tomorrow, A Grand Selection of Music.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of
CINDERELLA.
The Music, by Rossini.
Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY. Clorinda, Miss CAWSE.
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES. Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON.
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY. Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr KEELEY.

To conclude with the Grand Comic Pantomime, called
HARLEQUIN FAT AND HARLEQUIN BAT.
[By Mr FARLEY.]
Columbine, Miss L. Johnstone.
Harlequins, Mr Keeley and Mr Ellar.
Clown, Mr Paulo. Pantaloon, Mr Barnes.

To-morrow, No Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.
After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
KIND INTENTIONS.
Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.
To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called
BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.
The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.
The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled
PROPHET OF THE MOOR; OR THE FIRE RAISER.
The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master P. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.
After which, an entirely new Nautical Melo-Drama, to be called
THE WATER WITCH.
The Music by Mr Blewitt.
The Characters by Miss Somerville, Miss M. C. Poole, Mr Osbaldiston, Mr Williams, Mr Vale, Mr Honner, Mr Rogers, Mr Ransford, Messrs Hobbs, Boulanger, Grammer, Woolfe, Tully, &c.
To conclude with an Historical Musical Drama, called,
THE BEGGAR OF CRIPPLEGATE.
The characters by Miss Somerville, Miss Vincent, Mrs Rogers, Miss Boden, Mr Dibdin Pitt, Mr Gough, Mr C. Hill, Mr Williams, Mr Vale.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par
JEUNE ET VIELLE.
Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de MM. SCRIBE, MELESVILLE et BAYARD.
La Premier Acte se passe chez Mme. Beauménil; le Seconde, dans la Maison de M. Guichard, après Quarante Ans d'intervale,
Mme Beauménil, Mme PREVAL. Rose, sa Fille, Mlle JAMAIN,
Angélique, Amie de Rose, Mlle STRANGE.
Emélie, Pupille de Guichard, Mlle FLORVAL. Nanette, Servante, Mme GAMARD.
M. Guichard, M. GAMARD. Brémont, M. LAPORTE.
Augustin, Fils de M. et Mme. Guichard, Mlle ELIZA.

Suivi de
LE MARCHAND DE LA RUE ST DENIS.
Vaudeville nouveau en Trois Actes, de MM. ARAZIER et de VILLENEUVE.
La 1er Acte se passe au Magazin, la 2me a la Mairie, la 3me a la Cour d'Assises.
Madame Dumont, Madame Préval. Henriette, sa Fille, Mademoiselle Florval.
Séraphine, Nièce de Mme Dumont, Mlle St Ange.
Octavie, Fille de Beaupré, Mlle. Eliza. Marguerite, Gouvernante, Mlle. Emma.
Jeannette, Nourrice, Mlle. Corra. M. Bouffé, Théophile.
M. Dumont, Marchand de Soiries, M. St Aubert. Dorvilliers, Magistrat, M. Derval.
Edouard, son Fils, M. Alfred. Le Baron Beaupré, M. Cloup, Le Maire, M. Paulin.
Jocard, Garçon de Bureau, M. Préval. Un Auvergnat, M. Granville.
Un Garçon de Caisse, M. Arnaud. Un Vétéran, M. Guinée.
On Finira par
LES FRERES FEROCES.
En Un petit Acte, mêlé de Combats, Changemens à vue, Danses, Musique, etc.
Par MM. JOUSSLIN DE LA SALLE et CARMOUCHE.
Babet, Servante de M. Bonardin, Madame Baudin.
M. Bouffé, M. Bonardin.
L'Auteur du Mélodrame, M. Alfred. Le Regisseur du Theatre, M. Paulin.
Personages du Melodrame—
Angèla, Princesse, Mlle. St Ange, Altamor, M. Cloup.
Fernandos, M. Pelisse. Rinaldo, M. Guenée. Le Géolier, M. Préval.
Quatre Statues Personnages muëts, Gardes, et Vassaux d'Altamor et de Fernandos.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, to be called
MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——
[From the French of Picard, by Mr PLANCHE.]
Mrs Headly, Mrs EDWIN. Mrs Crawley, Mrs KNIGHT.
Rosa Crawley, Miss LANGLEY. Lucy, Miss STEWART.
Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr FREDERICKS. Mr Crawley, Mr COOPER.
Mr Leach, Mr W. VINING. Lothario Leach, Mr COLLIER.
Mr Welford, Mr NEWCOMBE. Charles Welford, Mr BROUGHAM.
Thomas, Mr HITCHINSON.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called
THE CHASTE SALUTE
[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]
The Music, by C. E. Horn.
The Characters by Miss Sydney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnoletti, Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

To conclude with an entirely New Burletta, called
THE GRENADIER.
[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]
The Overture and Two of the Songs, by Mr S. Nelson.
Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond

QUEEN'S THEATRE,
TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called
THE DANISH WIFE.
Music by Mr Harroway.
The Lady Gertrude, Miss PELHAM. Mina, Mrs HUMBY.
Ernest, Mr FORRESTER. Alexis, Miss LANE. Kalmar, Mr SPENSER,
Peter Pluffen, Mr SMITH. Bertrand, Mr MUNROE.
Conrad, Mr H. COOKE. Maurice, Mr BARNETT. Godfrid, Mr KEPPELL.
After which, an Original Comedietta, in One Act, entitled,
DELUSIONS.
Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.
To which will be added,
A NEW DIVERTISEMENT.
In which Mademoiselle CELESTE and Mademoiselle CONSTANCE
Will dancé their favourite POLONAISE,
Assisted by the Corps de Ballet.
A Musical Entertainment, called
MRS G——.
[By M. BARNETT.]
The Music by Mr Harroway.
Mrs G—. Mrs GLOVER. Mariette, Miss GARRICK.
Mrs Tendre, Mrs GARRICK. Mrs Perigorge, Miss WELLS.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss STOHWASSER.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr SMITH. Mr Perigorge, Mr. MUNROE.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr FORRESTER. Peter, Mr G. SMITH.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr LEJEUNE. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. RUSSELL.
The Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Jew of Vienna—De L'Orme—Abbey Lands.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Tale of Mystery—Two Gregories—And the Wreck.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1831.

TO ADVERTISERS.

On Monday the 14th inst. The Tatler will begin to admit Advertisements, *but under such an arrangement of its letter-press as will take nothing from the reader.*

This opportunity may be particularly worthy the attention of those who deal in commodities conducive in any way to the Graces of Life, whether intellectual or external, such as Books, Music, Paintings, Engravings, Sculpture, Apparel, Jewellery, or any kind of Fancy Article; in short, anything connected with habits of elegance and refinement.

The space of The Tatler devoted to this purpose will be of necessity a great deal smaller than in other Daily Papers, so that every Advertisement *will be sure of being seen;* and Advertisers will bear in mind, that as the readers of the paper consist of Play-goers, Men of Leisure, Actors and Actresses, Accomplished Women in general, the Lovers of Books, Music, &c., and other cultivators of social intercourse and amusement, they form the very description of persons who are the most likely to repay the use made of its columns.

Advertisements received at The Tatler Office, 4 Catherine street, Strand; also by Mr G. Reynell, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 42 Chancery lane; and by Messrs C. and W. Reynell, at the Printing Office. 45 Broad street, Golden square.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life and Travels of John Ledyard, from his Journal and Correspondence. By Jared Sparks. 8vo. pp. 428. Colburn and Bentley.

We mentioned yesterday the reason which induced us to devote one of our articles to this book. We shall not scruple to inform the readers of The Tatler, between whom and the Editor there must naturally be supposed to be some literary inclinations in common, that it is a great favourite with us,—that we have read and re-read it, have scored and noted it, and have lent it round to our friends;—in short, that we love it, and have added the hero to the list of our admirables. If we had no pillow at hand when we went to bed, and were obliged to make one of books, this is one among the rest that we should lay our head on.

John Ledyard, son of John Ledyard, an Englishman who settled in America as a small trader, and of a beautiful and excellent woman, the daughter of Robert Hempstead of Scotland, was born in the year 1751, at Groton, in Connecticut, a small village on the bank of the river Thames, opposite to New London, and close to Fort Griswold, a place celebrated in the history of the American revolution. Colonel William Ledyard, conspicuous for his bravery as the commander in the action at Fort Griswold, and who was slain after the capitulation, was his younger brother.

Ledyard, like all enthusiastic men of good purposes, whose childhood has been blessed with maternal affection, retained a passionate love of his mother's memory throughout life. 'In his severest disappointments and privations, in whatever clime or among whatever people, whether contending with the fierce snows of Siberia, or the burning sands of Africa, the image of his mother (says his biographer) always came with a beam of joy to his soul, and was cherished there with delight.'

He resembled many eminent men in a point of his fortune not so pleasant;—he began life with being in a lawyer's office. This he quitted to enter a college for the education of missionaries among the Indians, where the restlessness of his temperament, an indistinct ambition for doing something great and remote, and an impatience of restraint which would have been less pardonable in one of a smaller cast of mind, did not allow him to stop long. Accordingly he recommenced life for himself after the fashion of Robinson Crusoe, but still more romantically, as the following extraordinary narrative will shew:—

'On the margin of the Connecticut river, which runs near the college, stood many majestic forest trees, nourished by a rich soil. One of these Ledyard contrived to cut down. He then set himself to work to fashion its trunk into a canoe, and in this labour he was assisted by some of his fellow-students. As the canoe was fifty feet long and three wide, and was to be dug out and constructed by these unskilful workmen, the task was not a trifling one, nor such as could be easily executed. Operations were carried on with spirit, however, till Ledyard wounded himself with an axe, and was disabled for several days. When recovered, he applied himself anew to his work, the canoe was finished, launched into the stream, and by the farther aid of his companions, equipped and prepared for a voyage. His wishes were now at their consummation, and, bidding adieu to these haunts of the Muses, where he had gained a dubious fame, he set off alone, with a light heart, to explore a river, with the navigation of which he had not the slightest acquaintance. The distance to Hartford was not less than one hundred and forty miles, much of the way was through a wilderness, and in several places there were dangerous falls and rapids.

'With a bear-skin for a covering, and his canoe well stocked with provisions, he yielded himself to the current, and floated leisurely down the stream, seldom using his paddle, and stopping only in the night for sleep. He told Mr Jefferson in Paris, fourteen years afterwards, that he took only two books with him, a Greek Testament, and Ovid, one of which he was deeply engaged in reading when he approached Below's Falls, where he was suddenly roused by the noise of the waters rushing among the rocks through the narrow passage. The danger was imminent, as no boat could go through that fall without being instantly dashed in pieces. With difficulty he gained the shore in time to escape such a catastrophe, and through the kind assistance of the people in the neighbourhood, who were astonished at the novelty of such a voyage down the Connecticut, his canoe was drawn by oxen round the fall, and committed again to the water below. From that time, until he arrived at the place of his destination, we hear of no accident, although he was carried through several dangerous passes in the river. On a bright spring morning, just as the sun was rising, some of Mr Seymour's family were standing near his house, on the high bank of the small river that runs through the city of Hartford, and empties itself into the Connecticut river, when they espied at some distance an object of unusual appearance moving slowly up the stream. Others were attracted by the singularity of the sight, and all were conjecturing what it could be, till its questionable shape assumed the true and obvious form of a canoe; but by what influence it was moved forward none could determine. Something was seen in the stern, but apparently without life or motion. At length the canoe touched the shore directly in front of the house; a person sprang from the stern to a rock in the edge of the water, threw off a bear-skin in which he had been enveloped, and behold, John Ledyard in the presence of his uncle and connexions, who were filled with wonder at this sudden apparition, for they had received no intelligence of his intention to leave Dartmouth, but supposed him still there diligently pursuing his studies, and fitting himself to be a missionary among the Indians.

'However unimportant this whimsical adventure may have been in its results, or even in its objects, it was one of no ordinary peril, and illustrated in a forcible manner the character of the navigator. The voyage was performed in the last part of April or first of May, and of course the river was raised by the recent melting of the snow on the mountains. This circumstance probably rendered the rapids less dangerous, but it may be questioned whether there are many persons at the present day, who would willingly run the same hazard, even if guided by a pilot skilled in the navigation of the river.

'We cannot look back to Ledyard, thus launching himself alone in so frail a bark, upon the waters of a river wholly unknown to him, without being reminded of the only similar occurrence which has been recorded,—the voyage down the river Niger, by Mungo Parke,—a name standing at the very head of those most renowned for lofty and romantic enterprise. The melancholy fate, it is true, by which he was soon arrested in his noble career, adds greatly to the interest of his situation, when pushing from the shore his little boat Joliba, and causes us to read his last affecting letter to his wife with emotions of sympathy, more intense, if possible, than would be felt, if the tragical issue were not already known. In many points of character there was a strong resemblance between these two distinguished travellers, and they both perished, martyrs in the same cause, attempting to explore the hidden regions of Africa.'—P. 21.

In spite of this strong testimony to his inaptitude for a tranquil occupation, Ledyard was still encouraged to become a divine, and recommenced his theological studies with a view of entering the

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church. But they were of little duration. He speedily started anew, in the most opposite of all characters, that of a common sailor, on board a vessel bound to Gibraltar. He went to Gibraltar and back again, found himself thrown on the world without a penny, and having in his childhood heard his grandfather talk of certain wealthy connexions in England, resolved to go to that country, and find them out. He went pennyless, and remained so; a cold reception on the part of a relative in London having driven him away from their house, with a disgust which no subsequent courting could do away. At this juncture he heard that Captain Cook was making preparation for a new voyage. He enlisted in the marine service, on purpose to warrant his application to the great navigator, gained his confidence immediately, and sailed with him as corporal.

Ledyard wrote a narrative of this fatal voyage, from which passages were quoted in our paper of yesterday. It was a slip of memory when we said that his officers were probably not aware of the singular man they had with them in this humble capacity. Captain Burney, in his Chronological History of North Eastern Voyages of Discovery, quoted in the work before us, says of him,—

'With what education I know not, but with an ardent disposition, Ledyard had a passion for lofty sentiments and description. When corporal of marines on board of the Resolution, after the death of Captain Cook, he proferred his services to Captain Clerke, to undertake the office of historiographer to our expedition, and presented a specimen, which described the manners of the Society Islanders, and the kind of life led by our people whilst among them. He was not aware how many candidates he would have to contend with, if the office to which he aspired had been vacant; perhaps not with fewer than with every one in the two ships who kept journals. Literary ambition and disposition to authorship led us in each ship to set up a weekly paper. When the paper in either ship was ready for delivery, a signal was made, and when answered by a similar signal from the other ship, Captain Cook, if the weather was fine, would good-naturedly let a boat be hoisted out, to make the exchange; and he was always glad to read our paper, but never favoured our editors with the contribution of a paragraph. I believe none of these papers have been saved, nor do I remember by what title we distinguished them. Ledyard's performance was not criticised in our paper, as that would have entitled him to a freedom of controversy not consistent with military subordination. His ideas were thought too sentimental, and his language too florid. No one, however, doubted that his feelings were in accord with his expressions; and the same may be said of the little which remains of what he has since written, more worthy of being preserved, and which its worthiness will preserve, and particularly of his celebrated commendation of women, in his Siberian Tour.'—P. 51.

Ledyard's style of writing was likely to be too florid when he was young. It is a common case with young enthusiasts, who do not properly know how to express the amount of their feelings. It was not so in his later writings, though the enthusiasm remained. Ledyard, from his boyhood, was remarkable for his love of truth; with which a false style is incompatible, however its warmth may be mistaken by the cold or the hypocritical. It was this sincerity which made him the most valuable of all the narrators of the death of Captain Cook; and it was the sacrifice of it to a fancied expediency which brought the great navigator to his end. Ledyard thinks also that Captain Cook erred on the score of severity towards the islanders whom he visited. Cook's understanding was a formal one compared with Ledyard's. The latter knew more of human nature, and of the modifications of its virtues and vices by custom. The propensity to thieving among the South Sea Islanders, which Cook regarded in as criminal a light as if it had been practised by his commercial countrymen, appears to have been rather the result of childish levity, and of unsettled notions of the *meum* and *tuum*, among that simple and good-natured people. Ledyard thought Cook's severity in punishing it impolitic, on another score besides that of injustice. 'It must be remembered,' he says with great fairness, 'that the ability of performing the important task before us, depended very much, if not entirely, upon the precarious supplies we might procure from these and other such islands, and he must of consequence be very anxious and solicitous in this concernment; but perhaps no consideration will excuse the severity which he sometimes used towards the natives on these occasions; and he would probably have done better to consider, that *the full exertion of extreme power is an argument of extreme weakness*; and nature seemed to inform the insulted natives of the truth of this maxim; for before we quitted Tongataboo, we could not go anywhere into the country upon business or pleasure, without danger.'—P. 76.

After the death of Captain Cook, Ledyard remained with the officer who succeeded him, to the close of his voyage, and was subsequently in the British navy for two years, 'though what rank he held,' says his biographer, 'has not been ascertained.' From a word, however, which we are about to quote, the same writer speaks as if he had been an officer. At the end of these two years, he is found off the coast of America, in Long Island Sound, on board a British man-of-war; but not being able, in spite of his indifference to politics, to reconcile himself to the service of a nation which was then at war with his countrymen, he clandestinely quitted the ship, and again found himself without employment. This is the only occasion in which Ledyard's strait-forwardness of conduct is liable to suspicion. His scruples against serving with the British were anterior to his entrance into the man-of-war; and in order to set himself free, he obtained permission of seven days' absence from the ship, apparently for the purpose of seeing his mother, who lived at Southold in Long Island, but 'evidently intending,' says his biographer, 'to return no more.' How he reconciled to himself this compromise with his favourite virtue, we cannot tell. We can only hope the best, while we record the worst. Probably with all his love of the truth, it was not yet fixed in him as a habit. No common expediency, at all events, could have been at the bottom of the compromise; for an attention to self-interest, in the usual acceptation of the word, was notoriously foreign to his nature. His interview with his mother reminds us of a similar passage in the Life of Smollett:—

'She kept a boarding-house, which was at that time occupied chiefly by British officers. He rode up to the door, alighted, went in, and asked if he could be accommodated in her house as a lodger. She replied that he could, and shewed him a room, into which his baggage was conveyed. After having adjusted his dress, he came out and took a seat by the fire, in company wtth several *other* officers, without making himself known to his mother, or entering into conversation with any person. She frequently passed and repassed through the room, and her eye was observed to be attracted towards him with more than usual attention. He still remained silent. At last, after looking at him for some minutes, she deliberately put on her spectacles, approached nearer to him, begging his pardon for her rudeness, and telling him, that he so much resembled a son of hers, who had been absent eight years, that she could not resist her inclination to view him more closely. The scene that followed may be imagined, but not described; for Ledyard had a tender heart, and affection for his mother was among its deepest and most constant emotions.'—P. 168.

As Long Island was then in possession of the British, our adventurer thought it fit to go over to the continent, before his seven days' leave of absence had expired. He now tried to prevail on somebody to give him the command of a merchant vessel, in order to open a commerce in furs with the north-western coast. While prosecuting this endeavour, he wrote a letter to his mother, in which there is the following passage:—'If I am successful, I shall not have occasion to absent myself any more from my friends; but above all, I hope to have it in my power to minister to the wants of a beloved parent, and others who languish and fade in obscurity. My dear sisters engage my tenderest love and solicitude for their future welfare. My best wish is, that they may be educated and disposed of, suitably to the beauty of their persons and their excellent hearts, and that I could be instrumental in conferring such a kindness. I beg my brotherly salutations to them. Tell them I long to strew roses in their laps, and branches of palm beneath their feet.'—P. 179.

Ledyard's project did not succeed. He did not get the employment, and had only the melancholy honour of being the first to suggest a new channel of commerce, which has turned out very lucrative to merchants in both hemispheres. Not however giving up his design, and furnished with letters of recommendation to different merchants, he went to Spain, then to France, where he seemed to procure what he wanted, and expected to sail on another voyage round the world. But he was disappointed as before. He proceeded to Paris, where Jefferson was then ambassador from the United States, and had an interview with that patriot, who highly approved of his design of exploring the north-western coast of America. But when everything again promised for the best, he was again disappointed. Various persons who had joined with him in his schemes, had found it just and proper to enable him to live, but these repeated disappointments made him very uneasy. 'He felt himself,' says his biographer, 'a wanderer, without employment or motive. With Mr Jefferson, the *Marquis de la Fayette*, Mr Barclay, the American consul, and other gentlemen of character and consequence, he was on terms of intimacy. In this society, and enjoying the amusements as afforded in the capital of France, his time passed away agreeably enough, and in some of his letters he speaks of his happiness; yet he was far from being satisfied; he suffered under the pressure of want, and a corroding sense of dependence; and occasionally his finances were at so low an ebb, that he was compelled, however reluctantly, to be a pensioner on the bounty of his friends.

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So disinterested were his aims, however, and so entirely did he sacrifice every selfish consideration in prosecuting them; so benevolent was his disposition, and so enlarged his views of serving mankind, that no one considered favours of this sort in the light of obligations conferred, nor so much acts of charity, but as a just tribute to the singleness of his heart, the generosity of his purposes, and the effective warmth of his zeal.'

We must conclude tomorrow. The best is to come.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—The Brigand.—The Illustrious Stranger.—And Der Freischutz.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—And the Pantomime.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THIS enterprising theatre is superabundant in its novelties. Last night it gave us two new pieces at once: and as if to reward its exertions, both were successful.

The first, *The Danish Wife*, is melo-dramatic in its style and plot. *Count Ernest of Cronstadt* (Mr FORRESTER), is accused, under suspicious circumstances, of having committed a murder, which was really perpetrated by a gambling domestic of his (Mr KEPPELL) to recruit his finances by robbery. The domestic, who had been his foster-brother, sees him arrested, carried away, and condemned to death, not without great remorse; and he is several times on the point of proclaiming his guilt; but fear prevents him. The *Countess* (Miss PELHAM), in vain enables her husband to escape from prison, by disguising him in her cloak. He re-appears of his own accord, in order to rescue the real criminal, who having seized the opportunity of repairing some part of his wrong by assisting his master to disguise himself, had given him his mantle for that purpose; and assuming the other's, had subjected himself to be mistaken for him. The guilty man is seized with double remorse at this gallant self-sacrifice, and is once more about to proclaim his enormity; but is again tongue-tied with fear. The *Count* therefore is finally about to be sacrificed, when his wife rushes in with a clue to the real murderer. *Peter Pluffen*, a domestic (Mr SMITH), between whom and *Mina* (Mrs HUMBY)—my lady's servant (if we remember)—a little side-plot of servants' love is going forward, has found in the clenched hand of the murderer's victim a piece of cloth with a button attached to it. This had been torn in the struggle of death from the murderer's waistcoat. The criminal's coat is thrown open, the rent is manifest, and the piece concludes with his falling to the earth in an agony of horror.

We have not much to say in favour of the execution of this piece, and therefore are willing to say little about it; for the sentiments are generous. The plot, as the reader sees, is of an ancient description; and there is a figurative ambition in the style, which nevertheless does not rise above mediocrity, and is not always in season. The sufferers talk too ostentatiously. The best passage is where the *Count*, on awaking after a night in prison, and comparing the sense of his situation to a dreadful cloud, says he feels it "come rolling round him." This is strongly and truly expressive of the sense of any calamity, felt upon awaking in the morning. The scene we liked best was that of the two sweethearts having a little *amantium iræ* quarrel, and returning one another their presents.

Miss PELHAM is a new actress from the English Theatre at Paris. We are loth to form judgments from a first performance; but as far as we can observe at present, we should say that she has occasional touches of truth and tenderness, far from common, especially in the more familiar passages of grief; but not much power to sustain the intervals, nor always to modulate her voice without some danger to its proper gravity of effect. When she gets into the most tragic part of the high melo-dramatic strain, she is apt to overdo the matter, like most of the queens of small stages. But she might become very useful, if there were much serious acting at this house. Mr KEPPELL, who is a new performer from the York Theatre, was also most efficient when he was quietest. His faltering denials, with an assumed air of calmness betraying agitation, met with deserved applause. Mr FORRESTER, whom we have been accustomed to see in comedy, acted his serious part much better than we had looked for.

The other new piece, entitled *Delusions*, is of the comic after-piece order, though it has grave matter too for one of the characters. *Charles Euston* (Mr GREEN) is a young gentleman with eighty thousand pounds to his fortune, who pronounces himself the happiest of mankind. He has the best friend, the best mistress, the best horse, and the best *attorney* that ever were heard of,—and the "best servant," adds his modest valet (Mr SMITH). After a happy breakfast one morning, with these pleasant thoughts upon him, he takes up the newspaper, and finds that his attorney and the eighty thousand pounds have gone off together. He goes in an agony to the attorney's partner, who has nothing to say except that everything is "a most extraordinary business." He goes to the house of his best friend, and finds that he had left town, just after reading the account in the newspaper. He goes to the house of his mistress, and sees her evidently escaping from him into a coach, which conveys her away. He then goes home to shoot himself.—He is in the act of firing the pistol, when *Jack Fraser*, his friend, who had come meanwhile to see him, dashes his hand up, and saves his life; an obligation, which *Jack* follows up, by putting into his hand his rescued fortune, to save which he had followed the attorney to Dover and nearly beaten him to death. Our hero has not recovered his surprise, when his mistress comes in, ignorant of his good fortune, and tells him that she has just been to her aunt's house, where she hurried on the first news of his mishap; that the good old lady has given him a house, and promised him half her fortune;—and that, in the meantime, if a "poor five-hundred a year," and the hand of one that loves him will make him any amends, they are at his service. *Mr Euston* (that is his name) who had become full of indignation and declamation at the faithlessness of friends, and mistresses, and all mankind, returns with a delighted remorse to his first happy opinions; and with a strong recommendation of them to the audience, the piece concludes.

The audience were so pleased with it, that on the fall of the curtain they gave four distinct rounds of applause,—besides numerous marks of approbation during its progress. There are several pleasant points in the dialogue; and altogether it is one of the compactest and most agreeable little pieces we have seen a good while. We are specially pleased with the liberality and honest faith of the sentiments; which, no less to our delight, and to the great credit of the audience, found a most hearty welcome on all sides.

An attempt to get up a clap for the Duke of WELLINGTON was not so prosperous; nor could the author, on a little reflection, have expected that it should be; for the same diffusion of knowledge, and the same events, which have led to this glad recognition of generous principles, have produced the unpopularity of the late anti-reforming Minister. When his name was mentioned in the piece (in connexion with the battle of Waterloo) not a syllable of approbation ensued; but several hisses did. The circumstance was remarkable, and affords no mean additional sign of the times, especially at the present moment.

Mr SMITH acted the part of a humorous servant in this piece very well indeed. Mr GREEN acted the hero; but displayed nothing to induce us to form a higher opinion of him than before.

We have forgotten to mention that there is some good new scenery in the *Danish Wife*, particularly a view in Copenhagen.

We again saw the French dancers, who are engaged for six nights more, and the wonderful pirouetting of Mademoiselle CELESTE, whom we now think as graceful as she is agile. ☞

A JUDICIOUS PRECAUTION.—After the tomb (Hume's) was finished (says an ingenious contemporary of Hume) one summer day, I was sauntering on the Calton Hill, in company with the late well known Dr Gilbert Stuart, and Dr John Brown, author of what is called the Brunonian System of Physic. Dr Brown, who was a man of rough and coarse manners, spoke to a mason who was heaving a pavement stone:—"Friend," said he, "this is a strong and massy building; but how do you think the honest gentleman can get out at the resurrection?" The mason archly replied, "Sir, I have secured that point; for I have put the key under the door."—*Smellie's Literary and Characteristic Lives.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A Grand Miscellaneous

SELECTION OF MUSIC.

From the Works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cimarosa, Spontini, Lindpaintner, Rossini, &c.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'Love at Limehouse.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS,

By Mr H. CHILDE, Invnetor of the DISSOLVING VIEWS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Heo, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Mrs BROWN.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
Borachio, Mr BAKER. Conrad, Mr HOLL. Balthazar, Mr HENRY.
Sexton, Mr BARNES. Seacoal, Mr MEARS.
Oatcake, Mr TURNOUR. Lorenzo, Mr IRWIN.

In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss Forde. Licse, Miss E. Tree. Therèse, Miss P. Horton
Widow Klaffen, Mrs Gibbs. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. Cawse.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr Hunt. General Kienwitz, Mr Bartley.
Colonel Francœur, Mr Abbott. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. Penson.
Moritz, Mr Blanchard. Fritz Klaffen, Mr Keeley.
Paul Richter, Miss Taylor. Hubert, Mr Irwin.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elisabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

PROPHET OF THE MOOR; OR THE FIRE RAISER.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master F. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an interesting Drama, entitled

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Hermion, Miss M. C. Poole, Calanthe, Miss Scott,
Eudosia, Miss Somerville, Phygenia, Miss Vincent,
Arria, Miss Rumens, Rygcia, Madame Simon,
Lyphrasia, Mrs Vale, Listea, Miss Nicol,
Damon, Mr Osbaldiston, Philistius, Mr Almar,
Damocles, Mr Gough, Procles, Mr Honner,
Dionysius, Mr D. Pitt, Pythias, Mr C. Hill, Lucullus, Mr Lee,
Fabius, Mr Webb, Pellagus, Mr Young,
Arcus, Mr Hobbs, Melethon, Mr Edwin, Aranthon, Mr Rassford,
Naxillus, Mr Boulanger, Petus, Mr Grammer,
Executioner, Mr Thompson, Soldiers, Senators, &c. &c.

To conclude with a Romantic Melo-Drama, entitled

THE BROKEN SWORD.

[By W. DIMOND, Esq.]

Rosara, Miss Vincent, Stella, Miss Somerville,
Jacintha, Miss Jordan, Beatrice, Miss Nicol, Ninna, Miss Rumens,
Jannette, Miss Boden, Rosa, Miss R. Boden. Goatherds, &c
Baron Maraldi, Mr Gough, Captain Zavior, Mr Williams,
Colonel Rigolio, Mr D. Pitt, Claudio, Mr Honner,
Pedro, Mr Grammer, Pablo, Mr Vale, Esteven de Burgos, Mr C. Hill,
Myrtillo, Mademoiselle Rosier, Fabio, Mr Smith,
Nicaro, Mr Boulanger, Bartolo, Mr Jones, Thomaso, Mr Wild.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, to be called

MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL—

[From the French of Picard, by Mr PLANCHE.]

Mrs Headly, Mrs EDWIN. Mrs Crawley, Mrs KNIGHT.
Rosa Crawley, Miss LANGLEY. Lucy, Miss STEWART.
Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr FREDERICKS. Mr Crawley, Mr COOPER.
Mr Leach, Mr W. VINING. Lotharlo Leach, Mr COLLIER.
Mr Welford, Mr NEWCOMBE. Charles Welford, Mr BROUGHAM.
Thomas, Mr HITCHINSON.

After which, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Characters by Miss Sydney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnoletti, Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

To conclude with an entirely New Burletta, called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

The Overture and Two of the Songs, by Mr S. Nelson.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Miss PELHAM. Mina, Mrs HUMBY.
Ernest, Mr FORRESTER. Alexis, Miss LANE. Kalmar, Mr SPENSER,
Peter Pluffen, Mr SMITH. Bertrand, Mr MUNROE.
Conrad, Mr H. COOKE. Maurice, Mr BARNETT. Godfrid, Mr KEPPELL.

After which, an Original Comedietta, in One Act, entitled,

DELUSIONS.

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To which will be added,

A NEW DIVERTISEMENT.

In which Mademoiselle CELESTE and Mademoiselle CONSTANCE Will dancé their favourite POLONAISE, Assisted by the Corps de Ballet.

A Musical Entertainment, called

MRS G——.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music by Mr Harroway.

Mrs G—. Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick.
Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick. Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr Forrester. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

The Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Jew of Vienna—De L'Orme —Abbey Lands.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1831.

TO ADVERTISERS.

On Monday the 14th inst. The Tatler will begin to admit Advertisements, *but under such an arrangement of its letter-press as will take nothing from the reader.*

This opportunity may be particularly worthy the attention of those who deal in commodities conducive in any way to the Graces of Life, whether intellectual or external, such as Books, Music, Paintings, Engravings, Sculpture, Apparel, Jewellery, or any kind of Fancy Article; in short, anything connected with habits of elegance and refinement.

The space of The Tatler devoted to this purpose will be of necessity a great deal smaller than in other Daily Papers, so that every Advertisement *will be sure of being seen;* and Advertisers will bear in mind, that as the readers of the paper consist of Play-goers, Men of Leisure, Actors and Actresses, Accomplished Women in general, the Lovers of Books, Music, &c , and other cultivators of social intercourse and amusement, they form the very description of persons who are the most likely to repay the use made of its columns.

Advertisements received at The Tatler Office, 4 Catherine street, Strand; also by Mr G. Reynell, Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office, 42 Chancery lane; and by Messrs C. and W. Reynell, at the Printing Office, 45 Broad street, Golden square.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life and Travels of John Ledyard, from his Journal and Correspondence. By Jared Sparks. 8vo. pp. 428. Colburn and Bentley.

(Concluded from yesterday.)

Finding himself unable to prosecute his designs by sea, Ledyard resolved upon doing it by land. He actually determined to walk through the north of Europe, Siberia and Tartary, with a precarious pittance in his pocket, and so get a short passage over to the north-western coast of America. His extraordinary designs, and the generous openness of his character, procured him, as we have seen, extraordinary friends, men of whom even he had reason to be proud. Among them the reader has seen mentioned Mr Jefferson, and the Marquis (as he was then called) Lafayette. The effect produced by the name of this illustrious person in the pages of Ledyard, great as it always was, has become greater from late events. It is with no common emotion that the admirers of his late conduct, read over again the passages in which he is mentioned by his grateful friend. Speaking of him in a letter to some unknown person, Ledyard says :—

'I am sure that you could not yourself have manifested more alacrity to serve me than he has done.'

Again, in his last letter from France, dated the 8th of August 1786, four-and-forty years ago, he says,—'I took a walk to Paris this morning, and saw the Marquis de la Fayette. He is a good man, this same Marquis. I esteem him, and even love him, and so we all do, except some few, who worship him.' The surprise of this last turn is very pleasant. He adds, 'I make these trips to Paris often; sometimes to dine with this amiable Frenchman, and sometimes with our minister, (Jefferson), who is a brother to me.'

Again, in a striking passage of a letter written to Jefferson from England:—'You know how much I owe the amiable Lafayette. Will you do me the honour to present my most grateful thanks to him? If I find in my travels a mountain, as much elevated above other mountains as he is above ordinary men, I will name it *Lafayette.*'

Once more. In a letter to the same friend, dated Petersburgh, March 19th, 1787, is the following passage:—'I hardly know how to estimate the goodness of the Marquis de la Fayette to me; but I think a French nobleman, of the first character in his country, never did more to serve an obscure citizen of another, than he has done for me; and I am sure, that it is impossible, *without some kind of soul made expressly for the purpose,* that an obscure citizen in such a situation can be more grateful than I am. May he be told so, with my compliments to his lady.'

Ledyard, however, was destined to undergo another bitter disappointment before he could arrive at the spot from which he was to have the happiness of commencing his tour of peril and poverty. He left Paris for London, apparently on the invitation of Sir James Hall, one of his generous friends, (father of Captain Basil Hall. What a pity that his son has become an enemy to Americans and to Lafayette! From London, our hero was to sail for the north-western coast in a vessel which he found in complete readiness for a voyage to the Pacific Ocean, and the owners of which offered him a free passage, with the understanding, it is supposed, of profiting by his knowledge and experience. The vessel put to sea, and was not out of sight of land, when it was brought back by an order from the government, and the voyage broken off. A subscription was now set on foot among his friends in London, (Sir James Hall, Sir Joseph Banks and others) to enable him to get to Hamburgh, and commence his journey on foot.

'"I fear my subscription will be small," he says, in a letter to Mr Jefferson; "it adds to my anxiety to reach those dominions, where I shall not want money; I do not mean the dominions that may be beyond death. I shall never wish to die, while you and the Marquis are alive. I am going across Siberia, as I before intended." The amount collected by his friends is not mentioned, but it was such as to induce him to set out on the journey; which, indeed, he probably would have done, had he obtained no money at all. He had lived too long by expedients to be stopped in his career by an obstacle so trifling, in his imagination, as the want of money; and he was panting to get into a country where its use was unknown, and where of course the want of it would not be felt.'—P. 235.

Ledyard proceeded to Hamburgh; passed on to Copenhagen, where he met with a distressed countryman, whom he relieved in the most generous manner; went round the Gulf of Bothnia on foot, through Sweden, Lapland, and Finland; arrived at Petersburgh, where he was befriended by Professor Pallas and others; procured a passport from the Empress Catherine, through the agency of Count Segur, the French ambassador; travelled through Siberia, Muscovy, and Tartary; and when he had arrived at what appeared to him but a short distance from that blessed coast, from which he was to cross over to the long object of his desires, was first detained under false pretences, then, while pushing on, was arrested by an order from the Empress, and finally banished the empire, and conveyed to the frontiers of Poland, with an injunction not to return into the Russian dominions under pain of death.

There have been various conjectures respecting the cause of this flagrant exercise of arbitrary power. The commandant who first detained him, said that he did it out of humanity; and indeed Catherine herself made the same excuse to the French Ambassador, observing, "That she would not render herself guilty of the death of this courageous American, by furthering a journey so fraught with danger, as that he proposed to undertake alone, across the unknown and savage regions of north-western America." We do not bring up the sanguinary wars of Catherine, as a proof that she could not be humane to an individual; for in the semi-barbarous condition of mankind, the greatest want of feeling on a large scale, and the tenderest exercise of it on a smaller, have often been found co-existent. But notwithstanding that Catherine was as likely as anybody to exhibit this inconsistency, there is nobody who would not laugh at the probability of such a tender consideration as this, shewn towards a man who would have given worlds to prevent it, and upon an account which she would have thought unworthy of her regard, had his object been a Russian instead of an American one. Segur thought it owing to her unwillingness to have her new possessions on the western coast inspected by an American citizen; and undoubtedly either this was the cause, or it was owing to the jealousy of the Russian Fur Company, the most likely conjecture

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of all. Their head quarters were at the place at which Ledyard was detained.

From the confines to which the Russian soldiers had conveyed him, Ledyard, to use his own words, passed, he "knew not how," through the kingdoms of Poland and Prussia, and thence to London, where he arrived, "disappointed, ragged, and pennyless;" and yet, said he, "so accustomed am I to such things, that I declare my heart was whole....Cruelties and hardships are tales I leave untold." His health, for the first time, had suffered from confinement, and from the extraordinary rapidity with which he had been whirled over the Russian deserts: but the recovery of his freedom, "and a few days rest among the beautiful daughters of Israel in Poland," made him feel as strong as before; though he acknowledges that three years had made a great difference in the look of his face. He was then thirty-seven.

It was at the place of his detention, and while unconscious of what was about to be done against him by a female (though she would have made no difference, for despots are of no sex) that Ledyard wrote his celebrated Eulogy on Women, one of the never-to-be-too-often-repeated bits of genuine eloquence. Here accordingly it follows:—

'I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.'

No wonder the beautiful daughters of Israel in Poland conspired to restore the health of a man who could write thus. Ledyard, however, did not think ill of men as human beings. He knew his own heart and intentions too well, not to think the best he could of all. There is a passage in his letter to Mr Jefferson from St Petersburgh, no less just than affecting. '*Upon the whole,*' he says, '*mankind have used me well;* and though I have as yet reached only the first stage of my journey, I feel myself much indebted for that urbanity, which I always thought more general than many think it to be; *and were it not for the mischievous laws and bad examples of some governments I have passed through, I am persuaded I should be able to give you a still better account of our fellow-creatures.*'

No sooner was Ledyard arrived in London, says Mr Sparks, 'than he called upon his worthy patron and friend, Sir Joseph Banks, to express his gratitude for the many substantial favours received from him.'—(Ledyard had occasionally drawn *at hazard* upon Sir Joseph for small sums of money, and the philosopher had handsomely honoured his drafts.)—'Sir Joseph, after questioning him with a lively interest concerning his travels, and expressing sympathy for his past misfortunes, enquired what were his future intentions. Ledyard frankly confessed that he had nothing in prospect; that after having struggled against a tide of difficulties, to accomplish an object which he had much at heart, but in pursuing which he had been baffled in every attempt, he felt himself at this moment in a state of perfect uncertainty, as to the step next to be taken; time and circumstances would decide his fortune. What followed will be best related in the language of Mr Beaufoy, then Secretary of the African Association:—

'"Sir J. Banks, who knew his temper (says Mr B.) told him, that he believed he could recommend him to an adventure almost as perilous as the one from which he had returned; and then communicated to him the wishes of the Association for discovering the nland countries of Africa. Ledyard replied, that he had always determined to traverse the continent of Africa, as soon as he had explored the interior of North America; and as Sir Joseph had offered him a letter of introduction, he came directly to the writer of these Memoirs. Before I learnt from the note the name and business of my visitor, I was struck with the manliness of his person, the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye. I spread the map of Africa before him, and tracing a line from Cairo to Sennar, and from thence westward, in the latitude and supposed direction of the Niger, I told him, that was the route by which I was anxious that Africa might, if possible, be explored. He said, he should think himself singularly fortunate to be trusted with the adventure. I asked him when he would set out. *To-morrow morning*, was his answer. I told him I was afraid that we should not be able, in so short a time, to prepare his instructions, and to procure for him the letters that were requisite; but that if the Committee should approve of his proposal, all expedition should be used."

'This interview affords one of the most extraordinary instances of decision of character, which is to be found on record. When we consider his recent bitter experience of the past, his labours and sufferings, which had been so intense and so long-continued, that a painful reality had more than checked the excesses of romantic enthusiasm that might be kindled in a less disciplined imagination; and when we witness the promptitude with which he is ready to encounter new perils in the heart of Africa, where hardships of the severest kind must inevitably be endured, and where death would stare him in the face at every stage; we cannot but admire the superiority of mind over the accidents of human life, the rapidity of combination, quickness of decision, and fearlessness of consequences, which Ledyard's reply indicates. It was the spontaneous triumph of an elevated spirit over the whole catalogue of selfish considerations, wavering motives, and half-subdued doubts, which would have contended for days in the breast of most men, before they would have adopted a firm resolution to jeopard their lives, in an undertaking so manifestly beset with dangers, and which in its best aspect threatened to be a scene of toils, privations, and endurance. It is needless to say, thal the Committee of the Association immediately closed an agreement with a man, who presented himself with such a temper, and with numerous other qualities, which fitted him im a peculiar manner for their service. Preparations for his departure were commenced without delay.'

The departure took place. Mr Beaufoy had an interview with Ledyard just as he was setting off, and repeats the following passage from his conversation:—'I am accustomed,' said Ledyard, 'to hardship. I have known both hunger and nakedness to the utmost extremity of human suffering. *I have known what it is to have food given me as charity to a mad-man; and I have at times been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I have ever owned, or ever will own, to any man.* Such evils are terrible to bear; but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagement to the society; and if I perish in the attempt, my honour will still be safe, for death cancels all bonds.'

How affecting is this!—And the following, how noble!—'I shall never,' he says, in writing to Mr Jefferson from Egypt, 'think my letter an indifferent one, when it contains the declaration of my gratitude and my affection for you; and this, notwithstanding you thought hard of me for being employed by an English Association, which hurt me much while I was at Paris. You know your own heart; and if my suspicions are groundless, forgive them, since they proceed from the jealousy I have, not to lose the regard you have in times past been pleased to honour me with. *You are not obliged to esteem me, but I am obliged to esteem you,* or to take leave of my senses, and confront the opinions of the greatest and best characters I know. *If I cannot, therefore, address myself to you as a man you regard, I must do it as one that regards you for your own sake, and for the sake of my country, which has set me the example.*'—P. 400.

Nobler, or more refined words than these, never graced a pen.

Before he took ship for Egypt, which he did at Marseilles, Ledyard had the happiness of seeing Jefferson, Lafayette, and others of his old friends at Paris. He stayed there a few days, arrived in Egypt in due course of time, and took up his lodging at Cairo, to wait for the caravan that was to take him to the desert. He now imagined himself secure of an honest fame and a beneficent enterprise. He had the employment he wanted, the funds that were necessary, and "imagined his severest cares were over." At this moment, while thus waiting for the caravan, and after a few months residence in Cairo, the exposure to the heat of the sun, which his pursuits rendered necessary, together with the bad effects of the climate, at the most unfavourable season of the year, brought upon him an attack of a bilious complaint, and at the end of November 1788, he was no more. He was then within two years of forty.

His character will have been seen from his life. It was his sincerity as well as kindness, that obtained him so much love. He was one of those rare men who could afford to be obliged, because he had no misgiving of his own disinterestedness; and luckily he found (as such men perhaps generally do) friends, who equally knew how to oblige. He would have made a fine writer, had he turned his ambition that way; for he had a wise heart, and he knew how to let it speak for itself.

He failed, by extraordinary chances, in every enterprize which he meditated; but not so, in the noblest of all results. Such a man as Ledyard makes other men. He is one of the fathers of the race of enthusiastic admirers; and these either recommend his examples in books, or complete it by their own.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—A Grand Selection of Miscellaneous Music.

DRURY LANE.

WE should have had little to say of the *Musical Selection* last night, if 'Alexis,' with Mr LINDLEY's accompaniment, and MARTINI's 'Laughing Trio,' had not tempted us to stay late enough to hear two-thirds of Part the Second; which is a great deal too much for one evening, considering what we have already considered on that subject.

Mr LINDLEY carved and coaxed his violoncello in as fine stile as usual. The Laughing Terzettino, or Little Trio, has grown fat with laughing since we heard it first, and become a Little Quartett. Mr HORN, who took a part in it, has gone out of the firm, which is now made up of Mr PHILLIPS and Mr SINCLAIR, with the addition of BRAHAM and Miss HUGHES. The audience did not make the mistake, this time, of supposing that Mr PHILLIPS laughed whether he would or no: and having found out their error, we thought they were not going to laugh themselves. They did so however very heartily, as the close came on; and the performance was again twice encored, Mr PHILLIPS playing his part as admirably as before, if not still better. And the other singers entered into the joke. The amount of the words is simply this:—'Go along: this is too ridiculous: I cannot help laughing:'—but the air is so sprightly, and the laugh so well imitated, that nothing can be better calculated to make the joke contagious, and sweep the laughter of the house into its vortex. The sameness of the rhymes is an addition to the effect:—

Vadasi via di quà,
Che questo in verità
Da ridere mi fa;—
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

Mrs WAYLETT was encored in two of her favourite ballads, which she sung "by request,"—'Kate Kearney,' and 'Away to the Mountain's brow.' The former is a beautiful Irish ballad, of which we have spoken before; the latter a very pretty one, by Mr LEE. It is a refinement, we see, of the play-bills, to say "*by request*," where a female singer is concerned, and "*by desire*," for a gentleman; which, as Mr PEPYS says, "It is pretty to observe."

Miss PEARSON's friends, we must say, *are* indiscreet, and will do her a mischief with the public, if they do not take care. They selected, last night, the least effective air she has sung perhaps during the Oratorios, to found a clapping upon, and force an *encore*. The consequence was, that a great noise ensued; and after a long struggle, which must have put the young lady's feelings severely to the test, the song (we *believe*, for we did not hear when she began) was hurried through during the confusion. Another scene like this might hurt her greatly with the town, especially considering the sense they already entertain of her having been brought somewhat too pertinaciously forward. It is a false notion, that a liking can be forced upon them under such circumstances, by mere dint of insisting upon it. The town, we grant, may give way to a false taste, or a fashion, and sometimes be led into it by others; but to say nothing of the ill compliment paid to Miss PEARSON by a hope for her so derived, the town's own inclination must help them to be led away. They will not go headlong at any person's bidding that pleases, and for nothing at all. ☞

THE INVENTION OF WIGS.—Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, having become bald very early in life, from the effects of a severe illness, and being unwilling to disfigure himself by wearing a cap in the high solemnities of the court, although unable from indisposition to remain bare-headed; a barber of Bruges, by his ingenious invention of a peruque, reconciled every difficulty. This new fashion was eagerly adopted by the Flemish courtiers; and having shaved their heads in deference to the baldness of their sovereign, it is recorded that five hundred wigs appeared in Brussels, very shortly after the invention of this important adjunct to the toilet.—*Historical Traveller.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

SUSPICIOUS SPEED.—A pilot in old times made a voyage in the space of a month, which had formerly occupied a year. He was considered as a sorcerer: the Inquisition, which is ridiculous for its ignorance, when it is not odious for its outrages, caused him to be arrested. His journal justified him: it was seen, that to have the same success they had only to sail at a distance from the shore; and the *sorcerer's* method was generally adopted.—*Esprit de G. T. Raynal.*—[It is well for the engineers of the present day, that the Inquisition "was such a long way off, and such a long time ago," as not to be formidable to our Genii of Steam.]

QUILL PENS.—One of the earliest records of the use of quills in writing, is in the Life of Constantius, as quoted by Adrian de Valois, who asserts that "Theodric, King of the Goths, could never be taught to form a royal signature; but that a plate of gold being laid at the bottom of his edicts, with the requisite four letters cut out in it, he was enabled to trace them with a quill.—*Mrs Gore's Historical Traveller.*—[Some centuries hence, the use of quills in writing will probably be entirely superseded by the modern metallic pens, and will be considered by posterity, as we now consider the reeds and styles of the ancients,—with mingled respect and self-complacency.]

ORIGIN OF THE WORD MAGNET.—The mountains about Magnesia were anciently famous for the production of the load-stone: though indeed it is disparaged by Pliny, and accounted less attractive than that of other places. However this was probably the city from whence, as Lucretius says, that stone took the name of *Magnet*, as from the whole country of Lydia (in which Magnesia is situated), the touch-stone was called *Lapis Lydius.—Chishull's Travels in Turkey.*

BAPTISMAL CEREMONIES OF THE ANCIENT HIGHLANDERS.—When an infant was christened, in order to counteract the power of evil spirits, witches, &c. he was put on a basket with bread and cheese, wrapped up in a linen cloth, and thus the basket and contents were handed across the fire, or suspended on the pot-crook that hung from the joist over the fire-place. Immediately after this ceremony, a dish of crowdie (a mixture of oatmeal and water) was presented, and each of the company took three horn-spoonsful.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*

SHIP-BUILDING.—To give an idea of the enormous quantity of timber necessary to construct a ship of war, we may observe that 2,000 tons, or 3,000 loads, are computed to be required for a 74. Now, reckoning 50 oaks to the acre, of 100 years' standing, and the quantity in each tree to be a load and a half, it would require 40 acres of oak forest to build one 74; and the quantity increases in a great ratio for the largest classes of line-of-battle ships. The average duration of these vast machines, when employed, is computed to be 14 years. It is supposed that all the full-grown oaks now in Scotland would not build two ships of the line.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

A REMNANT OF OLD HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.—On the first day of May (old style) which is Beltin-day, the boys of the neighbouring hamlets meet, and retire to some sequestered spot amid the hills, where they cut a circular trench out of the green turf, in the centre of which a table is formed, round which they sit and eat a repast dressed in the following manner for the occasion:—Milk and eggs being made into the consistence of a custard, and oatmeal cake is kneaded very thick, and toasted by being set up against a stone at the embers: this is called a *bonnach chloich*, or stone-cake. As a portion of this cake is to be distributed to each person present, it is cut into the requisite number of pieces. One bit of it is then bedaubed with charcoal, and the whole put into a bonnet. Each lad draws out a bit; and he to whose lot the black falls, is said to be devoted to *Beal-teine*, Beltin, or Baal's fire, as a sacrifice. Instead of actual immolation, however, the victim is made to skip three times through the glowing embers, and here the ceremony ends.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.* 1802.

OWLS IN BURROWS.—Major Head thus describes a curious species of owl, found all over the Pampas of South America. "Like rabbits, they live in holes, which are in groups in every direction, and which makes galloping over these plains very dangerous. These animals are never seen in the day; but, as soon as the lower limb of the sun reaches the horizon, they are seen issuing from their holes in all directions, which are scattered in groups, like little villages, all over the Pampas. The *biscachos*, when full grown, are nearly as big as badgers, but their head resembles a rabbit's, except that they have large bushy whiskers. In the evening they sit outside their holes, and they all appear to be moralising. They are the most serious looking animals I ever saw; and even the young ones are grey-headed, wear mustachios, and look thoughtful and grave. In the day-time, their holes are guarded by two little owls which are never an instant away from their posts. As one gallops by these owls, they always stand looking at the stranger, and then at each other, moving their old-fashioned heads in a manner which is quite ridiculous, until one rushes by them, when fear gets the better of their dignified looks, and they both run into the biscacho's hole."—*Knowledge for the People, Part IV.*

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

LA CENERENTOLA.

[By ROSSINI].

The Principal Characters by Mrs WOOD, (late Miss PATON,)
Madame CASTELLI, Mademoiselle FELIANI, Signor DAVID,
Signor LABLACHE, Signor De ANGELI, and Signor DE BEGNIS.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT's Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Signor Costa.

The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mademoiselle Clara, Mademoiselle Proche, Mademoiselle Zoe Beaupre, and Madame Montessu,
Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.
M. Lefebvre, M. Simon, M. Emile, M. Gouriet, M. Venafra, M. O'Brien, M. Edouard, M. George, M. D'Albert, M. Bertram, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.

With an efficient and numerous Corps de Ballet.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of

THE HYPOCRITE.

[By BICKERSTAFF.]

Old Lady Lambert, Mrs C. JONES. Charlotte, Miss CHESTER.
Young Lady Lambert, Mrs ORGER. Betty, Mrs EAST.
Doctor Cantwell, Mr DOWTON. Maw-worm, Mr LISTON.
Sir John Lambert, Mr ANDREWS. Darnley, Mr J. VINING.
Colonel Lambert, Mr COOPER. Seward, Mr YOUNGE.
Tipstaff, Mr C. JONES.

In the course of the Evening, G. Onslow's Overture to 'L'Alcade de la Vega.' Boieldieu's Overture to 'La Dame Blanche.' And Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'

After which,

DEAF AS A POST.

Sophy Walton, Mrs Newcombe. Amy Templeton, Miss E. Absolon.
Sally Maggs, Mrs Orger. Mrs Plumpley, Mrs C. Jones.
Old Walton, Mr W. Bennet. Captain Templeton, Mr Cooper.
Tristram Sappy, Mr Liston. Crupper, Mr Hughes. Gallop, Mr Salter.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

[By M. AUBER.]

Elvira, Miss Byfeld. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chikini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.
Ruffino, Mr Bland. Lorenzo, Mr Howard. Moreno, Mr Yarnold.

On Monday, Macbeth; and The Devil's Brother.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Heo, Miss TAYLOR. Beatrice, Miss FANNY KEMBLE.
Ursula, Mrs DALY. Margaret, Mrs BROWN.
Benedick, Mr C. KEMBLE. Leonato, Mr WARDE.
Don Pedro, Mr G. BENNETT. Don John, Mr DIDDEAR.
Antonio, Mr BARTLEY. Count Claudio, Mr ABBOTT.
Dogberry, Mr BLANCHARD. Friar, Mr EVANS. Verges, Mr KEELEY.
Borachio, Mr BAKER. Conrad, Mr HOLL. Balthazar, Mr HENRY.
Sexton, Mr BARNES. Seacoal, Mr MEARS.
Oatcake, Mr TURNOUR. Lorenzo, Mr IRWIN.

In Act II. A MASQUERADE. And Stevens's Glee of "Sigh no more, Ladies."

Previous to the Comedy, Mozart's Overture to 'Der Schauspieldirector.'

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music, by H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss Forde. Liese, Miss E. Tree. Therèse, Miss P. Horton
Widow Klaffen, Mrs Gibbs. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. Cawse.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr Hunt. General Kienwitz, Mr Bartley.
Colonel Francœur, Mr Abbott. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. Penson.
Moritz, Mr Blanchard. Fritz Klaffen, Mr Keeley.
Paul Richter, Miss Taylor.

On Monday, Fazio; Married Lovers; Robert the Devil.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss DALY. Amelia, Mrs YATES.
Elizabeth, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Sabina, Mrs DALY.
Astragalus, Mr YATES.
John Rappelkoff, Mr MATHEWS. Abel Grimm, Mr BUCKSTONE.
Augustus, Mr HEMMINGS. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. REEVE.
Hans, Mr O. SMITH.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Music arranged by Mr G. H. Rodwell.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Romantic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

PROPHET OF THE MOOR; OR THE FIRE RAISER.

The Characters by Miss SOMERVILLE, Miss M. C. POOLE, Miss JORDAN, Miss NICOL, Mr OSBALDISTON, Mr ALMAR, Mr WILLIAMS, Mr HONNER, Mr C. HILL, Mr GOUGH, Mr VALE, Mr EDWIN, Mr ROGERS, Mr ASBURY, Master P. CARBERY, Mr LEE, Mr HOBBS.

After which, an interesting Drama, entitled

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Hermion, Miss M. C. Poole, Calanthe, Miss Scott,
Eudosia, Miss Somerville, Phygenia, Miss Vincent,
Arria, Miss Rumens, Rygcia, Madame Simon,
Lyphrasia, Mrs Vale, Listea, Miss Nicol,
Damon, Mr Osbaldiston, Philistius, Mr Almar,
Damocles, Mr Gough, Procles, Mr Honner,
Dionysius, Mr D. Pitt, Pythias, Mr C. Hill, Lucullus, Mr Lee,
Fabius, Mr Webb, Pellagus, Mr Young,
Arcus, Mr Hobbs, Melcthon, Mr Edwin, Aranthon, Mr Ransford,
Naxillus, Mr Boulanger, Petus, Mr Grammer,
Executioner, Mr Thompson, Soldiers, Senators, &c. &c.

To conclude with a Romantic Melo-Drama, entitled

THE BROKEN SWORD.

[By W. DIMOND, Esq.]

Rosara, Miss Vincent, Stella, Miss Somerville,
Jacintha, Miss Jordan, Beatrice, Miss Nicol, Ninna, Miss Rumens,
Jannette, Miss Boden, Rosa, Miss R. Boden. Goatherds, &c
Baron Maraldi, Mr Gough, Captain Zavior, Mr Williams,
Colonel Rigolio, Mr D. Pitt, Claudio, Mr Honner,
Pedro, Mr Grammer, Pablo, Mr Vale, Esteven de Burgos, Mr C. Hill,
Myrtillo, Mademoiselle Rosier, Fabio, Mr Smith,
Nicaro, Mr Boulanger, Bartolo, Mr Jones, Thomaso, Mr Wild.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, to be called

MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——

[From the French of Picard, by Mr PLANCHE.]

Mrs Headly, Mrs EDWIN. Mrs Crawley, Mrs KNIGHT.
Rosa Crawley, Miss LANGLEY. Lucy, Miss STEWART.
Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr FREDERICKS. Mr Crawley, Mr COOPER.
Mr Leach, Mr W. VINING. Lothario Leach, Mr COLLIER.
Mr Welford, Mr NEWCOMBE. Charles Welford, Mr BROUGHAM.
Thomas, Mr HITCHINSON.

After which, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

[From M. SCRIBE'S "BAISER AU PORTEUR."]

The Music, by C. E. Horn.

The Characters by Miss Sydney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnoletti, Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

To conclude with an entirely New Burletta, called

THE GRENADIER.

[By H. BAYLY, Esq.]

The Overture and Two of the Songs, by Mr S. Nelson.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

TOTTENHAM STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Miss PELHAM. Mina, Mrs HUMBY.
Ernest, Mr FORRESTER. Alexis, Miss LANE. Kalmar, Mr SPENSER,
Peter Pluffen, Mr SMITH. Bertrand, Mr MUNROE.
Conrad, Mr H. COOKE. Maurice, Mr BARNETT. Godfrid, Mr KEPPELL.

After which, an Original Comedietta, in One Act, entitled,

DELUSIONS.

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To which will be added,

A NEW DIVERTISEMENT.

In which Mademoiselle CELESTE and Mademoiselle CONSTANCE Will dancé their favourite POLONAISE, Assisted by the Corps de Ballet.

A Musical Entertainment, called

MRS G——.

[By M. BARNETT.]

The Music by Mr Harroway.

Mrs G—. Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick.
Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick. Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr Forrester. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.
The Incidental Dances by the Corps de Ballet.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Jew of Vienna—De L'Orme —Abbey Lands.

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Nº 164.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1831.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We this day commence our Advertisements. We confine them at present to a portion of the last page, retaining all the usual Play-bills, though compressing them in a shorter space. This will be objected to, perhaps, by some of the oldest of our play-going friends, on the plea that their eyes are not so good as when they used to rejoice in the names of Lewis and Bannister; but if they consider the wear and tear which our own eyes undergo in their service, we trust they will not be very angry with us. There is one eye at least, with which a man may see well and handsomely to the last moment of his life, to wit, an eye of consideration. We hope not to trespass on his indulgence for any length of time, as we mean to do our best to have a whole page full of advertisements.

Play-goers. What, Sir, and no play-bills! We'll give up the Paper.

Editor. Do not be so hasty, Gentlemen. We mean in that case to give you a whole page of play-bills as before.

Play-goers. What, Sir, and deprive us of a whole page of other matter! This is worse than the other. It is too bad. It will be impossible to take in the Paper.

Editor. You distress me greatly, Gentlemen, by your impatience. Not a jot of the letter-press will be lost. There will be a great deal more of it.

Play-goers. Yes, in a little miserable type that nobody can read, —a haze of atoms,—an undistinguishable drizzle, like a Scotch mist. We'll have none of it, Sir; we'll have none of it.

Editor. Pray, Gentlemen, hear me out: for the more you say, the more dreadfully we shall have to refute you. Every word that you utter will bring with it a pang of repentance, on account of the exceeding generosity of our intentions. Our design is, in the first place, never to encroach upon the first three pages of the Journal. Secondly, we anticipate no diminution of the type. Thirdly, we hope, in due course of time, to obtain a sufficient quantity of Advertisements, to enable us to increase the size of the Paper; that is to say, to add another leaf or two leaves to it, as it may happen. And finally (and now here comes our generosity, here comes our Christian revenge) in case of our doubling the size of the paper, we mean to ask no more for it than our present magnanimous Two-pence. We do not exactly know where we should put the play-bills in that case; we should be glad, when the promise of the time arrives, to have the opinion of our play-going friends on the subject; but at all events, none of the present matter would be lost: it would probably be much increased; and the Paper would be altogether increased in value to everybody, besides feeling more solid in the hand. As our friends, therefore, (we can see it in their faces), are anxious to make us amends for the little injustice they have been doing us in their thoughts, we hasten to relieve their feelings, by observing, that the more Advertisements they contrive to send or procure for us, the sooner they will be put in possession of those eight beatific pages.

And so, no more at present, upon this part of the subject, from their loving and most forgiving friend.

Advertisements, where there is no lack of other matter, are themselves no unreadable portion of a Journal. Nay, to a curious eye, they give insights into the manners of the times, no less interesting than authentic. Suppose the ancients had possessed a press, and that a volume of a Roman *Times* or *Examiner* had been dug up at Herculaneum:—with what curiosity should we not contemplate the millinery of the Roman ladies, or, "Wanted a Gladiator to fight the last new Lion;" or, "Next Ides of November will be published the new poem of Quintus Horatius Flaccus;" or a long account of a Court-day of Nero or Antoninus? In the best editions of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the Editors have justly preserved a selection of the Advertisements. We subjoin one or two below.

'Never Seen Before.—This day, being the 29th of this instant December (1709), next door to the Grecian's Head Coffee House, over against Cecil street, in the Strand, will be published, for the first time, a Picture finely drawn by an extraordinary master, which has many curious and wonderfully pleasing and surprising motions in it, all natural. It is after the manner of the foreign moving picture, formerly shewn in Fleet street, but with greater variety, and far exceeding that. There needs no more to set it forth; for the picture will speak in itself.'

'Mr Cave Underhill, the famous comedian in the reigns of King Charles II, King William and Queen Mary, and her present Majesty Queen Anne, but now not able to perform so often as heretofore in the playhouse, and having had losses to the value of nearly £2,500, is to have the tragedy of *Hamlet* acted for his benefit, on Friday, the third of June next, at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, in which he is to perform his original part, the *Grave-digger*.'

'The Perpetual Office of the Charitable Society of single persons in city or country, for raising and assuring money upon marriages, when they pay but sixpence entrance, and two shillings per quarter, till they marry; and whensoever that is, they are secured to receive all their money back, and 150 per cent. clear profit certain, whether full or not, and stand very fair to gain 40 or 50 pounds when full, and may get 1, 2, 3, and £400. The entries daily increase, and the shares of the new married are risen from 48 shillings to above £7. since the last month. The sooner you enter, the more you are like to gain; all which doth more fully appear from the proposals, given gratis, at the said office, at London Stone, in Cannon street.'

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

A Shirt without Seam.—As an instance of ingenuity in the art of weaving, a shirt wrought in the loom, completely finished and ready for wearing, made about a century ago by an ingenious artisan of this place (Dunfermline) of the name of Inglis, and still preserved in the chest of the corporation of weavers, deserves particular mention. It is without a seam, and, excepting the neck button, was completed without the assistance of the needle. The present author has seen in the possession of Mr Robert Stewart, writer in Edinburgh, a man's shirt similar in all respects to that just noticed, wrought in the loom, by a young man near Dunkeld, of the name of Mac Lauren. What pity that so curious on art should be suffered to remain unknown and unheeded.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*

Storks, Orthodox and Amatory.—The stork is very generally celebrated for its filial piety, and is in many places held in high veneration for this virtue; but it may not be so generally known, that there is an additional reason for the reverential affection with which it is regarded by the Turks, in the stedfastness with which it adheres to the Mahomedan faith, and rejects all intercourse with Christians. "They build their large nests," says Mr Mac Farlane, "on the mosques, on the minarets, on the Turkish houses; and to them, in their migratory existence, they return year after year; but the *dolce nido* is never erected on a Christian roof. I have observed in many towns, but particularly in Pergamus, where they are incredibly numerous, that in the Turkish quarter they strut about familiarly, mixing with the people in the streets, affecting the open squares in the Turkish khans, and other places of the greatest resort; but they pass not the boundary of that quarter; they never enter the parts of the town inhabited by the Greeks or Armenians." The same author gives a pleasing picture of these birds as he observed them on the walls of an old Greek church, whose rough ridges, he tells us, were covered with their nests: "They were always divided into pairs; sometimes only the long elastic neck of one of them would be seen towering from the 'procreant cradle,' while the consort would stand by on one of his long slim legs, and watch with the assiduity of affection. Sometimes, one of them caressing his mate, ere he left her, would spread his broad snow-white wings, fly away to the town or fields, and thence return with a large twig or other materials for the nest, or a supply of provisions for his occupied partner. Other couples would be grouped on the edges of the stupendous ruin, entwining their pliant necks and their long bills; or, in pretty coquetry, one would bend her neck over her back, and bury her bill in the luxuriant plumage, like a pretty girl, shunning her lover's kiss but to invite it; and her consort would make his long bill clack, with a peculiar sharp and monotonous sound, and then in gentle force raise the recreant head, and embrace it with quivering delight. I have often counted as many as fifty couple of storks at a time upon the ruins."—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople.*

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FEMALE INGENUITY. — When Robert Macgregor, the eldest son of Rob Roy, was tried at Edinburgh, for what was falsely represented the *forcible* abduction of a young widow, whom he had afterwards married, his brother James was confined in Edinburgh Castle, as an accomplice in the enterprise. Robert was condemned to death, but James escaped in the following manner:— "Being confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, his daughter had liberty to visit him there, and being in the habit of doing so frequently, she was the less suspected of any design to favour his escape: this, however, she effected with considerable address. Having disguised herself in the dress of a cobler, she caused her father to exchange clothes with her, and feigning to quarrel with the pretended cobler for having brought a pair of shoes but ill mended, she scolded him heartily in the hearing of the sentinels without; while he, muttering his discontent at such rough usage, passed the guards unsuspected, and thus got clear off. The gates of the city were shut as soon as his escape was discovered, yet every search after him proved fruitless."—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*

ANECDOTE OF LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW.—When it was resolved to deprive Lord Thurlow of the Seals, none of the ministers seemed willing to be the person to demand them, (which it was desirable should be done personally), from the ungracious reception which it was supposed he would meet with. At last Lord Melville was prevailed upon to undertake the task. He adopted the following plan for that purpose. The evening before, he sent a note to the Chancellor, informing him, that he proposed having the honour of breakfasting with his Lordship next day, and that he had "some very particular business to settle with him." On his coming next morning, Lord Thurlow said to him, "I know the business on which you have come. You shall have the bag and seals. There they are," (pointing to a table on which he had placed them) "and there is your breakfast,"—of which they partook very sociably together. Lord Melville said, that he never saw Lord Thurlow in better humour, and they parted apparently very good friends.—*Sir John Sinclair's Correspondence.*

HUMAN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—I recollect seeing in the house of the Duke of Saxe Teschen at Vienna an instrument something in the shape and of the size of an organ, in which the sounds of fifty different musical instruments were united. In Russia I have witnessed a performance which was somewhat the reverse of this, being executed by fifty persons, each of whom was required to give no more than a single note on a species of oboe made of copper. The effect was surprisingly fine. The performers must have spent a great portion of their lives in acquiring the habit of giving their respective notes with so much accuracy. Musical genius must, in such a case, be out of the question; and it is of course only among a class of persons brought up under the habits of passive obedience that men can be made so far to limit the sphere of their faculties as to be converted into mere organised automatons. The effect produced by these extraordinary bands of musical performers, though certainly very perfect, from the incessant practice they have been made to undergo, is not so much more agreeable than that produced by the ordinary mode of performance as to justify such a waste of useful hands in a country so thinly peopled.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

TRADITIONAL ANECDOTE OF JAMES V.—Many facetious anecdotes of James V. are still related in this part of the country (Stirling); among others, the following:—James V, a Prince eminent for many good qualities of heart and understanding, was skilled in all the manly exercises of the day, particularly in hunting and hawking. Being once benighted when out a hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Aloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received, and entertained in the best manner the hospitably-disposed inmates had in their power. In order to regale their unexpected guest, the farmer desired the *gudewife* to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpest, best fed, and greatest favourite, for the stranger's supper; which was done with all the good-nature imaginable. The King, highly pleased with his night's lodging, kind, frank reception, and hospitable entertainment, told mine host, at parting, that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling, he would call at the castle, and enquire for the *gudeman of Ballinguich*, a name by which James facetiously distinguished himself when he rambled about the country in disguise. Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the *gudeman of Ballinguich*, when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest, afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforth dignified by James in person with the title of *King of the Moors*, which name and designation have descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman with reluctance turned out the descendant and representative of the King of the Moors, on account of his majesty's invincible indolence, and great dislike to reform or innovation of any kind, though, from the spirited example of his neighbour tenants on the same estate, he is convinced similar exertion would promote his advantage. So much are some kings wedded to the prejudices of their forefathers.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*

— In censure, never say the worst, nor ever punish to the uttermost: abate something of extremity, for thy own sake: all offend.—*Whichcote.*

REMARKABLE PREDICTION PREVIOUS TO THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The Parliaments of France are obliged to conceal the strong spirit of liberty with which they are inflamed, under the mask of loyalty and attachment to the monarchy. They remonstrate with force and elevation against every measure that tends to the prejudice of the provinces they protect: they can go further: but they await the moment to strike the blow that shall lay the fabric of despotism in ruins. When this blow is struck the effects of it will equal those of magic. The cottage will be put on a level with the palace; the peasant with the prince. Ranks shall be confounded; titles, distinction, and birth, shall tumble into an undistinguishable heap of confuson. A new moral creation shall strike the view of an admiring universe; and France, like old Rome, in her first flights to empire, shall appear with the sceptre of universal dominion bourgeoning in her hands. Out of universal confusion order shall arise: the great of Nature's creating will assume their places; and the great, by title and accident, will drop despised into the common mass of people.—*Extract from a paper, published in the "Complete Magazine" for October 1764, on the "Causes of the Decline of the French Nation."*

A DESPOT INGENIOUSLY ANSWERED.—The following story was current at Constantinople a short time after my arrival. The Sultan sent for a conjuror of repute, to learn from him what would be the result of the war in which he was already engaged with Russia, and of the prospective difficulties of England and France. The conjuror brought into his presence four cocks: each of these cocks he selected to represent a nation: thus, one was England, another France, one Russia, and one Turkey. He placed Turkey in the centre of the kiosk, and then threw England, France, and Russia upon him. But the three cocks, instead of falling upon Turkey, presently began to fight among themselves; the combat was indeed general, but in pairs. Turkey had most bottom; he fought the longest, and remained conqueror of the field, while Russia was severely treated, and had one of his wings broken. The inference was plain,—the Sultan was to be more confident of success than ever,—his army must beat the Muscovites, and the French and English would cry out, "Bravo!" The typical representation might do honour at least to the necromancer's quickness of perception, and knowledge of human nature, under political modifications. The three allies being thrown on Turkey, and then fighting among themselves, is a good idea; and as his object was to flatter, he would have been a fool not to choose the gamest cock of the four for the representative of the Moslemin empire.—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople in* 1828.

A SINGULAR WAGER.—The Lothian road had been the subject of much speculation long before it was made. At last, however, a gentleman undertook, for an inconsiderable wager, to make this piece of road, about a quarter of a mile in length, and in many parts, twenty paces in breadth, so far passable, with one day's labour, as that he might drive over it in safety with his carriage; which, to the surprise of all who had heard of, or witnessed this whimsical undertaking, he accomplished; and thus gained his bet. The difficulties to be surmounted in this arduous attempt, were various and intricate. The line of road was almost straight, and lay through fields, orchards, gardens, and a multiplicity of small houses. Lest any one, therefore, whose property in this direction might suffer injury, when removing obstructions, should take the alarm, and make application for legal means, which would at least retard, if not prevent such unusual and summary procedure, it was necessary to be secret and expeditious. Accordingly, matters were concerted with address, and executed with promptitude. It happened to be winter, when the labouring poor in general are out of employ; and a day's work now and then is all they have to depend on for a precarious and scanty subsistence; of course a sufficient number of hands were easily procured, and at no great expence. Many hundreds appeared on the ground at sunrise on this eventful day—a day of much mirth to some, while others had cause sufficient to lament the ravages of a few hours. Parties filed off to various occupations; some to demolish houses; others to pull down dikes; some to root up hedges; others to cut down trees: in short, this ruthless band continued their depredations with unwearied assiduity; and before the fall of night they had accomplished their business of destruction, as was then the opinion of some persons: but it evidently appears now to have been productive of great utility. Among the many scenes of temporary distress which this unexpected invasion occasioned, that experienced by a simple old milk-woman is supposed to have been one of the most ludicrous incidents of the day. Long before day-light, the good, easy soul, had milked her cows, her pipe smoked, and tea taken, all things were in readiness for her departure to serve her customers; but recollecting that a few friends were to eat some sheep's-head broth with her at mid-day, she, with great composure, prepared the kail-pot, put in the accustomed ingredients, and left it on the fire, so that it might simmer undisturbed, till she should, on her return, cook it leisurely to her satifaction. Judge of the surprise and disappointment, however; on her return, neither pot, nor fire, neither house, byre, nor cows were in the places where she had left them; for all had suffered a material and radical change; having been swept away in the general wreck.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*

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— The most that any of us know, is the least of that which is to be known.—*Whichcote.*

AN AUKWARD QUESTION.—One of the Directors of the French India Company, one day asked Bourdonnais, how it was that he had so ill-managed the affairs of the company, when he had managed his own so well. "It is," replied he, "because I have conducted my own affairs according to my own judgment, those of the company according to your instructions."—*Esprit de G. T. Raynal.*

DOCTORS UNDER DIFFERENT PHASES.—Mr Mac Farlane in his Constantinople in 1828, &c. gives two anecdotes of medical professors, which are strikingly characteristic of a man without a heart, and a man with one. The first is of a poor Turk, who being accidentally wounded by a pistol shot, applied to a Christian doctor to extract the ball. Having failed to do this, the surgeon proposes to make up a salve for the man's immediate relief, and to take out the ball in the morning. The salve was quickly made, but the Christian refused to deliver it until he had received payment; the poor man and his companions had not money enough; payment was promised in the money, but not an hour's credit could be obtained, and after some time the wounded man delivered up to the surgeon his yataghan as a security. "If I were not to act in this manner," said the doctor to the British traveller, "I should have my shop emptied in a day, and not get a *paro* for my medicines." Unequal to the extraction of the ball, the doctor called in the assistance of an Italian; the two together made a hard bargain with the wounded man, and it was agreed that fifty piasters were to be delivered to them upon "receipt of the ball from their hands." The Italian also failed in his first attempt, and the next day was appointed to repeat the operation; but it happened that the Turk, in the restlessness of pain, had thrown the ball so near to the orifice of the wound, that one of his friends was enabled to remove it; and thus the two crafty surgeons, who had so cautiously made their bargain beforehand, were entitled to no payment whatever, and had no resource or consolation but in quarrelling with each other. The second anecdote is a more pleasing one: Mr Mac Farlane was walking with another doctor, a Neapolitan, when a poor woman rushed from a Turkish hovel, and wildly thrust a sick child into the doctor's hands, anxiously asking his opinion. The Neapolitan gave her hope that the child might be saved, and bade the woman send to his house for some medicines: "These poor creatures," said he, in reply to the observation of his companion, "generally find some way of showing their gratitude, either by little presents of game, or fowls, or some other eatable: or by rendering occasionally personal services, which is much the same to us as money."

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Hypocrite.—Deaf as a Post.—And Masaniello.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Much Ado About Nothing.—And Romance of a Day.

IN default of having a play to criticise, we lay before the reader the following clever and courteous notice of our remarks upon Mr GREEN:—

TO THE TATLER.

'DEAR TATLER,—Knowing that your love of truth and justice is stronger than your regard for your own opinion, notwithstanding it so greatly deserves your confidence, since your readers (and myself among the number) put almost implicit faith in it; I am induced to intercede for a re-consideration of your opinion of the acting of Mr Green, at the Queen's Theatre. I was one of the audience who enjoyed the new comic piece *Delusions* last evening, and heartily joined in the applauses bestowed upon it. I must also confess myself to have been one of those who *hissed* on the occasion of the ill-timed attempt to gain applause for a certain great name by a clap-trap; for I could not help feeling that the recollection of a great military reputation and services was not to be thrust upon an audience with impunity, for the purpose of eliciting applause, at this juncture, when the great name in question is a rallying point for a factious and interested opposition to the just demands of the nation, temperately made, and firmly persisted in; and which the good feeling of the King, and the prudence of his Ministers, see fit to concede. But to my purpose.

'I consider that I was only one of many who attributed the great success of the clever and "compact" *comedietta, Delusions*, to the lively and agreeable acting of Mr Green. In support of this opinion, I would urge the favourable impression produced by his person, dress, and manner; the latter, easy and gentlemanlike, free from anything like affectation, presumption, or impertinence, and frank and natural withal. To perfect self-possession and freedom from restraint also, he adds a good understanding of his part, the outlines of which he fills up with efficient and appropriate bye-play. Let me recall to your recollection the quiet relish with which he enjoyed his happy state,—what a lively picture he presented of bachelor's happiness: he looked a man "of most blessed conditions." Then how gradually alarm at the report of his lawyer's having absconded took possession of his mind; how naturally were chagrin and trepidation mingled with his endeavours to discredit it, and to laugh off the effect: how natural the action of biting his fingers as he conned over the paragraph: how really nervous, restless, and hurried his movements and manner. I will not occupy your time by going through the performance, to point out the effective points; but content myself with reminding you how little there was exceptionable, and how much there was good in it. Allow me to suggest, that its unostentatious excellence and completeness may have led you to look for the development of higher qualities, and more brilliant points in the acting, than the slight part itself was susceptible of: or that you may have forgotten the stage on which he was acting; or do you apply the highest standard to a meritorious performance, whether it is exhibited on the boards of a minor or of a large theatre? My object in troubling you with this communication is to prevent your opinion having the effect of producing a disparaging impression upon those who do not estimate the ability of actors by so high a standard as yourself, or who have not the nicety of perception and delicacy of discrimination which you evince in forming your critical judgment of a performer's merits.

'May I be permitted also to submit for your consideration, the fact of the late Mr Hazlitt having entertained a not merely favourable, but high opinion of Mr Green's talents as an actor? I must beg to assure you that I heard of this latter circumstance incidentally, after I had received the favourable impression produced on my mind by the first sight of this actor's performance; and, further, that I have knowledge of Mr Green but from having seen him act twice.

'With high respect for your opinion, and esteem for your liberality of feeling (to which I fear I have too much need to appeal) I subscribe myself,

'Dear Tatler, your Constant Reader,

'March 11th, 1831. 'A PLAY-GOER.'

It is possible that we may have been led to undervalue Mr GREEN's acting, in consequence of opinions of a reverse nature, which we had heard before we saw him. And yet we are jealous of any tendency of this sort in ourselves. Upon reconsidering what we have said, we can find no reason at present to alter our judgment. Our standard of acting, we allow, is a high one; but we are not in the habit of applying it to theatres of minor pretension; though we may have involuntarily subjected Mr GREEN to something like it, after what we had heard. It is an acute suggestion of our Correspondent, that the "unostentatious excellence and completeness" of Mr GREEN's performance in the new piece may have led us "to look for the development of higher qualities, and more brilliant points in the acting than the part itself was susceptible of:" but not to mention that the part itself was susceptible enough of anything that a good actor could mix up with it, the style of Mr GREEN does not appear to us to be free from ostentation; or if that be too grave a word, from a display of petty resources. He substitutes stage-trick and manœuvre, for the real stuff of the character he is performing. He does not so much enjoy the part itself, as the consciousness of performing it. The mechanism and clock-work of the actor's business is brought too much before us. For instance, that very circumstance of biting his fingers, which our correspondent praises, and which is praise-worthy enough as something *en passant*, was carried to an extent in the performance of Thursday night, which shewed that with Mr GREEN it was a main point of resource, a staple commodity. His nods and winks he could not have enough of. And there was an action in particular, which was offensive from its current recurrence, and from the trick thus mixed up with its would-be restlessness; and that was, a repeated cribbing hither and thither with his feet sideways, which he evidently thinks a piece of sensitive grace. Add to this the way in which he stuck himself to and fro with stiff knees, rather than walked; and though we grant he is ingenious and clever, and has a certain air with him, we must see more of him, and more to his advantage (as perhaps Mr HAZLITT did) before we can get rid of an impression that his style challenges more attention than it can warrant. Probably he has been hurt by being the favourite of some inferior stage.

With regard to the clap-trap for the Duke of WELLINGTON, we have received a letter, which informs us that there was no such intention on the part of the author of this very pleasant piece, and that the unseasonable passage has been altered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILO-DRAMATICUS to-morrow.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of
MACBETH.
Lady Macbeth, Miss Hnddart. Gentlewoman, Mrs Newcombe.
Macbeth, Mr Macready. Macduff, Mr Wallack. Banquo, Mr Cooper.
Rosse, Mr H. Wallack. Malcolm, Mr J. Vining. Hecate, Mr Phillips.

In the course of the Evening, Sphor's Overture to 'Macbeth.'

To conclude with a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called
THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.
Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs Orger. Zerlina, Mrs Waylett.
The Concerted Music, by Misses Byfeld, Bruce, S. Phillips, Russell, and Mrs Bedford.
Fra Diavolo, Mr Wallack. Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr Harley.
Lorenzo, Mr Sinclair. Lucro, Mr Webster.
Banditti—Beppo, Mr Latham. Giacomo, Mr Bedford. 1st Carabineer, Mr Bland.
Postilion, Mr Honner. Francisco, Mr Eaton.

To-morrow, The Stranger.—High Ways and By Ways.—And Turning the Tables.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of
FAZIO.
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Taylor. Clara, Miss Phillips. Bianca, Miss F. Kemble.
Giraldi Fazio, Mr Warde. Duke of Florence, Mr Egerton. Bartolo, Mr Blanchard.
Philario, Mr Henry. Falsetto, Mr Parry. Gonsalvo, Mr Baker.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand (MS.) Overture by Friedrick Kuhlau.
Previous to 'Married Lovers,' an Overture by J. N. Hummel.

After which a New Petite Comedy, called
MARRIED LOVERS.
Duchess D'Orleans, Miss Lawrence. Marchioness de Meneville, Miss Taylor.
Lady Ascot, Mrs Chatterley. Annette, Miss Phillips.
Duc D'Orleans, Mr Abbott. Marquis de Meneville, Mr Bartley.
Sir John Ascot, Mr Warde. Colonel O'Dillon, Mr Power. Pierre, Mr Irwin.

To conclude with the Musical Romance of
ROBERT THE DEVIL.
Countess de Rosambert, Mrs Lovell. Blanche, Miss Hughes. Matilda, Mrs Vining.
Lodine, Miss Cawse. Dame Gertrude, Mrs Tayleure.
Robert, Mr G. Bennet. Lindor, Mr Baker. Edmond, Mr Henry.
Picolo, Mr Keeley. Jaques Bocage, Mr Meadows. Gontran, Mr Turnour.

To-morrow, Cinderella; Hide and Seek; and Teddy the Tiler.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par
JEAN.
Madame de Ligny, Mlle. Florval. Madame de Sirval, Mlle. Eliza.
La Marquise d'Olban, Mme. Paulin. Madame veuve Chopin, Mme. Préval.
Adelaïde, Mlle. St Ange. Louise, Mme. Gamard.
M. Bouffé remplira le Rôle de Rigolard. M. Derval celui de Jean.
M. de Walbruck, et M. D'Ottenn, M. Paulin, et M. Guenée.
Un Garçon d'estaminet, M. Arnaud. Un Valet, M. Granville.

Suivi de
LA SECONDE ANNEE; OU, A QUI LA FAUTE?
Caroline, Mlle. Florval. M. Derval remplira le Rôle de Denneville.
Edmond, Comte de St Elme, M. Paulin. Gervault, Caissier, M. Gamard.

On finira par
MON COUSIN RATINE; OU, LE REPAS DE NOCE.
Madame Doucet, Mme. Préval. Toinette, Mlle. Jamain.
M. Bouffé remplira Plusieurs Rôle de différents Caractères.
M. Beauvisage, M. Préval. Jean Pean, M. Guenée. Gibelotte, M. Cloup.
Rouget, M. Granville. Nini, le petit Auguste.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, to be called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
KIND INTENTIONS.
Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs Yates. Melville, Mr Yates.
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings. Mathew Multiply. Mr Bayne.

To conclude with, an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called
BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.
The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont,
Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp,
Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo,
Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, to be called
MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——
Mrs Headly, Mrs Edwin. Mrs Crawley, Mrs Knight. Lucy, Miss Stewart.
Rosa Crawley, Miss Langley. Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr Fredericks.
Mr Crawley, Mr Cooper. Mr Leach, Mr W. Vining.
Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

After which, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
The Characters by Miss Stuart, Miss Pincott, Miss Kabrey, Miss Berresford,
Mr Raymond, Mr Cooper, Mr W. Vining, Mr Coates, Mr Worrell.
Mr Young, and Mr Hitchinson.

To conclude with an entirely New Burletta, called
THE GRENADIER.
Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

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Ernest, Mr Forester. Kalmar, Mr Spencer. Peter Pluffen, Mr Smith.
Bertrand, Mr Munroe. Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell.

After which, a New Divertisement Ballet, called THE TROUBADOUR.

To which will be added, an Original Comedietta, in One Act, entitled,
DELUSIONS.
Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To conclude with a Musical Entertainment, called
MRS G——.
Mrs G—. Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick.
Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick. Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr Forrester. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Nobleman; comprising an Account of his Travels, and a Narrative of his Residence at Vienna during the Congress. Two volumes, 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

We extract from this book a singular story.

'One of the places we were most anxious to visit in this part of Russia was the town of Toulchin, the capital, if I may so call it, of the vast domains possessed by the head of the family of Potocki. That opulent and formerly powerful house was, at the period of my visit there, represented by a woman, the Countess Sophia Potocka, the history of whose life had given her even more celebrity in this part of Europe than her immense riches. Madame Potocka was at that time not far from her fiftieth year. She had, however, by no means yet lost any of her freshness and vigour, and she was, in every respect, entitled to the reputation of being a very beautiful woman. Her figure was tall, commanding, graceful, and extremely well formed, and there was an unaffected dignity in her deportment which kept familiarity within the proper limits of good breeding. Her features were extremely well-formed; her large black eyes full of expression and vivacity; and an agreeable smile often played upon her lips, which occasionally uncovered a most beautiful set of teeth.

'The Countess Potocka was a native of Constantinople, where her father, a reputed descendant of the Cantacuzene family, followed the humble calling of a butcher. In spite of industry and activity, he found great difficulty in earning a sufficiency to pay his way, and maintain his wife and his only daughter, Sophia. The latter had just entered her fourteenth year, and her growing beauty was the admiration of the whole neighbourhood.

'Fate ordained that the poor butcher should suffer repeated losses, which reduced him to a condition bordering on beggary. His wife unfolded her distressed circumstances to a Greek, one of her relations, who was dragoman to the French embassy, and who, in his turn, related the story to the Marquis de Vauban, the ambassador. This nobleman became interested for the unfortunate family, and especially for Sophia, whom the officious dragoman described as being likely to fall into the snares that were laid for her, and to become an inmate of the harem of some pasha, or even of a Turk of inferior rank. Prompted by pity, curiosity, or perhaps by some other motive, the ambassador paid a visit to the distressed family. He saw Sophia, was charmed by her beauty and intelligence, and he proposed that her parents should place her under his care, and allow him to convey her to France. The misery to which the poor people were reduced may perhaps palliate the shame of acceding to this extraordinary proposition; but, be this as it may, they consented to surrender up their daughter for the sum of 1500 piastres, and Sophia was that same day conducted to the ambassador's palace. She found in the Marquis de Vauban a kind and liberal benefactor. He engaged masters to instruct her in every branch of education; and elegant accomplishments, added to her natural charms, rendered her an object of irresistible attraction.

'In the course of a few months the ambassador was called home; and he set out, accompanied by his oriental treasure, to travel to France by land. To diminish as far as possible the fatigue of the long journey; they proceeded by short stages; and having passed through European Turkey, they arrived at Kaminieck in Podolia, which is the first fortress belonging to Russia. Here the Marquis determined to rest for a short time before undertaking the remainder of his tedious journey.

'Count de Witt, a descendant of the grand-pensionary of Holland, who was governor of the place, received his noble visitor with every mark of attention. The Count, however, no sooner beheld Sophia than he became deeply enamoured of her; and on learning the equivocal situation in which she stood, being neither a slave nor a mistress, but, as it were, a piece of merchandize purchased for 1500 piastres, he wound up his declaration of love by an offer of marriage. The Count was a handsome man, scarcely thirty years of age, a Lieutenant-General in the Russian service, and enjoying the high favour of his sovereign, Catherine II. The fair Greek, as may well be imagined, did not reject this favour of fortune, but accepted the offer of her suitor without hesitation.

'It was easy to foresee that the Marquis de Vauban would not be very willing to part with a prize which he regarded as lawfully acquired, and to which he attached no small value. The Count therefore found it advisable to resort to stratagem. Accordingly, his Excellency having one day taken a ride beyond the ramparts, the draw-bridges were raised, and the lovers repaired to church, and their hands were joined by a *papa* [a Greek priest]. When the Marquis appeared at the gates of the fortress and demanded admittance, a messenger was sent out to inform him of what had happened; and, to complete the *dénouement* of the comedy, the marriage contract was exhibited to him in due form.

'To save Sophia from the reproaches which her precipitancy, it may perhaps be said her ingratitude, would have fully justified, the Count directed the ambassador's suite to pack up their baggage, and join his Excellency *extra muros*. The poor Marquis soon discovered that it was quite useless to stay where he was, for the purpose of venting threats and complaints; and he had no hope that the court of France would think it worth while to go to war for the sake of avenging his affront. He therefore prudently took a hint from one of the French poets, who says,—

"Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompé, s'éloigne, et ne dit mot:"

and he set off, doubtless with the secret determination never again to traffic in merchandise which possesses no value when it can be either bought or sold.

'About two years after his marriage, the Count de Witt obtained leave of absence, and, accompanied by his wife, he visited the different courts of Europe. Sophia's beauty, which derived piquancy from a certain oriental languishment of manner, was everywhere the theme of admiration. The Prince de Ligne, who saw her at the court of France, mentions her in his Memoirs in terms of eulogy which I cannot think exaggerated; for when I knew her at Toulchin, her charms retained all their lustre, and she outshone the young beauties of the court, amidst whom she appeared like Calypso surrounded by her nymphs.

'The second period of Sophia's life forms a sequel perfectly in unison with the commencement. Count Felix Potocki, at the beginning of the troubles in Poland, raised a considerable party by the influence of his rank and vast fortune. During a temporary absence from the court of Poland, he made a tour through Italy, and on his return he met the Count and Countess De Witt at Hamburgh, when he fell deeply in love with Sophia.

'Nothing is so easy as to obtain a divorce in Poland. The law extends so far on this point, that I knew a gentleman who had no less than four wives, all living and bearing his name. The motives of parties suing for a divorce are never inquired into, nor is the act itself considered as implying improper conduct on either side. The love of diversity is in most cases the cause of the wished-for separation. Count Potocki therefore availing himself of the advantage afforded by the Polish law of divorce, and having previously made every necessary arrangement, one morning called on Count de Witt, and without further ceremony said, "Count, I love your wife, and I cannot live without her. I know that I am not indifferent to her, and I might immediately carry her off; but I wish to owe my happiness to you, and to retain for ever a grateful sense of your generosity. Here are two papers: one is an act of divorce, which only wants your signature, for you see the Countess has already affixed hers to it; the other is a bond for two millions of florins, payable at my banker's in this city. We may therefore settle the business amicably or otherwise, just as you please!" The husband doubtless thought of his adventure at the fortress of Kaminieck, and, like the French ambassador, he resigned himself to his fate and signed the paper. The fair Sophia became that same day Countess Potocki; and to the charms of beauty and talent were now added the attractions of a fortune, the amount of which was unequalled in Europe.

'She was received at court as a matter of course, and, through her amiable manners and rank, soon became the leader of the *ton* among the Polish nobility. At his death the Count Potocki made her the sole and absolute disposer of the whole of his immense property. She had a son by the Count de Witt, the same of whom mention has been made in the third chapter, and several children by the Count Potocki, who were all very young at the time of their father's death. When I became acquainted with this interesting family, the eldest was not more than eighteen years of age. The Countess had bestowed the greatest care on the education of her children. Although herself originally brought up in a manner which would not have qualified her for the superintendence of the education of others, her mind had subsequently been cultivated under the guidance and tuition of her first friend, the ambassador, who taught her to read and write many languages correctly, and laid the foundation of acquirements not commonly possessed even by the best educated ladies in Poland.

'After the death of her first husband, the Countess Potocka took charge of the son she had had by him, and brought him up with her other children.'

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TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—Your remarks on the "Musical Performances" of Wednesday last do you infinite credit, and I am happy to respond to the sentiments they contain. As I said before in a former communication, they are just and impartial, two important, but often neglected, attributes of criticism. By pursuing this independent course, your Journal cannot fail to be palatable to all parties. By the bye this smacks somewhat of flattery; but I beg to renounce so unworthy a claim to your favour, which I trust would be rejected by you as undeserving of notice. My attendance at these "Selections" has given rise to a query in my mind, which I should be glad if you or some of your correspondents would answer. There appears to be a system of "exclusiveness" at these "Selections," which I cannot understand. In all the "programmes," that I have seen, Mrs Waylett's name is ushered in thus prominently and parenthetically. Air—"Stand so," (composed *expressly* for her.) Why this should be so pointedly and unequivocally introduced, I cannot conceive. Is there no other fair warbler *worthy* of having airs and pretty little ditties *composed expressly* for her? or is there no one else *deserving* of so distinguished an honour? I am not going to call in question this lady's talents in this particular department, far from it: she is extremely capable of executing the airs composed for her; but she has her faults, and I think I could point them out, but it would be foreign to my purpose at this moment. Such *marked* distinctions, however, are in bad taste, and cannot fail to "offend to the soul" all who dislike *monopoly*:—"it is putting one sadly over the head of another," as my uncle Toby says. These cursory remarks are made without any acrimonious or party feeling; but a solution will oblige your constant reader,

March 11th. PHILO-DRAMATICUS.

[We confess we do not enter into the objection of our Correspondent. An air "written expressly" for a singer, surely does not imply any slight upon another, but simply that it is a composition of a nature suitable to the peculiar powers of the singer (whatever those may be), and that being written to suit them, it is likely to call them forth in a popular manner. We are not to conclude from this, that any superiority is claimed for the singer above all others,—above Miss Paton for instance,—though there may be no song in the bill expressly written for that lady. Nor are we to suppose that other singers, of whatsoever rank, may not have a song expressly written for them, provided they are popular.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

Wisdom Shut Out by Self-sufficiency.—It is one of the hardest things in nature to make any man as wise as he should be, who imagines himself wise enough already.—*Quevedo.*

— In many cases it is very hard to fix the bounds of good and evil, because these part, as day and night, which are separated by twilight.—*Whichcote.*

A puzzling Conjecture.—It would be a difficult question to resolve, whether formality did most mischief by creeping into Law or Physic: whether she has committed most devastation under the lawyer's gown or under the physician's broad-brimmed hat; and whether she has ruined more people in the one, than she has killed in the other.—*Montesquieu.*

An Enlightening Question.—Diagoras being on board a ship in a terrible storm, in the height of it they told him they well deserved what they suffered for taking such an impious wretch as he was on board. He replied, "Behold the great number of vessels that are in the same tempest with ours; do you think that I am also in every one of those ships?" This should teach the faithful and the orthodox not to urge all sorts of unbelievers with the reasons which are drawn from the common course of Providence.—*Bayle.*

Phenomena of History.—The martyrdom of the Eleven Thousand Virgins is placed by some writers about the end of the fourth century. When Conan, say they, with eleven thousand British warriors, in the service of the Emperor Maximus, (or of Constantine Tyran) conquered Armorica, and founded the kingdom of Little Britain, or Brittany, the Emperor, to reward his valour, sent to demand from Dionotus, King of Cornwall, as many virgins as would suffice to wive the whole body. Dionotus, accordingly, despatched his daughter Ursula, and eleven thousand of the *élite* of the British virginity in this laudable enterprise; but the fair adventurers being cast on shore by a tempest among the Huns and Picts, and declining to receive their hands in substitution for those of their countrymen, were mercilessly sent to heaven by the ruffians, with the double crown of virginity and martyrdom. This story has puzzled everybody, but those of the learned society of Sorbonne, who chose Saint Ursula for their patroness. Cornwall is no doubt better peopled now than it was then; and if it possesses to-day eleven thousand handsome and marriageable virgins, all that can be said is, that it is a great shame.—*Notes to Ritchie's Romance of History.*

Macduff's Cave.—There is a magnificent excavation in the face of Rincraig rocks, which is called Macduff's Cave; it lies about a quarter of a mile westward of Ely, at a place called Earl's ferry, from the circumstance, as it is said, of Macduff, who had made the cave a place of refuge, having made his escape thence to the other side of the Frith of Forth. He landed at North Berwick, whence he proceeded directly to the murdered king's son, Malcolm, then in England. Hence tradition mentions, originated a peculiar privilege which criminals claim, namely, that of being ferried over instantly when demanded, without any one being suffered to pursue them, till half over the Frith, in their passage to the other side,—Macduff having obtained this privilege from the king, in commemoration of his escape from the blood-thirsty usurper. This privilege, it is said, was claimed, and granted, in the case of Carnegie, and Douglas of Fitzhaven.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*

Untimely Speculations.—M. Chirac, first physician to the Regent Duc d'Orleans, who was deeply interested in the Mississippi System, was on his way to a female patient, when hearing it rumoured that a fall in *actions* (shares) had taken place, he was so much lost in thought on entering the chamber of the sick lady, that while he held her arm, in the act of feeling her pulse, he exclaimed, in seeming agitation, "O good God! it falls!" Alarmed at this unlooked for and unexpected crisis, the poor patient sprung up, and began to ring the bell with great emotion, calling out in the agony of apprehension, "I am gone! oh, I am a dead woman!" The physician, recovering from his reverie, quieted the fears of the distracted lady by telling her it was the *actions*, the precious *actions*, that were falling, not her pulse; for that he had never felt it beat more full, regular, and soft, in the whole course of his practice. —*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*—[A similar anecdote has been related of a Scotch physician, who was fond of farming. The lady, however, did not undergo so serious an alarm. The Doctor only replied to her question—"What shall I do with my head?"—"I shall plant it with potatoes;" a resolution which the patient might naturally think not likely to be acted upon, without her consent.]

A Turkish Legend.—The tower from which Mr Burford took the panorama of Constantinople, called by the Franks the Tower of Leander, and by the Turks, the Tower of the Maiden, is connected with the following legend:—It was predicted to one of the Sultans, that his fairest, his favourite daughter, then a child, should be stung to death by a serpent. To avoid this catastrophe, he caused a tower to be built upon a small rock, in the midst of the rapid Bosphorus, and placed his darling in it, as a place secure even in the teeth of a prophecy. The tower almost covered the face of the rock, which, devoid of a blade of vegetation, save the sea-weed that grew at its roots, and washed by the deep waves, could not harbour a venomous reptile; but just as the peerless Sultana had attained the perfection of her charms, and was dearer to her doating father than ever, an asp, a tiny asp (such mayhap as Cleopatra sought) was conveyed to the imperial maiden of the tower, in a basket of delicious fruit. It bit her: she died. The prophecy was fulfilled; the tale ended in a manner consonant to Turkish philosophy—"Who can escape what destiny has decreed?" and the place was ever after called Kiz-Koulessi, or the Tower of the Maiden.—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople.*

The Two Kings.—James the Fifth, a very social debonair prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Arnpryor's time, carriers were frequently passing along the common road, near Arnpryor's house, with necessaries for the use of the King's family; and he, having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, saying he was the king's carrier, and his load was for his Majesty's use; to which Arnpryor seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier to leave his load, and telling him, if James was King of Scotland, *he* was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour king in some of the loads so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story to some of the king's servants, it came at length to his Majesty's ears, who shortly after, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour king, who happened to be at dinner. King James having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, telling him there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent of his rudeness. His Majesty, finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master that the *gude man of Ballinguich* (the name which the king bore when he wandered about the country in disguise, and which, it seems, was known to Arnpryor) desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling this to Arnpryor, he in all humble manner came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take as much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnpryor, in a few days, to return it at Stirling; which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland (from Buchanan of Achmar.)*

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An Extraordinary Rescue.—A peasant with his wife and three children, had taken up his summer quarters in a châlet, and was depasturing his flocks on one of the rich Alps which overhang the Durance. The oldest boy was an idiot, about eight years of age, the second was five years old and dumb, and the youngest was an infant. It so happened that the infant was left one morning in charge of his brothers, and the three had rambled to some distance from the châlet before they were missed. When the mother went in search of the little wanderers, she found the two elder, but could discover no traces of the baby. The idiot boy seemed to be in a transport of joy, while the dumb child displayed every symptom of alarm and terror. In vain did the terrified parent endeavour to collect what had become of the lost infant. The antics of the one and the fright of the other explained nothing. The dumb boy was almost bereft of his senses, while the idiot appeared to have acquired an unusual degree of mirth and expression. He danced about, laughed, and made gesticulations, as if he were imitating the action of one who had caught up something of which he was fond, and hugged it to his heart. This, however, was some slight comfort to the poor woman, for she imagined that some acquaintance had fallen in with the children, and had taken away the infant. But the day and night wore away, and no tidings of the lost child. On the morrow, when the parents were pursuing their search, an eagle flew over their heads, at sight of which, the idiot renewed his antics, and the dumb brother clung to his father with shrieks of anguish and affright. The horrible truth then burst upon their minds, that the miserable infant had been carried off in the talons of a bird of prey:—and that the half-witted elder brother was delighted at his riddance of an object of whom he was jealous. On the morning in which the accident happened, an Alpen yager had been watching near an eagle's nest, under the hope of shooting the bird on her return to her eyrie. After waiting in all the anxious perseverance of a true sportsman, he beheld the monster slowly winging her way towards the rock, behind which he was concealed. Imagine his horror, when, upon her nearer approach, he heard the cries and distinguished the figure of an infant in her fatal grasp. In an instant his resolution was formed,—to fire at the bird at all hazards, the moment she should alight upon her nest, and rather to kill the child, than leave it to be torn to pieces by the horrid devourer. With a silent prayer, and a steady aim, the mountaineer poised his rifle. The ball went directly through the head or heart of the eagle, and in a minute afterwards, this gallant hunter of the Alps had the unutterable delight of snatching the child from the nest, and bearing it away in triumph. It was dreadfully wounded by the eagle's talons, in one of its arms and sides, but not mortally; and within twenty-four hours after it was first missed, he had the satisfaction of restoring it to its mother's arms. —*Gilly's Waldensian Researches.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

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Drury-Lane.—Macbeth.—And the Devil's Brother.

Covent-Garden.—Fazio.—Married Lovers.—And Robert the Devil.

Drury Lane.

Macbeth was performed here last night,—the principal character by Mr Macready; *Lady Macbeth* by Miss Huddart. We are loth to find fault with one who gives us so much pleasure as Mr Macready; but his *Macbeth* is not one of his most effective performmaces. It wants the poetry of the original; that is to say, it wants in its general style and aspect that grace and exaltation which is to the character what the poetry is to the language; which, in fact *is* the poetry of the tragedy; and which, without depriving it of its nature, enables the tragic criminal to move fitly in the supernatural sphere of his error. In other words, the passion of Mr Macready's *Macbeth* wants imagination. There is the same defect in it, but in a greater degree, as was observable in his *King John*. It wants the Royal warrant. We do not mean the mouthing and strut of the ordinary stage King; which are things that Mr Macready is above; but that habitual consciousness of ascendancy, and disposition to throw an ideal grace over its reflections, whether pleasurable or painful, which enables the character to present itself to us as an object of intellectual and moral contemplation, with whatsoever infirmities it may be accompanied. Now the *Macbeth* of Mr Macready, before he commits the murder, is (so to speak) *nothing* but a misgiving anticipator of crime; and after it, nothing but the misgiving or despairing perpetrator. He has no golden thoughts in him, before or after; no morning hopes, nor sad beams of evening:—not a leaf is gilded by a ray. Whereas, however weak and unhappy a character *Macbeth* is, he cannot talk as he does, and vent the poetical images with which his mind is graced, without shewing that there is a divinity within him, though an enfeebled one, and though at once ashamed, and angered, and over-awed by the intrusion of some monstrous stranger. The very first words *Macbeth* utters, when he comes on the stage, shew the natural vivacity of his character, and its tendency to be divided in its feelings; and the way in which these were spoken by Mr Macready did not augur well for his performance.

"So foul and fair a day I have not seen,"—

says the good-humoured conquering general, looking cheerily up at the sky, and playing, as it were, with the harmless struggle of the elements. Mr Macready delivered the words like a mere commonplace. So when he says, in the third act (in that beautiful picturesque passage)

"Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood,"

he spoke these words, as merely intimating a fact,—a note of time,—pointing with his hand as he did it, and as he might have pointed to a clock, to convince his witness of the truth of what he was saying. And again, in what follows,

"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse."

This was spoken with too much rapidity and indifference, as a fact, and not with the solemnity required by the reflection of a man in a melancholy state of mind, at once aggravating and exalting his melancholy by it. Mr Macready seems afraid of the poetry of some of his greatest parts, as if it would hurt the effect of his naturalness and his more familiar passages: but such a fear is not a help towards nature; it is only an impulse towards avoiding a difficulty. The highest union of the imaginative with the passive is the highest triumph of acting, as it is of writing. It is this which has made Mr Kean so surpassing an actor. He always gives you the grace and the nature too,—the ideal with the common,—the charm of the thought with the energy of the passion. Mr Macready, who is a fine actor when he is at his best, is most graceful and ideal, when he is moved by domestic tenderness. He is best in the pain which seems to have a right to take pity on itself; which may complain justly, and shed honourable tears, and has a right to combine manliness and softness. He cannot so well fetch out "the soul of goodness in things evil." Violent or criminal pains he makes simply violent and criminal. Nothing remains to him, if his self-respect, in the ordinary sense of the word, is lost. In the rest, he is often admirable.

Miss Huddart's *Lady Macbeth* is liable to the same charge of a want of the poetical. This lady has force, and often a lively conception of the natural; which is apt to be spoilt by a singular want of command over her tones; so that a passage which begins as if it would charm you, shall sometimes become awkward and almost ridiculous before it concludes. But in acting the highest parts of the drama, she is at a great disadvantage with those who recollect Mrs Siddons. Imperiousness appears to be substituted for dignity; a loud demand for the secure triumph of natural elevation. Miss Huddart's *Lady Macbeth* wants the *brighter* part of the blood,—that which makes it able to bear the darker, and to carry us along with it by dint of something joyous in its very enormity. She is too much like an ordinary instigator and abettor; not like one carried away by the thrilling idea of a crown about her temples. A single instance will suffice. When *Lady Macbeth*, in her anticipations of royalty, apostrophizes her absent husband, and tells him she wishes she had him with her on the spot, in order that she might set aside, in his thoughts,

"All that impedes him from the golden round,"

Miss Huddart says this in an ordinary, wishful manner, not without fervour, but with no particular marking of the extreme sanguineness of the desire, and all which it implies. Mrs Siddons used to elevate her stature, to smile with a lofty and uncontrollable expectation, and, with an arm raised beautifully in the air, *to draw the very circle she was speaking of*, in the *air about her head*, as if she ran her finger round the gold. ☞

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. S. H. is received.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THÉATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled
RICCIARDO E ZORAIDE.
The Principal Characters by Madame Sigl Vespermann, Madame Castelli, Mademoiselle Beck, Signor Curioni, Signor Deville, Signor De Angeli, and Signor David.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of
KENILWORTH.
The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mlle Clara, Mlle Proche, Mlle Zoe Beaupre, and Mme Montessu, Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Bescke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.
Messieurs Lefebvre, Simon, Emile, Gouriet, Venafra, O'Brien, Edouard, George, D'Albert, Bertram, Hunt, and M. Paul.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of
THE STRANGER.
Mrs Haller, Miss Phillips. Countess Wintersen, Mrs Faucit.
Charlotte, Mrs Orger. Savoyards, Miss Russell and Mrs Bedford.
The Stranger, Mr Macready. Peter, Mr Harley. Solomon, Mr Farren.
Baron Steinfort, Mr Cooper. Count Wintersen, Mr H. Wallack.
Francis, Mr Webster. Tobias, Mr Younge.

In the course of the Evening, Beethoven's Overture to 'Egmont,' and Rossini's Overture to 'Il Turco in Italia.'

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called
HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.
Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Flat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr Cooper. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To conclude with a New Farce, called
TURNING THE TABLES.
Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To-morrow, No Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of
CINDERELLA.
Cinderella, Miss Inverarity. Clorinda, Miss Cawse. Thisbe, Miss Hughes.
Fairy Queen, Miss H. Cawse. Felix, Mr Wilson. Dandini, Mr Morley.
Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. Penson. Alidoro, Mr G. Stansbury. Pedro, Mr Keeley.

After the Opera, Mozart's Overture to 'La Clemenza di Tito.'
Previous to 'Teddy the Tiler,' Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflote.'

After which, an Interlude, called
HIDE AND SEEK.
Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree. Charlotte, Miss Laurence.
Mordaunt, Mr Diddear. Merton, Mr Duruset. Moses, Mr Keeley.

To conclude with the Farce of
TEDDY THE TILER.
Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly. Oriel, Miss Lawrence. Flora, Miss Nelson.
Julia, Mrs Brown. Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans. Bombardine, Mr Henry.
Henry, Mr Duruset. Frederick, Mr Baker. Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour.
Teddy Mulowney the Tiler, Mr Power.

To-morrow, A Grand Selection of Music.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called
KIND INTENTIONS.
Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called
WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs Yates. Melville, Mr Yates.
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings. Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called
BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.
The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, Mr S. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, called
MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——
Mrs Headly, Mrs Edwin. Mrs Crawley, Mrs Knight. Lucy, Miss Stewart.
Rosa Crawley, Miss Langley. Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr Fredericks.
Mr Crawley, Mr Cooper. Mr Leach, Mr W. Vining.
Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

After which, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
The Characters by Miss Stuart, Miss Pincott, Miss Kabrey, Miss Berresford, Mr Raymond, Mr Cooper, Mr W. Vining, Mr Coates, Mr Worrell, Mr Young, and Mr Hitchinson.

To conclude with an entirely New Burletta, called
THE GRENADIER.
Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

QUEEN'S THEATRE,

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called
THE DANISH WIFE.
The Lady Gertrude, Miss Pelham. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane.
Ernest, Mr Forester. Kalmar, Mr Spencer. Peter Pluffen, Mr Smith.
Bertrand, Mr Munroe. Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell.

After which, a New Divertisement Ballet, called THE TROUBADOUR.

To which will be added, an Original Comedietta, in One Act, entitled,
DELUSIONS.
Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To conclude with a Musical Entertainment, called
MRS G——.
Mrs G—. Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick.
Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick. Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr Forrester. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

SURREY THEATRE.—Prophet of the Moor—The Spoiled Child—The Broken Sword.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Charter—The Bastard Brother—Reform.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Maritime and Inland Discovery. Vol. III. (Sixteenth volume of Lardner's Cyclopædia).

(Final Extract.)

We had prepared, and printed, another article to head our paper of this day; but as it was of a nature rarely to be met with, and had reference to an interesting subject about to be discussed in Parliament, we thought it better, though at a later hour, to keep it for that occasion.]

The Highest Mountains in the World.—Until the journeys of Mr Webb and of Mr Moorcroft, the attention of the enquiring world had never been drawn to the stupendous height of the Himalyeh mountains. The great elevation which these travellers were sensible they had reached above the plains of India, and the immense ranges of snowy mountains which they still saw before them rising one above another, struck them with deep astonishment, and led them to suppose that the snowy pinnacles of the Himalyeh might at least rival in height the colossal summits of the Andes. Measurements had been made by Colonel Crawford, in 1802, which, though not published at that time, were known to the scientific world, and made them, for the first time, acquainted with this great mountain range. Observations made by Colonel Colebrook, from the plains of Rohilcund, 144 miles distant from the mountains, gave them an elevation of nearly 22,000 feet; but timidity, rather than exaggeration, appears to have mingled with and modified these calculations. Lieutenant Webb, in his journey towards the source of the Ganges, made several observations on the remarkable peak called Jamunavatari, near the source of the Jumna, which stands conspicuous in the foremost range of the Himalyeh. The result of his observations gave Jamunavatari a height of 20,000 feet above the table-land on which he stood, and which he estimated to be at least 5000 feet above the plains. As all these calculations, however, seemed too vague and imperfect to satisfy the critical, he was determined to measure, with the utmost accuracy of mathematical science, the height of some conspicuous peak, and so *Dewalagiri*, or the White Mountain, was selected for this purpose. Elaborate measurements, made from the plain of Gorakhpur, gave this mountain an absolute elevation of 27,550 feet.

The testimony of all the travellers who visited the Himalyeh corroborated the inferences derived from these scientific observations. The immense ranges which they saw rising successively one above the other impressed them more strongly with the belief of the great height of these mountains than could have been produced, perhaps, by the sublime spectacle of an isolated peak rising at once from the sea and towering above the clouds. Colonel Kirkpatrick, in describing the mountain scenery of Nepaul, itself an elevated land, observes that the first range of mountains, though absolutely lofty, yet appear but hills compared with the great mountains that rise behind them. One of these, Sheoopoorah, was supposed to rise 4000 feet above the valley; farther back, however, Mount Jibjibia, clothed nearly to its summit with pendulous forests, still rose 6000 feet higher; but these great mountains sunk into hills of no importance when compared with the mighty barrier of snowy mountains which terminated the prospect. These were supposed to be at least 20,000 feet above the valley, which is itself 4000 feet above the sea. This conjectural estimation was confirmed by mathematical observation made by Colonel Crawford of eight conspicuous peaks, which were found to range from 15,000 to 24,000 feet above the level of the sea. But these lofty mountains all yield the pre-eminence to the mighty peak of Chumulary, which stands on the frontiers of Bootan and Thibet. This great sovereign of the Indian mountains is supposed, from the great distance at which it is visible in the plains of India, to be not less than 30,000 feet in height.

Notwithstanding all these observations having the aid of mathematical precision, doubts were still entertained respecting the elevation of the Himalyeh mountains. The learned were slow to acknowledge the accuracy of calculations which were liable to be influenced by the natural proneness of the human mind to yield itself up implicitly to whatever is subilme and wonderful. It was objected, that the line of perpetual snow, according to the accounts of travellers in the Himalyeh, was at too great a height above the valleys to render it likely that the latter had so great an elevation as was assigned to them: it was supposed that the limit of perpetual snow in those climates ought to be at the height of about 13,000 feet above the sea; and this principle but ill accorded with the height assigned to mountains in the Himalyeh, richly covered with forests of gigantic pines. But it was certainly inverting the proper order of philosophical reasoning to judge peremptorily of observations by supposed laws of nature, instead of endeavouring to discover those laws from observations. Half a century ago, measurements of height made with barometers were considered much too erroneous to be relied on, and a preference was given to the measurement of angles; but in this case the latter mode of observation was not thought satisfactory, and recourse was had to the barometer. In a second journey, Mr Webb proceeded to the Niti Ghaut, the height of which he ascertained, by barometrical measurement, to be 16,814 feet. This is perhaps the highest mountain pass in the world; yet there was no snow here, nor on the cliffs 300 feet above it; and Mr Webb confirmed the accounts of Mr Moorcroft respecting the noble forests of pines, mingled with cypresses and cedars, which clothed those lofty ridges on which the human being finds it difficult to respire. The high limits of perpetual snow on the Himalyeh mountains is justly ascribed by Mr Webb to the great elevation of the table-land or terrace from which those mountain peaks spring up. As the heat of our atmosphere is derived chiefly from the radiation of the earth's surface, it follows that the temperature of any elevated point must be modified in a very important degree by the proximity and extent of the surrounding plains. These observations seem to refute satisfactorily the objections started respecting the great height of the Himalyeh mountains, which may be therefore safely pronounced to be the loftiest mountain chain on the surface of the globe.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

— No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him.—*South.*

Anecdote of Murat.—It was said of Murat by Napoleon, that when he advanced to the charge, he resembled a Paladin of old more than a modern soldier. In his costume he imitated the ancient knights; his noble port shewed majestically under the chivalric garb; add to this his more than mortal daring, and we shall not wonder that the very Cossacks raised a shout of admiration when he approached them. A striking example of this occurred on the 4th of September. The King, with a few squadrons, had left Giatz, followed at some distance by the Grand Army; in his march he was much annoyed by clouds of Cossacks, who hovered about the heads of his columns, and from time to time compelled them to deploy. This troublesome series of interruptions at length incensed him to such a degree, that he galloped up to them unattended, and in an authoritative voice, cried out, "*Cleur the way, vermin!*" It is a fact equally extraordinary and incontrovertible, that these wild sons of the Desart were so awed by his manner, as involuntarily to obey the command; nor did they again block up the way during that day's march.—*Family Library.*

Animated Recitation of Racine.—I remember, says Valincour, that being one day on a visit to Boileau at Auteuil, with Nicole and some other distinguished men, we induced Racine to read to us the Œdipus of Sophocles. He recited the whole of it, translating it as he went on, and such was the animation of his delivery that we all felt to the fullest extent the sentiments of terror and compassion upon which the interest of that tragedy turns. I have seen our best actors on the stage, I have heard our finest pieces; but nothing either before or since so deeply affected me as this recital; and at the moment in which I am writing, I can imagine that I still see Racine, with his book in his hand, and all of us in mute admiration around him.

Indifference a Questionable Virtue.—It is often a very questionable merit which people attribute to themselves when they say, speaking of some personal controversy which may be occupying a portion of the public attention, "I know nothing about it; it is no concern of mine." The principle of non-interference may be carried too far, for oft-times personal controversies involve great principles, and not only may the individuals concerned be affected by the interest which the public take in the dispute, but dereliction of principle may escape due abhorrence and real worth be suffered to remain at a disadvantage, and all, that the inexpressive features of indifference may suffer no discomposure, and even have credit for a dignified unconcern. How much nobler is the sentiment in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays—

"When any fall from virtue I'm distract;
"I have an interest in it."

F. F.

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A Contented Moralist.—Porthaile, a celebrated preacher at Poictiers, having heard of the irregularities of a physician named Lurveau, who, though he had a handsome wife, could not be satisfied without change, pointed at him very pleasantly one day in the pulpit. After having spoken against this vice in general, he said, "Nay, we have heard with great concern, that there are some men who are so profligate as to commit adultery, though they have wives in their own houses, who are such, that for our part we should be well enough contented with them.—*Scaligerana.*

Anecdote of Wilkie the Painter.—I happened to dine in company with Mr Wilkie, the celebrated painter, and, in the course of the conversation, asked him "How he came to adopt that profession?" I enquired, "Had your father, or your mother, or any of your relations, a turn for painting? or what led you to follow that line?" Upon which Mr Wilkie said, "The truth is, Sir John, *that* YOU *made me a painter.*"—"How, I!" with astonishment I exclaimed, "I never had the pleasure of meeting with you before." To which Mr Wilkie replied, "When you were drawing up the Statistical Account of Scotland, my father, who was a clergyman in Fife, had much correspondence with you respecting his parish, in the course of which you sent him a coloured drawing of a soldier, in the uniform of your Highland Fencible regiment. I was so delighted with the sight, that I was constantly drawing copies of it, and that *made me a painter.*"—*Sir John Sinclair's Correspondence.*

The Ladies of Valparaiso.—A ball was given one night at the Governor Lastra's, to which I was invited, and amongst the guests was Colonel Alvarado. The ladies were not such as would have been found in first-rate society, in Santiago, but as it would have been impossible to make up a ball without them, a rather extended invitation had been issued; yet such is the natural grace of these people that they acquitted themselves extremely well; and looked very like their betters. I remember one of the officers of the Amphion frigate, who was there, telling me, that his partner had asked him after the dance, if he had yet engaged a washerwoman, at the same time offering her own services, should he not be provided with one.—*Haigh's Sketches of Buenos Ayres, &c.*

A Constant Lover.—There was something remarkable in M. Fleurieu's history; he was successively in love with three women of three different generations; first, in his early youth, of a woman much older than himself; next of her daughter, who was married to M. Mondorge (uncle of M. de Fleurieu.) This passion was a most unhappy one. Madame de Mondorge, on becoming a widow, married the Marquis of Arcamballe; she had a daughter whom M. de Fleurieu saw born. As soon as she attained a marriageable age, M. de Fleurieu fell in love with, and married her. This is a constancy of filiation, of which I know no other example. —*Memoirs of Madame de Genlis.*

Summary Injustice.—A Jew, named Shapdji, had acquired in trade, and in banking transactions, an immense fortune; he made the most noble use of his wealth: his generosity to the unfortunate secured to him the title of "Father of the poor," and this from the unanimous voice of Constantinople; for, superior to the restricted spirit of his caste, he gave to all, and whether the sufferer was Christian, Turk, or Jew, was disregarded by his universal philanthropy. Popular sympathy was strong in favour of such a man; and even the tenets of the Koran (fertile in its inculcations of charity) sanctified and defended him. But to the eyes of Mahmoud, instead of Shapdji's charity covering a multitude of sins, his wealth covered all his virtues! Money was wanted; money must be had; and he unrelentingly ordered the murder of the good man, and the confiscation of his property. The executioner and some chivoushes were despatched to the Jew's residence: the latter advanced and knocked at the door, which was forthwith opened by a servant. The chivoushes desired to speak with Shapdji: the servant requested them to enter. They declined doing so, and said that Shapdji must descend to them, as they were bearers of a message from the Porte. The charitable Jew was confined to his bed by sickness; but he sent down his brother to hear the business, or again to invite the messengers to ascend. They repeated that they must communicate personally with Shapdji—that he must come down—that their business with him would not occupy a minute. The sick man, nothing doubting what awaited him, rose from his couch, threw on his beneesh, and, supported by his brother and a servant, went down to the door. His foot had scarcely touched the threshold, when the executioner, who had hitherto remained concealed, rushed upon him, and passing the fatal cord over his neck, strangled him, without giving him time to offer up a prayer to his God. Shapdji's brother fell senseless into the street: the myrmidons of despotism turned the domestics out of the house, and put the imperial seal on its doors. The immense wealth was presently secured and conveyed to the *hazné*, and a donation of 100,000 piasters, or about 1800*l.* to the victim's brother, to keep him from starving, was *generously* made by the Sultan. When I was at Constantinople, the tragical tale was still in every one's mouth, and even Turks, grieved for the fall of the good Jew, regarded this proceeding of the Sultan with horror. It is the custom, on all executions ordered by the Porte, to affix a *yafta* or paper scroll to the bleeding head, or blackened corse, setting forth the offences of the deceased. The case of Shapdji was the first in which the *yafta* was omitted. So spotless was his life and conduct, that those who had the heart to kill could not accuse him.—*Mac Farlane's Constantinople in* 1828.

Wine.—An Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of a pipe of Madeira wine presented to him by an officer in the Company's service, said, he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions' hearts; for, when he had drank enough of it, he could talk for ever and fight the devil.

Vain Fears of Ignorance.—About the year 1426, the Dutch presented some pieces of tapestry to the Sovereign of Borneo. The imbecile Prince took the figures represented on them as men chained up, who, if admitted near his person, would strangle him in the night. No explanation could dissipate these vain terrors; he obstinately refused to accept the presents, or to admit into his capital those who brought them.—*Esprit de G. T. Raynal.*

Extraordinary Recognition.—In the year 1793, Mrs Cross, from Covent Garden Theatre, went to Scotland for the summer, and after the Edinburgh season had closed, the company went to Glasgow. On one occasion, the Provost visited the theatre, and as soon as Mrs Cross came on the stage, he loudly exclaimed, "Stop the play till I speak to that woman!" The manager instantly suspended the performance; the curtain was dropped. The Provost went round to Mrs Cross's dressing-room. After a few inquiries, he found her to be his wife, from whom he had been separated nearly twenty years. They each had supposed the other dead.—The husband immediately took her home, and the next evening she made her appearance at the theatre as a spectator.—*Dramatic Table-Talk.*

State-Paupers and the People.—Our State-paupers have their hands in every man's dish, and fare sumptuously every day. They live in palaces, and loll in coaches. In spite of Mr Malthus, their studs of horses consume the produce of our fields, their dog-kennels are glutted with the food which would maintain the children of the poor. They cost us so much a year in dress and furniture, so much in stars and garters, blue ribbons, and grand crosses,—so much in dinners, breakfasts, and suppers, and so much in suppers, breakfasts, and dinners. These Heroes of the Income-tax, Worthies of the Civil List, Saints of the Court Calendar *(compagnons du lys)*, have their naturals and non-naturals, like the rest of the world, but at a dearer rate. They are real *bona fide* personages, and do not live upon air. You will find it easier to keep them a week than a month; and at the end of that time, waking from the sweet dream of legitimacy, you may say with Caliban, "Why, what a fool was I to take this drunken monster for a God!" In fact, the case on the part of the people is so far self-evident. There is but a limited earth and a limited fertility to supply the demands both of Government and people; and what the one gains in the division of the spoil, beyond its average proportion, the other must needs go without. Do you suppose that our gentlemen-placemen and pensioners would suffer so many wretches to be perishing in our streets and highways, if they could relieve their extreme misery without parting with any of their own superfluities?—If the Government take a fourth of the produce of the poor man's labour, they will be rich, and he will be in want. If they can contrive to take one half of it by legal means, or by a stretch of arbitrary power, they will be just twice as rich, twice as insolent and tyrannical, and he will be twice as poor, twice as miserable and oppressed, in a mathematical ratio to the end of the chapter, that is, till the one can extort and the other endure no more.—*Yellow Dwarf.*

Spontaneous Combustion.—A paper lately read to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, describes fifteen cases, from the details of which the following general results are obtained:—1. Generally those who have died by spontaneous combustion, have indulged in excess of spirituous liquors. 2. The combustion is almost always general, but in some cases it may be partial. 3. It is rare amongst men; and the women have in almost every case been aged. 4. The body and the viscera have always been burnt, whilst the feet, hands, and crown of the head have almost always been saved. 5. Although it is known by experience that a very large quantity of wood is requisite to burn a corpse, this particular kind of incineration occurs without inflaming the most combustible substances of an ordinary kind near it. 6. It has not been shewn, in any case, that the presence of fire is necessary to commence this kind of combustion. 7. Water, instead of extinguishing the flame, appears to give it more activity; and when the flame has disappeared, the combustion proceeds within. 8. They occur more frequently in winter than in summer. 9. The cure of general combustions has never been effected; but sometimes that of partial ones. 10. Those seized with combustion experience a sensation of strong internal heat. 11. It is suddenly developed, and consumes the body in a few hours. 12. Those parts not reached by the fire, are affected by gangrene. 13. A putrid degeneration ensues, which causes gangrene. 14. The residue of this combustion is composed of greasy cinders, and an unctuous matter.—Professor Jameson observes, in substance, upon this interesting question: "We are of opinion that, in some subjects, and chiefly in women, there exists a general condition of the body, which, conjoined with the extreme debility occasioned by age, a life of little activity, and the abuse of spirituous liquors, may give rise to a spontaneous combustion. But we are far from considering as the material cause of this combustion, either alcohol, or hydrogen, or a superabundance of fat. If alcohol plays a prominent part in this combustion, it is by contributing to its production: that is to say, it produces, along with the other causes mentioned, the degeneration of which we have spoken, which gives rise to new products of a highly combustible nature, the reaction of which determines the combustion of the body."—*Knowledge for the People. Part V.*

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CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—An eminent living geometer has proved by calculations, founded on strict optical principles, that in the *centre of the shadow* of a small circular plate of metal, exposed in a dark room to a beam of light emanating from a *very small brilliant point*, there ought to be no darkness,—in fact, *no shadow* at that place; but, on the contrary, a degree of illumination precisely as bright as if the metal plate were away. Strange and even impossible as this conclusion may seem, it has been put to the trial, and found perfectly correct. We must caution our readers, however, who would assure themselves of it by trial, that it is an experiment of some delicacy, and not to be made without several precautions to ensure success. The principles on which they depend will be detailed in that volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia which is devoted to the subject of LIGHT.—*Herschel's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.*

NOTHING DESTROYED.—The researches of chemists have shown that what the vulgar call corruption, destruction, &c. is nothing but a change of arrangement of the same ingredient elements, the disposition of the same materials into other forms, without the loss or actual destruction of a single atom; and thus any doubts of the permanence of natural laws are discountenanced, and the whole weight of *appearances* thrown into the opposite scale. One of the most obvious cases of apparent destruction is, when anything is ground to dust and scattered to the winds. But it is one thing to grind a fabric to powder, and another to annihilate its materials: scattered as they may be, they must fall somewhere, and continue, if only as ingredients of the soil, to perform their humble but useful part in the economy of nature. The destruction produced by fire is more striking: in many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke, nothing visibly dissipated and carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, while nothing *seems* to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances; and when all has disappeared, except perhaps some trifling ashes, we naturally enough suppose it is gone, lost, destroyed. But when the question is examined more exactly, we detect, in the invisible stream of heated air which ascends from the glowing coal or flaming wax, *the whole ponderable matter*, only united in a new combination with the air, and dissolved in it. Yet, so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax, *an active agent in the business of the world*, and a main support of vegetable and animal life, and is still susceptible of running again and again the same round, as circumstances may determine; so that, for aught we can see to the contrary, the same identical atom may lie concealed for thousands of centuries in a limestone rock; may at length be quarried, set free in the lime-kiln, mix with the air, be absorbed from it by plants, and, in succession, become a part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some concurrence of events consigns it once more to a long repose, which, however, no way unfits it from again resuming its former activity.—*Herschel's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Stranger.—High-Ways and By-Ways.—And Turning the Tables.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Cinderella.—Hide and Seek.—And Teddy the Tiler.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW farce was produced here last night, christened (after Mr GRATTAN'S popular work) *High-ways and By-ways*. It has nothing however to do with that work, nor much with its title. Something was said in the introductory scenes of the advantages of going along the High-way of truth and open-dealing, instead of the By-way of cunning,—an excellent moral, and one very susceptible of comic handling. But the benefits of it were not particularly developed in this farce, any more than in a thousand others. Nobody shone in the Highway, and nobody was hurt beyond a laughable scratch or so in taking the other path.

Miss Gordon, an heiress (Miss S. PHILLIPS) is expecting a gentleman who is coming to marry her, according to the stipulations of a will, by which she is to forfeit her estate if she does not have him. Her elderly companion, *Miss Primly* (Mrs C. JONES) who regrets that she had never been married herself, and who takes a good-natured and anxious interest in forwarding the blessing for others, is accordingly in a fluster of anticipation, when *Mr Narcissus Stubble* (Mr LISTON) a traveller in the *straw* line, presents himself at their hospitable gate as a traveller overcome with storm and fatigue, and in want of a little rest. No names and no questions are asked. But the ladies take it for granted, that it is the bridegroom elect who is come to look about him; and the gentleman is asked in, and served with a cold luncheon and all the officiousness of a trio of footmen. *Narcissus*, who finds himself wonderfully well situated, and who asks no questions in his turn, except enough to find out the mistake and resolve to profit by it, astonishes the footman (among other gentilities) by inviting them to drink with him, and by construing the interrogation of "Chili, Sir?" (meaning the pickle) into a sympathetic enquiry whether he is not chilly with the rain he has met with. When he is alone, he soliloquizes (to the great amusement of the audience) on his merits, on those of his waistcoat and trowsers, and on his success with the fair. (The reader is to imagine LISTON all this while). He is habited, after the slang fashion of the day, in a waistcoat which he says was made out of his wife's shawl, and a pair of trowsers manufactured out of a bed curtain; and he has false mustachios, which he calls "sham captivators." The artillery of the eyes, he says, he has observed to be nothing in comparison with those lion-like weapons. The old lady, whom he flatters, takes a great liking to him, though he does not succeed so well in getting into the good graces of the young one. The former however gives him a sort of instalment in the house, and he thinks everything easy before him. At this juncture, while he is in another room, his "right earnest" promised bride, *Miss Susan Plat* (Mrs ORGER) a lady also in the straw line, enters the house in a red riding habit, and a hat professional, being upon her travels in search of the slippery man. She is accompanied by a fellow-traveller of the coach, *Mr Stapleton* (Mr COOPER) for whom the old lady has mistaken *Mr Stubble*, and whom the delusion which he finds prevailing induces to humour the joke. *Narcissus*, falsely turning his back upon his old mistress, is lording it more than ever, when *Stapleton* says to him, that of course he is aware the lady is to forfeit her estate if he does not marry her by such a time,—such being the *Stapleton* engagement in the will. *Narcissus* is struck dumb at this, instantly declares himself off, and is desirous of having back *Miss Plat*; but this lady now declares that she will have nobody but her delightful fellow-traveller, and that she does not know the other odd gentleman. *Stubble* pretending to fire at this, and bullying his fancied rival, the latter tells him that he must either fight him, consent to be beaten, or take off his mustachios. The mustachios are doffed; an eclaircissement takes place; the young lady, who has acquired a strong preference for *Mr Stapleton*, finds herself in the right; the old lady is astonished; and *Miss Susan Plat*, in spite of the recreant conduct and countenance of her pseudo-Whiskerandos, is content to take pity on him, and be his wife.

This is a pleasant farce, as the reader may guess by what we have related; not very new in the general cast of the incidents, but not old in the particulars; and as farces are always the better for doing, having a humourous eye to existing absurdities. We have seen LISTON in a richer part, but never saw him act any better; nor do we think we ever saw Mrs ORGER act so well, out of the pale of her servants and *Sally Maggses*. *Miss Susan* has a bit of the *Maggs* in her, but not enough to do away the individuality of the bustling platter of straw, who divides her conversation between the chace after her false swain and the superiority of her straw establishment, an advertisement of which she carries about with her in the shape of her hat. The clatter of all this, the tender sense of her injuries, and the petulance of her triumph over the poor man, Mrs ORGER gave with great truth and effect. It is a pity that the author put into her mouth two or three fancies a little too "lively," as *Sir Anthony* would call them. They endangered the success of his piece; and an actress, who enjoys the just estimation that Mrs ORGER does, and who is equally without prudery or boldness, must have felt mortified to become the medium of such a peril. We are not so particular with regard to these sallies, as many of our grave countrymen are; but an author should avoid putting them in a woman's mouth; especially as the actress, in proportion to the obligingness of her temper, and her very unwillingness to mention her objection to such passages, might be led to hope that the audience would avoid pressing them upon her.

Miss PHILLIPS introduced a song to CARAFFA'S pleasing air, 'Aura felice', which was encored. ☞

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A Grand Miscellaneous

SELECTION OF MUSIC.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

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I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous position of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

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OPTICAL ILLUSIONS,

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore. Ottavia, Miss Faucit.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicolo, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. Wallack and Mr J. Vining. Rubaldo, Mr Bedford.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack. Spoletto, Mr Bland.
Count Caraffa, Mr Eaton. Uberto, Mr Robinson. Carlotti, Mr Yarnold.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Il Tancredi;" P. de Winter's Overture to "Tamerlan;" and C. M. Von Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz."

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

Irza, Miss Faucit. Fatima, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Aboulifar, Mr Thompson. Arzan, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster,
Bowbell, Mr Liston. Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To conclude with th Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

Linda, Miss Bruce. Rose, Mrs Bedford.
Ottocar, the Prince, Mr Thompson. Bernhard, Head Ranger, Mr Bedford.
Adolph, Mr T. Cooke. Caspar, Mr Horn.
Hermit, Mr Dowsing. Kilian, Mr Webster. Zamiel, Mr Howell.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Play of

THE STRANGER.

Mrs Haller, Miss Fanny Kemble. Countess Wintersen, Mrs Chatterley.
Annette, Miss H. Cawse. Claudine, Miss Perry. Charlotte, Mrs Gibbs.
The Stranger's Children, by Miss Carson and Miss Hunt.
The Stranger, Mr Kemble. Count Wintersen, Mr Duruset.
Count's Son, Miss Kendall. Baron Steinfort, Mr Warde. Tobias, Mr F. Matthews.
Francis, Mr Farley. Solomon, Mr Bartley. Peter, Mr Meadows.

Previous to the Play, Mehul's Overture to 'D'Adrien.'

After which, the Farce of

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

Mrs Bridget Credulous, Mrs Gibbs. Lauretta, Miss Nelson.
Lieut. O'Connor, Mr Power. Dr Rosy, Mr Bartley.
Justice Credulous, Mr Blanchard. Serjeant Trounce, Mr Baker.
Corporal Flint, Mr Turnour. Soldiers, Messrs. Mears and Fuller. John, Mr Heath.

To conclude with a Farce, in One Act, called

THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

Caroline, Mrs Pindar. Louisa, Miss Lawrence. Cubba, Mrs Brown.
Mr Frost, Mr F. Matthews. Capt. Seymour, Mr Duruset. Mr Colloony, Mr Baker.
Edward, Mr Parry. Cymon, Mr Addison. Murtoch Delaney, Mr Power.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, called

MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——

Mrs Headly, Mrs Edwin. Mrs Crawley, Mrs Knight. Lucy, Miss Stewart.
Rosa Crawley, Miss Langley. Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr Fredericks.
Mr Crawley, Mr Cooper. Mr Leach, Mr W. Vining.
Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

After which, a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

And other ENTERTAINMENTS,

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs Yates. Melville, Mr Yates.

To conclude with an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Correspondence of the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart. with Reminiscences of the Most Distinguished Characters who have appeared in Great Britain, and in Foreign Countries, during the last Fifty Years. Illustrated by Fac-similes of Two Hundred Autographs. Two vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

The author of these volumes is well known as one of the most industrious political economists that ever lived; and he has hardly been less active as a traveller and a correspondent. He is a proof of that axiom, no less true than encouraging, that the more a man does, the more he may do. Sir John Sinclair is member of five-and-twenty foreign societies, chiefly agricultural; has written heaps of books, none of them, perhaps, very profound, but many useful; and here, besides notes of his travels, we have his correspondence for the last fifty years, with kings, ministers, republican-presidents, warriors, agriculturists and statists, doctors and divines, authors, literary ladies, and ladies not literary. He is now seventy-seven years of age, but says that he must be doing still; and therefore he proposes to complete what he calls the Codean system of literature, comprehending four great works, two of which have been published, and two are in preparation; to wit, a code of agriculture; a code of health and longevity; a code of political economy; and a code of religion: so that the worthy baronet will have done for us all, as much as any man can be expected to do, both here and hereafter. He will have shewn us how to get our food from the earth, how to enjoy it long, how to enable others to enjoy it with us, and how to lay up a stock for the next life. He says of Mr Bentham, "I respected his abilities much, but was always apprehensive that his ideas were too speculative to be practically useful." How Sir John proposes to merge the speculative in the practical, in his code of religion, remains to be seen. On the other hand, in his code of political economy, we suppose we shall discover, what have been the practical things hitherto in this world, which at certain periods were not thought too speculative by old-gentlemanly understandings. He says, moreover, in allusion to the same philosopher, that, "We did not require a new system of laws, but corrections of the old ones; and the alterations not to be rashly made, but gradually, and with due regard to the feelings and prejudices of the people." Oh, Sir John! the people have been getting on much faster than the post-chaises which carried you round to all the courts of Europe. Your book has hardly come out, when the people have shewn that it is not their prejudices, but those of the great landed proprietors, that stand in the way of alterations; and instead of requiring the alterations to be gradual, all that is wanted is, that they should be equally speedy and large. Great events make the answers for such men as Mr Bentham.

We propose to go regularly through these two volumes, after the travelling fashion, noting what we please, and passing over the rest. The books contain a good deal of curious matter, mixed up with much that can be interesting only to the author. Sir John is a most respectable old gentleman and writer, and it is pleasant for those who have leisure, to hear him enjoy his narrations; but the demand for variety in this little publication of ours, forces us to be content with select passages. We begin with a batch of kings, led by two imperial personages, who were thought philosophical in their day, because they fancied that they could be at once philosophical and imperial,—that they could surpass the literati, in their own mode of guiding the world; and at the same time, retain the dictatorship of illiterate times. Upon this rock of vanity, their philosophy was apt to split. Their successors, the Holy Allies, with the exception of a doubtful effort or so on the part of the Emperor Alexander, saw, or rather felt the hopelessness of the attempt, by dint of the very inferiority of their understandings, but with less credit to their reputations, and (as we are now all of us seeing) with no better luck. The two sovereigns alluded to are Joseph II, and the Empress Catherine. Of Joseph II, our author says,—

'The Emperor had nothing striking in his appearance, and would have passed unobserved, either in a street, or in a drawing-room. I found, that a higher idea was entertained of him in England than abroad, at least where I heard his character talked of. At the same time, there were many favourable circumstances in his private character, which I have much pleasure in enumerating.

'He was bred in the school of adversity; for his mother, the Empress Queen, kept him at a great distance, allowing him but a very limited income, and giving a decided preference to another brother, his junior, who died young. This treatment the Emperor talked of as a very fortunate circumstance, as it taught him many useful habits. It prevented him from growing either indolent or effeminate. He became, on the contrary, remarkable for punctuality in business, and endeavoured to have every moment usefully employed.' * * * * * * * * *

'He was reckoned by his own subjects severe, and even hard-hearted. He has been known to aggravate, and not to mitigate, the sentences of courts-martial; and in consequence of his express orders, they have been compelled to increase the punishments they had ordered. He abolished, however, in a great measure, the punishment of death; and malefactors were condemned to clean the streets, working in chains; which, to persons of humanity, was a spectacle of a most disagreeable kind.

'He obtained great popularity by receiving petitions, even from his meanest subjects, at a certain place in the palace, appointed for them to stand at, and to which he came personally by a private passage. Sometimes the finest young women in Vienna attended, under pretence of having grievances to be redressed. This often gave occasion for scandal. But he always said, that he was determined to keep no mistress, lest she should acquire an ascendancy over him; and, as to debauching *women of condition*, he thought *such* practices in the highest degree unworthy of a Sovereign.'—[It is right to observe, that these Italics are not Sir John's.]

'He occasionally mixed in private society, where he appeared to great advantage, being an entertaining and agreeable companion; in particular, an excellent story-teller. He was always ready (having a carriage and horses in waiting) to attend *in person* in case of fire, or any other accident; and some poor people, being on one occasion likely to be drowned in the Danube, a cobler said, "He would bring the Emperor to save them;" which he actually did, much to the Monarch's credit.

'He occasionally amused himself with discussing the modern philosophical discoveries in regard to the nature of air, &c. with the celebrated Dr Ingenhouze; and he behaved with much generosity to the famous Baron Born, having permitted him, not only to publish his discoveries in mineralogy, but to teach persons, from any foreign country, their nature and effects. In private life, therefore, his character was greatly superior to what it was usually considered to be.

'His public character was not so respectable. He was full of projects of aggrandisement, in which he never succeeded. He first attempted to conquer Bavaria, but immediately drew back at the threats of the Prussian eagle. He next attempted to open the Scheldt, but gave up that idea when France declared itself hostile to the project; and he likewise renounced his intention of exchanging the Netherlands, in consequence of the bold, decisive, but judicious opposition he met with from "the Germanic League." It is certain that he was anxious to signalize his reign by some important conquest; and for that purpose he entered into the most intimate connection with the Empress Catherine, with a view of conquering Turkey, and dividing its European dominions between them.

'As to England, he had conceived some strong prejudices against it; in so much, that when any of his subjects wished to visit it, he refused them leave.—"What is there to be seen in that country," he said, "that may not be seen elsewhere?" He afterwards, however, altered his tone.'—P. 5.

Joseph II should have lived to see what is doing in England now. He was a strainer at gnats and swallower of camels, and joined in the partition of Poland.

Catherine of Russia, far superior to Joseph in intellect, could be as foolish as he, where self-will and the pernicious habits of despotism were concerned. As long as she had everything her own way, she could be a very pleasant, vain, debauched, fat-growing, all-tolerant mistress, and interchanged little homages with the philoso-

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phers: but as soon as philosophy threatened to regard the human race as of more consequence than one woman, adieu to flattery and to France. The French then were only worthy of being "drubbed."

'The mode of living,' says Sir John Sinclair, 'adopted by the Empress was extremely regular. She rose between six and seven, and dedicated the morning entirely to business. She dined about one, and after dinner retired to her cabinet. The evening was devoted to amusements of a general nature, either at the theatre, or in her palace, with a select company of private friends.

'Her information, particularly in regard to political subjects, was very general and extensive. The instructions, written by her own hand, for drawing up a code of laws, is a most extraordinary performance for a woman; being, I believe, the only instance extant of female judicial legislation. I have seen her correspondence with the famous Buffon, which proves how well she was acquainted with philosophical subjects. She knew the French belles-lettres perfectly; and in 1786 was reading Shakspeare in the German translation. She also wrote comedies herself; and in any part of the world would have been accounted, in private life, a most accomplished woman.

'Her skill in government was great. In any progress through her dominions, she suffered the meanest peasant to address her; and they universally called her by the friendly and emphatic name of *Matouskin*, or *Mother*.'—[These despots like to be called Fathers and Mothers. It gives a tender colouring to their pretensions.]—'To the army, and to the guards in particular, she was very attentive, and on certain fixed days dined at a table with the officers of the different corps. Neither was the church neglected; for besides much attention to individuals of character and respect in that order, and a strict performance of all the outward forms of religion, she proved her zeal and devotion by working, with her own hands, as the priests believed or asserted, the most magnificent vestments, for the use of the principal ecclesiastics of her empire, when they celebrated public worship on any important festival.

'She had a number of personal favourites, to whom she was very liberal. She was particularly attached to Landskoi, and attended him personally during his sickness, like a wife. She was, for some time, as inconsolable for him as Elizabeth of England was for Essex. It is said that he was the handsomest man that could be seen; but naturally of so weak a constitution, that he was unable to support the life of a courtier. Potemkin made the quickest of all possible journeys across the Crimea, in order to console her. He came in a kibicki, or common cart, the whole way. Rushing into her apartment, he said, "What is the matter with my Empress?" And when she answered, that she was weeping for the death of Landskoi, he replied, "Why, he was a fool." "Ah!" said the Empress, "*but he had an honest heart.*"—[This is affecting. Despotism helps to make all the world dishonest; and yet nothing but a little honesty can console it.]

'To her ministers she was very liberal, and in general followed their advice, except when she chose to make them feel that there were times when she preferred being both her own and their mistress. When left entirely to herself, and compelled to determine on matters of importance, it is said that she was apt to betray some versatility and weakness.'—P. 8.

Catherine was a clever *German*, with a great deal of will, among a nation of barbarians. This is the clue to her ascendancy. In a more southern country she would probably have been little thought of, in comparison with what she was reputed as the mother of her great clownish family of Russians.

We have next an anecdote connected with George III, which ought to be stuck up in all the haunts of royalty and self-will. The arbitrary have always had a tendency to grow fat, for the same reasons that incline them to be furious. The same people who can deny others everything, are famous for refusing themselves nothing.

'This Monarch (George III) was remarkable for his abstemiousness,—a habit which may be partly attributed to the following circumstance:—When his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, the conqueror of Culloden, was on his death-bed, he sent for his nephew, and said to him, "You see the miserable state to which I am brought by an inordinate fatness. It is a family tendency, which nothing but great abstemiousness can prevent. Take, then, the dying advice of an affectionate kinsman and friend, and live with the greatest care and moderation. It is the only means by which you can avoid being brought to the unhappy condition to which you see me reduced." The death-bed admonition of a much-respected relation left a strong impression on the young Sovereign; and in order to prevent this constitutional tendency, he made it a rule to take violent exercise, and to live with the strictest abstinence.'—P. 21.

The following polite and insignificant person is Stanislaus (Poniatowski) King of Poland, one of the "lovers" of Catherine, and her lieutenant for his poor native country.

'I arrived at Warsaw on the 14th of October 1786, and next day had the honour of being introduced to the king. He was then in the 54th year of his age, about five feet nine inches in height, stout and good-looking, but not so handsome as I expected. His manners were refined, but he may be described rather as an amiable and accomplished gentleman, than an able statesman, fit to rule a nation, more especially in times of difficulty. He had a great desire to distinguish his government by something that might be useful to his country, to compensate for his misfortune of having reigned when the partition of Poland took place. His life had in it much more of distress than of pleasure, and he said himself that he had enjoyed few "*beaux moments*" during his reign. Among his happiest hours was that when the Diet, in consequence of a speech he made from the throne, unanimously granted, amidst cries of *Vivat, Vivat*, six millions of florins for establishing an academy of cadets at Warsaw.

'When I was introduced, he said that the name of Sinclair was well known to him, and in particular, the Sinclairs of Sweden. He also mentioned the assassination of a Major Sinclair in Poland by the Russians, which occasioned a war between the two countries. He was remarkably agreeable in conversation, and said the most obliging things in the most courteous manner possible: for instance, he regretted that my stay was likely to be short; adding that *he would not have parted with me so soon, had he not believed that I was a good Englishman*,—that I could be of service to my country at home,—*and that it might suffer by my absence*.'—P. 22.

Very gentlemanly indeed, and very sincere! And so King Stanislaus continued to reign under the Empress Catherine, who dismembered his country, and then she gave him an order to go about his business; and he did so: and the first scene in Poland, and the *last*, were the same in wickedness.

[To be continued.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

An Unjust Debt handsomely Discharged.—A mulatto slave had run away from his master, and in the course of years had become a wealthy man, by the purchase of lands that were overrun with cattle. He had, on one occasion, collected in pens a great number of oxen, which he was arranging with his herdsmen to dispatch to different parts for sale, when a stranger, who came quite alone, made his appearance, and rode up to him, saying that he wished to have some private conversation with him. After a little time, they retired together, and when they were alone, the owner of the estate said, "I thank you for not mentioning the connection between us, whilst my people were present." It was his master, who had fallen into distressed circumstances, and had now made this visit in hopes of obtaining some trifle from him. He said he should be grateful for anything his slave chose to give to him. To reclaim him he well knew was out of the question—he was in the man's power, who might order him to be assassinated immediately. The slave gave his master several hundred oxen, and directed some of his men to accompany him with them to a market, giving out among his herdsmen, that he had thus paid a debt of old standing, for which he had only then been called upon.—*Koster's Travels in Brazil.*

Monastic Troubles.—The younger members of the Franciscan order enjoy very much the duty of going out to beg, as opportunities offer of amusing themselves. A guardian was chosen at Paraiba, some years ago, who examined the chest in which the money belonging to the community was kept, and on finding a considerable sum in it, gave orders that no one should go out to beg. He was a conscientious man, and said, that as they had already enough, the people must not be importuned for more, until what they possessed was finished. He kept the whole community within the walls of the convent for the term of two or three years, for which term each guardian was appointed. On another occasion, the friars of a Franciscan convent chose for their guardian a young man, whose life had been very irregularly spent, in anything rather than the duties of his calling, under the idea that, during the continuance of his guardianship, they should lead a merry life,—that very little attention would be paid to the rules and regulations of the Order; but they were mistaken: he changed his habits as soon as he found himself at their head; the gates were rigidly closed at the proper hour, and, according to the old and vulgar proverb of "Set a thief, &c." the duties of the convent were performed with much greater austerity than before.—*Koster's Travels in Brazil.*

Liberty All-important.—Let not any one falsely persuade himself, that those who keep watch and ward for Liberty are meddling with things that do not concern them, instead of minding their own business. For all men should know, that all blessings are stored and protected in this one, as in a common repository. Here is the tradesman's security, the soldier's honour, the agriculturist's profit. Lastly, in this one good of Liberty, the religious will find the permission of their rites and forms of worship, the students their learned leisure, the aged their repose, boys the rudiments of the several branches of their education, maidens their chaste nuptials, matrons their womanly honour and the dignity of their modesty, and fathers of families the dues of natural affection, and the sacred privileges of their ancient home. To this one solicitude, therefore, let all other cares yield the priority. If you omit, be occupied as much and sedulously as you may, you are doing nothing: if you apply your heart and strength to this, though you seem to be doing nothing, you will, nevertheless, have been fulfilling the duties of citizens and men, yea, in a manner pressed down and running over.—*Petrarch.*

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Ætna has thrown out fire at intervals for 3,000 years. It is two miles in perpendicular height, and measures 180 miles round at the base. The crater forms a circle of about three and a half miles in circumference. Ætna has discharged, in some of its eruptions, a stream of lava four miles broad and fifty feet deep; advancing at the rate of seven miles in a day. Pindar is the first poet that mentions an eruption of Ætna.—[From *Guy's Geographia Antiqua*, a sensible school-manual of Ancient Geography, upon a new plan, forming at once a temptation to the study of maps, and a substitute for them upon occasion. The poetical quotations, with which the book is interspersed, are a very pleasing addition to it, and will be highly welcome to the young readers of Virgil and Ovid.].

A Charitable Hoarder.—The number of churches, chapels, &c. in Brazil, is quite preposterous; to these are attached a number of religious lay brotherhoods, of which the members are merchants, and other persons in trade; and some are even composed of mulatto and black free people. Some of these continually beg for a supply of wax, and other articles, to be consumed in honour of their patron. Almost every day in the year, passengers are importuned in the streets, and the inhabitants in their houses, by some of these people, and among others, by the lazy Franciscan friars. A Portuguese gentleman refused to give money for any of these purposes, but after each application, threw into a bag placed apart for the purpose, a 5 *reis* coin, the smallest in use, and in value the third part of a penny. At the end of a twelvemouth, he counted these coins, and found that they amounted to 30,000 *reis*, about 8*l.* 6*s.* He then applied to the vicar of his parish, requesting him to name some distressed person to whom he should give the money—*Koster's Travels in Brazil.*

Garrick in France.—The last time Garrick was at Paris, Preville invited him to his villa. Preville was reckoned the most accomplished comedian of the French Theatre. Garrick, being in a gay humour, proposed to travel in one of the hired coaches that go to Versailles, on which road the villa of Preville was situated. When they got in, he ordered the coachman to drive on: he answered that he would when he had his number of passengers. A droll whim seized Garrick, and he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively plying for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the door, went round the coach, and, by his wonderful command of countenance, palmed himself upon the coachman as another passenger; this he did twice, and was admitted each time as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. He whipped out a third time, and, addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, that the coach was full; and the man would have driven off without him, had not Preville called out, that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would contrive to make room.—*Dramatic Table-Talk.*

An Obstreperous Sheep.—The guanaco is generally classed under the head of South American sheep, but I think it is more like a camel; it has memory and affection, as I shall give an anecdote to prove. I sent a pair of these animals as a present to a friend of mine, who has an estate in Surrey. The male died on the passage, but the female arrived safe in the London Docks. I bought them of an Indian market-woman, when they were only a few months old. Whilst they were in my posssession, she came to see them once a week, and they always showed great joy when she spoke to them, and would leap about and endeavour to get near her. Arrived in England, the female after some time took a fancy to one of my friend's carriage horses, and when he was turned out to grass, she would not allow any one to approach her favourite. When the carriage drove down the sweep, she would accompany her friend, and proceed bounding down the drive by his side, and became highly indignant when the lodge gate was closed against her. After committing a variety of freaks, such as knocking down the groom, and on more than one occasion, entering the kitchen, and frightening the cook from the spit, my friend voted "Miss Fanny" unmanageable, and returned her to me, and I placed her under the tuition of Mr Cross, head master of the academy for wild beasts at Exeter Change.—*Haigh's Sketches of Buenos Ayres, &c.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Covent Garden.—A Grand Selection of Music.

Covent Garden.

The reader understands, that we do not profess to witness the whole evening's performance of the Oratorios, or Musical Selections. We believe, as it is, that The Tatler is the only journal that takes notice of them; which appears somewhat extraordinary, considering the good houses they draw. Perhaps our brother-critics take them to be more sombre than they are. We are mistaken, if the public have not risen in their regard for them, in proportion as they have become less sombre. It struck us, when the *Messiah* was performed at Covent Garden, that the house was much thinner than during the Miscellaneous Selections.—Be this as it may, we, who take regular notice of these musical evenings, may be allowed to say that a whole evening at a time is too much for us, and that we do not profess ever to sit out more than a portion of it. Last night, for instance, we attended only from Miss Paton's air, 'If guiltless blood,' in the first part, down to the 'Soldier's Tear,' sung by Mrs Waylett in the second. There is not enough variety in the different evenings. It is natural enough, that certain favourite airs or pieces of music should be repeated, and that there should always be something of Handel and Haydn, besides a friendly or charitable sprinkling of modern names: but why not give us more of the favourite old masters? We have hitherto, we believe, had not a bit of Gluck or of Paesiello,—no Sacchini, no Corelli, no Winter. Why not give us the fine *Overture to Iphigenia?* Paesiello's *La Rachellina* would tell well in Miss Paton's mouth,—better still perhaps to an English audience, with the English words, 'Whither, my love:' to say nothing of *Io sono Lindoro, Il mio bene*, and twenty other compositions of that most original and charming melodist. There are pretty pickings in Sacchini's Opera of *Rinaldo*. Corelli's *Pastorale* would surely be worthy to share the highest heaven of Haydn and of Handel, heavenly as it may be: and where is the divine, voluptuous grief of *Vaghi colli, Mi lasci o madre amaba*, and all those delicious airs and harmonies of Winter's *Proserpina*, the very goddess of beautiful sorrow?

Mr Lee's tragic ballads, 'Rest, warrior, rest,' and 'The Soldier's Tear,' have some pleasing turns in them; but they are not so good as 'Come where the aspens quiver,' and 'Away to the mountain's brow;' nor do they get encores, as those do, notwithstanding the little clear notes and hushing cadences of Mrs Waylett. This lady is the prettiest ballad-singer, in one of the best senses of the word, that we have heard a long time, and capitally suits the composer. Mr Braham was as magnificent as usual in some of his favourite passages from Haydn's *Creation*. The chorus of 'The Heavens are telling,' is a truly glorious composition; hierarchical. The words 'Glory of God' come down upon the ear, as if the planets were rolling them.

We cannot admire Monsieur Oury's violin; but we are bound to say that the audience did most vociferously. It is very clever:—we do not mean to say that he is not a capital violinist, in the ordinary sense of the word, and very competent to teach bowing and execution: but to our apprehension, he wants depth of taste and feeling. He makes a hundred exquisite jerks, squeals, groans, and harmonics, now scuttling and scampering about the middle notes, then frisking it *in alto*, and then dropping down like lead, and behaving austerely in the bass; but he excites no emotion but wonder. The other evening he introduced 'Auld Robin Gray' in the midst of his vagaries, and last night the air of 'Sweet Home;' but he could not let them alone. A touching note he must make, he thinks, twenty times more touching by little ticklings and appogiaturas; and when you look for a simple and sufficing cadence, "most musical" because "most melancholy," he is off with it into his upper region, mewling and mystifying it like a cat upon the house-tops. He reminds us of Pennant the antiquary, who they say could not sit next a grave man in a wig, but he was seized with an irresistible propensity to snatch the wig off, and give the bereaved gentleman a chace for it.

'HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS,' &c.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—The Farce of *High-ways and By-ways*, performed last night at Drury-Lane Theatre, and said to be written by Webster the Comedian, is an adaptation from Scribe and Varner's Vaudeville, *M. Rigand, ou les Deux Amis*, performed at the *Théâtre des Variétés* in 1819. The incident of *Narcissus Stubble* provoking *Stapleton* to take off his spectacles, and the retaliation of *Stapleton*, in forcing *Stubble* to doff his "sham captivators," is from a clever little Vaudeville by Scribe and Brazier, called *Partie et Revanche*, acted at the *Gymnase* in 1823.—Yours, &c.,

16th March. A Daily Reader.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The copy of the Poem enquired after is received.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria,
L'ULTIMO GIORNO DI POMPEI.
The principal Characters by Mrs Wood (late Miss Paton,)
Signor David, and Signor Lablache.
After which will be presented, A FAVORITE BALLET.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,
THE BRIGAND.
Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore. Ottavia, Miss Faucit.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicolo, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. Wallack and Mr J. Vining. Rubaldo, Mr Bedford.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack. Spoletto, Mr Bland.
Count Caraffa, Mr Eaton. Uberto, Mr Robinson. Carlotti, Mr Yarnold.
In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Il Tancredi;" Winter's Overture to "Tamerlan;" and Weber's Overture to "Der Freischutz."

After which, a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called
THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.
Fatima, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Irza, Miss Faucit. Aboulifar, Mr Thompson. Arzan, Mr Bland.
Alibajou, Mr Webster. Bowbell, Mr Liston. Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To conclude with the Opera of
DER FREISCHUTZ.
Linda, Miss Bruce. Rose, Mrs Bedford.
Ottocar, the Prince, Mr Thompson. Bernhard, Head Ranger, Mr Bedford.
Adolph, Mr T. Cooke. Caspar, Mr Horn.
Hermit, Mr Dowsing. Killian, Mr Webster. Zamiel, Mr Howell.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Play of
THE STRANGER.
Mrs Haller, Miss Fanny Kemble. Countess Wintersen, Mrs Chatterley.
Annette, Miss H. Cawse. Claudine, Miss Perry. Charlotte, Mrs Gibbs.
The Stranger's Children, by Miss Carson and Miss Hunt.
The Stranger, Mr Kemble. Count Wintersen, Mr Duruset.
Count's Son, Miss Kendall. Baron Steinfort, Mr Warde. Tobias, Mr F. Matthews.
Francis, Mr Farley. Solomon, Mr Bartley. Peter, Mr Meadows.
Previous to the Play, Mehul's Overture to 'D'Adrien.'

After which, the Farce of
SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.
Mrs Bridget Credulous, Mrs Gibbs. Lauretta, Miss Nelson.
Lieut. O'Connor, Mr Power. Dr Rosy, Mr Bartley.
Justice Credulous, Mr Blanchard. Serjeant Trounce, Mr Baker.
Corporal Flint, Mr Turnour. Soldiers, Messrs. Mears and Fuller. John, Mr Heath.

To conclude with a Farce, in One Act, called
THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON
Caroline, Mrs Pindar. Louisa, Miss Lawrence. Cubba, Mrs Brown.
Mr Frost, Mr F. Matthews. Capt. Seymour, Mr Duruset. Mr Colloony, Mr Baker.
Edward, Mr Parry. Cymon, Mr Addison. Murtoch Delaney, Mr Power.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Mazical and Moral Burletta, called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

KIND INTENTIONS.
Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

WAS I TO BLAME?
Julia, Mrs Yates. Melville, Mr Yates.
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings. Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.
The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont,
Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp,
Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo,
Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, and Mr S. Smith.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, called
MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——
Miss Headly, Mrs Edwin. Mrs Crawley, Mrs Knight. Lucy, Miss Stewart.
Rosa Crawley, Miss Langley. Lionel Gloseover, Esq. Mr Fredericks.
Mr Crawley, Mr Cooper, Mr Leach, Mr W. Vining.
Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

DUKE FOR A DAY.
The Characters by Miss Sydney, Madame Vestris, Mr Hodges, Mr Newcombe, Mr Cooper, and Mr Worrell.

THE CHASTE SALUTE
The Characters by Miss Siduey, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnoletti, Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

OLYMPIC REVELS.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Operatic Piece, dramatized from GAY'S admired Serenata, entitled
GALATEA.
Galatea, Miss Vernon. Eudora, Mrs Humby. Doris, Mrs Garrick.
Acis, Mr Bennett. Damon, Mr J. Russell. Ulysses, Mr Spencer.
Lysander, Mr G. Lejeune. Telemon, Mr Munroe. Faunus, Mr G. Smith.
Polyphemus, the Fiend of Mount Etna, Mr E. Seguin.
After which, a New Divertisement Ballet, called THE TROUBADOUR.

DELUSIONS.
Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spencer. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

MRS G——.
Mrs G—. Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick.
Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick. Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells.
Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe.
Mr Alexis Chassee, Mr Forrester. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune. Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et quart par
BLAISOT; OU, LA LECON D'AMOUR.
Rose, Mlle. Jamain. La Mère Rabaud, Mme. Prêval. Blaisot, M. Bouffé.
Malhurin, M. Cloup. Thomas, M. Prêval. Paul, M. Paulin.
Un Moissonneur, M. Arnaud. Un Villageois, M. Granville.

Suivi de la première représentation de
LA FEMME, LE MARI, ET L'AMANT.
Augustine, Mlle. Jamain. Ninie, Mlle. St. Ange. Charlotte, Mme. Gamard.
Zénobie, Mlle. Emma. Josephine, Julie, et Victoire, Mlles. Elisa, Paulin, et Corra.
Jolivet, M. Bouffé. Jenneville, M. Derval. Paul Déligny, M. Alfred.
Dubois, M. Gamard. M. de Céricour, M. St. Aubert. Blagnard, M. Cloup.
Benin, M. Guenée. Un Valet, M. Granville.

On finira, en conséquence des nombreuses demandes, par
QUONIAM.
Helène, Mlle. Florval. Ursule, Mlle. St. Ange. Quoniam, M. Bouffé.
Le Duc de Richelieu, M. Alfred. Lambert, M. Prêval. Laroche, M. Guenée.
Le Marquis, le Chevalier, MM. Paulin et Cloup. Un Cuisinier, M. Arnaud.
Un Sergent du Gué, M. Granville.

SURREY THEATRE.—Prophet of the Moor—Fairly Taken In—Female Massaroni.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Charter—The Bastard Brother—Reform.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Brigand Wife—The Wreck.

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No. 168.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Correspondence of the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart. with Reminiscences of the Most Distinguished Characters who have appeared in Great Britain, and in Foreign Countries, during the last Fifty Years. Illustrated by Fac-similes of Two Hundred Autographs. Two vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

(Continued from yesterday.)

We need not trouble the reader with any further intimations of Sir John's politics. They are of an old school, the last remains of which are now breaking up, and will be more acceptable to the political antiquary than any one else. Suffice it to say, that our author, in spite of them, being an enthusiastic agriculturist, became of necessity a sort of universalist; and that, for a warm Pittite and old King's man, he accordingly fraternized with new men and American republicans, in a way that sufficiently accounts for the cold looks and closed doors he occasionally met with at head-quarters, to say nothing of the time which his speculations took up in explaining themselves. It is easy, and not unpleasing, to see that an attentive ear lent to his agricultural or Caledonian projects gave him a good opinion of anybody, new or old; and that the reverse did not add to the merits of those whom he wished to think the best of. Old or new, he could not help entertaining a reverence for the "powers that be." He reverenced George III, reverenced Washington; and gives us to understand, though with something like an apology, that he could not help reverencing the new family on the throne of Sweden.

This brings us to our next quotation. He says, speaking of Bernadotte's son, "Prince Oscar,"—'It was *impossible* for one, who had the charge of printing Ossian in the original Gaelic, not to take a peculiar interest in the character and conduct of a young Prince, named after one of the most celebrated heroes in the poems of Ossian; and I had therefore much satisfaction in receiving from that distinguished personage the following communication:—

'Sir,—I accept with as much pleasure as gratitude the offer you make me, of being elected an honorary Member of the two societies known under the name of the *Highland Societies of London and Scotland*.

'The object of their labours is not unknown to me. The Celtic heroes were brothers and friends of the Scandinavian heroes; and their glory interests me doubly, since I happen to bear the name of one of their most famous warriors.

'I am obliged by the proposal you make me of sending me the poems of Ossian. We have, indeed, a Swedish translation of them, but it appears to me imperfect. I shall embrace with pleasure the opportunity of shewing you the interest I take in your exertions, by the zeal with which I shall patronize a new translation into the Swedish and also into the Norwegian language, of those immortal works, which call such pleasing recollections to the people of the North, and which, among other conceptions new and sublime, contain the idea so truly poetical, of assigning the clouds as the abode of departed heroes, and of thus rendering them witnesses of the actions, the pains, and the pleasures of their relations and friends,' &c. &c.—P. 59.

It is seldom we meet with a poetical criticism in the letter of a prince. Unfortunately, when boys write such letters, whether princes or not, it is impossible to say what part their tutors have had in them.

Sir John informs us, that he had "no communication with the Emperor Napoleon, either personal or epistolary." He seems to have been afraid of meeting with some *brusquerie* from the man of iron; or perhaps he thought it would be venturing his universalities a little too far. On the other hand, he knew the king of Saxony, Gustavus III of Sweden, the Prussian and Brunswick families, &c. and he had frequent intercourse with the house of Bourbon, both in its prosperous and adverse circumstances. He could not get the Count d'Artois (Charles X) to enter into his agricultural feelings. He says the Duke of York "had a good deal to say;" but about what, or of how much value, does not appear. The following Bourbon anecdote is worth extracting.

'There was a singular contrast in my reception at the court of France, at two different periods. On the 1st of Jan. 1787, I was presented to Louis the Sixteenth, by the Duke of Dorset, the British ambassador, and the crowd was so great, that he hardly took notice of any of those who were introduced to him. But after the battle of Waterloo, I went in the Highland dress; and no one could receive a more gracious reception from his successor. "That is the garb," his Majesty said, "which I particularly admire, and those who wear that dress, will always be acceptable at my court." '—P. 43.

So much for our author's royal acquaintances: we now come to his ministerial. Of Mr Pitt, he says,—

'He was certainly a most extraordinary character, but came too soon into power; before he had acquired that political knowledge and experience, without which no man can be a successful minister, more especially in times of difficulty. Though he supported the establishment of a board of agriculture, it was not done with the zeal, nor was the plan carried to the extent, that seem to me necessary to render it completely efficient. In fact, he was more inclined to promote the commerce and manufactories, than the agriculture of the country; and he never could be prevailed upon to attend any of those fêtes, which tended so much to promote a spirit of agricultural improvement. *It is singular*, not so much perhaps, after the other fact, that he gave no encouragement to the fine arts, nor to literature. His whole mind seems to have been engrossed by politics. Latterly, he thought of nothing but how to defend his country from the infection of the destructive principles, *and detestable example* of French republicanism. In that he *fortunately succeeded*, and hence he was justly entitled to be celebrated as "*The pilot who weathered the storm.*" '—P. 90. [Query all this?—epithets, facts, and all.]

'Mr Pitt was lively and amusing in conversation, particularly in the company of his early friends, to whom he was much attached, and who entertained for him a reciprocal regard. He condescended even to be a punster, of which I recollect a very happy instance. After my return from the tour already mentioned, through the northern parts of Europe, I happened to dine in his company, when he took occasion to ask me, "Of all the places where you have been, where did you fare best?" My answer was, "*In Poland*; for the nobility live there in uncommon taste and splendour; their cooks are French—their confectioners Italian,—and their wine Tokay." He immediately observed, "I have heard before of *the Polish Diet.*"—P. 90.

'One touch of *punning* makes the whole world kin.'

This is the best anecdote we ever read of Pitt.

The boroughmongers ought to make use of the following. It would enable them to swear that all England consisted of free voters.

'It is hardly to be credited the exertions that were made to secure Mr Fox's election for Westminster, and the popular spirit that was raised for his support. A friend of mine, Lord Grimstone, who being then only an Irish peer, was entitled to vote, went in his carriage to the hustings to vote for Sir Cecil Wray. When he returned to his carriage, his coachman said to him, "I hope that your Lordship will now allow me to poll." Certainly (said Lord Grimstone), and for whom are you to vote? "Why, for Mr Fox to be sure, my Lord." To which Lord Grimstone very good-naturedly replied, "I wish, John, that you had told me sooner, and we might then have paired off." '—P. 95.

Mr Fox one day received "some papers" from our author, on the subject of "waste lands." (Awful sound!) The good-natured statesman thought to secure himself against the consequences, by writing the following letter, acknowledging the receipt; but Sir John appears to have been too cunning for the fox, and has nailed up his memory accordingly *in terrorem* for all epistolary evaders.

'Sir,—I received by last night's coach your packet, containing three printed pieces, and the letter you did me the honour to write me on the 8th instant. I have not yet had time even to look at the papers, but would not delay returning you my thanks for your communication, and assuring you that I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient servant,

'C. J. Fox.

'St Anne's Hill, Thursday, 25th March.'

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'*This*,' quoth Sir John, '*is a very convenient system for a statesman to adopt, merely acknowledging the receipt of papers, promising to read them, and avoiding giving any opinion of their contents.*'

'I have heard it affirmed,' continues the author, 'that when Mr Fox was Secretary of State for the Home Department, and carried on *a correspondence with Talleyrand for the restoration of peace*, that he wrote not only all the most important letters regarding the negociation, but duplicates of them, *with his own hand*, determined that no one in this country but himself should know what was going forward. This was carrying diplomatic secrecy to a very extraordinary extreme. By so much personal labour, to which he had not been accustomed, and the vexation arising from the violent attacks of his political opponents, his dissolution was greatly hastened; and he found that the possession of political power was not the means of securing either peace of mind or health of body.'—P. 96.

There are two or three testimonies to the same effect, with regard to the possession of power. They are among the most striking passages in the work. Here is one:—

'I had once a discussion with a gentleman, who had been for a great number of years in public situations, upon the effect of such appointments [to office] on the character of those who were thus elevated into power. *He said, that he had never seen a minister, after he was appointed to any high situation, who had preserved his temper*: that the Marquis of Carmarthen (afterwards Duke of Leeds), who had been appointed by Mr Pitt, Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, was the person who had preserved it the longest; but that in the space of a few months, even his good temper was subdued, and he became as irritable as his predecessors.'—P. 67.

Another:—

'In December 1796, I happened to meet with Lord Melville at St James's, when he said to me, "It is a long time (Sir John) since you have been at Wimbledon. Name any time when you can spend a day with us, and we shall be most happy to see you." By accident I fixed upon the last day of that year. Upon reaching Wimbledon to dinner, I found Mr Pitt there. Lady Melville, and the beautiful Miss Duncan (afterwards Lady Dalrymple Hamilton), were the only ladies present. We spent the evening principally in conversation, but also spent a short time at cards; and about eleven we went to bed. As soon as I got up the next morning, I proceeded to Mr Dundas's library, where I found him reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape of Good Hope, to add to the security of our Indian possessions. I said to him, on entering, "I come, Mr Dundas, to wish you a good new year, and many happy returns of it." His answer I shall never forget; "I hope that this year will be happier than the last, for I scarce recollect spending one happy day in the whole of it." On this remark the following reflections naturally occurred: "Here I am, living in the same house with the two men the most looked up to, and the most envied of any in this country. I have just heard the declaration of the one, and I am convinced that the feelings of the other are not materially different. Can anything more strongly prove the miseries attending political pursuits?" '—P. 105.

Sir John exaggerates, perhaps, the romantic character of the following story; but it is curious, and worth repeating. The heroine, with all her romance, appears to have been a proper Scotch lassie, with a right knowledge of the main chance. But she has simplicity too, and cordiality. It is pleasant to hear her say, that if the gallant surgeon succeeded in India, "he would send for her."

'My acquaintance with Mr Windham led to a train of circumstances, which, taken together, form one of the most singular series of adventures that ever occurred in real life, and resemble more a fictitious romance than an authentic history.

'At a late hour one evening, I received a few lines from my friend, Dr Adam Smith (the particular time I do not recollect) requesting my company at dinner next day, to meet the celebrated Edmund Burke and Mr Windham, who had arrived at Edinburgh with an intention of making a short tour through the Highlands. The Doctor apologized for the shortness of the notice, stating, that the travellers had arrived only that morning, and proposed remaining but one day more in Edinburgh. I went accordingly, and passed some hours, as might be expected, in the company of such men, in the most gratifying manner. I gave them my advice as to the plan they ought to adopt in making their intended tour; and, in particular, dwelt on the beauty of the road between Dunkeld and Blair: adding, that instead of being cooped up in a post-chaise, they had better get out, and walk through the delightful woods and beautiful scenes they would pass through, more especially some miles beyond Dunkeld.

'I had almost forgotten these circumstances, when, about three years after, Mr Windham, very unexpectedly, came to me in the House of Commons, and requested to speak to me for a few moments, behind the Speaker's chair. "Do you recollect," said he, "our meeting together at Adam Smith's at dinner?"—"Most certainly I do."

'"Do you remember having given us directions for our Highland tour, and more especially to stroll through the woods between Dunkeld and Blair?"—"I do."

'He then added, "An event took place in consequence of our adopting that advice, of which I must now inform you. Burke and I were strolling through the woods, about ten miles from Dunkeld, when we saw a young female sitting under a tree reading. Burke immediately exclaimed, 'Let us have a little conversation with this solitary damsel, and see what she is about.' We accosted her accordingly, and found that she was reading a recent novel from the London press. We asked her how she came to read novels? How she got such books at so great a distance from the metropolis; and more especially one so recently published? She answered, that she had been educated at a boarding-school at Perth, where novels might be had from the circulating library, and that she still procured them through the same channel. We carried on the conversation for some time, in the course of which she displayed a great deal of smartness and talent, and at last we were obliged very reluctantly to leave her, and proceed on our journey. We afterwards found, that she was the daughter of a proprietor of that neighbourhood, who was known under the name of the Baron Maclaren. I have never been able," continued Mr Windham, "to get this beautiful mountain nymph out of my head, and I wish you to ascertain whether she is married or single." He begged me to clear up this point, *as soon as possible*, as much of his future happiness depended upon the result of the enquiry.

'I lost no time in attending to this request, and applied for information to a most respectable clergyman, in the neighbourhood where Miss Maclaren lived (the Rev. Dr Stewart, Minister of Moulin) who informed me in the course of post, that she was married to a medical gentleman of the name of Dick, who had gone to the East Indies. Upon communicating this to Mr Windham, he seemed very much agitated. He was soon afterwards married to the daughter of a half-pay officer. I have no doubt, however, that had Miss Maclaren continued single, he would have paid her his addresses.

'Some years afterwards, I happened to be spending some days at Duneira, in Perthshire, with the late Lord Melville; and in the course of our conversation, mentioned the above anecdote of Mr Windham; upon which the noble lord said, "I am more interested in that matter, than you imagine. You must know that in company with some friends, I was riding down from Blair to Dunkeld, when we called on Baron Maclaren, where a most beautiful young woman desired to speak with me. We went accordingly to to the bank of a river, near her father's house, when she said, "Mr Dundas, I hear that you are a very great man, and, what is much better, a very good man. I will venture, therefore to tell you *a secret*. There is a young man in this neighbourhood, who has a strong attachment to me, and, to confess the truth, I have a great regard for him. His name is William Dick: he has been bred to the medical profession; and he says that if he could get to be a surgeon in the East Indies, he would soon make his fortune there, and would send for me to marry him. Now, I apply to you, Mr Dundas, as a great and a good man, in hopes that you can do something for us; and be assured, that we shall be ever grateful, if you will procure him an appointment. Lord Melville was so struck with the impressive manner of her address, that he took her by the hand, and said, "My good girl, be assured, that if an opportunity offers, I shall not forget your application."

'Lord Melville then added, that some time afterwards he received a summons to attend his duty in Parliament, and in his way happened to visit a friend who was an East India Director. After dinner, his friend said to him, "By the bye, Mr Dundas, politicians, like you, have many applications in favor of young men in various lines of life. I think it right therefore to tell you, that I have at present, at my disposal, an appointment of surgeon in the service of the East India Company, and that it is much at your service."

'Lord Melville was so much surprised at the singularity of the circumstance, that he struck his hand forcibly against the table where they sat, and exclaimed with much vehemence, "The very thing I most anxiously wished for." He then related his adventure at Baron Maclaren's, greatly to the amusement of the India Director. Mr Dick was immediately appointed surgeon; and having gone to the East Indies, was soon placed in a situation which enabled him to send for Miss Maclaren, to whom he was married, and Mr Windham was thus disappointed of his northern alliance. In the course of the voyage, and after her arrival in the East, she had several offers; but she refused to hear of any one but Dr Dick.' —P. 142.

We have left the surname of Dick standing as in the text, because it is unpleasant to read a story with dashes for names; but a note in another part of the work informs us, that the hero turns out not to have been so named; though the other particulars (as far as we have repeated them) are true.

Why are some clergymen of the Church of England called Rectors, some Vicars, and some Curates?—*Because* when the clergyman receives both the large and the small tithes, the parish is called a *Rectory*; when the large tithes are separate property, and only the small ones are received by the clergyman, it is called a *Vicarage*. A Curate is the clergyman who does the duty for the Rector or Vicar.—*Why* are tithes received?—*Because* the church demands their support—they were granted by Ethelwolf 1000 years ago, for the maintenance of the clergy, the repairs of the church, and the support of the poor and helpless.—*Universal Why and Because*.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

" The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

Visible Invisibility.—In the inventory of the Lord Admiral's properties, given by Mr Malone, is, " a robe for to goe invisibell." It was probably of a light gauzy texture, and afforded a sufficient hint to our ancestors, not to see the person invested with it; or rather, to understand that some of the characters on the stage were not to see him.—*Family Massinger.*

— The first woman who appeared in a regular drama, on the English stage, played *Desdemona*, about the year 1660. Her name is unknown.—*Family Massinger.*

Angel in the sense of *bird* is frequently met with among our old writers. Jonson beautifully calls the nightingale " the dear good *angel* of the Spring." And if this should be thought, as it probably is, a Grecism; yet we have the same term in another passage, which will admit of no dispute:—

" Not an *angel* of the air,
Bird melodious, or *bird* fair," &c.
(Two Noble Kinsmen.)—Family Massinger.

Students in Painting are often led astray by the worst parts of Reynolds, Rubens, and the Venetian school, instead of forming their style from the Roman and Florentine, and the grace and beautiful simplicity of the antique. On this subject, a celebrated professor and critic thus expressed himself, on being applied to by some young men for recommendations to the school for painting: " One tells me he paints like Titian, another like Vandyke, and they all draw like the devil knows who."—*Sass's Journey to Rome and Naples.*

John O'Groat's House is about a mile and a half from the extreme point of Dungisbay Head (the northermost point of Scotland.) Tradition assigns its erection to an individual, one of eight resident proprietors of the name of Groat, who lived in the reign of James IV, by whom it was constructed with as many doors, to prevent them quarrelling about precedency, which depended much upon priority of entrance and departure. Some grave writers have called it a sensible contrivance.—*Gorton's Topographical Dictionary.*

Power of the People.—With the masses, that is to say, the great bulk of the people, always must rest the supreme force: when they are unanimous and in motion, there is no other force in a state that can resist it. They have besides a force of inertia: the secret is to know what they will tolerate, and how much they will bear: this is the limit of the authority of a governing power. In the middle ages, this force was merely brutal; it was moreover incapable of exercising its real power from want of mutual communication. The feudal system tried to cope with it, by multiplying its own force, by means of armour, horses, and implements of war, the building of castles, donjons, and keeps; and on the other hand, by reducing the masses into the vilest state possible, and shackling their exertions by every force, physical and moral, that they knew of. The clergy attacked them intellectually; they infused into them certain notions of their own sanctity, and turned the religion of Christianity into a further means of power, by convincing the ignorant man that it was for his *interest* to be guided by them, that his fate in the next world was in their hands. The seigneur bound the body of his thrall, the priest his mind:—the giant was blind. Gradually, with the progress of his intellectual improvement, has the influence of his power been felt; but even in the state of his uttermost darkness, his power was known and his temper consulted. They were afraid he would burst his bonds. It may be observed that reformation never took place till the masses were ripe for them. There were many Luthers before the successful one. Why did Luther from his cell, at Wittenberg, pour forth his bulls with more authority than the Pope? Why was he not seized and burnt like so many before him? Simply because his voice found an echo in every bosom; the masses were with him; and before them, kings, popes, and even armies are powerless.—*Foreign Quarterly Review: Art. On the Spirit of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries.*

A Pleasant Blunder in Ireland.—It has been said that Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* originated in the following adventure of the author. Some friend had given the young poet a guinea, when he left his mother's residence at Ballymahon, for a school in Edgworth's-town, where, it appears, he finished his education. He had diverted himself by viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road, until night-fall, when he found himself a mile or two out of the direct road, in the middle of the streets of Ardagh. Here he enquired for the best house in the place, meaning an inn; but a fencing-master, named Kelly, wilfully misunderstanding him, directed him to the large old-fashioned residence of Sir Ralph Featherstone, as the landlord of the town. There he was shown into the parlour, and found the hospitable master of the house sitting by a good fire. His mistake was immediately perceived by Sir Ralph, who, being a man of humour, and well acquainted with the poet's family, encouraged him in the deception. Goldsmith ordered a good supper, invited his host and the family to partake of it, treated them to a bottle or two of wine, and, on going to bed, ordered a hot cake for his breakfast; nor was it until his departure, when he called for his bill, that he discovered that, while he imagined he was at an inn, he had been hospitably entertained at a private family of the first respectability in the country.—*Dramatic Table-talk.*

Napoleon at Sea.—Bourrienne, in his Memoirs, gives some interesting particulars of the habits and occupations of Napoleon when at sea. In the following passage, the good natural feeling manifested appears in strange contrast with the recklessness induced by a military conqueror's usual pursuits:—' In a long voyage. it is impossible to prevent accidents from men falling overboard. This occurrence happened several times with us, from the crowded state of our vessel. On these occasions it was strange to witness the instinctive force of humanity in the bosom of that man, so lavish of the blood of his fellow-creatures on the field of battle, and who was about to shed torrents of it in that very Egypt whither we were going. Whenever a man fell into the water, the commander-in-chief had no rest till he was saved. He instantly ordered the ship to lay to, shewed the most lively uneasiness till the unfortunate was recovered, and ordered me to recompense liberally those most active in the rescue. Sailors who had thus distinguished themselves, when guilty of some breach of discipline, were always exempted from punishment. I remember, during one dark night, a noise was heard as of a man overboard. Bonaparte instantly gave the word to put the ship about till the presumed victim should be rescued from inevitable death. The crew hastened from all quarters, exertions were redoubled, and at length we fished up—what? The victim was—a quarter of beef, which had slipped from a noose over the side. He ordered me to reward the sailors who had exposed themselves on this occasion more liberally than usual. " It might," said he, " have been a man, and these brave fellows have shewn neither less activity nor less courage." '—*Constable's Miscellany, No. 57.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury-Lane.—The Brigand.—High-Ways and By-Ways. — And Der Freischuts.
Covent-Garden.—The Stranger.—St Patrick's Day.—And The Irishman in London.

Drury Lane.

We looked in here last night, and saw a portion of *Der Freischutz*. We have often intended to do so, but delayed the moment, fearful of finding our anticipations realised. It is painful to be obliged to add, that such is the case. We hate to differ with the many: we are compelled to speak as we think. We can only say therefore, in self-defence, that we are accustomed to the society of Shakspeare, Raphael, and Mozart; and being so accustomed, are forced to add, that we cannot help considering those who think Weber a composer of the highest order, deficient in imagination. His fine movements are the exceptions. His general character is that of a cold, formal, and literal, not to say sickly composer, who mistakes description for feeling, and thinks he has given us the *effect* of an emotion, by repeating its commonest language. He groans, he sighs, and he shouts, and then waits for our approbation. But this is not sympathy: it is an echo. It is not the business of music to paint, or even to think, but simply to feel, and to present us its feeling in new and beautiful modulations. The fits and starts, and analogies in which Weber deals, are only its caprices or its licences. What we demand of a great Composer is, a fine continuous melody, with a delicious emotion pervading it, at once expressive yet vague, the representative of the most indefinite part of our sensations. If he can bring a throng of the graces of harmony to wait upon this, so much (perhaps) the better:—at all events, he must not sacrifice the Goddess to her attendants; but merely to groan for *our* groans, to sigh for our sighs, to start, to shiver, and be astonished, however ingeniously, this is what we feel we might all do, with the proper musical teaching; and that is the reason, perhaps, why the common run of the musical world admire it, and others become tired. Last night the audience were half asleep, except at intervals; and numbers went away, as we did, before the piece concluded. The best thing we heard was the *Drinking Song;* which (to shew how we love a good thing when we meet with it) we persisted in trying to get encored, and succeeded.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Philo-Dramaticus forthwith.

Erratum.—In the note of a correspondent yesterday, on *High ways and By-ways*, &c. the title of the French piece, " M. Rigaud, ou les Deux Maris," was erroneously printed "M. Rigand, or les Deux Amis."

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Grand Oratorio.

THE MESSIAH.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

PART I.—Overture.

Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'Comfort ye my people.'
Air, 'Every valley.' Chorus, 'And the Glory of the Lord.'
Recit. Mr PHILLIPS, 'Thus saith the Lord.'
Air, 'But who may abide.' Chorus, 'And he shall purify.'
Recit. Miss RUSSELL, 'Behold! a Virgin.'
Air and Chorus, 'Oh! thou that tellest.'
Recit. Mr PHILLIPS, 'For, behold! darkness.'
Air, 'The people that walked in darkness.' Grand Chorus, 'For unto us a Child is born.'

Pastoral Symphony.

Recit. Mrs WOOD, 'There were shepherds.' Chorus, 'Glory to God.'
Air, Mrs WOOD, 'Rejoice greatly.'
Recit. Miss BRUCE, 'Then shall the eyes.' Air, 'He shall feed his flock.'
Air, Miss HUGHES, 'Come unto him.' Chorus, 'His yoke is easy.'

At the end of the First Part, a Solo on the Violin, in which will be introduced the Portuguese Hymn, 'Adeste Fideles,' by Mr OURY.

PART II.

Chorus, 'Behold the Lamb of God.'
Air, Miss RUSSELL, 'He was despised.' Chorus, 'Surely he hath borne our griefs.'
Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'All they that see him.' Chorus, 'He trusted in God.'
Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'Thy rebuke.' Air, 'Behold and see.'
Recit. Miss HUGHES, 'He was cut off.' Air, 'But thou didst not leave.'
Semi-Chorus, (the principal Singers), 'Lift up your heads.'
Recit. Mr HORN, 'Unto which of the angels.' Chorus, 'Let all the angels.'
Air, Miss BYFELD, 'How beautiful are the feet.'
Quartet, Miss BYFELD, Messrs. ROBINSON, HORN, and BEDFORD, and Chorus, 'Their sound.'
Air, Mr PHILLIPS, 'Why do the nations.' Chorus, 'Let us break their bonds asunder.'
Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'He that dwelleth in Heaven.' Air, 'Thou shalt break them.'
Grand Chorus. 'Hallelujah.'

PART III.

Air, Mrs WOOD, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'
Quartet, (the principal Singers), 'Since by man came death.'
Recit. Mr PHILLIPS, 'Behold! I tell you a mystery.' Trumpet Obligato, Mr HARPER.
Recit. Miss RUSSELL, 'Then shall be brought to pass.'
Duet, Miss RUSSELL and Mr HORN, 'O Death.' Chorus, 'But thanks be to God.'
Air, Miss BRUCE, 'If God be for us.'
Grand Chorus, 'Worthy is the Lamb.'

THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'The King and the Sailor.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.' 'M. P.'s, or Electioneering.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emoulour (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

To conclude with a Grand Series of Optical Illusions, called

FAIRY VISIONS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Opera of

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

Diana Vernon, Miss Pearson, in which she will introduce, "He's what they ca' a Bonnie Lad."
Katty, Miss Bruce. Mattie, Mrs Crawford. Helen Macgregor, Mrs Faucit.
Sir Frederick Vernon, Mr Younge. Rasleigh Osbaldistone, Mr W. H. Wallack.
Francis Osbaldistone, Mr Sinclair, who will sing, "My Love is like the red red Rose;" "Auld Lang Syne;" "Hey! the Bonnie breast Knots;" and the Duet, "Tho' I leave thee now in sorrow," with Miss Pearson.
Owen, Mr W. Bennett. Capt. Thornton, Mr Thompson. Dougal, Mr Webster.
Major Galbraith, Mr Bedford. M'Stuart, Mr Yarnold. Jobson, Mr Salter.
Andrew, Mr Hughes. Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Mr Liston.

After which, the Burletta of

MIDAS.

Immortals—Juno, Mrs Newcombe. Apollo, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing, 'Come where the Aspens Quiver.' Jupiter, Mr Bedford. Pan, Mr Tayleure.
Mortals—Myrtis, Mrs C. Jones. Daphne, Miss S. Phillips. Nysa, Miss Russell.
Midas, Mr Farren. Damœtas, Mr Yarnold. Sileno, Mr Andrews.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

Elvira, Miss Byfold. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chilcini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

Cinderella, Miss Inverarity. Clorinda, Miss Cawse. Thisbe, Miss Hughes.
Fairy Queen, Miss H. Cawse. Felix, Mr Wilson. Dandini, Mr Morley.
Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. Penson. Alidoro, Mr G. Stansbury. Pedro, Mr Keeley.

To conclude with

THE £100 NOTE.

Lady Pedigree, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Arlington, Miss Taylor.
Montmorensy, Mr Wrench. O'Shookensey, Mr Power. Billy Black, Mr Keeley.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a New Comic Burletta; called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs Yates. Melville, Mr Yates.
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings. Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont, Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp, Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo, Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, and Mr S. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.—The Italian Wife — Fairly Taken In—Prophet of the Moor.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Correspondence of the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart. with Reminiscences of the Most Distinguished Characters who have appeared in Great Britain, and in Foreign Countries, during the last Fifty Years. Illustrated by Fac-similes of Two Hundred Autographs. Two vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

(Continued from yesterday.)

Our author justly praises the fair sex for their excellence in letter-writing; but though the list of his female correspondents contains some eminent names, the letters are neither numerous nor striking. The best is from the celebrated Duchess of Gordon. It is in a straight-forward energetic style, answering to her character. We fancy we hear her uttering the first words that we have marked in italics, and clapping her hand on the table at the word "hundred." The mention of the trees and flowers comes in pleasantly at the conclusion, and completes the natural look of the writer, who was fit in her younger days to have been one of Burns's mistresses:—

'Kinrara, Perth, May 6th, 1809.

'Dear Sir John,—To do good is your motto, and at this moment you can do a great favour to Lord Macdonald. Mr M'Pherson (Dalwhoie), is most anxious to be appointed factor to his lordship. *Had I the choice of a hundred, he should be the man.* He is quiet, industrious, much-respected, well informed; and when any disputes arise among the lower ranks, he is always the peace-maker. He is regular in performing every moral and political duty. I have wrote to Lord Macdonald, and he may be assured he cannot find a better man.

'The awful events of each day fill me with horror; and the irritating neglect our great rulers shew to Scotland, will soon make us as bad as John Bull.

'There is a report that the Highland dress is to be given up. Adieu then, to the glory of the 42d and 92d regiments, and that noble spirit which distinguishes the sons of the mountain.

'I came to meet the spring and all her lovely children. Not a leaf on the fragrant birch; the hills white with snow, and the glass little above thirty. Shall I rejoice I am here? Books, peace, and solitude, are the blessings I value. My companion, Jane, is gay as a lark, and we are planting and watering every flower.

'I saw the best of wives, and the most lovely of daughters, the day before I left Edinburgh. Your's truly,

J. Gordon.'

Sir John's fair friends are gallantly followed by his naval friends. We find nothing in the naval correspondence worth extracting, except the following anecdote—

'Captain Swanton happened to command a 70-gun ship, *The Vanguard* (we had then no 74's in the service); and was cruizing with Admiral Hawke, off the coast of France, in the hopes of intercepting a French fleet from Louisburgh, when his ship was so damaged in a gale, that he was ordered home to refit; and in his way to Portsmouth, he most unfortunately came within sight of the very fleet that Hawke was in expectation of intercepting. The French seeing an English ship of war so much disabled, and apparently quite alone, thought it would be an easy conquest; but to ensure its immediate surrender, the Admiral, by a signal, detached an 80-gun ship and a 74 to take possession. The officers of the *Vanguard*, knowing the state of their own vessel, and seeing such a superior force coming, gave themselves up for lost, and said to the Captain, "It is impossible to stand against such fearful odds; we must make up our minds to see Brest."—"No, Gentlemen," said Captain Swanton, "a ship of this force must not be surrendered by a British crew, whilst there is any hope of safety. Go to your quarters, prepare for action, and let us fight it out to the last."

'No situation could apparently be more desperate. The French 80-gun came vapouring down, gave the Englishman a broadside, but was surprised to find, that instead of striking, it returned the fire with great spirit and effect. The 74, when it approached, met with the same reception. This astonished not only those two ships, but the French Admiral, and his whole fleet. They began to conjecture, that the disabled ship was merely a decoy, and that Hawke must be near, otherwise no officer in his senses would have made any resistance against so great a superiority; and apprehending, if the action continued, that their ships might receive so much injury, as to be an easy prey, if Hawke actually should appear, the French Admiral was induced to recall the two ships; and Captain Swanton, by his spirited and judicious conduct, was thus enabled, after beating off so great a force, to rescue himself from his desperate situation, and to bring his ship triumphantly into Portsmouth."—P. 198.

The military correspondence is of as little importance as the naval. Sir John, who is loth to be unacquainted with anybody or anything of importance, wished to know as much as he could of the battle of Waterloo, and took an excursion to the Continent for that purpose. He proposed to draw up an account of it, and applied for assistance to the Duke of Wellington, who gave him the following answer: which is *candid*:—

'I can give you no information that would be of any use to you. My mind was so completely occupied with the *great events* of the battle, that I could not pay any attention to its *minor details*. All that I can tell you is, that we met the enemy, that we fought a battle, and that we gained a victory.'

Sir John tells us that the best account of the battle of Waterloo is to be found in a work of General Muffling, which has been translated. He quotes with approbation a remark made by General Foy, who said that this famous conflict was "not a battle, but a duel." Sir John thinks this true;—

'For,' says he, 'there was no manœuvring, and nothing but sheer fighting. The duration of the combat gave the English army a great advantage; for although the French are equally brave, they have not the same bottom, or physical strength, as the English: and if a battle is protracted for many hours, the former have not the same chance of success.

'It is said that Grouchy was prevailed upon by Vandamme not to think of joining Napoleon (who, he said, would defeat the English without aid), but to march to Brussels for the purpose of plundering that city. If so, the ruin of Napoleon was partly owing to his having retained an officer in his service whom he ought to have discarded, as among the most unprincipled in his conduct of any that the French Revolution had produced.'—P. 220.

'CLERICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

'I propose dividing my clerical correspondence into four branches; 1. England: 2. Scotland: 3. America: and 4. France.'

This is like the beginning of some frightful sermon. What can be expected from *clerical* correspondence? How much sincerity? or anything else to the purpose? However, something is to be got out of it now and then, by the rule of contrary. The following is a specimen. Sir John got up a statistical account of Scotland, by the help of the clergy of that country. He wished to procure one of England by the same means, and for that purpose, when he formed the plan of his Board of Agriculture, he proposed that the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of London and Durham, should be officially members; and that of two secretaries, one of them should be a clergyman of the Church of England, in order to carry on the statistical correspondence with his reverend brethren. The Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the nomination was left, appointed the Rev. Dr Shepherd; but subsequently being told by somebody that the researches would include the subject of tithes, he immediately gave Mr Pitt to understand that "neither he, nor, he believed, any of the bishops would promote an enquiry in which the subject of tithes would be concerned;" and he withdrew his recommendation of Dr Shepherd, in the following sincere note:—

'The Archbishop of Canterbury presents his compliments to Sir John Sinclair, with many thanks for the papers he has done him the honour to send him. He has not troubled him with Dr Shepherd's address, because he is of opinion, on mature consideration, that the appointment of a clergyman, especially a clergyman who has a living of a cure of souls, to be an official secretary to any Board that will *take up so much of his time*, and is not *entirely*, or at least *chiefly*, occupied in matters relative to religion, is liable to much objection. He has, *therefore*, withdrawn his recommendation.'—P. 226.

'The opposition of the Archbishop,' continues Sir John, 'by influencing Mr Pitt, was fatal to the statistical account of England. No circumstance could have been more provoking, nor in a public point of view more unfortunate. There was not the least idea of interfering with the property of the church, either in regard to tithes, or in any other respect; and it was with the view of preventing any jealousy of the sort, that the leading members of the church were officially members of the Board.'

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Ah, Sir John! Episcopal selfishness was more short-sighted than your accommodating philanthropy. It saw, well enough, that one enquiry would lead to another; *as it has since done*, in spite of the ingenuous letters of Archbishops, and the kind recommendations of Dr Rennell, that we lay our "understandings prostrate!"

ON THE LEISURE DESIRABLE FOR THE POORER CLASSES, WITH INCIDENTAL REMARKS ON PUBLIC-HOUSES.

[*From an excellent Article in Mr Godwin's New Work.*]

'It may be fitting to enquire as to the humbler classes of society, and those persons who are engaged in the labour of the hands, how much time they ought to be expected to consume in their regular and stated occupations, and how much would remain to them for relaxation and leisure. It has been said, that half an hour in the day given by every member of the community to manual labour, might be sufficient for supplying the whole with the absolute necessaries of life. But there are various considerations that would inevitably lengthen this period. In a community which has made any considerable advance in the race of civilisation, many individuals must be expected to be excused from any portion of manual labour. It is not desirable that any community should be contented to supply itself with necessaries only. There are many refinements in life, and many advances in literature and the arts, which indispensibly conduce to the rendering man in society a nobler and more exalted creature than he could otherwise be; and these ought not to be consigned to neglect.

'On the other hand, however, it is certain, that much of the ostentation, and a multitude of the luxuries which subsist in European and Asiatic society, are just topics of regret; and that, if ever those improvements in civilisation take place which philosophy has essayed to delineate, there would be a great abridgment of the manual labour that we now see around us, and the humbler classes of the community would enter into the inheritance of a more considerable portion of leisure than at present falls to their lot.

'But it has been much the habit, for persons not belonging to the humbler classes of the community, and who profess to speculate upon the genuine interests of human society, to suppose, however certain intervals of leisure may conduce to the benefit of men whose tastes have been cultivated and refined, and who from education have many resources of literature and reflection at all times at their beck, yet that leisure might prove rather pernicious than otherwise to the uneducated and the ignorant. Let us enquire then how these persons would be likely to employ the remainder of their time, if they had a greater portion of leisure than they at present enjoy.—I would add, that the individuals of the humbler classes of the community need not for ever to merit the appellation of the uneducated and ignorant.

'In the first place, they would engage, like the schoolboy, in active sports, thereby giving to their limbs, which, in rural occupation and mechanical labour, are somewhat too monotonously employed, and contract the stiffness and experience the waste of a premature old age, the activity and freedom of an athlete, a cricketer, or a hunter. Nor do these occupations only conduce to the health of the body, they also impart a spirit and a juvenile earnestness to the mind.

'In the next place, they may be expected to devote a part of the day, more than they do at present, to their wives and families, cultivating the domestic affections, watching the expanding bodies and minds of their children, leading them on in the road of improvement, warning them against the perils with which they are surrounded, and observing with somewhat of a more jealous and parental care, what it is for which, by their individual qualities, they are best adapted, and in what particular walk of life they may most advantageously be engaged. The father and the son would grow in a much greater degree friends, anticipating each other's wishes, and sympathising in each other's pleasures and pains.

'Thirdly, one infallible consequence of a greater degree of leisure in the lower classes would be that reading would become a more common propensity and amusement. It is the aphorism of one of the most enlightened of my contemporaries, "The schoolmaster is abroad:" and many more than at present would desire to store up in their little hoard a certain portion of the general improvement. We should no longer have occasion to say,

> "But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol."

Nor should we be incited to fear that ever-wakeful anticipation of the illiberal, that, by the too great diffusion of the wisdom of the wise, we might cease to have a race of men adapted to the ordinary pursuits of life. Our ploughmen and artificers, who obtained the improvements of intellect through the medium of leisure, would have already received their destination, and formed their habits, and would be disposed to consider the new lights that were opened upon them, as the ornament of existence, not its substance. Add to which, as leisure became more abundant, and the opportunities of intellectual improvement increased, they would have less motive to repine at their lot. It is principally while knowledge and information are new, that they are likely to intoxicate the brain of those to whose share they have fallen; and, when they are made a common stock upon which all men may draw, sound thinking and sobriety may be expected to be the general result.

'One of the scenes to which the leisure of the laborious classes is seen to induce them to resort, is the public-house; and it is inferred that, if their leisure were greater, a greater degree of drunkenness, dissipation, and riot would inevitably prevail.

'In answer to this anticipation, I would in the first place assert, that the merits and demerits of the public-house are very unjustly rated by the fastidious among the more favoured orders of society.

'We ought to consider that the opportunities and amusements of the lower orders of society are few. They do not frequent coffee-houses; theatres and places of public exhibition are ordinarily too expensive for them; and they cannot engage in rounds of visiting, thus cultivating a private and familiar intercourse with the few whose conversation might be most congenial to them. We certainly bear hard upon persons in this rank of society, if we expect that they should take all the severer labour, and have no periods of unbending and amusement.

'But in reality what occurs in the public-house we are too much in the habit of calumniating. If we would visit this scene, we should find it pretty extensively a theatre of eager and earnest discussion. It is here that the ardent and "unwashed artificer," and the sturdy husbandman, compare notes and measure wits with each other. It is their arena of intellectual combat, the *ludus literarius* of their unrefined university. It is here they learn to think. Their minds are awakened from the sleep of ignorance; and their attention is turned into a thousand channels of improvement. They study the art of speaking, of question, allegation and rejoinder. They fix their thought steadily on the statement that is made, acknowledge its force, or detect its insufficiency. They examine the most interesting topics, and form opinions the result of that examination. They learn maxims of life, and become politicians. They canvas the civil and criminal laws of their country, and learn the value of political liberty. They talk over measures of state, judge of the intentions, sagacity and sincerity of public men, and are likely in time to become in no contemptible degree, capable of estimating what modes of conducting national affairs, whether for the preservation of the rights of all, or for the vindication and assertion of justice between man and man, may be expected to be crowned with the greatest success; in a word, they thus become in the best sense of the word, citizens.

'As to excess in drinking, the same thing may be expected to occur here, as has been remarked of late years, in better company in England. In proportion as the understanding is cultivated, men are found to be less the victims of drinking and the grosser provocatives of sense. The king of Persia of old, made it his boast that he could drink large quantities of liquor with greater impunity than any of his subjects. Such was not the case with the more polished Greeks. In the dark ages the most glaring enormities of that kind prevailed. Under our Charles the Second, coarse dissipation and riot characterized the highest circles. Rochester, the most accomplished man and the greatest wit of our island, related of himself that, for five years together, he could not affirm that for any one day he had been thoroughly sober. In Ireland, a country less refined than our own, the period is not long passed, when on convivial occasions, the master of the house took the key from his door, that no one of his guests might escape without having his dose. No small number of the contemporaries of my youth, fell premature victims to the intemperance which was then practised. Now wine is merely used to excite a gayer and livelier tone of the spirits; and inebriety is scarcely known in the higher circles. In like manner, it may readily be believed that, as men in the lower classes of society become less ignorant and obtuse, as their thoughts are less gross, as they wear off the *vestigia ruris*, the remains of a barbarous state, they will find less need to set their spirits afloat by this animal excitement, and will devote themselves to those thoughts and that intercourse which shall inspire them with better and more honourable thoughts of our common nature.'

— In consequence of the boroughs, all our institutions are partial, oppressive, and aristocratic. We have an aristocratic church, an aristocratic bar, an aristocratic game-code, aristocratic taxation, aristocratic corn-laws, aristocratic laws of property; in short, the aristocratic spirit pervades everything,—all is privilege, prescription, monopoly, association, and corporation. . . . . How has it happened that the Aristocracy have been so extremely sulky in regard to the memorable events of last July; that they have kept their purse-strings so tight; that they have kept aloof from all participation in the general exultation? The second national uprising has been attended with no popular massacre, no confiscation, no obtrusion of irreligion; all has been valiant, wise, and moderate,—merely a great community rising, with one accord, to defeat an insane attempt to subject it to the yoke of despotism and superstition. Yet they have sent forth no *carmen triumphale* on the sublime occasion. Is it possible that they contemplate, at a distance, the mighty swell which is to submerge their own proud pretensions? If it be so, does it not show that their interests are personal; that they are not in common with the people; that they are merely a corporation in the state, and they feel their corporate immunities imperiled? But what is it that renders them insulated monopolists —strangers in the land? It is not the magnitude of their estates, for they are not objects of popular concern. No; it is not what they rightfully possess, but what they have surreptitiously obtained,—the franchises of the people, and the money of the people, which makes them fastidious and apprehensive. Be just and fear not, is our advice; and they are still safe!—*Extraordinary Black Book.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Oratorio of the Messiah.

THE Oratorio of last night was the *Messiah*, which we have noticed already. We shall therefore make up our present article with a letter from a correspondent, and some remarks upon it.

TO THE TATLER.

'MR TATLER,—I offer no apology for again troubling you with my complaints, feeling confident, that if founded on justice, they will always obtain a place in your journal. As I before observed, your diurnal being partly devoted to the Stage, I address myself to it, as the best corrective of any abuse, mismanagement, or irregularity connected with it. The singing of Italian airs, cantatas, cavatinas, tersettos, quartettinos, &c. forms no inconsiderable part of the entertainments at the 'Miscellaneous Selections of Music,' alias 'Oratorios,' by which latter appellation these performances are more generally known—a word, by the bye, very unique, elegant, and harmonious. Now, Sir, it appears to me, that our vocalists, generally speaking, are far from being attentive to the pronunciation of this beautiful language—"La bella lingua Toscana." They fail in giving the vowels a full, clear, open sound, particularly the letter *a*. As far as my knowledge of the language goes, there is a great difference between the sound of this vowel in such words as *amistà*, *carità*, *beatà*, and in *casa*, *padre*, and *cantate*; therefore, as they *do* attempt to sing Italian, and are supposed to have studied under the best *professors*, a little more attention might be paid to the sound of the *a* and *e*, especially the former. They might remember that "per ben parlar Italiano, bisogna aprire la bocca." Many persons may not be aware of this defect, which, as the pieces are *sung*, is not so distinguishable, but it is not the less true. It may not be superfluous, while speaking on this subject, to remind these celebrated singers of what Milton says in his 'Treatise on Education.' "Their speech (says he) is to be fashioned to a *distinct* and *clear* pronunciation, as near as may be to the *Italian*, especially in the *vowels*: for we Englishmen, being far northly, do not *open our mouths* in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceedingly *close* and *inward*." It is, or ought to be well known, that this great author studied the Italian tongue most assiduously, and wrote in it "very acceptable and agreeable poetry," and was the more competent to give this advice—which may serve as a hint to many of our actors and actresses, to avoid *mincing* the words, not only in Italian, but in their own nervous language. Trusting that these cursory observations may not be thrown away, I beg to subscribe myself, Mr Tatler,

'Your admirer and constant reader,

'14th March 1831. 'PHILO-DRAMATICUS.'

The critics have long had a sense of the injustice done to Italian words upon the Stage. We are not aware of any difference between the pronunciation of the letter *a* in such words as *obligato*, and that of the final *a* in *carita*, *fedelta*, &c. except what may be made by the force of the accent; if that is what our correspondent means. In fact, it is nothing but the same intermediate *a* in both cases; the final accented *a* being only an intimation that the last syllable of the old word *(caritade, fedeltade)*, is omitted. But on the English Stage, vowels and words of all sorts are murdered; and what was less to be expected, the authors conspire to keep up the massacre. Mr MILMAN, in his *Fazio*, calls Bártolo, Bartólo. The *Times* noticed, the other day, the villanous pronunciation of the name Manfredi, which the actors call Manfreedy. We are aware that there may be such a thing as a pedantic correctness, and that mistakes originating in times when there was a less general acquaintance with languages, are sometimes incorporated both with the text and with the reader's habits, in such a manner as not easily to admit of alteration. But when times are changed, and improvements are being gradually introduced in this very matter everywhere but upon the stage, it is surely reasonable time to begin there also. The knowledge of Italian Literature has been greatly spreading of late years, and members of the theatrical profession ought to be jealous of appearing less advanced in knowledge than the rest of the community. To many of the audience, an Italian name is never uttered on the stage, but it appears ridiculous. Nor is the absurdity lessened, by some words being spoken with a half correctness, and others altogether erroneously. It becomes rather the more provoking. A similar inconsistency, it is true, prevails among men of letters with regard to the spelling of Italian names. It is only of late years that Boccaccio has been called by his right name. Thirty or forty years back everybody wrote the word Boccace; or, as a pleasant friend of our's used to call it, Book-case. We still write Petrarch, instead of the noble word Petrarca. The reason of this inconsistency is obvious. It arises from the greater or less degree of popular acquaintance with the author's works. So, on the stage, the pronunciation of those names comes nearest the truth, with which the public have been rendered conversant by the residence of Italians in England, or which become difficult entirely to mispronounce, by the resemblance of their pronunciation to that of English words. But where there is an ambition to pronounce some words properly, it would be as well to extend it to all, especially where the whole language itself is so easy to pronounce as Italian. It would be nothing but a little pleasant pastime to some agreeable actress, to learn the proper pronunciation of Italian names from some native master; and no words would better become her lips.

But it is not the Stage only that is in fault. There is a mistake which the whole audience are in the constant habit of committing, and which, to an Italian, or to any one conversant with the language, or even with the Italian Opera, never fails to appear ludicrous. To say *bravo!* to Miss Paton or Miss Kemble, is as much as to say, "Well done, my boy!" It should be *brava*, to a lady; for the word is an adjective, and "hath genders." So, at least, the Italians themselves use it, though the word *bravo* is put in our Italian English dictionaries, simply as an interjection, unqualified. At the Italian Opera, they say "Brava!" to Miss Paton; "Bravo!" to Signor Lablache. A reform might be the more easily made in this particular, as we had the pleasure, the other night, of hearing it begun by a gentleman in the boxes, who applauded Miss Pearson. He was not one of her "indiscreet" friends, but the discreetest we have yet noticed; for though he applauded heartily, he was wise enough to say "No," to an attempt at getting up an encore.

By the bye, how comes little HARRIET CAWSE to have had no engagement at the Oratorios?

OSTRICH FEATHERS. — The greatest feathers of the ostrich are at the extremities of the wings and tail, and the largest of them are generally white. The next row is black and white, which is the prevailing mixture of colour among the species. The wings are of material use in aiding the bird to escape; for when the wind blows in the direction in which it is running, it always flaps them. In this case the swiftest horse cannot overtake it; but if the weather be hot, and there be no wind, the difficulty of outrunning it is not so great. When the ostrich runs, it has a proud and haughty appearance, and even when in extreme distress, it never appears in great haste, especially if the wind be with it. In a tame state, it is pleasant to observe with what dexterity it plays and frisks about. In the heat of the day, particularly, it will strut along the sunny side of a house with great majesty, perpetually fanning itself with its expanded wings, and seeming, at every turn, to admire, and be enamoured of its own shadow. During most parts of the day in hot climates, its wings are in a kind of vibrating or quivering motion, as if designed principally to assuage the heat. The feathers of its tail were once sought to increase the splendour of the Roman soldier's appearance. The same plumes are coveted as ornaments by modern Europe, and form part of the crowning graces of the female full dress. We know not at what period they first came up, but there is an Italian song, set to music in a very triumphant characteristical manner, which seems to have hailed their appearance on the continent; it begins

Quelle piume, bianche e nere,
Che sul capo voi portate,
Donne belle innamorate,
Vi fan crescer la beltà.

ERRATUM IN YESTERDAY'S TATLER.—Column 2, line 24, the words, "not so much, perhaps, after the other fact," should have been put in brackets, as being the Editor's words, and not the author's.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the communication of our obliging Correspondent PHILO-TATLER ET DRAMATICUS.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria,

L'ULTIMO GIORNO DI POMPEI.

The principal Characters by Mrs Wood (late Miss Paton,) Madame Castelli.
Mlle. Feliani. Signor David. Signor Deville. Signor Galli.
Signor De Angeli, and Signor Lablache.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT's Novel of

KENILWORTH.

The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel,
Mlle Clara, Mlle Proche, Mlle Zoe Beaupre, and Mme Montessu,
Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura,
Lydia, Clari, &c.
Messieurs Lefebvre, Simon, Emile, Gouriet, Venafra, O'Brien, Edouard,
George, D'Albert, Bertram, Hunt, and M. Paul.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Opera of

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

Diana Vernon, Miss Pearson, in which she will introduce, "He's what they ca' a Bonnie Lad."
Katty, Miss Bruce. Mattie, Mrs Crawford. Helen Macgregor, Mrs Faucit.
Sir Frederick Vernon, Mr Younge. Rashleigh Osbaldistone, Mr W. H. Wallack.
Francis Osbaldistone, Mr Sinclair, who will sing, "My Love is like the red red Rose;" "Auld Lang Syne;" "Hey! the Bonnie breast Knots;" and the Duet, "Tho' I leave thee now in sorrow," with Miss Pearson.
Owen, Mr W. Bennett. Capt. Thornton, Mr Thompson. Dougal, Mr Webster.
Major Galbraith, Mr Bedford. M'Stuart, Mr Yarnold. Jobson, Mr Salter.
Andrew, Mr Hughes. Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Mr Liston.

In the course of the Evening, the Overture to 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' adapted chiefly from Scottish Airs, by H. R. Bishop.
To 'Il Don Giovanni,' (Mozart) And to 'La Muette de Portici,' (Auber.)

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Flat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr Cooper. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

Elvira, Miss Byfeld. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chikini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.

On Monday, Macbeth; The Devil's Brother.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

Cinderella, Miss Inversarity. Clorinda, Miss Cawse. Thisbe, Miss Hughes.
Fairy Queen, Miss H. Cawse. Felix, Mr Wilson. Dandini, Mr Morley.
Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. Penson. Alidoro, Mr G. Stansbury. Pedro, Mr Keeley.

After the Opera, an Overture, by M. Corri. (MS.)

To conclude with

THE £100 NOTE.

Lady Pedigree, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Arlington, Miss Taylor, in which sing 'My Father Land,' and The Bavarian Broom Girl's Song.
Mrs Arlington, Miss Lawrence. Nurse, Mrs Daly. Janus, Mr F. Matthews.
Montmorency, Mr Wrench. Morgan, Mr Blanchard. O'Shocknessy, Mr Power.
Billy Black, Mr Keeley. Paperfund, Mr Turnour. Bilker, Mr Evans.

On Monday, King John; A Day After the Wedding; and the Omnibus.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a New Comic Burletta, called

KIND INTENTIONS.

Mrs Rosemore, Miss Daly. Charlotte, Miss M. Glover. Henry, Mr Hemmings.
Latitat, Mr S. Smith. Timothy, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Meanwell, Mr Mathews.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs Yates. Melville, Mr Yates.
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings. Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

To conclude with an entirely New Vaudeville, in Six Stages, and 2 Acts, called

BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

The Characters by Mrs Fitzwilliam, Miss M. Glover, Mrs Beaumont,
Mr Yates, Mr Downe, Mr J. Reeve, Mr Sanders, Mr Charles, Mr Wisp,
Mr Wilson, Mr Morris, Mr Childe, Mr Fry, Mr Chapman, Mr Paulo,
Mr Brown, Mr Mordaunt, Mr V. Webster, and Mr S. Smith.

SURREY THEATRE.

The celebrated Drama, entitled

THE ITALIAN WIFE.

Bianca, Miss Poole. Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott. Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Florence, Mr D. Pitt. Gonsalvo, Mr Gough. Falsetto, Mr Honner.
Giraldi Fasio, Mr Osbaldiston. Bartolo, Mr Williams.

After which, a Comic Musical Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

FAIRLY TAKEN IN.

Maria, Miss Somerville, in which she will introduce a new Song, 'I'm thine, e'en for Ever.' Mrs Dorothy Dunstable, Mme. Simon. Mrs Prig, Miss Nicol.
Flora, Miss Vincent. Sir Marmaduke Metaphor, Mr Williams.
Sir Timothy Testy, Mr Gough. Captain Wing'em, Mr Edwin.
Corporal Jeremy, Mr C. Hill. Billy Bombast, Mr Vale. Paul Prig, Mr D. Pitt.
Davy Dumpling, Mr Rogers. Peregrine Truncheon, Mr Ransford.

To conclude with an entirely new Romantic Drama, (in Three Acts, entitled

PROPHET OF THE MOOR; OR THE FIRE RAISER.

Catherine Gray, Miss Somerville. Honor Jeykel, Miss Jordan.
Dame Hetty Horner, Miss Nicol. Crazy Ruth, Miss M. C. Poole.
Elkanah White, Mr Osbaldiston. Colonel Launce Leolyn, Mr C. Hill.
Ralph Gayton, Mr Williams. Dwarf Stephen, or Stephen Poynet, Mr Almar.
Hal Hardenbrass, Mr Honner. Haveril Horner, Mr Gough.
Goliah Goodbody, sen. and jun. Mr Asbury and Master F. Carbery.
Master John Horner, Mr Vale. Oliver Brown, Mr Lee. Piers Talbot, Mr Edwin.
Joey Stokes, Mr Rogers. Thomas Green, Mr Hobbs.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, called

MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——

Mrs Headly, Mrs Edwin. Mrs Crawley, Mrs Knight. Lucy, Miss Stewart.
Rosa Crawley, Miss Langley. Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr Fredericks.
Mr Crawley, Mr Cooper. Mr Leach, Mr W. Vining.
Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

DUKE FOR A DAY.

The Characters by Miss Sydney, Madame Vestris, Mr Hodges, Mr Newcombe, Mr Cooper, and Mr Worrell.

THE CHASTE SALUTE

The Characters by Miss Sidney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnolett. Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

OLYMPIC REVELS.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Operatic Piece, dramatized from GAY's admired Serenata, entitled

GALATEA.

Galatea, Miss Vernon. Eudora, Mrs Humby. Doris, Mrs Garrick.
Acis, Mr Bennett. Damon, Mr J. Russell. Ulysses, Mr Spencer.
Lysander, Mr G. Lejeune. Telemon, Mr Munroe. Faunus, Mr G. Smith.
Polyphemus, the Fiend of Mount Etna, Mr E. Seguin.

After which, a New Divertisement Ballet, called THE TROUBADOUR.

DELUSIONS.

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

MRS G——.

Mrs G—, Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick. Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick.
Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells. Miss Felicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Mr Alexis Chasse, Mr Forrester. Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune.
Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

Advertisements.

Just published, Mr GODWIN's New Work,

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See also The Tatler, Nos. 133, 134, and 141.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Plays of Philip Massinger. Adapted for Family Reading, and the Use of Young Persons, by the Omission of the Objectionable Passages. Vol. III. 12mo. pp. 393. (Being the Third Volume of the Dramatic Series of the Family Library.) Murray.

This volume completes the works of Massinger in the present edition. Our first impulse, when we hear of editions with omitted passages, is to object to them, partly because we know not how much the editor may take upon himself to omit, and partly out of reverence for the writer's genius, which, it might be presumed, knew more of what it was lawful to utter, in a large sense, than men in general. To interfere with his workmanship seems like mutilating nature herself. We must own, however, there are some of the dramatists, who have allowed themselves such an extraordinary license of speech, that they have thrust aside all our tolerant speculations. Massinger is one of them. There are scenes in the Virgin Martyr, which, whatever excuses Mr Lamb may find for them, in the pure depth of his perceptions, (and no man's are purer or deeper), we could not read without feelings of the extremest disgust and impatience. He himself is glad that he can leave them out, in that beautiful book of his, 'The Specimens of Dramatic English Poets.' Speaking of the 'Virgin Martyr,' he says, "The very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pieties of this play (like 'Satan among the Sons of Heaven') and which the brief scope of my plan fortunately enables me to leave out, have a strength of contrast, a raciness, and a glow in them, which are above Massinger. They set off the religion of the rest somehow, as Caliban serves to shew Miranda." This is true, but we hold the foil to be dangerous. What we object to such passages is, not that they serve to reconcile us to any aspect of humanity, however painful, (for in one sense of the word, it is part of the divineness of philosophy to view all things with an equal eye), still less that it serves to "set off" anything good and beautiful; but on the contrary, that it rather endangers the graces of it, and tends to pull them down. To attempt to set virtue off, by rioting in what nature has taught us to avoid, were like increasing the attractions of a lily by planting it in offal. There is also a resentment, and a re-action, of another sort, terminating in universal indifference.

Besides, in justice to an author himself, it seems hard that his reputation should be kept tied and bound in the accidental vices of his time: for as those were fugitive, so his fame is by its nature immortal; and this clog to it becomes especial matter of regret when it hinders him from making his appearance among those circles of the fair and young, whose very simplicity allies them to his genius, and makes them peculiarly fit to be his companions.

Without, therefore, implying that passages in celebrated authors ought to be omitted in general, or except for the greatest necessity, and upon grounds universally acknowledged, so as to secure them from the pedantry and presumption of the formal and dogmatic, we cannot help giving our applause to publications like the present, and congratulating the projector on the addition he is likely to make to the stock of delightful reading. The first work which he has put forward is in every respect most *readably* done. The size is just of the sort to be convenient to handle, whether over the fire, or out of doors; and for so small a page, the type is remarkably large; indeed so much so, that dim eyes will open themselves upon it with a thankful amazement. Our only objection to it is, that among the critical opinions, nothing is quoted from Mr Lamb or Mr Hazlitt; the two best dramatic critics, by far, that England has produced. Mr Hazlitt's name, for certain political reasons, not necessary to discuss on these pleasanter occasions, might not have been looked for, perhaps, so soon after his death: but Mr Lamb is as unpolitical as need be; and the small notes full of beauty, in his 'Dramatic Specimens,' would surely be a mean addition to that pleasant spirit of companionship, which the readers of a poet love to meet with in his commentators. The Editor before us, in his 'Life of Massinger,' has seen occasion to differ more than once with Mr Gifford; and the notes retained from the latter's edition, are of a reasonable paucity. But why should he be almost the only name quoted? The best of him amounts but to the ingenious, and is not to be compared to the others. However, we are thankful for the dramatist, the great man; and will not quarrel with the little dog at his heels.

The Editor has extracted from Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage a letter which that indefatigable person discovered in Dulwich College; and which, though not new perhaps to many of our readers, it is always interesting and affecting to look upon. The more we are aware that the great providers of intellectual entertainment for us have gone through the troubles and sorrows common to the most mortal of strugglers in this world, the more we relish their graces and spirit, and feel an honoured delight in admitting them into our hearts. Here is Massinger, one of the demigods of the race of Shakspeare, joining with two friends to beg the loan of five pounds, in order to save them from prison; and even those five pounds they had a right to ask for their services.

'*To our most loving Friend, Mr Philip Hinchlow. Esq. these*:

'Mr Hinchlow,—You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void Christianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is xl. more, at least, to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us vl. of that, which shall be allowed to you; without which we cannot be bayled, nor *I play any more* till this be dispatched It will lose you xxl. ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hindrance of the next new play. Pray, Sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. We have entreated Mr Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and always acknowledgement to be ever

'Your most thankful and loving friends,

Nat. Field.'*

'The money shall be abated out of the money remaynes for the play of Mr Fletcher and ours. 'Rob. Daborne.'†

'I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beinge honest, I hope you will not fail us.

'Philip Massinger.'

Indorsed.

'Received by me, Robert Davison, of Mr Hinchlow, for the use of Mr Daboerne, Mr Feeld, Mr Messenger, the sum of vl.

'Rob. Davison.'

Massinger was the son of a gentleman in the service of the Pembroke family, was educated at Oxford, and became a writer for the stage; it is not known under what circumstances, but it is supposed under some disadvantage with his family patron, Lord Pembroke; owing to his having taken to dramatic studies in preference to severer ones. He was found dead in his bed, on the 17th of March 1640, in his house on the Southwark side of the Thames, near the Globe Theatre; and was attended to his grave by the players, of whom, like Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and others, he had been one. The register of the church records him as "Philip Massinger, a stranger;" a memorial which has a pathetic look; but which probably means nothing more than that he did not belong to the parish. Sir Aston Cockaine says that he was buried in the same grave with Fletcher, in St Mary Overy's church (the same church as St Saviour's); but it is understood that Wood has the authority of the parish register for saying that he was buried, not in the church, but in the church-yard.

The following is the Editor's opinion of this dramatist. The

* 'Nat. Field. This celebrated actor played female parts. He was the author of two comedies. 'A Woman's a Weathercock,' 1612; and 'Amends for Ladies,' 1618. He also assisted Massinger in 'The Fatal Dowry.'

† 'Robert Daborne was the author of two plays: 'The Christian turned Turk,' 1612: and 'The Poor Man's Comfort,' 1655. He was a gentleman of liberal education, master of arts, and in holy orders. It is supposed that he had preferment in Ireland. A sermon by him, preached at Waterford in 1618, is extant.'

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rank he assigns him is surely exaggerated to an extraordinary degree, and disproved by what he says at the conclusion:—

'The great and various merits of the works of Massinger will be better seen in the following volumes than in any elaborate critical dissertation. If our author be compared with the other dramatic writers of his age, we cannot long hesitate where to place him. More natural in his characters, and more poetical in his diction than Jonson or Cartwright, more elevated and nervous than Fletcher, the only writers who can be supposed to contest his eminence, Massinger ranks immediately under Shakspeare himself. Our poet excels, perhaps, more in the description than in the expression of passion; this may in some measure be ascribed to his attention to the fable: while his scenes are managed with consummate skill, the lighter shades of character and sentiment are lost in the tendency of each part to the catastrophe. The melody, force, and variety of his versification are always remarkable. The prevailing beauties of his productions are dignity and elegance; their predominant fault is want of passion.'—P. 19.

'Mr Lamb's opinion of Massinger is, that he "had not the higher requisites of his art, in anything like the degree in which they were possessed by Ford, Webster, Tourneur, Heywood, and others. He never shakes or disturbs the mind with grief. He is read with composure and placid delight. He wrote with that equability of all the passions, which made his English style the purest and most free from violent metaphors and harsh constructions of any of the dramatists who were his contemporaries."

Mr Lamb is also disposed to doubt whether the finest passages in the plays of Massinger, are not the property of his coadjutors, Decker, Middleton, and others. That exquisite scene in the 'Virgin Martyr' between the Angel and Dorothea, which we extracted in our article upon Angels (Tatler, Nos. 25, 26, 28, 29), he thinks likely to have been written by Decker: and the best scenes in the comedy of the 'Old Law,' which was written conjointly with Middleton and Rowley, he takes to be theirs.

'There is,' says he, speaking of the "Old Law," 'an exquisiteness of moral sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight, and a poetical strangeness in all the improbable circumstances of this wild play, which are unlike anything in the drama which Massinger wrote alone. The pathos is of a subtler edge. Middleton and Rowley, who assisted in this play, had both of them finer geniuses than their associate.'

Mr Hazlitt is of opinion, that Massinger was far inferior to most of his contemporaries (all of whom, by the way, we trust we shall have in this present edition. It will give the town a new batch of great poets). Mr Hazlitt thinks that the ruling passion in Massinger is a principle of playing at cross-purposes. He accuses his genius of 'convulsive efforts of the will, or intricate contrivances of the understanding, to obtain that which is better left alone, and when the interest arises principally from the conflict between the absurdity of the passion and the obstinacy with which it is persisted in.' This critic, however, excepts particular passages from his censure, and has given great praise to the 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' which he calls a 'very admirable play.' We will conclude with his opinion of it, and his masterly dissection of the character of Sir Giles Overreach:—

'There is considerable unity of design and progressive interest in the fable, though the artifice by which the catastrophe is brought about (the double assumption of the character of favoured lovers by Wellborn and Lovell) is somewhat improbable, and out of date; and the moral is peculiarly striking, because its whole weight falls upon one who all along prides himself in setting every principle of justice and all fear of consequences at defiance.

'The character of Sir Giles Overreach, (the most prominent feature of the play, whether in the perusal, or as it is acted), interests us less by exciting our sympathy, than our indignation. We hate him very heartily, and yet not enough; for he has strong robust points about him that repel the impertinence of censure, and he sometimes succeeds in making us stagger in our opinion of his conduct, by throwing off any idle doubts or scruples that might hang upon it in his own mind, 'like dew drops from the lion's mane.' His steadiness of purpose scarcely stands in need of support from the common sanctions of morality, which he intrepidly breaks through; and he almost conquers our prejudices by the consistent and determined manner in which he braves them. Self-interest is his idol, and he makes no secret of his idolatry; he is only a more devoted and unblushing worshipper at this shrine than other men. Self-will is the only rule of his conduct, to which he makes every other feeling bend: or rather, from the nature of his constitution, he has no sickly, sentimental obstacles to interrupt him in his headstrong career. He is a character of obdurate self-will, without fanciful notions, or natural affections; one who has no regard for the feelings of others, and who professes an equal disregard to their opinions. He minds nothing but his own ends, and takes the shortest and surest way to them. His understanding is clear-sighted and his passions strong nerved. Sir Giles is no flincher, and no hypocrite, and he gains almost as much by the hardihood with which he avows his impudent and sordid designs as others do by their caution in concealing them. He is the demon of selfishness personified; and carves out his way to the objects of his unprincipled avarice and ambition with an arm of steel, that strikes, but does not feel the blow it inflicts. The character of calculating, systematic self-love, as the master-key to all his actions, is preserved with great truth of keeping in the most trifling circumstances. Thus ruminating to himself, he says, 'I'll walk to get me an appetite: 'tis but a mile; and exercise will keep me from being pursy!'—Yet to shew the absurdity and impossibility of a man's being governed by any such exclusive regard to his own interest, this very Sir Giles, who laughs at conscience, and scorns opinion, who ridicules everything as fantastical but wealth, solid, substantial wealth, and boasts of himself as having been the founder of his own fortune, by his contempt for every other consideration, is ready to sacrifice the whole of his enormous possessions—to what?—to a title, a sound; to make his daughter 'right honourable,' the wife of a lord whose name he cannot repeat without loathing; and in the end he becomes the dupe of, and falls victim to, that very opinion of the world which he despises!

'The character of Sir Giles Overreach has been found fault with as unnatural; and it may, perhaps, in the present refinement of our manners, have become in a great measure obsolete. But we doubt whether even still, in remote and insulated parts of the country, sufficient traces of the same character of wilful selfishness, mistaking the inveteracy of its purposes for their rectitude, and boldly appealing to power, as justifying the abuses of power, may not be found to warrant this an undoubted original—probably a fac-simile of some individual of the poet's actual acquaintance.'—*Hazlitt's Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Queen Elizabeth*, p. 175.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

East India Monopoly.—Why should we be called upon to make a sacrifice? If the company cannot maintain their association without public support; if they cannot carry on trade to advantage, without privileges hurtful to the community; if they cannot enter into fair competition with individuals, let them retire from the contest, let them *dissolve*, and leave commerce to be pursued by others on more prudent and economical principles. Only think of the situation of that most patient of all animals, the British public, in this business. The Boroughmongers levy *a hundred per cent tax on tea* for the support of extravagance, and the payment of their dividends, and the company *a monopoly tax to the same amount* and for similar purposes. How finely is John Bull crucified between the "exclusives" of Leadenhall and the oppressors of Downing street! If to these agreeables we add the extra sugar-tax he is compelled to pay for the benefit of the West-India flageilants, with what *gusto* he must needs swallow his morning and evening beverage! what fervent ejaculations he must utter over his *cups*, for the prosperity and permanence of oligarchical government!—*Extraordinary Black Book.*

Mothers and Daughters in Normandy.—The constant and anxious surveillance which mothers and other elderly relatives exercise over the young women, is a positive proof of their frailty; for it is the remembrance of what they themselves once felt, and the observation of what is daily taking place around them, in spite of duennaship, which makes them thus suspicious and vigilant. They have, it would seem, no notion of that "deity in the bosom," which, in some countries, is supposed to be the best guardian of a woman's honour; and prefer depending upon material lets and hindrances to love. For this reason, the daughter, as I have already observed, if there be but one, always sleeps with her mother, goes to church with her mother, visits with her mother, makes love, or has it made to her, in her mother's presence. If there be many daughters, which seldom happens in France, they all sleep in the same apartment with their mother, who thus comes to be regarded in the light of a spy. It may be doubted, however, whether all this vigilance and restraint be productive of much good. The powers of invention, which are naturally very great in womankind, are only by these means made more active and vigorous; and many a girl of seventeen, who might under ordinary circumstances have been remarkable for her simplicity, is thus rendered a very Machiavel in the politics of love. These circumstances cause the women here to regard the state of marriage as the Lacedemonians did that of war,—as a state of liberty; and to plot, scheme, and long for it, as captives long for a delivery from bondage.—*St John's Journal of a Residence in Normandy.*

A Self-appointed Keeper of the Wardrobe.—Mr C. Hughes, a country comedian, had a wig which generally hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He one day lent the wig to a brother player, and some time afterwards called upon him. Mr Hughes had his dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. Mr Hughes stayed a little while with his friend; but when he left him, the dog remained behind. For some time he stood, looking full in the man's face; then, making a sudden spring, he leaped on his shoulders, seized the wig, and ran off with it as fast as he could; and when he reached home, he endeavoured, by jumping, to hang it up in its usual place. The same dog was one afternoon passing through a field near Dartmouth, where a washerwoman had hung her linen to dry. He stopped and surveyed one particular shirt with attention; then seizing it, he dragged it away through the dirt to his master, whose shirt it proved to be.—*A Natural History, drawn from the writings of Buffon, Cuvier, &c.*

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AN AFFECTIONATE WOLF.—M. Frederic Cuvier gives a remarkable instance in which a wolf manifested for his master all the devoted attachment of a dog. The gentleman who brought him up from a puppy, and who was going to travel, presented him to the Paris Menagerie when he was full grown. For several weeks the wolf was inconsolable; but at length he contracted new attachments with those about him, and seemed to have forgotten his former owner. At the end of eighteen months, however, that owner returned, and as soon as the wolf heard the well known voice in the gardens of the Menagerie, he displayed the most violent joy, and on being set at liberty, he hastened to his friend. An absence of three years next took place, and the wolf was again disconsolate. The master once more returned, and though, it being evening, the wolf's den was shut up, yet the moment the tones of his friend met his ear, he uttered the most anxious cries. On the door being opened, he darted towards the long absent person, leaped upon his shoulders, licked his face, and threatened to bite the keepers when they attempted to separate them. When the man left him, he fell sick, rejected all food, was long on the verge of death, and would thenceforth never suffer a stranger to approach him.—*A Natural History of the Globe, &c—drawn from the writings of Buffon, Cuvier, &c.*

STEAM-CARRIAGES.—With horses certainly not effecting a rate of transit equal to ten miles an hour, exclusive of stops, we find the engine at twelve miles an hour, in eight hours performing the work of ninety-eight horses. And if we take the performance of the engine at fifteen miles an hour for six hours and a half, the number of horses required to perform the same work, will be one hundred and sixty-five horses; from which we see the impossibility of any competition between the two modes, at high rates of speed.***** These engines have just, or scarcely yet, perhaps, emerged from a course of improvements, as rapid as they have been astonishing. Little more than twelve months ago, we find them incapable of effecting any great rate of speed; four, and, at most, six miles an hour, being their ordinary rates of travelling upon the railways on which they had been introduced; and now we find their regular day's work averaging more than fifteen miles, and in one instance, a distance of above thirty miles traversed within an hour. With improvements such as these *in progress*, for every engine yet made seems superior to that preceding it, we need scarcely say, that it is extremely difficult to decide upon any fixed standard, without erring on either one side or the other. Perhaps, even before the work issues from the press, their capabilities may be very considerably increased.—*Wood's Practical Treatise on Rail-Roads.*

A ROYAL CORONATION.—The Hongo negroes in every district are allowed to elect a king and queen from among the individuals of their own nation. When the sovereign has died or resigned in the course of that year, a new one is chosen on the festival of Our Lady of the Rosary, (the patroness of negroes) and the person elected may be an actual slave, or a manumitted negro. These sovereigns exercise a species of mock jurisdiction over their subjects, which is much laughed at by the whites, but their chief power is shown on the day of the festival. The negroes of their nation, however, pay much respect to them. The man who had for several years acted as their king in Itamaraca, was about to resign, from old age, and a new chief was to be chosen. The former queen would not resign, but still continued at her post. The old negro who was this day to be crowned, came early in the morning to pay his respects to the vicar, who said to him in a jocular manner, "Well, Sir, so to day, I am to wait upon you, and to be your chaplain." About eleven o'clock I proceeded to the church with the vicar. We were standing at the door, when there appeared a number of male and female negroes, habited in cotton dresses of colours and of white, with flags flying, and drums beating, and as they approached, we discovered among them the king and queen, and the secretary of state. Each of the former wore upon their heads a crown, which was partly covered with gilt paper, and painted of various colours. The king was dressed in an old-fashioned-suit, of divers tints, green, red, and yellow; coat waistcoat, and breeches; his sceptre was in his hand, which was of wood, and finely gilt. The queen was in a blue silk gown, also of ancient make; and the secretary had to boast of as many colours as his master; but his dress had evident appearances of each portion having been borrowed from a different quarter, for some parts were too tight, and others too wide for him. The expence of the church service was to be provided by the negroes, and there stood, in the body of the church, a small table, at which sat the treasurer of the black fraternity, and some other officers, and upon it stood a box to receive the money. This was produced but slowly, much too slowly for the appetite of the vicar, who had not breakfasted, though it was now nearly mid-day, for he and his assistant priests were to chaunt high mass. He therefore approached the table, and began to expostulate with the directors, declaring that he would not go to the altar, until every expense was paid. * * * At last, their majesties knelt down at the railing of the principal chapel, and the service commenced. As soon as this was over, the new king was to be installed; but as the vicar was hungry, he despatched the matter without much ceremony; he asked for the crown, then went to the church-door—the new sovereign presented himself, and was requested or rather desired to kneel down; the insignia were given to him, and the vicar then said, "Now, sir king, go about thy business." As the king belonged to Amparo, the eating, drinking, and dancing were to be at that place, consequently in a short time our town remained quite quiet.—*Koster's Travels in Brazil.*

COMMENCEMENT OF MR COBBETT'S LETTER TO THE HAMPSHIRE PARSONS.—"To the Hampshire Parsons.—*Parsons*,—I have often taxed my powers of invention to find out *another name for you*; some appellation more fully descriptive of what you deserve; but after hunting about, backward and forward, I always come back again to "*Hampshire Parsons*," being able to find nothing, in all God's creation, to resemble the animal described by those two words."

A PRINCE'S FREEDOM.—The council did make remonstrance unto Queen Elizabeth of the continual conspiracies against her life; and namely of a late one; and shewed her a rapier taken from a conspirator that had a false shape, being of brown paper, but gilt over as it could not be known from a shape of metal, which was devised to the end, that without drawing it, the rapier might give a stab; and upon this occasion advised her that she should go less abroad to take the air, weakly unaccompanied, as she used. But the queen answered; "That she had rather be dead, than put in custody."—*Bacon's Apophthegmes.*

STRANGE COUNTRIES.—'I once heard,' says Mr Koster, in his Travels in Brazil, 'that a person who had been in England, and had returned to Pernambuco, observed that the two things which surprised him the most in that country, were, that the people did not die, and that the children spoke English. He was asked his reason for supposing that his first wonder was correct; to which he answered, that he never had seen the sacrament taken to the sick. The same story, or one very like it, has been told of an Irish traveller in France; but whatever may be the amount of Brazilian intellect, few Irishmen would have been dull enough to make such observations gravely. The ignorance of some nations with regard to others is, however, remarkable. It is not likely that the countries of Europe should long continue to be such strangers to each other; and it is to be hoped that travellers will not, in future, have such striking instances of this ignorance, to record, as the following:—"I had become very intimate with my friend the Major,—he learned from me that we had horses, and cows, and dogs in England, and he liked me the better for this; at first, he wondered how it happened that I could ride: he thought I must be an apt scholar to have learned since I had gone over to Brazil. He was also much surprised to learn that we had churches in England, which he had never understood before. He said he should not believe henceforward that the English were heathens." Such was the ignorance of a Brazilian Major twenty years ago; it was in 1810 that Mr Koster enlightened him. Knowledge has made the Tour of Europe since that time, and what she has not yet effected, will, no doubt, be speedily accomplished by the aid of Steam. All hail, great Steam!'

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Rob Roy Macgregor—High Ways and By Ways—And Masaniello.
COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella—St Patrick's Day—And The Irishman in London.

KING'S THEATRE.

"*L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei*" the new opera by PACINI, which had been prepared last season for Madame MALIBRAN'S benefit, but was put aside in consequence of the late King's death, was brought forward on Thursday evening last for the benefit of Signor DAVID. We have little to say in praise of the composition of the piece as a whole—it is sombre, and unoriginal; being a feeble imitation of the ROSSINI school. The instrumentation possesses no energy, unless indeed mere noise and *blare* pass for such. There are no melodies worth recurring to again and again; no passages you detect yourself humming in your way home. The modulations, too, have all been common property of the Opera for years.

As for the plot of the piece, it is not worth the perusal, and still less merits the labour of detailing.

The most attractive feature in the representation is the eruption of Vesuvius; to which that at the conclusion of the *Masaniello* is as whistling to thunder, or a whisp of blazing straw to a conflagration.

Signors LABLACHE and DAVID were loudly applauded; the latter was encored in an air in the second act 'Oh! mio crudele affetto.' He sang with uncommon energy, but cruelly out of tune. The former in an aria, 'Se i Numi fausti,' almost roused the audience from their seats with enthusiasm: and indeed the correctness of his style, with the extraordinary power and beauty of his tone, fully warranted all their admiration.

Mrs WOOD'S voice was in "most blessed conditions;" brilliant, clear, and correct. She fully deserved the applause bestowed upon her.

The choruses in the opera scarcely deserve notice, except from their being ill performed. Indeed the piece has evidently been written exclusively for the principal singers; the orchestra and choruses being considered by the composer as third, or thirtieth rate affairs. All this shows but a limited feeling for the magnificence and true glory of his art. But PACINI and magnificence are strange words to be consorted. C.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of
MACBETH.
Lady Macbeth, Miss Huddart. Gentlewoman, Mrs Newcombe.
Duncan, Mr Younge. Donalbain, Master Baker.
Macbeth, Mr Macready. Macduff, Mr Wallack. Banquo, Mr Cooper.
Rosse, Mr H. Wallack. Malcolm, Mr J. Vining. Hecate. Mr Phillips.
1st Witch, Mr Farren. 2nd Witch, Mr Dowton. 3rd Witch, Mr Harley.

In the course of the Evening, Spohr's Overture to 'Macbeth.' Winter's Overture to 'Marie de Montalban,' and Auber's Overture to 'Fra Diavolo.'

After which, will be Exhibited the New and Splendid DIORAMA.

To conclude with a New Melo-Dramatic Opera, in Two Acts, called
THE DEVIL'S BROTHER.
Lady Pamela Goslington, Mrs Orger. Zerlina, Mrs Waylett.
Fra Diavolo, Mr Wallack. Sir Gregory Goslington, Mr Harley.
Lorenzo, Mr Sinclair. Lucro, Mr Webster.

To-morrow, Henri Quatre; High Ways and By Ways; and the Illustrious Strangers.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of
KING JOHN.
The Lady Constance, Miss F. Kemble.
King John, Mr Warde. Faulconbridge, Mr C. Kemble. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
King of France, Mr Egerton. The Dauphin, Mr Abbott.
Prince Arthur, Miss P. Horton.

After which,
A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.
Lady Elizabeth Freelove, Miss E. Tree.

To conclude with the Farce of
THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.
Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Ledger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Rooney, Mr Power.

To-morrow, Cinderella; St Patrick's Day; and Teddy the Tiler.

FRENCH PLAYS.
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par
VOLTAIRE CHEZ LES CAPUCINS.
Madame Dalban, Mlle. Eliza. Jeannette, Mlle. Emma. Voltaire, M. Bouffé.
Père Pancrase, M. Guenée. Frère Loup, M. Préval.
Frère Jacques, M. Guenée. Frère Fiacre Sonneur, M. Granville.
Théodore, M. Paulin. Bruno, M. Gamard. M. Lambert, M. Cloup.
Un Paysan, M. Arnaud.

Suivre de
ANTOINE; OU, LES TROIS GENERATIONS.
Léon, Mlle. St Ange. Le Marquise de St Valier, Madame Préval.
Clémentine, Mlle. Florval. La Comtesse de Moirmont, Mme. Baudin,
La Baronne de Lorges, Mlle. Eliza. Henriette, Mlle. Hermitte,
Madeleine, Mme Gamard. Antoine, M. Bouffé.
Le Marquis de St Valier. M. St. Aubert. Le Vicomte de Chailly. M. Laporte.
Leblanc Père, M. Préval. Le Président de Chatenay, M. Arnaud.
Le Conseiller, M. Alfred. Un Valet, M. Granville. Placide, M. Gamard.
Le Chevalier de Mirecourt, M. Paulin. Bertrand, Concierge, M. Pelissié.
Françoise, M. Guenée. Leblanc Fils, M. Cloup.

On finira par
LE BENEFICIAIRE.
Madame Lesouffié, Mme Baudin. Palma, Mlle. Eliza. Zéphirine, Mlle. Florval.
Beneficiaire, M. Bouffé. M. de la Tirade, M. Pelissié. Un Régisseur, M. Cloup.
Dubémol, M. Derval M. Desrosiers, M. Alfred. M. Golden, M. Laporte.
Eugène, M. Paulin. Le Domestique de la Tirade, M. Guenée.
Le Domestique de Zéphirine, M. Granville. Le Domestiquo de Dubémol, M. Arnaud.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called
THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.
Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called
THE WRECK ASHORE!
Act I.—WINTER.
Alice, Miss Daly. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Miles Bertram, Mr Yates. Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith. Marmaduke Magogue, Mr John Reeve.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone.

Act II.—SUMMER.
The Characters as in Act I.

On Saturday an Address on the Close of the Season, will be spoken by Mr YATES.

To conclude with the Burlesque Burletta of
THE QUADRUPEDS.
Dorothea, Miss Daly. Tinderella, Miss Stallard. Mopperella, Mrs Daly.
Blousedora, Miss Barnett. Francisco, Mr O. Smith.
Abrahamides, with Imitations, and the Parody of "Heavy Wet," Mr J. Reeve.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Broad Farcical Entertainment, entitled
THE FEMALE FREEMASON.
Mrs Vintner, Mrs Humby. Betty, Miss Ayres. Susan, Miss Brothers.
Mr Topman, Mr Spencer. Mr Knobbs, Mr G. Smith. Mr Vintner, Mr Smith.

THE DANISH WIFE.
The Lady Gertrude, Miss Pelham. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane.
Ernest, Mr Forester. Kalmar, Mr Spencer. Peter Pluffen, Mr Smith.
Bertrand, Mr Munroe. Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell.

And (second time) an Imitative Representatin of NATIONAL DANCES.

DELUSIONS.
Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.
Peggy Darnwell, Mrs Humby. Johnny Ogle, Mr J. Russell.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, called
MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——
Mrs Headly, Mrs Edwin. Mrs Crawley, Mrs Knight. Lucy, Miss Stewart.
Rosa Crawley, Miss Langley. Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr Fredericks.
Mr Crawley, Mr Cooper. Mr Leach, Mr W. Vining.
Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

After which, a new Burletta, in One Act, called
DUKE FOR A DAY.
Aline, Miss Sydney. The Duke de Valmont, Mr Hodges.
Julian, Madame Vestris,
Antoine and Blaize, Mr Newcombe, and Mr Cooper. Jerome, Mr Worrell.
The Seneschal, Mr W. Vining. Servants, Retainers, &c.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called
MIS-APPREHENSION.
Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott.
Ellen, Miss Kalmey. Miss Bramble's Maid, Miss Berresford.
Frank Hartley, Mr Raymond. Thomas, Mr Cooper.
Money, Mr W. Vining. Mr Williams, Mr Coates. Police Officer, Mr Worrell.
Shopmen, Messrs. Young and Hitchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled
OLYMPIC REVELS.
Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

Will be presented
THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.
Polly, Miss Somerville. Mrs Peachum, Madame Simon. Lucy Lockit, Mrs Vale.
Sukey Tawdry, Miss Nicol. Jenny Diver, Miss Boden.
Captain Macheath, Mr Edwin. Peachum, Mr Williams. Lockit, Mr Gough.
Filch, Mr Vale. Mat o' the Mint, Mr Ransford. Ben Budge, Mr Asbury.
Harry Paddington, Mr Tully. Wat Dreary, Mr Fone.
Jemmy Twitcher, Mr Webb. Robin of Bagshot, Mr Woolf.
Nimming Ned, Mr Allcroft. Crook Finger'd Jack, Mr Hobbs.

After which an entirely new Romantic Drama, (in Three Acts, entitled
PROPHET OF THE MOOR; OR THE FIRE RAISER.
Catherine Gray, Miss Somerville. Honor Jeykel, Miss Jordan.
Dame Hetty Horner, Miss Nicol. Crazy Ruth, Miss M. C. Poole.
Elkanah White, Mr Osbaldiston. Colonel Launce Leolyn, Mr C. Hill.
Ralph Gayton, Mr Williams. Dwarf Stephen, or Stephen Poynet, Mr Almar.
Hal Hardenbrass, Mr Honner. Haverll Horner, Mr Gough.
Goliah Goodbody, sen. and jun. Mr Asbury and Master F. Carbery.
Master John Horner, Mr Vale. Oliver Brown, Mr Lee. Piers Talbot, Mr Edwin.
Joey Stokes, Mr Rogers. Thomas Green, Mr Hobbs.

To conclude with the admired Melo-Drama, entitled
THE INCHCAPE BELL.
The Dumb Sailor Boy, Miss Scott. Becky Butterfly, Mrs Vale.
Hans Hattock, Mr D. Pitt. Guy Ruthven, Mr C. Hill. Capt. Taffrail, Mr Honner.
Sir John Trevanley, Mr Gough. Samson Sawdust, Mr Vale.
Jupiter Seabreeze, Mr Rogers.

COBURG THEATRE.—Ivanhoe—Reform—The Fate of Calas.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Richard the Third—Miller and his Men.

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№ 171.] [PRICE TWOPENCE

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Residence in Normandy. By J. Augustus St John, Esq. 12mo. pp. 295. (Being the 65th No. of Constable's Miscellany). Hurst and Chance.

We differ with Mr St John in his anti-bibliomaniacal objections to large histories of little places. We would have a large history of every village in England, written with all the research of an antiquary, and the fondness of a native. He should make us love and admire, if he could, every post in it; or if he could not, we would like him for the endeavour, and at all events, find something to add to our stock of agreeable associatious. There are people who might find fault with Mr St John for writing so much about the towns and villages of Normandy; but we shall not be one of them. If he had written a second volume, we should have read it: aye, or a third; though the first might be accused of some superfluous passages too. But any local history, with the least new ground in it, is interesting to us. Mr St John, we believe, has written more about Normandy than any other Englishman; and besides being glad to hear of any portion of the great family of mankind, with which we are not intimate, we are disposed, as book-men, to like the Normans for being the countrymen of Corneille and St Evremond; of whom, by the way, we should have been pleased to hear more from Mr St John, instead of so much about William the Conqueror. Our author is not a profound observer, but he is a lively one, and very good-natured. He leaves his study-windows open, for the robins to come in on winter nights; and is so companionable in stage coaches, that he is the first to converse even among Frenchmen. He says that there is a great mistake prevalent upon that point in England; and that Frenchmen can sit and be silent together, as well as their neighbours. This may be; but at any rate, they will talk when talked to, and England, we fear, still remains pre-eminent among the riders in coaches, for extracting an odd sort of gratification out of sulkiness and repulsion. Our beloved countrymen certainly have an art among them, not even confined to the brown sex, (which is a pity), that may be called the pleasure of being unpleasant.

The Norman peasantry are described by Mr St John as not altogether answering to the popular idea of the French character. They are, to be sure, a merry race, but rough in their manners. The Normans were always accused of being litigious. Boileau loves to twit them for it, the more, perhaps, on account of his dislike to Corneille. In gallantry, however, after their fashion, they appear not to be behind the rest of the nation. We proceed to extract from Mr St John's work the passages most illustrative of their manners, or otherwise containing such information or suggestions as we do not remember to have met with elsewhere. Our author's residence in this province commenced in the autumn of 1829. At the date of the following remarks, which was in winter time, he was residing at Cormelles, a village near the city of Caen:—

'Returning from Caen early in the evening, perhaps before eight o'clock, I used generally to observe every house shut up, and lights in the upper windows, indicating that the peasants were retiring to rest. In fact, during cold weather, they are most commonly in bed long before that hour. They have, indeed, no motive for sitting up late, the day being long enough for labour, and candle and firewood being extremely dear. Their modes of defending themselves from the cold are various. In the first place, every person in the country, male and female, that can get it, cheer themselves with *eau-de-vie*, the smell of which you may always discover as they pass you. In the next place, they clothe themselves, the women especially, with the thickest and heaviest garments, it being not at all uncommon for a woman to wear seven petticoats. They moreover wear, under the chemise, very thick knit flannel waistcoats, called tricots, with long sleeves, which come down to the wrists, and are turned up over those of the gown; these tricots, as well as every other article of female apparel, are generally of some very showy colour, as blue, red, &c. Even the frocks and trowsers of farmers, and the pinafores of children, are of a light bright blue.

Another mode of procuring warmth, common among the peasantry, and not altogether unknown in some parts of England, is, to take refuge in the cow-house and stables, where the breath of the cattle diffuses an agreeable warmth through the building. At Lions-sur-Mer, and other villages on the same coast, the lace-makers resort to the same curious practice to save fuel. They agree with some farmer, who has several cows in warm winter quarters, to be allowed to carry on their operations in company with the "milky mothers." The cows are tethered in a row, on one side of the apartment; and the lace-makers are seated cross-legged upon the ground, on the other, with their feet buried in straw. Opposite each girl, in a small niche in the wall, is a candle, placed behind a clear hemispherical bottle, the flat side of which is towards the candle, and the globular one towards the knitter. This bottle is filled with water, and throws a small stream of strong, pure white light upon the cushion, which renders the minutest thread of the lace, more visible, if possible, than by day. These cow-houses being generally too dark to allow of their ever working without candles, and the cattle being sometimes out in the fields by day, the lace-makers prefer working all night. Numbers of young men, of their own rank, resort to these cow-houses, and sit or lie down in the straw, by the cushions of their sweet-hearts, and sing, tell stories, and say soft things to them all night, to cheer them in their labours. The curé of the place, anxious lest the morals of his pretty parishioners should suffer, has more than once endeavoured to keep away the lovers, but in vain. To avoid, however, all real ground for scandal, the mothers and elderly female relations of many of the girls remain with them all night, pursuing the same occupation.'—P. 23.

All this care of the mothers, nevertheless, whether among poor or rich, appears to form no real security. A page or two afterwards we find the following:—

'It is not an uncommon thing, I was informed, for the women in the lower ranks to have children before marriage; and with one or two natural children they find no more difficulty in getting husbands than they do under similar circumstances in Tartary and Thibet, and are received among their fair sisterhood, whether before or after marriage, exactly as if they had kept themselves chaste. Their manners and conversation, moreover, are remarkably coarse. Among women of a higher rank, personal surveillance is not considered unnecessary. During courtship, the mother generally sits in the room with the lovers; walks out with them; goes to church with them; and, in one word, never quits her daughter's side, until she is fairly married. The other day, in a match where the lover was French, the mistress English, the gentleman, some time after he had obtained permission to pay his addresses, petitioned with much gravity, to be allowed every day, on entering and quitting the house, to kiss his mistress's cheek. The favour was granted, and the methodical and conscientious lover, never dreaming of over-stepping the bounds prescribed, gave his beloved two kisses per day. The courtship was carried on in French, of which the mother did not understand one word, and the daughter, very few; but the diplomacy of love, requiring but little aid from language, the business was conducted with facility, and terminated as it ought. If the mother, however, left the room for an instant, during the courtship, the lover, in the greatest alarm for the honour of his mistress, would start up from the sofa, on which they usually sat, and throwing open the door of the apartment, that the persons in the next room might have a full view of him, would pace to and fro, or stand as far as possible from the girl, until the duenna returned.

'When a marriage takes place, all the furniture, linen, plate, &c. is bought by the lady; and in these matters the Normans are extravagant. In humble life the girls frequently labour for many years to get together the sum necessary for furnishing their *trousseau*, as their contribution to the matrimonial stock is denominated; and are generally betrothed from a very early age, to some young man of the neighbourhood who does the same thing. The young lace-makers of Caen whom we see plying their fingers so merrily at the cottage doors, are all labouring for love. A great many of the young men of this department are stone cutters, and go up to exercise their calling in Paris, where, labour being more productive, they more rapidly acquire the sum supposed to be necessary for commencing house-keeping.

'I observed, a few pages back, that before the first hoot of the owl, the villagers are generally in the land of dreams; but, if they retire early to bed, they certainly make up for it by rising

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with the lark in the morning; though I cannot discover that the old adage,—

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise,

is at all verified in their case, for, though they are healthy enough, they cannot be called either wise or wealthy.'—P. 27.

If they are healthy enough, in spite of their *eau-de-vie*, they have a good half of what wisdom wishes to obtain, and what riches cannot. But here is more of the same formidable matter as the last, which comes in awkwardly after what our author has said relatively to the care taken to avoid grounds of "scandal:"—

'From the statistical table published this year by order of the French government, it appears that more than one-sixth of the children of the department of the Calvados are illegitimate; while in Paris, the same class of children form more than a third. It will soon be a mere joke to marry at all in France; at least this will be the case when the illegitimate outnumber their rivals, which, as things are going on, must very soon happen.

'Voltaire complained that, in his time, the modesty of his countrymen had fled from the heart to take refuge on the lips; and he was no doubt a pretty good judge in those matters. At present, however, it cannot in general be said, that the lips of the ladies in France are by any means remarkable for their modesty, for they will speak of things that will put an Englishwoman out of countenance. At the same time, their dress is almost prudish. Even at balls and evening parties, their "robes" are only what, I believe, is technically called *half-low*, among the ladies. From beneath the neck of this, the rich lace of the chemise peeps out, like the leaves of the white rose, full and fragrant, and gives an air of delicate coquetry to the person. In the streets, on the promenades, and in the churches, the ladies of Normandy appear to much advantage. Though not generally handsome, and inclining a little too much to embonpoint, they have still an elegance, and, in spite of their size, an airiness about them, which render them agreeable to the eye, especially as for the most part their complexions are brilliant and clear.'—P. 60.

We must have another article out of this amusing volume.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds." —*Tillotson.*

A Four-footed Pauper.—At a convent in France, twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a certain hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this regale, to receive the scraps which were now and then thrown to him. The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and of course not very wasteful; so that their pensioner did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were served by a person at the ring of a bell, and delivered out by means of what in religious houses is called a *tour*, a machine like the section of a cask, that by turning round upon a pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it. One day, the dog, having only received a few scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took the rope in his mouth, and rung the bell. He repeated it the same day with the same good fortune. At length the cook, finding that twenty-one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the trick; in doing which he had no great difficulty, for, lying in wait, and noticing the paupers as they came for their different portions, and that there was no intruder except the dog, he began to suspect the truth; which he was confirmed in, when he saw the animal remain very deliberately till the visitors were all gone, and then ring the bell. The matter was related to the community, the dog was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner; on which a mess of broken victuals was always afterwards served out to him.—*A Natural History, drawn from the writings of Buffon, Cuvier, &c.*

A Strange Taste.—I had sent a courier to them (M. de Rouffignac) to say that we should pass through the town between eleven and twelve at night; that we should stop at his door a few moments, and that we hoped he would have the *chivalrous and romantic* gallantry to give each of us a basin of good soup—a thing which would please me so much the more, as that method of paying court to the lady of his thoughts was not a common one. At the same time that he did what we desired, he found means of doing a very extraordinary thing: he kept a domesticated bear at his house, and having heard that nothing was so good as soup made of bear's flesh, he had his bear killed and soup made of it, which he gave us *en parent*. The soup was very red, but I have never tasted anything so good. I felt much obliged to him for the sacrifice of his bear, and *for having rescued, on my account, the story of the Falcon* of La Fontaine.—*Memoirs of Madame de Genlis.*—[La Fontaine must have strangely spoiled the Falcon story of Boccaccio, if this comparison be a just one. It is profanation to speak so lightly of that beautiful story, which, however, Madame de Genlis was not very likely to appreciate. For writing this passage, she deserves to have been fed on bear-soup all the days of her life, or rather upon nut-shells, for she confounds the shell with the kernel; cannot distinguish between soup and sentiment. The lover who sacrificed his falcon, would not have sacrificed it for Madame de Genlis.—A. A.]

Religious Liberty.—To govern *Christianly* is to establish perfect religious liberty, and free it from all risks. It does not exist so far as any civil or political consequences connect themselves with faith. If a king cannot change his religion, on the deepest conviction, without forfeiting his crown, that king has not religious liberty. The sceptre is a dungeon-bar to his mind, and the diadem a fetter on his soul. If a religious teacher may attain the station and emoluments of prelacy by his professed faith, and must forfeit them should his conviction change, that teacher has not religious liberty. Where one particular priesthood has rank in the state, others are not free; and where they all have, the people are not free. So far as the ceremonies of any particular faith are connected with filling the occupations, entering into the relations, or enjoying any of the advantages of civil life, there is not religious liberty. It is a fallacious distinction which has sometimes been drawn, that a state may patronise, though it should not punish. A government cannot patronise one religion without punishing others. A state has no wealth but the people's wealth: if it pay some, it impoverishes others. A state is no fountain of honour. If it declare one class free, it thereby declares other classes slaves. If it declare some noble, it thereby declares others ignoble. Whenever bestowed with partiality, its generosity is injustice, and its favour is oppression.—*Fox's Christ and Christianity.*

Lent in Brazil.—About the commencement of lent, the villages in the neighbourhood are almost entirely deserted by the white people, who return to town to see the processions customary at this season in catholic countries. * * * On Holy Thursday, accompanied by two of my countrymen, I sallied forth, at three o'clock, to see the churches, which are on this occasion highly ornamented. The whole town was in motion; the females, too, both high and low, were this afternoon parading the streets on foot, contrary to their usual custom; many of them were dressed in silks of different colours, and covered with gold chains and other trinkets, a general muster being made of all the finery that could be collected. The blaze in some of the churches, from the great number of wax tapers, was prodigious; the object apparently aimed at, was the greatest quantity of lights, as in some instances, mirrors were fixed behind the tapers. The middle of the body of these churches is completely open; there are no pews, no distinction of places; the principal chapel is invariably at the opposite end from the chief entrance, recedes from the church, and is narrower; this part is appropriated to the officiating priests, and is railed in from the body of the church. The females, as they enter, whether white or of colour, place themselves as near to the rails as they can, squatting down upon the floor of the large open space in the centre. The men stand along either side of the body of the church, a narrow slip being in most instances railed off lengthways; or they remain near to the entrance, behind the women; but every female of whatever rank or colour, is first accommodated. On the following day, Good Friday, the decorations of the churches, the dress of the women, and even the manner of both sexes was changed; all was dismal. In the morning I went with the same gentleman to the church of the sacraments, to witness a representation of our Saviour's descent from the cross. We entered the church by a side door; it was much crowded, and the difficulty of getting in was considerable. An enormous curtain hung from the ceiling, excluding from the sight the whole of the principal chapel. An Italian missionary friar of the Penha convent, with a long beard, and dressed in a thick dark brown cloth habit, was in the pulpit, and about to commence an extempore sermon. After an exordium of some length, adapted to the day, he cried out, "Behold him!" the curtain immediately dropped, and discovered an enormous cross, with a full-sized wooden image of our Saviour, exceedingly well carved and painted, and around it, a number of angels represented by several young persons, all finely decked out, and each bearing a large pair of outstretched wings, made of gauze; a man dressed in a bob-wig, and a pea-green robe, as St. John, and a female kneeling at the foot of the cross, as the Magdalen; whose character, as I was informed, seemingly that nothing might be wanting, was not the most pure. The friar continued with much vehemence and much action, his narrative of the crucifiction, and after some minutes again cried out, "Behold, they take him down!" when four men, habited as Roman soldiers, stepped forwards. The countenances of these persons were in part concealed with black crape. Two of them ascended ladders placed on each side against the cross, and one took down the board, bearing the letters I. N. R. I. Then was removed the crown of thorns, and a white cloth was put over and pressed down upon the head; which was soon taken off, and shewn to the people, stained with the circular mark of the crown in blood: this done, the nails which transfixed the hands, were by degrees knocked out, and this produced a violent beating of breasts among the female part of the congregation. A long white linen bandage was then placed under each arm, the nails which secured the feet were removed, the figure was let down very gently, and was carefully wrapped up in a white sheet. All this was done by word of command from the preacher. The sermon was then quickly brought to an end, and we left the church. * * * On Saturday morning we were saluted with the bellowing of cattle, the grunting of pigs, and the cries of the negro slaves with baskets of fowls of several kinds for sale; these were to be devoured after the ensuing midnight, and many families weary of their long abstinence, impatiently awaited the striking of the clocks, as a signal for the commencement of hostile operations, without mercy or scruple; upon turkeys, pigs, and all the rest of the miserable tribes which have been laid down as the lawful victims of our carniverous nature. *Roster's Travels in Brazil.*

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KAMSCHATKAN BREAD.—One of the old chiefs brought me a large lump of what he called Karaikee bread. It was composed of the boiled bones of the deer, with the marrow in them, pounded very fine, and mixed with a small portion of the meat and fat. It was tolerably well tasted, and would have been really delicious, if it had not been for a smoky flavor that almost everything acquires which is prepared in their jourtas (the kind of hut or tent in which they dwell.)—*Dobell's Travels in Kamschatka and Siberia.*

— Mr Wright, the Editor of a work incorrectly lettered "Buffon's Natural History," mentions an interesting instance of restored sight, recorded in the Philosophical Transactions. It is of recent occurrence, and the only case on record of a person born blind being gifted with sight at so late a period of life. The patient was a lady who was born blind, and at the age of six months was placed under the care of an oculist, who operated upon both eyes, but without success. The right eye became inflamed, and was completely destroyed, and the left remained sightless as before. At the age of forty-six, this lady applied to Mr Wardrop, who, on the 26th of January 1826, performed an operation upon the left eye, which was twice repeated, and the third operation, on the 17th of February was completely successful. The patient returned home in a carriage, with her eye covered only with a loose piece of silk. The first thing she noticed was a hackney-coach passing, when she exclaimed, "What is that large thing that has passed by us?" In the course of the evening, she requested her brother to shew her his watch, concerning which she expressed much curiosity; and she looked at it a considerable time, holding it close to her eye. She was asked what she saw, and replied that there was a dark and a bright side; she pointed to the hour of twelve, and smiled. Her brother asked her if she saw anything more,—she replied, "Yes," and pointed to the hour of six, and to the hands of the watch. She looked at the chain and seals, and observed that one of the seals (a solid piece of rock crystal) was bright. The next day Mr Wardrop asked her to look again at the watch, which she refused to do, saying that the light was offensive to her eye, and that she felt very stupid, meaning that she was confused by the visible world thus, for the first time, opened to her. On the third day, she observed the doors on the opposite side of the street, and asked if they were red, but they were of an oak colour. On the sixth day, she told us she saw better than on any preceding day, but seemed bewildered, from inability to combine the knowledge acquired, by the senses of touch and sight, and was disappointed in not at once distinguishing by the eye, objects which she could so readily distinguish from one another by feeling them. On the seventh day, she took notice of the mistress of the house in which she lodged; observing that she was tall. She asked what was the colour of her gown, and being told that it was blue, replied, "So is that thing on your head, and your handkerchief is of a different colour," which was correct. The tea-cups and saucers underwent an examination. Her brother asked her what they were like. She replied, "I do not know, they look very queer, but I will tell you what they are in a minute, if I touch them. She observed an orange on the chimney-piece, but could form no notion of what it was, till she touched it." On the eighth day, she asked her brother when at dinner, what he was helping himself to, and when told it was a glass of port wine, she replied, "Port wine is dark, and looks to me very ugly." When candles were brought into the room, she observed her brother's face in the mirror; she also walked, for the first time without assistance, from a chair to a sofa which was on the opposite side of the room, and back to the chair again. Eighteen days after the operation, Mr Wardrop attempted to ascertain by a few experiments, her precise notions of colour, size, forms, distances, &c. When small pieces of paper of different colours were presented to her, she not only distinguished them at once from one another, but gave a decided preference to some colours, liking yellow best, and then pale pink. It may here be mentioned that, when desirous of examining an object, she had considerable difficulty in directing her eye to it, and finding out its position, moving her hand as well as her eye in various directions, as a person in the dark gropes with his hands for what he wishes to touch. She distinguished a large from a small object when both were held up before her for comparison; and said she saw different forms in various objects which were shown to her. On asking what she meant by different forms, such as long, round, and square, and desiring her to draw with her fingers those forms on her other hand, and then presenting to her eye the respective forms, she pointed to them exactly. She understood what was meant by above and below, and a figure drawn in ink, with one end broad, and the other narrow, being placed before her eye, she saw the positions as they really were, and not inverted. She could also perceive motion, for when a glass was placed on the table before her, if, on moving her hand towards it, it was quickly moved to a greater distance, she said, "You move it; you take it away." She seemed to have the greatest difficulty in finding out the distance of any object; for, when an object was held close to her eye, she would search for it by stretching her hand far beyond its position, while on other occasions, she grasped close to her own face, for a thing far removed from her. She observed some pictures hanging on the wall, and distinguished several small figures in them, but did not know what they represented. When a silver pencil-case and a large key were given her to examine with her hands, she knew each distinctly, but when laid on the table before her, though her eye distinguished the difference, she could not tell which was the pencil-case and which was the key.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Macbeth.—And the Devil's Brother.

COVENT GARDEN.—King John.—A Day after the Wedding.—And the Omnibus.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE new farce, called the *Female Freemason*, or the *Secret Blabb'd*, that was produced here last night, was heard with alternate applause and objection to the end, and finally condemned, the performer who came to give it out for repetition being rendered inaudible by cries of "Off! off!" We are sorry that anything should fail in this neat, pains-taking house; but we cannot wonder at the ill-luck in the present instance.

Mr Vintner (Mr SMITH), Deputy Master of a Freemason's Lodge, a cockney of the utmost beau ideal of cockneyism, who fears his wife, and says "Ve venerates the sex," is terribly beset by *Mrs Vintner* (Mrs HUMBY) to disclose to her the secret of the craft: in default of his doing which she threatens him that not a mason shall come near the house. *Vintner* discloses the perplexity he is in to his brother masons, and a plot is agreed upon to frighten her. Her husband accordingly tells her that she may become a mason upon condition of dressing herself in male attire, and not betraying herself. She consents; and a procession is formed through the room into which she is first introduced, consisting of successive portions of the Masonic body, each of which is accompanied by some dreadful symbol or instrument; and this phenomenon is duly explained to the lady, to her infinite dissatisfaction. One is a goblet of prussic acid, of which every new comer is to partake; another a stomach-pump, to secure the drinker against its effects; a third a mop and pail, to quench him and keep him moist through some fiery ordeal which he is to undergo; and a fourth a gridiron, on which, being conveniently heated red hot, he is to dance a hornpipe, with bare feet. After these awful visitations, the lady is blinded with "the cap of confidence," and conducted into the presence of the Lodge and Grand Master, who, after various mummeries, orders her to ascend the Grand Spiral Babylonian Staircase (a set of steps, to wit, some five feet high, which, by means of various twirlings of her as she goes up, she is made to take for an imminent deadly precipice). From this summit he orders her to jump off: she declares herself unbearably frightened, and entreats permission to walk off, as an unworthy aspirant; which is granted. She comes down, throws herself in a transport into her husband's arms, and her secret transpiring in the rapture, the Magnificent Acting Grand (or whatever he is called) takes occasion to give her a lecture on her sex's incontinence of speech; and the piece concludes with a chorus.

There are various reasons, we conceive, why this piece did not succeed. In the first place, the title evidently raised a good deal of expectation, for the house was fuller than we have yet seen it on the rise of the curtain, though the night was rainy. Secondly, the Freemasons that were brought upon the stage, were of what would be called a vulgar order, and not calculated to do the craft honour. Thirdly, the jokes upon women's not being able to keep a secret are old, and bad, and deservedly going out of fashion. As for that matter indeed, we believe women can keep secrets quite as well as men; and that whenever the latter have as little to occupy their time as female gossips, they gossip quite as much. Fourthly, no secret is "blabb'd" in this farce; and fifthly and lastly, there is nothing of any sort in the catastrophe worth raising so much expectation. This is one of the most perilous of all speculations on the stage. Any mystery, about which a sensation is made beforehand, ought to be of a consummate and most surprising kind, and quite overwhelming in the disclosure. The most mortal feature of all however, in the *Female Freemason*, we take to have been the vulgarity of the Lodge. No ridicule could have been intended by it; but it certainly had the effect of ridicule,—which must have chagrined the Freemasons; and the effect was flat, which annoyed everybody else. One or two of the choruses were not unpleasing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor is obliged to a "Play-Goer," whose remarks are very just, and shall be attended to.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

BY COMMAND OF THEIR

MAJESTIES.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.

The principal Characters by Madame Sigl Vespermann. Miss Fanny Ayton. Mlle. Feliani. Signor David. Mr E. Seguin, and Signor Lablache.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mlle Clara, Mlle Proche, Mlle Zoe Beaupre, and Mme Montessu, Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Beseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.

Messieurs Lefebvre, Simon, Emile, Gouriet, Venafra, O'Brien, Edouard, George, D'Albert, Bertram, Hunt, and M. Paul.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Historical Play, entitled

HENRI QUATRE.

Florence St. Leon, Miss Pearson, who will introduce 'Rose d'Amour.' Louison, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing, 'Each bower has beauty for me,' and 'Merry I have been, and merry I'll be.' Clotilde de Biron, Mrs Newcombe. Henri Quatre, Mr Macready. Duke de Sully, Mr Hammerton. General D'Aumont, Mr Latham. Eugene de Biron, Mr Cooper. Frederick St. Leon, Mr J. Vining. Moustache, Mr Farren. Pinçeau, Mr Webster. O'Donnell, Mr H. Wallack. Gervaise, Mr Bedford. Germain, Mr Salter. Jocrisse, Mr Harley. Lafleur, Miss Poole.

In the course of the Evening, Mehul's Overture to 'La Chasse du Jeune Henri.' Rossini's Overture to 'La Cenerentola.' And Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones. Miss Susan Flat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster. Charles Stapleton, Mr Cooper. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston. James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To conclude with a Musical Piece, (in Two Acts) called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

Fatima, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing 'Meet me by Moonlight.' Irza, Miss Faucit. Aboulifar, Mr Thompson. Arzan, Mr Bland. Alibajou, Mr Webster. Bowbell, Mr Liston. Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To-morrow, No Performance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

Cinderella, Miss Inverarity. Clorinda, Miss Cawse. Thisbe, Miss Hughes. Fairy Queen, Miss H. Cawse. Felix, Mr Wilson. Dandini, Mr Morley. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. Penson. Alidoro, Mr G. Stansbury. Pedro, Mr Keeley.

After the Opera, a favorite Medley Overture, by H. R. Bishop.

Previous to 'Teddy the Tiler,' Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflöte.'

After which, the Farce of

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

Mrs Bridget Credulous, Mrs Gibbs. Lauretta, Miss Nelson. Lieutenant O'Connor, Mr Power. Justice Credulous, Mr Blanchard. Dr Rosy, Mr Bartley. Sergeant Trounce, Mr Baker. Corporal Flint, Mr Turnour. Soldiers, Mess. Mears and Fuller. John, Mr Heath.

To conclude with the Farce of

TEDDY THE TILER.

Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly. Oriel, Miss Lawrence. Flora, Miss Nelson. Julia, Mrs Brown. Ladies, Meads. Perry and Appleton. Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans. Henry, Mr Durouset. Frederick, Mr Baker. Bombardine, Mr Henry. Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour. Tim, Mr Addison. Teddy Mulowney, Mr Power. Stiff, Mr Mears. Apewell, Mr Irwin. Constable, Mr Fuller. Richard, Mr Heath.

To-morrow, A Grand Selection of Music.

SURREY THEATRE.

The favorite Opera of

ROBIN HOOD, OR SHERWOOD FOREST.

Clorinda, Miss Scott. Annette, Miss Vincent. Angelina, Miss Somerville. Robin Hood, Mr Ransford. Little John, Mr Williams. Ruttekin, Mr Vale. Baron Fitzherbert, Mr D. Pitt. Edwin, Mr Edwin. Scarlet, Mr Johnstone.

To which will be added the laughable Farce of

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Kitty, Mrs Vale. Lady Charlotte, Miss Scott. Lady Babb, Mme. Simon. Lovell, Mr Edwin. Freeman, Mr Honner. Philip, Mr Gough.

To conclude with the admired Melo-Drama, entitled

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

Ravina, Miss C. Poole. Claudine, Miss Vincent. Laurette, Miss Jordan. Grindoff, Mr Osbaldiston. Count Frederick Friberg, Mr Honner. Lothair, Mr C. Hill. Karl, Mr Vale. Zingra, Mr Ransford.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Broad Farcical Entertainment, entitled

THE FEMALE FREEMASON.

Mrs Vintner, Mrs Humby. Betty, Miss Ayres. Susan, Miss Brothers. Mr Topman, Mr Spencer. Mr Knobbs, Mr G. Smith. Mr Vintner, Mr Smith.

THE DANISH WIFE.

The Lady Gertrude, Miss Pelham. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane. Ernest, Mr Forester. Kalmar, Mr Spencer. Peter Pluffen, Mr Smith. Bertrand, Mr Munroe. Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Godfrid, Mr Keppell.

And (second time) an Imitative Representatin of NATIONAL DANCES.

DELUSIONS.

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stolwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick. Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe. Mr John Fraser, Mr Spencer. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

Peggy Darnwell, Mrs Humby. Johnny Ogle, Mr J. Russell.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews. Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings. Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE!

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Miss Daly. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly. Miles Bertram, Mr Yates. Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings. Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith. Marmaduke Magogue, Mr John Reeve. Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone.

Act II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

On Saturday an Address on the Close of the Season, will be spoken by Mr YATES.

To conclude with the Burlesque Burletta of

THE QUADRUPEDS.

Dorothea, Miss Daly. Tinderella, Miss Stallard. Mopperella, Mrs Daly. Blousedora, Miss Barnett. Francisco, Mr O. Smith. Abrahamides, with Imitations, and the Parody of "Heavy Wet," Mr J. Reeve.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

The Characters by Miss Sidney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnoletti. Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, called

THE GRENADIER.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen, Dear Fanny." Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, in one Act, called

MIS-APPREHENSION.

Miss Clementina Bramble, Miss Stuart. Fanny, Miss Pincott. Ellen, Miss Kabrey. Miss Bramble's Maid, Miss Berresford. Frank Hartley, Mr Raymond. Thomas, Mr Cooper. Money, Mr W. Vining. Mr Williams, Mr Coates. Police Officer, Mr Worrell. Shopmen, Messrs. Young and Hitchinson.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

COBURG THEATRE.—Ivanhoe—Reform—The Fate of Calas.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Richard the Third—Miller and his Men.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Residence in Normandy. By J. Augustus St John, Esq. 12mo. pp. 295. (Being the 65th No. of Constable's Miscellany). Hurst and Chance.

[Concluded from yesterday.]

The following account of the clumsiness of manufactured articles in Normandy reminds us of a similar state of things in those parts of Italy, which formerly diffused the conveniences of life over Europe. The locks and keys, and articles on a par with them, in Tuscany, are perhaps the same now that they were in the days of Lorenzo de' Medici. The more cheerful a nation is in ordinary, or the happier its climate, the less it cares for those petty conveniences, which irritable people keep about them, as a set off to their want of happiness in the lump. A Norman or a Tuscan will be glad enough to make use of an English razor when he gets it; but the point is, that he can do better without it than the Englishman. We have sometimes seen in the face of an Italian, when English pen-knives and other perfections of manufacture have been shewn him, an expression, mixed with his wonder, of something like paternal pity, as if the excess of the thing was childish. It seemed to say;—"Ah, you can make those sort of things, and we can do without them. Can you make such knick-knacks as Benvenuto Cellini did,—carkanets and caskets, full of exquisite sculpture and worth their weight in jewels?"

"And there is reason in this. It is convenient to have the most exquisite pen-knives; but it is a greater blessing to be able to do without them. We would not stop the progress of manufacture; for a good will come of it, beyond what is contemplated: but it is not to be denied meanwhile, that the more petty conveniences we abound in, the more we become the slaves of them, and the more impatient at wanting them where they are not. Not having the end, we keep about us what we take for the means. Cultivators of better tempers or happier soils get at the end by shorter cuts. The only real good of the excessive attention we pay to the conveniences of life, is, that the diffusion of knowledge, and the desire of advancement, proceed in company with it; and that happier nations may ultimately become still happier by our discoveries, and improve us, in their turn, by those of their livelier nature.

'In the invention of several little things which add to the comforts, and facilitate the daily actions of life,' says Mr St John, 'the English are certainly before the French,—if French civilization can be said to have reached Normandy. The cutlery, for example, is generally exceedingly poor and clumsy; and every improvement which is attempted, is said to be made *à l'Anglais*. They mark their linen with English ink; they cut their beef-steaks and plum-puddings with English knives, when they can get them; and if they can scrape off their beards with English razors, they are but too happy. But, in fact, no man can be expected to be patriotic or national in the matter of razors; for, if the devil himself kept a cutler's shop, and sold a good article, I think no man who has a beard would scruple to become his customer. I was not able to discover a pair of nut-crackers in all Caen, though I am told such things have accidentally been seen there; and was compelled to send to London for a pair or two. The instrument with which filberts and hazel nuts are squeezed to pieces here, is exactly like a country cobbler's pincers, only not half so neat. Walnuts are opened with a knife, at the constant risk of lock-jaw. Fenders, of course, there are none; and the fire-irons are of the most rude and awkward construction. The ordinary earthenware is exactly of the description which, I suppose, prevailed before the siege of Troy, being at once ugly and brittle; but the porcelain and finer species of earthenware are frequently extremely tasteful and elegant. The manufacturing of glass seems by no means to have reached the perfection which it has attained among us, though many articles are cheap and pretty. But of all the clumsy fellows in the country, the locksmiths, I think, bear the bell. Nothing can equal the ugliness and coarseness of their locks and keys, if you except the manner in which they are fastened to the doors. In shoeing horses, also, the Normans are peculiarly inexpert. Three persons are invariably employed in the operation: one man seizes the horse by the head, another takes hold of his foot, turns it up, puts on the shoe, and holds it with both hands, while the third strikes in the nails, with a hammer large enough to have served the Cyclops in beating out the thunder-bolts for Jupiter in their smithy in Mount Etna. If the animal happens to move, the whole posse of artists are disarranged, and a thousand curses are showered upon his perverseness. The same number of persons are employed in shoeing an ass. In England, a smith who could not manage the whole business without aid, would hang himself for shame.

'Moreover, in walking along the roads in frosty weather, they are continually falling and slipping on the ice, for want of what, I believe, is called roughing their shoes. When this happens, the peasants beat the animal in the most brutal manner, though their own stupidity is alone to blame. When I have hinted at this piece of cruelty, I have had our cock-fighting, and bull-baiting, and boxing-habits, objected to me, and very fairly; though I do not clearly see how our cruelty to cocks and bulls can justify their savage abuse of the domestic animals. It is not difficult, however, to retort accusations of this kind. Every nation has its faults and its absurdities; and it is thus that mankind keep each other in countenance.

'The Normans, though remarkably backward in many of the practices of civilized life, are sometimes ridiculed when they do not altogether deserve it. For example, it is customary with the English here to laugh at them for harnessing their horses in a long single line of eight or ten to their waggons. No doubt it appears very absurd at first sight, but the practice is in consequence of the badness of the cross-roads and by-roads which are found in this country, and must be allowed until those roads are greatly improved. For, when a waggon drawn by a long team of this kind, comes to a slough in the road, the foremost horses enter it and pass it, before those behind are far in the mud; and thus, having reached the solid ground, are enabled to drag their brethren, vehicle and all, through the slough. In the same manner, we must account for the unusually great diameter of the wheels of these waggons. I have often heard General Miller explain in this way the custom of the Guachos, or inhabitants of the Pampas of South America, who use waggons with wheels ten feet in diameter, and yoke twenty pair of oxen, in a loose manner, to one of these strange looking vehicles. That the diligences are not drawn by a long single line of horses, is no proof that the practice is not the effect of prejudice, but a presumption, of the contrary: the diligences, in general, run over good roads and, when the waggons have the same advantages, they will be drawn by horses yoked two and two, as they are in England.'—P. 72.

'The ladies of Normandy wear whatever bonnets or hats happen to be in fashion at Paris, but the female citizens of a certain rank wear nothing but caps. This renders it necessary for every person to be armed against sudden showers with an umbrella, which, in most instances, is of a fiery red, or some other bright colour. These umbrellas are of a clumsy construction and remarkably heavy. I think an English umbrella manufacturer who should set up at Caen, and be moderate in his charges, would very soon make his fortune, as might also any other manufacturer of articles of utility.'—P. 132.

An English manufacturer might succeed, as the author here says; but he would have to adapt the colours of his umbrellas accordingly. Delight as well as convenience is of some consequence abroad; not because, as our author has taken some pains to argue in another place, the French are dull and require to be roused; but because they have a sympathy with pleasure. He thinks that the French, though not a melancholy, are a dull people, and that they are more social than we, because they have more need of society. Undoubtedly society is more necessary to dull people than to others; but it is also more natural to the sprightly. We take his mistake to have originated in confounding the average mass of understandings, which are, perhaps, pretty much the same in all countries, with the average, as it exists, in one country, perhaps even in one province. But to proceed with our quotation:—

'Besides the coverings of the head mentioned above, there is another, still more remarkable, perhaps, peculiar to the female peasantry; this is a monstrously high cap, made upon *a shape* like a bonnet, and kept upon the head by a piece of black ribbon, which, passing under the chin, like the strap of a soldier's helmet, is pinned to the cap on each side. Notwithstanding the masculine air which this cap, with its military appendage, gives the face, the peasant girls never look so well as when they have it on, especially when, as on Sundays, the long lapels, depending from the lofty crown on each side, are trimmed with rich lace, which is here worn by the meanest of the people.

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'From these remarks on the costumes of the people, the reader will be able to discover that, from some cause or another, the distinctions of rank are still assiduously kept up in this part of France. A very striking illustration of this fact occurred at a public concert, given last winter at Caen for the benefit of the poor, where the performers, with two or three exceptions, were amateurs. Sometime after the audience had been seated, and the singing had commenced, some eight or nine persons belonging to the ancient and noble families of the country, arrived, and the whole house was immediately thrown into confusion, the company being requested to get up, and yield the front seats to their betters. All grumbled, some hissed, all sneered at their parchment titles to nobility,—but the greater number made way for them. Two or three, however, of the honest and sturdy citizens of Caen refused to get up or stir an inch, very properly observing, that, as all paid alike, no distinction should be made, and that, for their part, they did not care a straw for the nobility. The titled part of the audience was put out of temper by this circumstance, and, instead of listening to the music, sat down in dogged silence, brooding over the insult which had been offered them; and it was long before they recovered their composure. It is the feeling produced by such vulgar affectations of superiority, which tends as much as anything to destroy the ancient governments of Europe, and to render the aristocracy, the legitimate supporters of the throne, detested and detestable.'—P. 134.

Good. These are the gentry who would fain have the "good old times" back again. Of which take the following specimen. (By the way, there is a striking vignette in the title page of this same Mount St Michel).

'At the Mount St. Michel was preserved, until lately, the enormous wooden cage in which state prisoners were sometimes confined under the old regime. The most unfortunate of the poor wretches who inhabited this cage was Dubourg, a Dutch editor of a newspaper. This man having, in the exercise of his duty, written something which offended the dignity of Louis XIV, or some one of his mistresses, was marked out by the magnanimous monarch for vengeance; and the means which, according to tradition, he employed to effect his purpose, was every way worthy of the royal miscreant. A villain was sent from Avranches to Holland, a neutral state, with instructions to worm himself into the confidence and friendship of Dubourg, and, in an unguarded moment, to lead him into the French territories, where a party of soldiers was kept perpetually in readiness to kidnap him, and carry him off. For two years this modern Judas is said to have carried on the intrigue, at the end of which period he prevailed upon Dubourg to accompany him into France, when the soldiers seized upon their victim, and hurried him off to the Mount St Michel.

'Confinement and solitude do not always kill. The Dutchman, accustomed, perhaps, to a life of indolence, existed twenty years in his cage, never enjoying the satisfaction of seeing "the human face divine," or of hearing the human voice, except when the individual entered who was charged with the duty of bringing him his provisions and cleaning his cell. Some faint rays of light, such as enable cats and owls to mouse, found their way into the dungeon, and, by their aid, Dubourg, whom accident or the humanity of his keeper had put in possession of an old nail, and who inherited the passion of his countrymen for flowers, contrived to sculpture roses and other flowers upon the beams of his cage. Continual inaction, however, though it could not destroy life, brought on the gout, which rendered the poor wretch incapable of moving about from one side of the cage to the other; and he observed to his keeper, that the greatest misery he endured was inflicted by the rats, which came in droves, and gnawed away at his gouty legs, without his being able to move out of their reach, or frighten them away.'—P. 223.

After this picture, will properly come the following striking remarks on the French coins, the conclusion of which, in particular, is highly creditable to the author; as well as to the noble people of whom he is speaking:—

'A stranger who looks at all the things which surround him, cannot fail to be struck by the singular variety of images and superscriptions which he sees upon the money of France. On one piece, he will perceive the heavy countenance, retreating forehead, hooked nose, and open, foolish-looking mouth of "Charles X, Roi de France;" and on the reverse three *fleur de lis* on a waved field, surmounted by a crown, with two laurel branches curling round it, date 1825. On another, he will see the haughty, scornful, intellectual face of the late great military despot, with the laurel wreaths won in many a hard fought field, about his temples, and the superscription of "Napoleon, Empereur." On the reverse, a wreath of laurel surrounding the designation of the coin, and the words "Empire Français" meet the eye. Upon the edge of the legitimate coin we discover the spirit of the ancient monarchy, during which the King was accounted the state in all its nakedness:—"Domine salvum fac regem!" Instead of this pedantic display of self-love, Napoleon, with grateful and judicious flattery, expresses his conviction that Heaven interests itself in the destinies of his country:—"Dieu protège la France," says he. Another imperial coin exhibits on the reverse a souvenir of liberty, in the words "Republique Française, An. XIII." Upon another piece, date 1823, we have the effigy of Louis XVIII, with a double chin, hooked nose, retreating forehead (a truly royal feature), and quiet, good-natured countenance. We then take up the coin of the year V, with its thrilling, startling obverse, upon which no vestige of royalty appears; but, instead, a gigantic male figure, with a sombre and somewhat savage countenance, embracing with his right hand a female, who bears the cap of liberty upon a wand. * * *

'The striking variety in the images and superscriptions found upon the coins is an outward and visible sign of the inward temper of the souls of the people; some wear the badges of legitimacy, like the mark of the beast in the Revelation: some are twined, as it were, into the chains of Napoleon; but by far the greater, I think, at least of those who have any opinion or character of their own, are distinguished by an inextinguishable love of freedom, which every day acquires new strength, as it grows more enlightened. I have, in fact, met with no example of a Frenchman, who was not more or less attached to liberty, more especially among the young and stout-hearted Normans, and who did not as strongly disapprove of the government of Napoleon as I do myself; though they were always ready to do justice to the vastness of his genius, and the general policy of his conduct.'—P. 67.

For such a despot as Charles X, one feels contempt and aversion. Napoleon makes one ashamed. We conclude with another specimen of the secret and shabby war, which this mistaken soldier thought fit to wage with all the chances of mankind, but such as he chose to give them:—

'The laws of France, both civil and ecclesiastical, absurdly meddle with the names which parents bestow on their children; the former confining the choice of parents to the names of the saints mentioned in the calendar, and the celebrated personages of ancient history; the latter, to the names of such saints as the church honours with public worship. For some mysterious reason which is not even hinted at, the curés of parishes are directed to take care that no Pagan appellation be bestowed upon an infant. The names of Socrates and Aristides are therefore proscribed in France. This law dates as far back as the year XI (1803) and consequently, is a specimen of Napoleon's wisdom. The most laughable part of the whole is, that by this masterpiece of legislation, those persons who, at the promulgation of the law, happened to bear heterodox names, were invited to change them for new ones.'—P. 43.

We thank Mr St John for his pleasing work, and should be glad to have one of the same sort upon every province in France. Why does he not go the circle? We venture to say that each volume would be better than the preceding one, for our author seems to be a humanist in no common sense of the term, and such men are always as willing to learn as to teach. The observation is Chaucer's; who says of one of the brotherhood of book-worms,

"Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach."

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THIRD CONCERT, MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1831.

ACT I.

A Selection from the LAST JUDGMENT, an Oratorio composed by *Spohr*, translated from the original German, and adapted by Mr E. TAYLOR.

Overture, (MS.) to the Midsummer Night's Dream . . . . } *F. Meldelssohn Bartholdy.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia in E flat . . . . *Neukomm.*
Recit. ed Aria, Mrs W KNYVETT, "Dove sono" (Le Nozze di Figaro) . . . *Mozart.*
Adagio and Air with Variations, Clarinet obligato, Mr WILLMAN . . . *Beer.*
Terzetto, Mrs W. KNYVETT, Mr VAUGHAN, and Mr E. TAYLOR, "Cosa sento" (Le Nozze di Figaro) . . . *Mozart.*
Overture, Der Beherrscher der Geister . *C. M. von Weber.*

Leader, Mr WEICHSEL.—Conductor, Sir GEORGE SMART.

The performance of the oratorio of *The Last Judgment*, on Monday evening, must have shaken the opinion of those who maintain that SPOHR is deficient in melody. About two-thirds of this noble composition were performed upon the present occasion; and if the applause which followed each movement, with the animated call for encores, be any test of success (particularly from the Philharmonic audience) this great musician has obtained a triumph in phlegmatic England. The fact is, SPOHR is not a writer for *extempore* listeners; persons who are satisfied with such music only as is all surface, and can be comprehended at a glance: he must be studied, his intention must be weighed, and it will almost invariably be found that he has taken a profound and poetical view of his subject. Like our own far-thoughted COLERIDGE, the deep beauty of his sentiments opens upon you like the unbosoming of a rose. So of this his last great work, written we believe about the time when a report reached us that he had been attacked with paralysis,—a satisfactory refutation of so sad a rumour,—every phrase in it will bear close examination for the purpose of observing its author's poetical appreciation of his subject. This is, it is true, an *ipse dixit*, and in a publication confined as our's is in its limits, neither time nor space is afforded to enter into a critical analysis; but the reader may, if he feel incited to the task, examine the passages we shall quote in confirmation of our opinion. In the first place, the

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Overture, the first movement of which is in D minor, and in the second changes to the major, is a very original composition of a grave character, and full of masterly counterpoint. The opening chorus, 'Praise his awful name,' interrupted with the soprano and bass solo, 'Mighty he cometh to judgment,' and 'Fear thee not, O man!' are all full of energy and meaning. The point leading off in the bass upon the words 'He alone is mighty,' will delight every lover of the lofty and 'resonant fugue.' The treble solo and chorus, 'All glory to the Lamb that died,' is a charming movement in four flats, and in compound common time. The tenor solo and chorus, in the key of E 4 sharps, 'Blessing and honour, glory and power," is one of the most elegant and fascinating in the oratorio: it will probably become a favourite at the provincial festivals. This movement at all events contains a lovely melody, and the chorus, an admirable fugue leading off in the bass upon the same words.

Another specimen of melody and exquisite pathos will be found in the soprano and tenor duet, 'Forsake me not in this dread hour.' The expression of the words, 'Thou art my hope,' and, 'Oh spare thy servant, cast him not away,' according to our feelings, falls little short of absolute perfection. It was charmingly sung by Mrs KNYVETT and Mr VAUGHAN, and encored.

The most gigantic effort in the piece appears in the chorus, 'Destroyed is Babylon the mighty!' Here a fugue upon a striking and tremendous subject starts upon the words, 'The smoke of her torment ascendeth for evermore.' This is occasionally interrupted by the appalling exclamations—'Now, now! is the Lord at hand!' then the subject changes, with a fine modulation upon the words, 'The grave gives up its dead! the sea gives up its dead!' The whole movement concluding with an instrumental description of the final ruin of all things; a piece of musical painting of the sublimest class. As the convulsion and the thunder subside into low mutterings and intermitted sighs, a solitary voice is heard, with pathetic simplicity pronouncing, 'It is ended!' After this succeeds a most exquisite quartett, 'Blest are the departed, who in the Lord are sleeping.' The cadence in semitones upon the last word, "sleeping," is singularly beautiful; and to the expression of the passage, "their works follow them," we know no equal, unless it be in the cadence of the 'Recordare.' The soli and chorus, in piano, take the subject from each other with enchanting effect upon the words, 'from henceforth for evermore.' This movement, which derives an additional charm from the remote key in which it is written, viz. G six flats, was encored. The two last grand choruses, 'Great and wonderful are thy works,' and, 'Thine is the kingdom, the power, &c.' are noble fugues in the finest of all schools—that in which HANDEL sat on the first form. We have not space left to describe them; and indeed we find that the remaining features of the evening's performance must be postponed to another TATLER. It would be an ungracious deed, at the fag end of an article, to notice the CHEVALIER NEUKOMM'S admirable symphony. This therefore, with other matter, we shall return to at the first opportunity; concluding for the present with expressing our satisfaction, and thanks to the orchestra, instrumental and vocal. The choruses were well sung (and they were "parlous rough things" to encounter) and the whole performance went off admirably. We consider it an important step made in this country, in favour of sterling music.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Henri Quatre.—High Ways and by Ways.—And the Illustrious Strangers.

COVENT GARDEN.—Cinderella.—Saint Patrick's Day.—And Teddy the Tiler.

IN default of having anything better to write about in our present number, we beg leave to remonstrate with certain bonnets, and other enormities, with which the ladies put out our eye-sight in the theatres. The bonnet is the worst. If you sit right behind it, it shall swallow up the whole scene. It makes nothing of a regiment of soldiers, or a mountain, or a forest, or a rising sun; much less of a hero, or of so insignificant a thing as a cottage, and a peasant's family. You may sit at the theatre a whole evening, and not see the leading performer. LISTON'S face is a glory obscured. The persons in your neighbourhood, provided they have no bonneted ladies before them, shall revel in the jocose looks of FARREN or DOWTON, and provokingly reflect the merriment in their own countenances, while you sit and rage in the shade. If you endeavour to strain a point, and peep by the side of it, ten to one (since Fate notoriously interferes in little things, and delights in being "contrary," as the young ladies say)—ten to one but the bonnet seizes that very opportunity of jerking sideways, and cutting off your resources. We have seen an enthusiastic play-goer settle himself in his seat, and evidently congratulate himself at the evening he was about to enjoy, when a party of ladies swimming into the seats before him, one of them has been the ruin of all his prospects. Even a head-dress, without the bonnet, shall force you to play at bo-peep with the stage half the evening; now extinguishing the face of some favorite actress, and now abolishing a general or a murder. The other night, at the Queen's Theatre, we sometimes found ourselves obliged to peep at the Freemasons in a very symbolical manner, through the loops of a lady's bows. But the bonnet is the enormity. And we are sorry to say that the fair occupants who sit inside them, like the lady in the lobster, too often shew a want of gallantry in refusing to take them off, for, as we have said more than once, we hold gallantry, like all the other virtues, to be a thing mutual, and of no sex; and that a lady shews as much want of gallantry in taking advantage of the delicacies observed towards her by the gentlemen, as a man does who presumes upon the gentleness of a lady. We felt, the other night, all the reforming spirit of our illustrious predecessors of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* roused within us, and, in the same exact proportion to our regard for the sex, upon witnessing the following prodigious fact:—A lady who came with a party into one of the boxes at Covent Garden, joined very heartily in expressing her disapprobation of some person in a seat below her, who was dilatory in taking off his hat. It chanced that this lady got into the very seat that he had occupied, and her bonnet turning out to be a much greater blind than the hat, what was the astonishment and the merriment of the complainants, upon finding that she was still less accommodating than the gentleman? Nothing could induce her to perform the very same piece of justice which she had joined in demanding from the other.

We are aware that in modern, as in ancient theatres, ladies come to be seen as well as to see:

"Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ."

But we are desirous that they should not pay themselves so ill a compliment as to confound their dresses with themselves; it is the bonnets that are seen, in these cases, and not the ladies. When seen themselves, they make a part of the spectacle, but who cares to look upon these great lumps of gause and silk? Something, we grant, is to be allowed to fashion, but the wearers might be content with showing that their heads could be as absurd as other people's, and then lay aside the absurdity, and show that they understood the better part of being reasonable. They urge, when requested to take their bonnets off, that they "cannot" do it; meaning, we suppose, besides the will not, which cannot so often signifies, that their heads are not prepared to be seen—that their hair is not dressed in the proper manner; but it would be easy to come with it so dressed; the bonnet is not the only head-dress in fashion; and above all, it would be a graceful and a sensible thing in them to remember, that in coming to a place where the object is to enjoy pleasure, their own capability of pleasure is interested in considering that of others. We never feel angry with a woman, except when she persists in doing something to diminish the delight we take in complimenting the sex.

AN ENEMY'S OPINION WORTH REGARDING.—Discover the opinion of your enemies, which is commonly the truest; for they give you no quarter, and allow nothing to complaisance.—*Dryden.*

RIBALDRIES OF THE OLD WRITERS.—The ribaldries which disfigure our elder dramatists would be without excuse and would not be tolerated in modern writings. In extenuation of the former, however, it should always be recollected that they imitated the conversation and manners of the day, and it is even possible, that without direct intention, they may even have been partly instrumental in correcting the evil, by rendering the offensive practice more obvious to censure. F. F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will A STRANGER IN LONDON be kind enough to favour us with his address? We received his theatrical criticism with pleasure, and shall insert it to-morrow.

We have only time to say to BUSKIN, that we shall read his communication forthwith, and lose no time in reporting upon it.

The same to PHILO-DRAMATICUS.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A Grand Miscellaneous

SELECTION OF MUSIC.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

PART I.

Handel's Grand Overture to "The Occasional Oratorio."
Air, Miss PHILLIPS, 'O Lord! have mercy upon me.' - Pergolese.
Grand Mottetto, 'The arm of the Lord.' - - - Haydn.
Selection from L'Allegro, ed Il Pensieroso.' - - Handel.
Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'Oft on a plat of rising ground.' - Handel.
Recit. Miss HUGHES, 'If I give the honour due.' - - - - - Handel.
Air, 'Let me wander not unseen,' and Chorus, 'And young and old came forth to play.' - - Handel.
Air, Mrs WOOD, 'Hush ye pretty warbling choir.' - - Handel.
Grand Coronation Anthem, 'I was glad.' - - Attwood.
Air, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Thou art, O God, the Life and Light.' (Sacred Melodies.) (accompanied on the Organ, by Mr S. WESLEY, Jun.)
Air, Mr BEDFORD, 'Now Heaven in fullest glory shone.' (Creation.) Haydn.
Selection from Samson.
Air, Miss PEARSON, 'Ye men of Gaza.' - - Handel.
Air, Miss RUSSELL, 'Return, oh! God of Hosts.' Double Chorus, 'Fixed in his everlasting seat.' - - - Handel.
Recit. Mr BRAHAM, 'Deeper and deeper still,' and Air, 'Waft her Angels.' (Jephthah) - - - Handel.
Air, Miss BRUCE, 'Sound the Trumpet.' (Judah) Hummel.
Air, Mr HORN, 'Teach me, O Lord.' (Violoncello Obligato, Mr BROOKS) Dahmen.
Scena, Mrs WOOD, 'Ah! come rapida.' (Il Crociato in Egitto) - - Meyerbeer.
Chorus, 'Let their celestial concerts.' (Samson) - - Handel.

At the End of the First Part, a Grand Fantasia on the Piano-forte, by Mr SCHULTZ.

PART II.

Rossini's Grand Overture to 'The Siege of Corinth.'
Greek War Song, Mr BRAHAM, (the poetry by Lord Byron) 'Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar.' - - - - Nathan.
Duetto, Miss BYFELD and Mrs MAPLESON, 'Vaghi colli.' (Proserpina.) Winter.
New Cavatina, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Away, away, to the mountain's brow.' - A. Lee.
Aria, Mr SINCLAIR, 'Languir per una bella.' (L'Italiana id Algieri) Rossini.
Air, Miss PEARSON.
Aria, Miss BRUCE, 'Ah! che forse.' (Zelmira) - - Bonfichi.
Air, Miss HUGHES, 'Vo Solcandum mar crudele.' - - Leonardi Vinci.
Battle Song, Mr T. COOKE, 'Thy halcion calms, oh! peace impart. - - Shield.
Ballad, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Come with me to Scotland.'
Echo Duet, Mrs WOOD and Mr BRAHAM, 'Now hope, now fear.' Braham.
Air, Miss S. PHILLIPS, 'The regret.' - Gould.
Glee, Mrs WAYLETT, Mrs MAPLESON, Mr HORN, and Mr BEDFORD, 'The red rose.' - - - - Knyvett.
Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'The flag of the wreck,' (the poetry by T. H. Bayly, Esq.)
Celebrated Grand Scena, Mrs WOOD, 'Naoqui all' affanno,' and Chorus. (Finale to La Cenerentola) - - - Rossini.

At the End of the Second Part, a Solo on the Violin, by Mr OURY.

PART III.

Boieldieu's Grand Overture to 'La Dame Blanche.'
Irish Ballad, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Kate Kearney.'
Air, Mrs WOOD, 'Should he upbraid.' - - - - - Bishop.
Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'The Bay of Biscay.'
Air, Mr SINCLAIR, [by Desire] 'King William's Highland we'come.' Whitcombe.
Finale. Chorus, 'Awake the Harp.' (Creation) - - Haydn.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

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PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

To conclude with a Grand Series of Optical Illusions, called

FAIRY VISIONS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play of

THE STRANGER.

Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. Poole. Countess Winterstein, Miss Scott.
Charlotte, Mrs Vale. Savoyard, Miss Somerville.
The Stranger, Mr Osbaldiston. Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Peter, Mr Vale.
Solomon, Mr Williams. Francis, Mr C. Hill.

After which an entirely new Romantic Drama, (in Three Acts, entitled

PROPHET OF THE MOOR; OR THE FIRE RAISER.

Catherine Gray, Miss Somerville. Honor Joykol, Miss Jordan.
Dame Hetty Horner, Miss Nicol. Crazy Ruth, Miss M. C. Poole.
Elkanah White, Mr Osbaldiston. Colonel Launce Leolyn, Mr C. Hill.
Ralph Gayton, Mr Williams. Dwarf Stephen, or Stephen Poynet, Mr Almar.
Hal Hardenbrass, Mr Honner. Haveril Horner, Mr Gough.
Goliah Goodbody, sen. and jun. Mr Asbury and Master F. Carbery.
Master John Horner, Mr Vale. Oliver Brown, Mr Lee. Piers Talbot, Mr Edwin.
Joey Stokes, Mr Rogers. Thomas Green, Mr Hobbs.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore. Ottavia, Miss Faucit.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicolo, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. Wallack and Mr J. Vining. Rubaldo, Mr Bedford.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack. Spoletto, Mr Bland.
Count Caraffa, Mr Eaton. Uberto, Mr Robinson. Carlotti, Mr Yarnold.
In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Il Tancredi;" Boieldieu's Overture to "Jean de Paris," and H. R. Bishop's Overture to "Clari."

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Plat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr Cooper. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To which will be added, the Melo-dramatic Opera of

CLARI.

Clari, Mrs Waylett. Fidalma, Mrs Faucit. Vespina, Miss Russell.
Ninetta, Miss Byfeld.
Duke Vivaldi, Mr H. Wallack. Rolamo, Mr Farren. Jocoso, Mr Latham.
Claudio, Mr Downing. Nicolo, Mr Andrews. Geronio, Mr Webster.
Nimpedo, Mr Salter. Giulio, Mr Yarnold. Page, Miss Poole.
CHARACTERS IN THE EPISODE.
Wife of Pelegrino, Mrs Broad. Leodo, Miss Crawford.
Nobleman, Mr Younge. Pelegrino, Mr Thompson.

To conclude with the Exhibition of the New and Splendid DIORAMA.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

KING JOHN.

Queen Elinor, Mrs Vining. The Lady Constance, Miss F. Kemble.
Blanch, Miss Lawrence. Lady Faulconbridge, Mrs Daly.
Prince Henry, Master Watson. Earl of Pembroke, Mr Duruset.
Earl of Essex, Mr Henry. Earl of Salisbury, Mr Diddear.
King John, Mr Warde. Faulconbridge, Mr C. Kemble. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Robert Faulconbridge, Mr Irwin. English Herald, Mr Mears.
James Gurney, Mr Addison. Executioner, Mr Norris.
King of France, Mr Egerton. The Dauphin, Mr Abbott.
Prince Arthur, Miss P. Horton.
Archduke of Austria, Mr Fuller. Cardinal Pandulph, Mr Evans.
Chatillon, Mr Baker. French Herald, Mr Holl.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand Overture, by Louis Spohr.

After which, a New Operatic Melo-Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

Sophia Walstein, Miss Cawse. Liese, Miss E. Tree. Therese, Miss P. Horton
Widow Klaffen, Mrs Gibbs. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. Cawse.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr Wilson. General Kienwitz, Mr Bartley.
Colonel Francœur, Mr Abbott. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. Penson.
Moritz, Mr Blanchard. Fritz Klaffen, Mr Keeley.
Paul Richter, Miss Taylor.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE!

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Miss Daly. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Miles Bertram, Mr Yates. Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith. Marmaduke Magogue, Mr John Reeve.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone.

Act II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

On Saturday an Address on the Close of the Season, will be spoken by Mr. YATES.

To conclude with the Burlesque Burletta of

THE QUADRUPEDS.

Dorothea, Miss Daly. Tinderella, Miss Stallard. Mopperella, Mrs Daly.
Blousedora, Miss Barnett. Francisco, Mr O. Smith.
Abrahamides, with Imitations, and the Parody of "Heavy Wet," Mr J. Reeve.

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Nº 173.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Residence in Normandy. By J. Augustus St John, Esq. 12mo. pp. 295. (Being the 65th No. of Constable's Miscellany). Hurst and Chance.

[Concluded from yesterday.]

We return to this book once more to give our author's interesting account of his journey to Mount St Michael, which, besides being complete in itself, presents some novel features of scenery. We omit only the passages relating to the infamous dungeon, which we inserted yesterday.

Mr St John might have given a poetical finish to his description by telling us what he could learn of

"The great vision of the guarded mount;"

a line in Milton which applies to this Mount St Michael, as well as to the other in Cornwall. The old monastery on the latter was an appendage to that of the one in France; and the vision of St Michael, in which it originated, used to be seen in both places. Milton represents it as seated, and looking over the sea towards the coast of Spain.

'Breakfasting in haste, I procured a horse and a guard, and set out for the Mount, no less celebrated for its historical importance, than for the peculiarity of its position; as soon as I had emerged from the streets of Avranches, I saw before me a vast bay, now entirely deserted by the tide, and consisting partly of sand, partly of slime, intersected by the waters of several rivers, and covered, during spring tides, at high water. Two promontories, the one bluff and rocky, the other sandy and low, project, one on either hand, into the sea, and in the open space between these two points are two small islands, from around which the sea ebbs at low water: one of them is a desert rock, called the Tombeline, and the other the Mount St Michael. The space thus covered and deserted alternately by the sea, is about eight square leagues, and is here called the Grève.

'The Mount St Michael, which is about the same height as the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and now stands, as that does, upon a vast plain of sand, which is here, however, skirted in its whole length by the sea, has a very striking and extraordinary aspect. It appeared, as the water was so close behind it, to rise out of the sea, upon the intense and dazzling blue of which its grey rocks and towers were relieved in a sharp and startling manner; and as I descended lower and lower on the hill side, and drew nearer the beach, its pinnacles seemed to encrease in height, and the picturesque effect was improved.

'At length I emerged from the shady road upon the naked beach, and saw the ferry-boat and charon that were to convey me and my charger over the first river. My Avranches guide here quitted me; but I had been told that the ferryman himself usually supplied his place in piloting strangers across the quick-sands, which, owing to the shifting of the course of the rivers, are in constant change, and of the most dangerous character. Horses and their riders, venturing to select their own path over the sands, have been swallowed up together; and vessels stranded here in a tempest, have in a short time sunk and disappeared entirely. The depth of what may perhaps be termed the unsolid soil, is hitherto unknown, though various attempts have been made to ascertain it. In one instance, a small mast, forty feet high, was fixed up in the sands, with a piece of granite of considerable weight upon the top of it, but mast, granite and all, rapidly disappeared, leaving no trace behind. It is across several leagues of a beach of this nature, that one has to approach the Mount St Michael.

'Though the rivers one has to traverse are neither very deep nor very broad, the mere fact of their rolling over a bed of dangerous quick-sands, invest them with a kind of importance, which they would otherwise undoubtedly not possess. The ferryman, as stupid a looking fellow as one could see in a summer's day, informed me, that being that day left in charge of the boat, he could not himself be my guide, but that, by accompanying an old man who had just crossed, and was making the best of his way over the sands, I should find a small village, where there would be no difficulty in meeting with a guide. With this information, I put my Rosinante in motion, in order to overtake the old man, who was already some distance upon the sands; but I had no sooner set out, than the Charon called after me, saying, that for three francs he would leave his boat and go with me. "Very well, my man," I replied, "come along. But he requested me to wait a moment, till he should call his uncle, to superintend the concerns of the ferry. I consented, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, he made himself heard in a distant cottage, whence two voices replied, that the uncle would not or could not come. He had previously taken care to inform me that I had no time to lose, as the tide was already beginning to flow, and in the course of two hours, would entirely surround the mount, and not only render all ingress or egress impossible, but moreover endanger the lives of such unhappy wights as it might overtake upon the sands. Notwithstanding this important piece of information, I sat patiently upon my horse, who, for his part, was in no hurry, and did not attempt to interrupt the dialogue, between the ferryman and his friends in the cottage. Seeing that I made no offer to double the three francs, with a view to which the above-mentioned manœuvre was put in practice, the honest man informed me candidly, that he could not go with me, but that I might find my way very well over the sands, by following the old man, who had now diminished, by the effect of distance, to the size of a gull.

'It was somewhat fortunate for me, that the quicksands, did not lie exactly in my way; for my charger, who had been always accustomed to trot after a guide, no sooner lost sight of the biped, than he became more obstinate than Balaam's ass, and stood still to enjoy the prospect. It was in vain that I spurred and whipped, he merely reared, and snorted, and kicked, without making the least attempt to advance. It had been exceedingly hot all the morning, and I began to suppose that the animal, being concerned on my account, was inclined to give me time to cool; so I took the hint, and sat quite at my ease, gazing about me. Patience, however, as some philosopher has said, is a virtue which is never so shy as when one is in need of it; and, as I looked at the mount, and the tide beyond it, mine began to desert me, and I again had recourse to the horsewhip—but still to no purpose; the obstinate animal merely groaned, which was as much as to say, "he'd be beat if he'd stir!" As this idea struck me, another equally judicious came along with it, which was, that in order to put the self-willed brute into motion, I must swear it in French, and I immediately did; and the creature, as if refreshed and invigorated by the sound; darted off at once in the proper direction. Having now discovered the secret of the perpetual motion, I used it unsparingly; and with the aid of a few figures of speech of this kind, and an active application of the whip, I crossed the second stream, and found myself upon the other beach, upon the point of Pontorson.

'In a short time, I overtook the old peasant, that had crossed the river with me, who directed me to proceed to the village near the point, where, by enquiring for Dequettes, the fisherman, I should find a safe and obliging guide. I did as I was advised, and found an active and civil young man, about nineteen, who, taking a kind of harpoon in his hand, with which to try the sands, struck out upon the Grève, and led the way towards the mount.

'The scene which now presented itself was singular and beautiful. On the right, the land running out boldly into the sea, offered, with its rich verdure, a striking contrast to the pale yellow sand beneath. In front, the sea-blue calm, waveless, and studded in the distance with a few white sails glittering in the sun, ran in a straight line along the yellow plain, which was, moreover, intersected in various directions by numerous small rivers, whose shining waters looked like molten silver. To add to the effect of the landscape, silence the most absolute brooded over it, except when the scream of the seamew, wheeling about drowsily in the sunny air, broke upon the ear. The Mount itself, with its ancient monastic towers rearing their grey pinnacles towards heaven, in the midst of the stillness and the solitude, appeared to be formed by nature to be the abode of peace, and a soft and religious melancholy.

'For some time I rode on musing, gazing delightedly at the scene, and recalling to mind the historical events which had taken place on those shores, and rendered them famous. The cannon of England had thundered on every side, and her banners had waved triumphantly from the towers before me. My reflections, however, were soon called off from these towering topics, being interrupted by the loud laugh of a party of soldiers and waggoners, who were regaling themselves with fresh air at the gate of the fortress.

'Dismounting here, I entered the small town which clusters round the foot of the mount within the wall; and whatever romance might have taken lodging in my imagination, was quickly put to flight by the stink, and filth, and misery which forced themselves upon my attention. I never beheld a more odious den. Leaving my horse and guide at a cabaret, I ascended the only street in the place, which, winding about the foot of the mountain, leads directly

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to the castle. Toiling up this abominable street, and several long and very steep flights of steps, I at length reached the door, where, having rung, and waited for some time, I was admitted by a saucy gendarme, who demanded my business and my passport in the most saucy tone imaginable. I delivered up the passport, and while the rascal went to shew it to the man in office—governor, sub-governor, or some creature of that sort—I had to stand in the dismal passage, among a score or two of soldiers. In general, however, French soldiers are remarkably polite, and these, with the exception of the above individual, were so also. Even he, when he returned, had changed his tone; for, having learned from his superior that I was an Englishman, he came, with cap in hand, to conduct me round the building.

'The first apartment after the chapel, which is small and by no means striking, into which I was led, was the ancient refectory, where there were some hundreds of criminals, condemned for several years to close imprisonment, or the galleys, weaving calico. I never in my life saw so many demoniacal faces together. All the evil passions, nourished by habit, and irritated, not subdued, by punishment, were there, clothed with flesh and blood, and still hungering fiercely after crime. Like Dante and his guide, we made our way through this hell in miniature, a hundred villains scowling at us as we passed, and, crossing several passages and small vaulted chambers, entered a still vaster, called the Hall of the Knights, in which there was a still greater number of ruffians, and apparently of worse character than the others. Here a soldier stood with drawn sword at the door; and the gendarme walked before me, with his hand upon his own weapon, ready to cut down any villain who might set upon us. One countenance which I saw here I think I never shall forget. It was that of a man about forty years of age, small, pale, and haggard, but so expressive of wickedness, that it made me shudder. The ruffian, who was doing something as we came in, just raised himself up to look at us, and, keeping the left eye nearly closed, threw so searching, venomous, malignant, and fiend-like a glance at me with the right, that it almost made me start. Nevertheless the owner of this infernal countenance was a small, withered, weak man, whom one need not have feared to meet alone in a desert; but his look was like that of a scorpion, odious and deadly.

'The apartment in which these miscreants were assembled, was a hall about one hundred feet long by thirty-five or forty in breadth, and was adorned with two rows of massy, antique pillars, resembling those which we find in Gothic churches. From hence we proceeded to the subterranean chapel, where are seen those prodigious columns, upon which the weight of the whole building reposes. The scanty light which glimmers among these enormous shafts, is just sufficient to discover their magnitude to the eye, and to enable one to find his way among them. Having crossed this chapel, we entered the quadrangular court, around which the cloisters, supported by small, graceful pillars, of the most delicate workmanship, extend. Here the monks used to walk in bad weather, contriving the next day's dinner, or imagining excuses for detaining some of the many pretty female pilgrims who resorted, under various pretences, to this celebrated monastery. At present, it afforded shelter to the veterans and gendarmes who keep guard over the prisoners below.

'From various portions of the monastery, we obtain admirable views of the sea and shore; but the most superb coup-d'œil is from a tall slender tower, which shoots up above almost every other portion of the building. Hence are seen the hills and coasts of Brittany, the sea, the sandy plain stretching inland, with the rivers meandering through it, and the long sweep of shore which encompasses the Grève, with Avranches, and its groves and gardens in the back ground. Close at hand, and almost beneath one's feet, as it were, is the barren rock called the Tombelaine, which though somewhat larger than the Mount St Michael, is not inhabited. Even this rock, however, was formerly fortified by the English; and several remains of the old towers are still found among the thorns and briars with which it is at present overrun. Several fanciful derivations of the word Tombelaine are given by antiquaries, some imagining it to have been formed of the words *Tumbe Beleni*, others, of *Tumba Helenæ*, and in support of the latter etymology, the following legend is told:—"Helen, daughter of Hoël, King of Brittany, was taken away, by fraud or violence, from her father's court, by a certain Spaniard, who, having conducted her to this island, and compelled her to submit to his desires, seems to have deserted her there. The princess, overwhelmed with misfortune, pined away and died, and was buried by her nurse, who had accompanied her from Brittany." * * * * *

'Having examined the principal objects of curiosity at the mount, and learning that the tide was rising rapidly on the Grève, I descended from the fortress, and, mounting my horse, set out on my return to Avranche. My guide informed me that I had staid somewhat too long; and in fact, the sea flowing and foaming furiously over the vast plain of sand, quickly surrounded the mount, and was at our heels in a twinkling. However, the guide sprang off with that long trot peculiar to fishermen, and was followed with great goodwill by the beast which had been so obstinate in the morning. We were joined in our retreat by a party of sportsmen, who appeared to have been shooting gulls upon the sand; but they could not keep up with the young fisherman, who stepped out like a Newmarket racer, and in a short time landed me safe at the point of Pontorson, near the village of Courtels, where he resided.'—P. 215.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—Permit a stranger in London briefly to give you an account of the impression made upon his mind by French actors. Chancing to be near the Haymarket on Monday night, at the beginning of a heavy shower, to avoid a wetting I entered the Theatre, to see what I never saw before—a French performance. Being but imperfectly conversant with the language, of course much of the dialogue was lost; and but for the admirable acting, the whole would have been an unintelligible series of actions and grimaces, by puppets with the capacity of making noises. Suppose a Frenchman as imperfectly acquainted with the English language as I am with the French, and what to him would appear an English performance, by English actors? Perfectly unmeaning, at least from what I have seen, it so appears to me, even with the advantage of understanding the language spoken. Very different has been the effect upon me of French acting, seen for the first time, and of course under great disadvantages. The first thing which struck me was the sedulous attention paid to minutiæ, upon which so much depends for producing scenic effect—the dresses characteristic—the bye-play natural—just what one would do one's self, without thinking of it—and the actors in the minor parts endeavouring their very best to make them effective, and not taking the pet, because more prominent parts have not been assigned to them, as is the fashion with our English actors, to the destruction of all effect, and the pleasure intended to be produced in the spectator. But the great attraction was the acting of M. Bouffé, in the part of Antoine—so touching, so true to nature—that (shall I confess it?) it brought tears into my eyes, albeit not given to the melting mood—I speak more particularly with reference to the third act—how vividly did he portray the feebleness, the fatuity, the loss of memory, the "*sans* everything" of extreme old age! I narrowly watched every motion, every gesture, and I could detect not the slightest indication that betrayed he was acting. Was he acting? Yes, assuredly, but true to nature. When he recovers from the effects of endeavouring to bring back to memory the place of the buried treasure—on raising his head, he presented a countenance from which all sense seemed to have fled, it was horribly painful to behold—the thought involuntarily suggested itself, "may old age never be my fate;"—is not the exciting of such feelings the triumph of the actors art? I thought, when a gleam of recollection came upon him, there was somewhat too much of vigour, in both action and voice, to be in perfect keeping with the imbecility assumed, but perhaps it has been seen; and M. Bouffé has studied human nature too deeply to exceed in representing it. But for the vivacity of his eye, which occasionally shot forth, I should have been completely deceived. One other pleasure, and that no mean one, which I derived, was, that unconsciously I might be sitting near some of the heroes of the glorious Three Days. I like to mingle the utile with the dulce, a trick which years ago I learned from yourself, I believe; and having done so, I conclude. Your's, &c.

Tuesday, March 22, 1831. A Stranger in London.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

Lovers of Flowers.—Lord Bacon himself did not disdain to bend his mighty intellect to the subject of their culture. Lord Burleigh found recreation from the cares of state in his flower garden. Ariosto took even an infantine pleasure in his. Cowper and Cowley worked in their own gardens; and with enthusiastic pleasure. Pope had the same taste; and was assisted in his horticultural amusements by Lord Peterborough. Rousseau, who has written some interesting Letters on Botany, of which, among his other accomplishments, he was master, found friends in the flowers, when he thought he had no others: and even his great rival Voltaire, who, if he had more wit, had less sentiment, soothed his irritability and cherished his benevolence in his garden. Sir William Temple desired to have his heart buried in his: and the Emperor Dioclesian preferred his to a throne.—*Collected from Miss Kent's Flora Domestica.*

Siamese Aristocracy.—Mr Finlayson, in his account of the mission to Siam, complains of the "offensive coarseness," the "manifest disregard to the feelings of others," and the "arrogance unbounded" of the highest ranks in Siam. How grateful we Europeans ought to be that these faults are so peculiar to the Aristocracy of Siam!—*Note to the Siamese Twins.*

Tragedy and Comedy in One.—Nothing vexed Racine more than the praises of the ignorant; and when he was in a good humour, he would relate the compliment which he received from an old magistrate, who had never been at the play, but who had been persuaded by some friends to attend the representation of the tragedy of *Andromache.* He was very attentive throughout the evening's performance, which ended with the comedy of *Les Plaideurs.* On going out he met the author, and said to him, "I have been much pleased with your *Andromache*; I am only astonished that it should end so merrily: I was near crying at first, but when the little dogs came in, I could not help laughing."

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— "One great and common error, amidst a multitude of others, is the confounding the people with the government." (BOROUGHMONGER. Aye, to be sure: they are two distinct things.—REFORMER. Stop a minute: hear the gentleman out.) "The people are supposed to be happy, whensoever the government prospers. Instead of keeping in view the good of individuals, nothing is considered but the growth and duration of empires,—as if the public prosperity and the general felicity were two inseparable matters."—*Chatelur on Public Happiness.*—(*Exit* BOROUGHMONGER.)

THE AMERICAN BLACK BEAR.—The pursuit of this animal is a matter of the first importance to some of the Indian tribes, and is never undertaken without much ceremony. A principal warrior gives a general invitation to all the hunters. This is followed by a strict fast of eight days, in which they totally abstain from food; but during which the day is passed in continual song. This is done to invoke the spirits of the woods to direct the hunters to the places where there are abundance of bears. They even cut the flesh in divers parts of their bodies to render the spirits more propitious. They also address themselves to the manes of the beasts slain in the preceding chases, and implore these to direct them in their dreams to an abundance of game. The chief of the hunt now gives a great feast, at which no one dares to appear without first bathing. At this entertainment, contrary to their usual custom, they eat with great moderation. The master of the feast touches nothing, but is employed in relating to the guests ancient tales of feats in former chases; and fresh invocations to the manes of the deceased bears conclude the whole. They then sally forth equipped as if for war, and painted black; and they proceed on their way in a direct line, not allowing rivers, marshes, or any other impediment to stop their course, and driving before them all the beasts they find. When they arrive at the hunting ground, they surround as large a space as they can; and then contract their circle, searching at the same time every hollow tree, and every place capable of being the retreat of a bear; and they continue the same practice till the chase is expired. As soon as a bear is killed, a hunter puts into his mouth a lighted pipe of tobacco, and blowing into it, fills the throat with the smoke, conjuring the spirit of the animal not to resent what they are about to do to its body, or to render their future chases unsuccessful. As the beast makes no reply, they cut out the string of the tongue, and throw it into the fire. If it crackle and shrivel up (which it is almost sure to do) they accept this as a good omen; if not, they consider that the spirit of the beast is not appeased, and that the chase of the next year will be unfortunate.—*A Natural History of the Globe, &c. Drawn from the Writings of Buffon, Cuvier, &c.*

VIRTUES OF TEA, AND SLEEP.—Many persons who value themselves upon the quantity of wine that they can swallow at a sitting, would probably sneer at the effeminacy of the traveller who should be eloquent in praise of tea; yet those who read Dobell's 'Travels in Kamschatka,' from which the following passages are quoted, will certainly acquit the author of any undue regard to his personal ease, or any disposition to shrink from a traveller's hardships, of which he had an ample share, in traversing the snows of Kamschatka and Siberia. "We travelled on until near eleven o'clock in the day, before we arrived where there was wood enough to boil the tea-kettle. With what pleasure and satisfaction did we swallow a warm and cheering cup of tea! That delicious beverage, far exceeding every other when one is cold and weary! Ardent spirits will warm you more quickly, but their effects are not so lasting, and occasion a drowsy stupor, that makes you afterwards feel quite chilly. I therefore cautiously avoided them on these occasions, or, if I used them, it was a very small quantity mixed with tea. It is the wayworn traveller alone who can feel, by comparison, the full force of Cowper's description of fire-side enjoyments, heightened by

"The cups which cheer, but not inebriate."

In another passage, the author says, "In a short time we were so wet and cold, that we were obliged to stop and make a fire to dry our clothes, refreshing ourselves at the same time with tea. Though it was without sugar, and we had but a small piece of chocolate to bite as we sipped, it proved extremely palatable, and soon warmed us so as to enable us to proceed again."—Many times when the traveller and his party were without any other food than, as he says above, a morsel of chocolate, they travelled in deep snows, recruiting their strength and spirits with tea.—"We became so accustomed to drink our tea without sugar, that in a little time more we should have forgotten the conjunction entirely. It certainly proved to us a most exhilarating beverage, and, even without milk and sugar, had the effect of stimulating our empty stomachs, and making the pangs of hunger infinitely less troublesome than they would have been without it. I am perfectly satisfied it is more wholesome than raw spirits, or even grog, when there is a scarcity of food,—and that it sustains the strength longer." With a sufficiency of tea and sleep, our traveller seems always ready to brave hunger, heat, cold, fatigue, or danger. "A traveller," he says, "can go through great fatigue on little food, but he cannot do without a good portion of sound sleep, whether his fare be plentiful or not. This balm of human woe is absolutely necessary to repair the ravages which anxiety and fatigue make upon the mind and body of a travelling man. I have observed also that it was not when I slept longest, that I felt most refreshed, but when my sleep was sound and undisturbed, though it were of much shorter duration."

SANTIAGO THEATRICALS.—Much has been said about the great influence of the clergy, in South America, amongst all the classes of the people; but, as a proof that they are not held in such very great reverence, I shall make an extract from my common-place book, written on the 29th of June 1818, when the piece before alluded to was represented at Santiago:—The plot is very simple, and I dare say founded on fact. A priest, who is confessor to a lady, falls desperately in love with her, and she returns his passion. The husband knocks at the door while they are in conference; the priest hides himself until she contrives some excuse to send the husband out again; however, as he would soon return, she dresses up the priest in the interim, like the image of a saint, and makes him stand on the table. On the husband's return, he discovers his wife kneeling to the image, and is delighted with her piety. The image, as he thinks it, representing a saint of a very superior order, he also asks a boon of it, upon which the priest tells him to have a procession, and take him to his convent. The man runs out, and returns shortly after with his neighbours, for the purpose of carrying the image in procession: they sing and perform all the rites requisite for the occasion, when the alcalde of the district, attracted by the noice, enters and discovers the imposture. He immediately exposes the priest, who, by way of recompense, gets a sound cudgelling from the mob. Such is the outline of the piece that I actually saw represented after a grand procession-day. I shall now give a specimen of a Spanish farce, which I also witnessed:—A sportsman appears in quest of game, with a lady, supposed to be his wife. They each kill a bird, and very naturally sit down to prepare for a meal; she has the diligence to pluck the birds, and he goes out for a time. A wild Indian appears, who wishes to gain the lady's good graces; he is playing the amiable in as civilised a way as possible, when the husband returns, who immediately shoots the gallant, and——exit the lady. The sportsman not knowing what to do with the body, at length places it in an upright and fantastical position, and goes away. The Dean then enters, and, observing that the Indian does not pay him any respect, gives him a kick which causes the body to fall. The priest thinks he has killed the savage, but he consoles himself by saying that he supposes he is gone to the devil, as he was not a Christian; upon this, the curtain falls, and so ends the precious morceau. At the same theatre, I saw Shakspeare's Othello, "done into Spanish," with nothing resembling the original, but Othello's black face, and the smothering of Desdemona.—*Haigh's Sketches of Buenos Ayres, &c.* [By an equally faithful translator, the farce may have been "done into Spanish," from the Arabian hunchback.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

COVENT-GARDEN.—A Grand Miscellaneous Selection of Music.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE visited this theatre last night on purpose to hear WINTER'S duet, *Vaghi colli*; which was sung, and very well sung, by Miss BYFELD and Mrs MAPLESON. A greater roundness and delicacy might be desired in the shake of Miss BYFIELD; but she executed her part with good spirit and intelligence, particularly where it was most expressive of pleasure. Mrs MAPLESON has a voice of unusual depth for a lady, but not so as to descend into the masculine. She gave the fine pensive colouring of the second with its true effect: for the very joys of this beautiful composer are among "the pensive pleasures sweet." *Vaghi colli* is an effusion of delight at revisiting a lovely and tranquil native spot; but the heart is too much affected to be gay: it heaves and is full of endearment: the sense of the experience of sorrow mingles with its joy; we fancy the eyes looking on the landscape, till they overflow with tears.

This charming duet, which would have been encored, and twice encored, if the audience were half as fond of good music as they suppose themselves, is a proof of what we were saying the other day in the article upon WEBER. There is nothing literal in it, nothing descriptive, no affectation of thinking: it is all pure, genuine feeling, as real as what any sensitive person should feel, who was gazing upon scenes of home, and undergoing emotions of which it is common to say we "*cannot* describe them." The vague sensations following upon words of joy, the vague sensations following upon words of grief, *these* it is the business of music to put into strains at once new in their melody, and rich in their harmoniousness; and with these it is, (if our taste is at all above the vulgar) that we shall always find ourselves most affected, far beyond the conceits of musical word-catching, and elaborate efforts at illustration, however scientifically got up. ☞

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. N. B. is received.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, (in Two Acts) called,

THE BRIGAND.

Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore. Ottavia, Miss Faucit.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicolo, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. Wallack and Mr J. Vining. Rubaldo, Mr Bedford.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack. Spoletto, Mr Bland.
Count Caraffa, Mr Eaton. Uberto, Mr Robinson. Carlotti, Mr Yarnold.
In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Il Tancredi;" Boieldieu's Overture to "Jean de Paris," and H. R. Bishop's Overture to "Clari."

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Plat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr Cooper. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To which will be added, the Melo-dramatic Opera of

CLARI.

Clari, Mrs Waylett. Fidalma, Mrs Faucit. Vespina, Miss Russell.
Ninetta, Miss Byfeld.
Duke Vivaldi, Mr H. Wallack. Rolamo, Mr Farren. Jocoso, Mr Latham.
Claudio, Mr Dowsing. Nicolo, Mr Andrews. Geronio, Mr Webster.
Nimpedo, Mr Salter. Giulio, Mr Yarnold. Page, Miss Poole.
CHARACTERS IN THE EPISODE.
Wife of Pelegrino, Mrs Broad. Leodo, Miss Crawford.
Nobleman, Mr Younge. Pelegrino, Mr Thompson.

To conclude with the Exhibition of the New and Splendid DIORAMA.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

KING JOHN.

Queen Elinor, Mrs Vining. The Lady Constance, Miss F. Kemble.
Blanch, Miss Lawrence. Lady Faulconbridge, Mrs Daly.
Prince Henry, Master Watson. Earl of Pembroke, Mr Duruset.
Earl of Essex, Mr Henry. Earl of Salisbury, Mr Diddear.
King John, Mr Warde. Faulconbridge, Mr C. Kemble. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Robert Faulconbridge, Mr Irwin. English Herald, Mr Mears.
James Gurney, Mr Addison. Executioner, Mr Norris.
King of France, Mr Egerton. The Danphin, Mr Abbott.
Prince Arthur, Miss P. Horton.
Archduke of Austria, Mr Fuller. Cardinal Pandulph, Mr Evans.
Chatillon, Mr Baker. French Herald, Mr Holl.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand Overture, by Louis Spohr.

After which, a New Operatic Melo-Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

Sophia Walstein, Miss Cawse. Liese, Miss E. Tree. Therèse, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs Gibbs. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. Cawse.
Adolph, Count of Engleberg, Mr Wilson. General Kienwitz, Mr Bartley.
Colonel Francœur, Mr Abbott. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. Penson.
Moritz, Mr Blanchard. Fritz Klaffen, Mr Keeley.
Paul Richter, Miss Taylor.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et quart, par

ANDRE, LE CHANSONNIER OU, LE PROSCRIT.

Emilie de Solange, Mlle. Florval. Thérèse, Madame Bandin.
Catherine, Mlle. Emma. Louise, Mlle. Jamain. D'André, M. Bouffé.
Cyprien, M. Derval. La Salle, M. Guenée. Bernard, M. Cloup.
Thomas, M. Préval. Robert et Philippe, MM. Arnaud et Granville.

Suivi de

LA FEMME, LE MARI, ET L'AMANT.

Augustine, Mlle. Florval. Ninie, Mlle. St Ange. Charlotte, Mme. Gamard.
Josephine, Julie, et Victoire, Mlles. Eliza, Paulin, et Corra.
Zénobie, Mlle. Emma. Jolivet, M. Bouffé.
Jenneville, M. Derval. Paul Déligny, M. Alfred. Dubois, M. Gamard.
M. de Céricour, M. St. Aubert. Blagnard, M. Cloup.
Benin, M. Guenée. Un Valet, M. Granville.

On finira par

MON COUSIN RATINE; OU, LE REPAS DE NOCE.

Madame Doucet, Madame Préval. Toinette, Mlle. Jamain.
M. Bouffé remplira Plusieurs Rôle de différents Caractères.
M. Beauvisage, M. Préval. Jean Jean, M. Guenée. Gibelotte, M. Cloup.
Rouget, M. Granville. Nini, le petit Auguste.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, called

MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——

Mrs Headly, Mrs Edwin. Mrs Crawley, Mrs Knight. Lucy, Miss Stewart.
Rosa Crawley, Miss Langley. Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr Fredericks.
Mr Crawley, Mr Cooper. Mr Leach, Mr W. Vining.
Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

Afrer which, an entirely New Burletta, called

THE GRENADIER.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march d through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen, Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymead.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE

The Characters by Miss Sidney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnoletti. Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE!

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Miss Daly. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Miles Bertram, Mr Yates. Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith. Marmaduke Magogue, Mr John Reeve.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone.

Act II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

On Saturday an Address on the Close of the Season, will be spoken by Mr YATES

To conclude with the Burlesque Burletta of

THE QUADRUPEDS.

Dorothea, Miss Daly. Tinderella, Miss Stallard. Mopperella, Mrs Daly.
Blousedora, Miss Barnett. Francisco, Mr O. Smith.
Abrahamides, with Imitations, and the Parody of "Heavy Wet," Mr J. Reeve.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play of

THE STRANGER.

Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. Poole. Countess Wintersein, Miss Scott.
Charlotte, Mrs Vale. Savoyard, Miss Somerville, with the original Ballad, 'I have a silent sorrow here.'
The Stranger, Mr Osbaldiston. Count Wintersein, Mr Honner. Peter, Mr Vale.
Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Solomon, Mr Williams. Francis, Mr C. Hill.
Tobias, Mr Gough. The Count's Son, Master F. Carbery.
The Stranger's Children, Misses Clarke and E. Clarke.

After which, the laughable Burletta, entitled

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

Little Pickle, Miss Laura Slade. Miss Pickle, Mme. Simon. Maria, Miss Nicol.
Margery, Miss Perry. Susan, Miss Rumens.
Old Pickle, Mr D. Pitt. John, Mr Rogers. Thomas, Mr Tully. Tag, Mr Vale.

To conclude with the celebrated Drama, entitled

THE ITALIAN WIFE.

Bianca, Miss M. C. Poole. Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott.
Clara, Miss Jordan. Duke of Florence, Mr D. Pitt. Gonsalvo, Mr Gough.
Falsetto, Mr Honner. Giraldi Fazio, Mr Osbaldiston.
Bartolo, Mr Williams. Philario, Mr Almar. Antonio, Mr Young.
Theodore, Mr Webb. Piero, Mr Lee. Gentleman, Mr Tully. Keeper, Mr Hobbs

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An original Serious Drama, (in Two Acts,) called,

THE DANISH WIFE.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane.
Ernest, Mr Forester. Kalmar, Mr Spencer. Peter Pluffen, Mr Smith.
Bertrand, Mr Munroe. Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, from GAY'S admired Serenata, entitled

GALATEA.

Galatea, Miss Vernon. Eudora, Mrs Humby. Doris, Mrs Garrick.
Acis, Mr Bennett. Damon, Mr J. Russell. Ulysses, Mr Spencer.
Lysander, Mr G. Lejeune. Telemon, Mr Munroe. Faunus, Mr G. Smith.
Polyphemus, the Fiend of Mount Etna, Mr E. Seguin.

And a New Divertisement Ballet, called

THE TROUBADOUR.

Florio, Mlle. Celeste. Donna Clara, Mlle. Constance. Inis, Miss Lane.
Don Peres de Castro, Mr H. Cooke.
Spanish Peasantry, by the Corps de Ballet.

To conclude with a New Musical Entertainment, called

MRS G——.

Mrs G—, Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick. Mrs Pendre, Mrs Garrick.
Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells. Miss Félicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Mr Alexis Chasse, Mr Forrester. Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune.
Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

In the course of the Evening, Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'

COBURG THEATRE.—Ivanhoe—Reform—The Fate of Calas.

Advertisement.

LESSONS IN BOTANY.

NOW that the Spring is approaching, the leaves about to spread, and the buds to blossom; now that the vivifying influence of the season excites the mind and the body to new exertion, and Nature is daily discovering new beauties, far better studied in their original freshness, than in the wisest books, the writer of this advertisement is willing to remind young ladies residing in or near to the metropolis, that no season can be more favorable for the commencement or resumption of the study of plants, and that she continues to give BOTANICAL LESSONS to young ladies, at their own residences, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

MISS KENT is too much flattered by Mr Loudon's approbation, to deny herself the pleasure of quoting the favorable opinion expressed in the 'Gardener's Magazine' for February last:—"Miss W. D. is recommended to Mrs Withers, who, in botanical and fruit painting, is our 'bean idéal;' and so is Miss Kent as a teacher of botany for ladies."

Address to MISS KENT, Mr Hunter's, Bookseller, 72 St Paul's Church yard.

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No. 174.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Correspondence of the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart. with Reminiscences of the Most Distinguished Characters who have appeared in Great Britain, and in Foreign Countries, during the last Fifty Years. Illustrated by Fac-similes of Two Hundred Autographs. Two vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

(Continued from No. 169.)

In the course of our progress through these volumes, we must not forget to pay our just tribute of applause to the agricultural merits of Sir John Sinclair. We cannot do them more honour in a short compass than by repeating what was said of them by their most illustrious admirer. The following is a passage of a letter addressed to Sir John Sinclair, by no less a man than Washington:—

'I know of no pursuit in which more real and important service can be rendered to a country, than by improving its agricultural,—its breed of useful animals,—and other branches of a husbandman's cares;—nor can I conceive any plan more conducive to this end, than the one you have introduced, for bringing to view the actual state of them, in all parts of the kingdom, by which good and bad habits are exhibited in a manner too plain to be misconceived; for the accounts given to the British Board of Agriculture appear, in general, to be drawn up in a masterly manner, so as fully to answer the expectations formed in the excellent plan which produced them; affording, at the same time, a fund of information useful in political economy, and serviceable in all countries.'—P. 281.

This passage is followed by the one we proceed to extract, which becomes doubly striking at the present moment:—

'Commons, tithes, tenantry (of which we feel nothing in this country), are in the list of impediments, I perceive, to perfection in English farming; and taxes are heavy deductions from the profit thereof. Of these we have none, or so light as hardly to be felt. Your system of agriculture, it must be confessed, is in a style superior, and of course much more expensive than ours; but when the balance at the end of the year was struck, by deducting the taxes, poor rates, and incidental charges of every kind, from the produce of the land in the two countries, no doubt can remain in which scale it is to be found.'—P. 281.

We proceed to pick some more of the plumbs out of the fare which Sir John has provided us. Lord Marchmont, the friend of Pope, lived to the age of eighty-six, preserving his strength and faculties to the last. He rode out only five days before he died. Sir John Sinclair, who knew him, wished to ascertain the system he pursued, and received for answer, that his Lordship always lived as other people did, but that he had laid down when young one maxim, to which he rigidly adhered, and to which he attributed much of his good health, namely,—

Now, Reader, what do you think this maxim was. Never to exceed in his eating? Never to lie late in bed? No. Never to neglect exercise? Never to take much physic? Never to be rakish, to be litigious, to be ill-tempered, to give way to passion? No, none of these. It was

Never to mix wines.

What luxurious philosophies these lords have! My Lord Marchmont was resolved to be a long-lived, virtuous, venerable man; and therefore he laid it down as an austere maxim, rigidly to be adhered to, never to mix his wines. To get one glass of wine, in his extreme weakness, is what certain human beings, bent double with age, toil, and rheumatism, can seldom hope for; while another certain human being, having nothing to bend him and nothing to do, shall become a glorious example of the beauty of this apostolical maxim,—Never to mix your wines. Lord Marchmont did accordingly for many years generously restrict himself to the use of claret; his physicians having forbidden him to take that wine, on account of its acidity, he resolved, with equal self-denial, to "confine himself to Burgundy;" and accordingly, with a perseverance that cannot be sufficiently commended, "took a bottle of it every day for fifteen years."

The noble lord was a good man, however, and we do not grudge him his "Neat, as imported." All we lament is, that thousands, as good as he, have not an atom either of his pleasure or his leisure. His acquaintance with Pope reminds us of another of the poet's long-living and wine-drinking lords—Lord Bathurst—who also took his bottle every day, and made a point of taking his ride before it. It is he of whom the pleasant anecdote is related, that living to see his son Lord Chancellor, and continuing to be young in constitution while his son was getting old, he would jocosely say, when the latter retired after supper, "Come, now the old gentleman's gone to bed, we'll have another bottle."

Here follows a most astonishing Alderman. The writer of the letter is Sir Brook Watson, M.P. Alderman of London:—

'Dear Sir,—It gives me pleasure to learn, by your letter of the 15th instant, that bettered health allows the natural bias of your mind its full scope of activity, for the benefit of society. The work, of which you have kindly sent me the prospectus, under your orderly arrangements, will, I doubt not, prove highly useful to the world. My own good constitution, guarded by a disposition naturally moderate in all things, has braved all climates, and left me, at the age of seventy, free from bodily complaint. To the faculty I have not paid five shillings a year for the course of my life; hence I have not been under the necessity of studying the important subjects of *health and longevity*.

'But, from general observation, I am convinced that an immoderate use of food, however simple, produces more diseases than hard drinking; and that over-exercise is as bad as none. I knew a lady, who, from an accident when a child, was wheeled about in a garden chair, in a good air, for eighty-six years, without a day's illness. My own food never exceeds fourteen ounces in twenty-four hours. You will say this is most strange in an alderman;—*but I keep to early hours.*

'I am, dear Sir, your very faithful,

'Brook Watson.'

The following affords a pleasing additional instance of the numerous points in which Mahometan and Christian religions agree; we mean the theology of their churches and doctors. Sir John Sinclair was intimate with Abou Tauleb, who visited England about thirty years ago. The Bishop of Landaff (Watson) dined with him one day at Sir John's house; and observing him freely take his wine, asked him how he came to do so, and whether wine was not prohibited by the Koran. Upon which the Persian said, "I take it *by inference*. In the Koran it is said, that we may take whatever is good for our health. I am informed that taking wine, in this country, is good for the health, and *therefore I infer*, that I may take it consistently with the principles of the Koran."

At page 31 of the Appendix, our author brings "evidence to prove that the celebrated air, called 'Grammachree Molly,' was composed in Scotland." This evidence consists in the testimony of an old Scotchman of ninety-three, who in the year 1819 told Sir John Sinclair that he recollected having heard the air sung by a native of Breadalbane, in the year 1738; and that "he was informed" it originated in the incident we are about to relate. The incident is worth relating. What value there may be in it, as affecting the real origin of the song, remains doubtful.

'During King William's wars on the continent, soon after the revolution, it was usual, at the end of the campaign, for both armies to retire into winter quarters, and numbers, both of the men and the officers, got leave of absence to go home to see their friends. Among others who availed themselves of this privilege was a young Highland officer, whose relations lived in the upper parts of Perthshire. He visited about in that district, and entertained his friends by talking about the battles in which he had fought, and the wonderful events he had witnessed; and he everywhere met with the most cordial reception. He was at last invited to the house of a gentleman who had an only daughter, whose beauty was the universal theme of admiration. He there recorded his martial feats, which made an impression on the young lady; which the gallant soldier soon perceived, and he contrived to settle a plan with her for their eloping together at midnight. They got off unperceived, and having travelled several miles, they at last came to an inn, where they thought they might refresh themselves in safety. The enraged father, however, as soon as he discovered his daughter's flight, assembled his men, and pursued them with such speed and

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eagerness, that he overtook them soon after they got into the inn. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet he was determined not to yield up his mistress, and being well armed, and an excellent swordsman, he resolved to resist any attack made upon him. When the party pursuing entered the inn, his mistress ran for protection behind him; and he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel apple, in preparing to give a deadly stroke, the point of his sword accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow, that she expired at his feet.

'Upon seeing what had happened he immediately surrendered himself, saying, "*That he did not wish to live, his earthly treasure being gone.*" When in prison, he composed both the air and the words; and the dreadful scene he had just witnessed, and of which he was the sole cause, would naturally call forth, in an ardent mind, the most melancholy effusions of poetry and music. He was executed the next day.

'These events happened a number of years before John Macdonald first heard the air sung in the Isle of Skye, which was in the year 1738. They were said to have taken place in the wars after the Revolution, and this circumstance is alluded to in the well-known line, "Will you go to Flanders, my Molly, O?" '—P. 31, Appendix.

We doubt the songs having originated in the manner here stated, as we do all similar stories, for this reason;—that we do not think it likely a man suffering under so much anguish, should write verses about it and set them to music. The direct pressure of the misery, and such modes of expressing it, appear to us incompatible. Poems occasioned by grief (supposing it to be very great) are more likely to be written after such a lapse of time as allows the imagination to indulge itself; or at least, to endeavour to make a compromise between lingering sorrow and a graceful pursuit. If composed under existing circumstances of calamity, it is probable that the circumstances are not hopeless. In a situation like the one above described, it is difficult to conceive how the writer could bear to throw his words into an artificial arrangement, or (if he attempted to sing what he composed) to hear the sound of his own voice. On the other hand, extremes meet; and it is impossible to say how far the prospect of joining his mistress in death, might not have put something of a pleasure into his tears, almost as if she had been alive.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

[Second Notice].

The overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mr Mendelssohn Bartholdy, succeeded the performance of 'The Last Judgment,' and concluded the first act. Mr Bartholdy, who is nephew to the eminent Jew philosopher and philanthropist, Mendelssohn, is a young musician of unquestionable talent, and of higher than ordinary cultivation: judging however by those of his compositions that have been performed in public, we think he rather aims at eccentricity than sound and rational melody. The overture in question, for instance, exhibits much that is fantastical, without being pleasing; there are here and there some sweet passages of melody, but the general composition is deficient in design. The vagaries and tiny flutterings of the Elfin people are imitated, but we do not feel that they are imitated successfully—certainly not elegantly. The general style of the piece is a mixture of Beethoven and Weber, with little of the prevailing pathos of the former, and much of the wildness of both.

The Chevalier Neukomm is a musician of a very different character; the two specimens of his talent that he has introduced to this country—the oratorio of 'The Ten Commandments,' and the symphony which was first performed in public on Monday evening, are works that would have delighted the illustrious Haydn and his brother Michael; to both of whom we understand he was pupil. The latter composition is remarkable for its rational as well as beautiful construction; his melodies are graceful and flowing; his harmonies are full and scientific, and his modulations are perfectly easy and unconstrained. The symphony is in the key of three flats, and in the *adagio* (which is a charming movement) it modulates into the lovely and rich key of A four flats. By the way, we do not remember hearing a composition in this key that was unworthy of commendation; and the cause of this circumstance probably arises from the difficulty of writing in it: none therefore but practised musicians can avail themselves of its combinations and unhackneyed harmonies. The minuet and trio reminded us of the school in which the composer had studied; not from their being servile imitations, but that their character was similar. The whole work, indeed, gives evident proof of being written by a judicious mind, capable of forming a design, of retention, and of working the features with effect.

Mr Willman played an air with variations by Beer, in the most perfect style of expression, tone, and execution. The composition itself, particularly the opening subject, was exceedingly melodious, and it lost not an iota in the performer's hands. We know no better lesson for a singer than to listen to the playing of Mr Willman, particularly in slow cantabile movements. His graces are simple and appropriate, and his expression is totally free from affectation.

Mrs Knyvett made a judicious choice of Mozart's 'Dove Sono' to sing. The character of the air is suited to her style, which is sweet, pure, correct, but unimpassioned. The trio, 'Cosa Sento' however, from the same opera of Figaro, performed by her, Messrs Vaughan and E. Taylor, was flat in the extreme, owing to the total absence of energy in the singers.

Weber's overture to 'Der Beherrscher der Geister' concluded the performance: an effective composition, if noise be the only requisite to produce effect.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

Mouth and Eyes.—The mind appears to me to discover itself most in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth seems the more expressive of the temper, and the eye of the understanding.—*Shenstone.*

Origin of the word Valet.—Varlet, valleton, squire, and damoiseau, are frequently used synonimously [in the 13th century] although the last title belongs more particularly to the following century. They were not merely servants, in the modern acceptation of the word, being also aspirants to the profession of knight or man-at-arms. The *valet*, therefore, degenerate as he is, may be proud of his ancestral dignity. In a house account of Philip le Bel [end of the 13th century] the three children of the king are called Varlets (La Roque de la Nobl.); and in Villehardouin, the son of the Emperor of the East is termed Varlet of Constantinople.—*Leitch Ritchie's Romance of History.*

A Playhouse is a school of humanity, where all eyes are fixed on the same game or solemn scene, where all smiles or tears are spread from face to face, and where a thousand hearts beat in unison.—*Hazlitt.*

Curious Ceremonies. — In the evening the Governor (of Yakutsk) waited on me, and invited me to accompany him to a house, to see a ceremony performed, previously to a wedding that was to take place the next day. We repaired to the house, where we found a large party of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The bride and her attendants occupied one end of the room near a large table, on which were placed fruits, cakes, wines, &c. Tea and coffee were then served. Afterwards I was called to look at a procession from an opposite building or store, called in this country an *anbar*, where every sort of provisions, effects, &c. are kept. I saw several low four-wheeled vehicles, each drawn by a single ox, loaded with furniture, bedding, clothing, &c. &c. for the new-married couple. Lights were carried before them, and a number of young girls, assembled near the door of the *anbar*, sang in concert, as each vehicle was loaded with the effects of the bride. This ended, the party returned to the house, when dancing commenced, and was kept up with spirit the whole night. Before quitting the house, the parents of the young bridegroom requested me to come the following morning, and witness the ceremony of his taking leave of them, previously to his going to church. At 12 o'clock, on the 22d, we attended at his father's house, where a number of the friends of the bridegroom were collected: several large tables were laid for dinner, and at the principal one, near the images, which in a Russian house are always at the eastern corner of the room, sat the bridegroom and his attendants. A female relative, representing the bride, was placed in the chair on the left hand of the bridegroom; and the father and mother sat at the opposite side of the table. Three dishes of cold meat were placed before the principal attendant, and wine and watky being at the same time handed round, he cut a large cross on the first one, placing it aside; then the second, then the third, in the same way: and at the cutting of each, wine and watky were handed round to the company, who rose, and drank to the wedding party. Nothing was eaten, this being merely a ceremony to prepare the feast for the young couple when they should return from church. After this the bridegroom went round to the opposite side of the table, holding the image of the Virgin in his hand, and crossed himself on his knees, and bowed his head three times to the ground, before his father, who, when he rose, took the image from him, kissed him, and crossed him with it on his head. The same homage was paid to his mother, on which she delivered the image to another person, who preceded the bridegroom and his party to the church, where they met the bride and her attendants; and the couple were then led to the altar, and united in the holy bands of wedlock, by the Protopope, or Chief of the Clergy. The ceremony resembles the Catholic Church, except that, towards the close, the priest places a hymeneal crown on the heads of the man and woman, and they walk three times round a table, where lie the cross and the bible. This part of the proceeding is regarded as binding them in strict allegiance to each other during the rest of their lives. There are also two rings used, which are exchanged, between the man and the woman, during the ceremony. The whole party now returned to the house of the bridegroom's father, where a repast was prepared for them, resembling all large entertainments of this sort. The healths of the principal persons of the place were drunk, and followed by a salute of three guns after each toast. The evening was crowned with an illumination, and a ball, at which, as a stranger, I had the honor of leading off the bride.—*Dobell's Travels in Kamschatka and Siberia.*

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— Boiardi was an indefatigable compiler, estimable in his character, but possessed of a memory very formidable to those who undertook to listen to or to read him. He had cultivated literature in all its branches, and carried in his head an enormous but chaotic mass of knowledge. While the engravings were being prepared for his general catalogue of the monuments preserved at Portici, he obtained the King's permission to place at the head of it a preface, of which he published the commencement, in seven quarto volumes, without having exhausted his subject. For the benefit of those who may be disposed to imitate him, I will explain his method. In speaking of the monuments, it is proper to mention their proportion, but what measures shall he employ?—Then he gives a long account of the measures of the Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. The monuments were chiefly taken from the ruins of Herculaneum; this name, the same as Heraclea, was given to several cities; it is necessary then to speak of all these cities;—hence an incursion into the fields of Ancient Geography. Herculaneum was founded by Hercules;—but several heroes are known by that name, the Tyrian, the Egyptian, the Greek, &c. It is necessary to follow these heroes in their various expeditions, and to determine to which of them our Herculaneum owed its origin:—an incursion into the fields of Mythology. We may see that in this manner the author might well have written a dozen volumes, but unfortunately he was checked in his career. Some time after he came to Rome, where I saw him, I asked him if he had finished his preface; he replied that he had discontinued it for the present, and to refresh himself, was preparing an abridgment of the Universal History, in twelve volumes, duodecimo; which would commence with the solution of a problem of the utmost importance to astronomy and to history: this was to fix the point of the heavens, in which God had placed the sun, at the creation of the world. He had just discovered this point, which he shewed me, on the celestial globe.—*Memoires sur la Vie de J. J. Barthelemy, par luiméme.*—[In another passage, the Abbé describes this Roman prelate (who boasted of his descent from the Chevalier Bayard) as persisting, in spite of the frequent interruptions of a troublesome cough, in reading aloud some of his voluminous manuscripts. In vain the Abbé reminded him that reading would irritate his lungs; he replied that he would sacrifice everything to the pleasure of affording any amusemeut to the Abbé, and accordingly proceeded to read to him a Latin poem, entitled 'An Anatomical Description of the Brain.']

Uses and Abuses of a Mushroom.—The Karaikee conjurors, when they are called upon to exert their skill, eat of the mushroom called mookhamor (the *agaricus muscarius)* which immediately throws them into a frenzy, and they literally foam at the mouth whilst uttering their cabalistical words, which are always carefully remembered by the hearers, and explained afterwards by the magician, when his fit is over. [This mushroom has the same intoxicating effect upon the rein-deer. In another part of his work, the author says]—The Kariakees watch them carefully, to prevent their eating the *Mookhamor*, or fly-killing mushroom; for if a herd once gets the taste of them, they become quite wild, and run off in all directions, wandering far and wide to search for more—so that the keeper either loses a number of them, or, if he follows them assiduously, is sometimes lost himself, when they take to the forests. A Karaikee related to me the story of a keeper whose herd was dispersed in that way, but who, by very great exertions, after four or five days collected them together again. However, he found he had wandered far beyond his usual haunts, and lost his way; so that he remained and roamed about with his herd nearly two years before he had the good fortune to meet with any of the Rein-deer Kariakees.—*Dobell's Travels in Kamschatka and Siberia.*—[The specific name of this mushroom is explained by a note in Loudon's 'Encyclopædia of Plants,' which tells us, that in the north of Europe the inhabitants infuse it in milk, and set it in the windows to poison the flies. It is further observed, that the Russians, Kamschatdales, and Korians use it for intoxication. "They sometimes eat it dry, and sometimes immerse it in a liquor made with the Epilobium; and when they drink this liquor, they are seized with convulsions in all their limbs, followed by that kind of raving which attends a burning fever. They personify this mushroom, and if they are urged by its effects to suicide or any dreadful crime, they pretend to obey its commands. To fit themselves for premeditated assassination, they recur to the use of the mookhamor." This mushroom is found in some parts of Britain, and, administered with due knowledge, is useful in some medical cases.]

LUDICROUS FANCY IN PRAISE OF THE CHILD'S HORNBOOK.

An aged peasant on his latest bed
Wished for a friend some godly book to read;
The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
And (eyes lift up) this sav'ry lecture makes.
"Great A," he gravely read: th' important sound
The empty walls and hollow roofs rebound:
Th' expiring ancient reared his drooping head,
And thanked his stars that Hodge had learned to read.
"Great B!" the yonker bawls.—"O heavenly breath!
What ghostly comfort in the hour of death!
What hopes I feel!"—"Great C!" pronounced the boy.
The grandsire dies with ecstacy of joy.—*Tickell.*

— It is to be *feared*, that wars of which the poor bear the burden, and in which millions of them lose their limbs, their wealth, and their lives, are often entered into for the express purpose of increasing their subjection and oppression, and making them the instruments of it.—*Dr Hall on Civilization.* [It is to be "feared," good doctor! Who doubts it?]

— Spleen is often little else than obstructed perspiration.—*Shenstone.*

The Wealth of Siberia.—After telling us that blocks of native gold, of ten to twenty pounds weight, have been found in the gold mines, Mr Dobell says, "Siberia produces a great variety of precious stones. The principal ones are the yellow and white topaz, amethysts, crystals of various sorts, aquamarines of different colours, hyacinths, sapphires, emeralds, a species of the ruby, garnets, &c.; also onyx, jasper, agate, porphyry, and marble, in great abundance. There are also silver mines in Perm. The adamant or loadstone, of strong attractive powers, is common there. Asbestos also is found in such quantities, that gloves are made of it at Ecatherineburg, as curiosities to sell to travellers. When soiled, they are cleaned by putting them into a red hot fire, the most intense heat only serving to whiten, without in any degree consuming, this extraordinary fossil. We may say with truth, there is scarcely a mineral or a fossil in nature that is not found in Siberia!"—*Dobell's Travels in Kamschatka and Siberia.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.
Drury-Lane.—The Brigand—High Ways and By Ways—Clara.
Covent-Garden,—King John—The Romance of a Day.

Covent Garden.

Miss Fanny Kemble repeated last night the part of *Constance* in *King John*, which she played for her benefit on Monday. It is not one of her best performances, especially in the eyes of those who recollect her aunt in the character. It wants movement and effect. It wants passion. We do not mean vehemence, of which it has rather too much, but suffering and impulse. Finally, it wants dignity. There is now and then, in this as in other performances of Miss Kemble, a passing shade of family likeness to Mrs Siddons. Her head-dress last night assisted it. But to institute a direct comparison with her is surely unfortunate. The *Constance* of Mrs Siddons was one of the most natural, passionate, yet dignified of her performances. The passage in which *Constance* wildly seats herself upon the ground, and exclaims,—

"Here I and sorrow sit: let kings come bow to me,"—

produced no effect last night. All who remember Mrs Siddons must remember its electrical effect, and how marvellously she reconciled the mad impulse of it, with habitual dignity. Miss Kemble was almost always stationary in her grief. Mrs Siddons used to pace up and down, as the eddying gust of her impatience drove her, and all her despairing and bitter words came with double force from her in the career. And then what a person she had! and how regal she used to look! hardly more so as *Queen Constance*, than as Mrs Siddons herself! lofty tones and conscious modulations seemed natural in her mouth, as expressing the beauty of all that was ideal both in her theatrical and personal character. In Miss Kemble (without meaning to imply that she is not otherwise quite as estimable a person in every respect) they always carry with them an air of elaboration and assumption,—we mean assumption in the literal sense,—something taken up for the purpose of the moment, and foreign to her in the abstract. Her best passage last night was the quiet and exhausted manner, the momentary patience into which she fell from her general vehemence, just before she resumed it and tore off her diadem. But the performance upon the whole was flat, and thought to be so. Miss Kemble never does anything without shewing great occasional cleverness: in some characters, as in the *Fair Penitent*, she does more: but *Constance* is certainly not one in which any of her powers is elicited to advantage, not even in the sarcasms directed against *Austria*, which seemed rather the effusions of quiet spite, than of uncontroullable contempt. We doubt whether she will be tempted to repeat the character often.

To mention Mr Charles Kemble's *Faulconbridge*, is to praise it: for everybody knows how excellent it is. ☞

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Grand Selection of

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Conductor, Mr H. R. BISHOP.

PART I.

Rossini's Grand Overture to "Guillaume Tell."
Chorus—'Fair as a Bride,' and
Quintet, Miss PEARSON, Miss RUSSELL, Mr SINCLAIR, Mr BEDFORD, and Mr PHILLIPS,
And Chorus—'From the hills to the valley.' (Guillaume Tell.) . . . Rossini.
Grand Scena, Mr Braham, 'Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see.'
(Oberon) C. M. Von Weber.
Cavatina, Mr SINCLAIR - - (La Donna del Lago) - - Rossini.
Air, Mrs Waylett, 'Come where the aspens quiver.' - - A. Lee.
Recit. and Air, Mrs WOOD, 'Lo, here the gentle lark!' - - - Bishop.
Accompanied on the flute by Mr NICHOLSON.
Glee, Mrs WAYLETT, Miss HARRINGTON, Mr HORN, and Mr BEDFORD,
'Come o'er the brook, Bessie, to me.' - - Ford and Dr Callcott.
Air, Miss PEARSON, 'The Gondolier Song. - - - Miss Cooke.
Quartetto, Miss HUGHES, Miss BYFELD, Mr BRAHAM, and Mr PHILLIPS,
'Cielo il mio labbro.' - - (Bianca e Faliero.) - - Rossini.
The New Cavatina, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Away, away, to the mountain's brow.'
A. Lee.
Ballad, Miss RUSSELL, 'Mad Margery.' - - Bishop.
Air, Miss HUGHES, 'The hunter's signal horn.' - - - - A. Lee.
Aria, Miss BRUCE, 'Bel raggio.' (Semiramide) - Rossini.
Grand Finale—Celebrated Scena, Mrs. WOOD, 'Nacqui all' affanno,' and Chorus.
(Finale to 'La Cenerentola.) - Rossini.

At the End of the First Part,
A Fantasia on the Flute, by Mr NICHOLSON.

PART II.

C. M. Von Weber's Grand Overture to Der Freischuts.
Scena, Mrs WOOD, 'Softly sighs the voice of evening.'
(Der Freischutz) - - C. M. Von Weber.
Irish Air, Mrs WAYLETT, 'Kate Kearney.'
New Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'The Briton's fireside.' - - - - Nelson.
German Bacchanalian Song, Mr PHILLIPS, 'Im Herbst da Muss man trinken.'
(Der Vampyr.) - - - Marschner.
Air, Miss HUGHES, 'The mocking bird.' - - Bishop.
Air, Miss S. PHILLIPS, (Variations on Rhode's celebrated Air.)
New Air, Mr PHILLIPS, 'The flag that has braved a thousand years.'
Recit. e Duetto, Mr WOOD and Mr SINCLAIR, 'Ricciardo che veggo.'
(Ricciardo e Zoraide). - - Rossini.
Celebrated Recit. and Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'The Death of Nelson. - Braham.
Air, Miss PEARSON, 'Even as the Sun. - - Horn.
Duetto, Mrs WAYLETT and Mr PHILLIPS, 'Giovenette.'
(Il Don Giovanni) - - - Mozart.
Air, Mr SINCLAIR, 'The mountain maid.' - Sinclair.
Air, Mrs WOOD, and Chorus, 'Oppression dies.'
(Composed by Mrs. Col. Stewart.
Air, Mrs WAYLETT.
Laughing Song, Mr PHILLIPS, and Chorus, 'Haste thee nymph.'
(L'Allegro.) - - - - Handel.

At the End of the Second Part, a Solo on the Violin, by Mr OURY.

PART III.

Auber's Grand Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'
Air, Mrs WOOD, 'Should he upbraid.' (Two Gentlemen of Verona) - Bishop.
Terzetto, Mr HORN, Mr T. COOKE, and
Mr PHILLIPS, 'La mia Dorabella. (Cosi fan tutte) - Mozart.
Air, Miss PEARSON, 'Kathleen O'More.'
Air, Miss BRUCE, 'Here's the seat of soft delight.'
Air, Mr BRAHAM, 'The Bay of Biscay.
Air, Mr SINCLAIR.
Finale.—'Tu e ver.' - - - - Mozart.
Mrs WOOD, Mrs WAYLETT, Miss PEARSON, &c.
Mr. BRAHAM, Mr SINCLAIR, Mr HORN, Mr. T. COOKE, Mr PHILLIPS, &c.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'The King and the Sailor.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of, the following Songs, &c.

'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.' 'M. P.'s, or Electioneering.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

PART IV.

To conclude with a Grand Series of Optical Illusions, called

FAIRY VISIONS.

PERFORMANCES FOR TO-MORROW EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Grand Opera of

HOFER.

Bertha, Miss Pearson. Josephine Negretti, Miss Russell.
Margaretta, Mrs Newcombe.
Peasants—Therese, Mrs Bedford. Maria, Miss Faucit.
Bavarians—The Commandant of Insprunck, Mr Thompson.
Colonel Donner, Mr Bland. Herr Stetten, Mr Webster. Bats, Mr Salter.
Tyrolese—Andreas Hofer, Mr H. Phillips. Gottlieb, Mr Yarnold.
Father Joachim Haspinger, Mr Bedford. Walther, Mr Sinclair.
Stephen, Mr Tayleure. Karl, Miss Chikini.

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Plat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr Cooper. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To conclude with the Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ,

Linda, Miss Bruce. Rose, Mrs Bedford.
Adolph, Mr T. Cooke. Caspar, Mr Horn.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

ISABELLA.

Isabella, Miss F. Kemble. Nurse, Mrs Tayleure.
Count Baldwin, Mr Egerton. Biron, Mr Ward. Biron's Son, Miss Hunt.
Carlos, Mr G. Bennett. Villeroy, Mr Abbott. Maurice, Mr Henry.
Belford, Mr Baker. Officer, Mr Turnour. Samson, Mr Meadows.

In Act III. AN EPITHALAMIUM.

After which, the Musical Farce of

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

Jenny, Miss Hughes. Moggy M'Gilpin, Miss Taylor.
M'Gilpin, Mr Blanchard. Sandy, Mr Wilson. Shelty, Mr Keeley.
Charley, Mr Duruset. Sergeant Jack, Mr G. Stansbury.

To conclude with

THE IRISH TUTOR.

Terry O'Rourke, Mr Power.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elisabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE!

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Miss Daly. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Miles Bertram, Mr Yates. Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith. Marmaduke Magogue, Mr John Reeve.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone.

Act II.—SUMMER.

The Characters as in Act I.

On Saturday an Address on the Close of the Season, will be spoken by Mr YATES.
To conclude with the Burlesque Burletta of

THE QUADRUPEDS.

Dorothea, Miss Daly. Tinderella, Miss Stallard. Mopperella, Mrs Daly.
Blousedora, Miss Barnett. Francisco, Mr O. Smith.
Abrahamides, with Imitations, and the Parody of "Heavy Wet," Mr J. Reeve.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, called

MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——

Mrs Headly, Mrs Edwin. Mrs Crawley, Mrs Knight. Lucy, Miss Stewart.
Ross Crawley, Miss Langley. Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr Fredericks.
Mr Crawley, Mr Cooper. Mr Leach, Mr W. Vining.
Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, called

THE GRENADIER.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen, Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

The Characters by Miss Sidney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnoletti.
Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, entitled

TACT.

Julia, Miss Stohwasser. Biddy Phillimore, Mrs Humby.
Sir Paul Mainchance, Mr Smith. Sir William Lightfoot, Mr Munroe.
Captain Lightfoot, Mr Spencer. John Fox, Mr Forrester.
Crump, Mr Tilbury. Snipe, Mr Taylor. Hornblower, Mr J. Conquest.
Dulcimer, Mr J. Russell.

And a New Divertisement Ballet, called

THE TROUBADOUR.

Florio, Mlle. Celeste. Donna Clara, Mlle. Constance. Inis, Miss Lane.
Don Perez de Castro, Mr H. Cooke.
Spanish Peasantry, by the Corps de Ballet.

After which, a Comedietta, (in One Act,) entitled

DELUSIONS.

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To which will be added, a New Musical Entertainment, called

MRS G——.

Mrs G—. Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick. Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick.
Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells. Miss Félicité Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Mr Alexis Chasse, Mr Forrester. Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune.
Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a Broad Farcical Entertainment, entitled

THE FEMALE FREEMASON.

Mrs Vintner, Mrs Humby. Betty, Miss Ayres. Susan, Miss Brothers.
Mr Topman, Mr Spencer. Mr Knobbs, Mr G. Smith. Mr Vintner, Mr Smith.

COBURG THEATRE.—Ivanhoe—Reform—The Fate of Calas.

Advertisements.

With a Frontispiece, price 2s. 6d. neatly half-bound,

THE ALBUM OF EMILY AND ISABELLA.

A LITTLE VOLUME OF RHYMES WRITTEN BY A LADY FOR HER PUPILS.

R. HUNTER, 72 St Paul's Church yard.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

No. XXVIII, will be published on the 31st instant, containing the following Articles:—1. Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society -2. Kotzebue's Voyage—3. Hinck's Greek Lexicon—4. Ecclesiastical Courts—5. Brissot—6. Traditions of Palestine—7. Useful Knowledge Society—8. Stories of American Life—9. Ancient Egyptian Kings—10. Mothers and Daughters—11. Parliamentary Reform—12. Howitt's Book of the Seasons—13. Professional Morality—14. Anatomy of Society—15. D'Israeli's Charles I.—16. Timber Trade—17. Poland and France—Index, List of Books, &c.

No. XXIX will be published on the 30th of June 1831.

ROBERT HEWARD, 2 Wellington street, Strand.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Correspondence of the Right Honourable Sir John Sinolair, Bart. with Reminiscences of the Most Distinguished Characters who have appeared in Great Britain, and in Foreign Countries, during the last Fifty Years. Illustrated by Fac-similes of Two Hundred Autographs. Two vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

[Concluded from yesterday.]

We have recurred to this book often, but when the reader considers that it consists of two large octavo volumes; and that we have passed over a good deal of extractable matter, he will not think our little paper unreasonable.

'It has been often remarked,' observes our author, 'that the greatest events are often produced by very insignificant causes. Of this a very striking instance occurred, connected with the late King's first illness, which I shall endeavour briefly to relate.

'It was on the 20th of September 1788, that a notification was made to both houses of Parliament, that his late Majesty (George the Third), was no longer competent to perform the functions of the Royal office; and his incapacity was fully established by the examination of his Majesty's medical attendants, before Committees of both Houses. After considerable delays, in consequence of a claim which had been maintained in both Houses, that the Prince of Wales was entitled to assume the Regency, both Houses at last declared the King's incapacity. Mr Pitt, the minister, then gave notice that he would propose his plan of a Regency to the House of Commons, on the 6th of January next (1789). The particulars having been so often fully debated in both Houses, it was not supposed that the bill would occasion much discussion. It was calculated that it would pass in less than a fortnight (the bill, indeed, afterwards remained only six days in the House of Commons); and that, in a very short time, the King's authority would be abrogated.

'About this time, in conjunction with Lord Moira, I had formed a political party of respectable members of both Houses, with a view of promoting some public objects which we had in contemplation. Among those who joined us was Mr Loveden, member for Abingdon in Berkshire, who was considered a highly respectable country gentleman, and who, having occasionally stated his sentiments to the House in a manly and spirited manner, had come to be regarded as a kind of leader among his own class.

'This party happened to dine together on the 5th of January, the day before Mr Pitt's intended motion; and Mr Loveden, who had arrived in London only that morning, attended at dinner, and by accident sat at table next to me. We of course discussed the great subject which then engrossed all public attention, when he told me "That his friends in Berkshire were greatly dissatisfied with the proceedings in Parliament, and wished much for another examination of the physicians regarding the state of the King's health." He added, "that if I would second the motion, he would move, next day, for another examination."

'The least difficulty on my part would have prevented the motion; but as the nation had not suffered from the delays that had already taken place, it appeared to me that no detriment was likely to arise from a short additional delay. I therefore encouraged him to make the motion, and agreed to second it.

'When Mr Pitt therefore rose on the day after, to propose his plan of a Regency, Mr Loveden moved that the physicians should be examined, on the ground "that the intended limitations would necessarily have a reference to the state of his Majesty's health, and that several weeks had elapsed since that had been ascertained, which rendered a new examination necessary before proceeding any further in so momentous a question." After much discussion, a new committee was actually appointed. Their report was made on the 13th of January, and on the 16th it was appointed to be taken into consideration. A delay of eleven days in the progress of the business was thus obtained; and though Mr Pitt explained to the House his plan on the 15th of January, it was not till the 6th of February that the Regency Bill was brought in. On the 12th of February, however, it was carried to the House of Lords, and read a second time without opposition. But before the bill had made any further progress, the necessity of appointing a Regency was put an end to by the King's recovery. There is every reason, however, to believe, that had it not been for the eleven days occasioned by Mr Loveden's motion, the Regency Bill would have passed. The delay was of more importance than is generally known, the King having afterwards declared, that if he had been found incapable of exercising the Royal functions, by a solemn Act of the Legislature, no earthly consideration would ever have induced him to resume them, from a dread that his complaints might return, which the labour and vexation attending public business was likely to promote. The power of Mr Fox and his party would then have been permanently established; and all these momentous events, which depended so much on Mr Pitt's continuing in power, would have taken a quite different turn.'—P. 355.

Sir John's second volume is occupied chiefly with sketches of his travels, and notices of the persons they brought him acquainted with. During his first excursion from England, which was to France, he was much delighted with the 'gaiety and good humour, which seemed everywhere to characterize the peasantry. One trait,' says he, 'occurred at a village in Burgundy, which I still recollect with pleasure. Observing some grotesque figures near the door of the inn where we were changing horses, my brother burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which I could not refrain from joining, a bystander, instead of being angry at the merriment we enjoyed at the expense of his countrymen, exclaimed, with much good humour—"*Jaimece joli musique.*"'

Specimen of a day spent in Paris, compared to one in London.—'During my stay in Paris at this time, my great object was, to breakfast with the learned,—to dine with great political characters,—and to sup with the gay,—of which style of living, I find in my notes the following instance.

'Soon after my arrival, I was invited to breakfast with the Count de Catuelan, to meet the celebrated Monsieur le Roi, and other academicians. M. de Catuelan was a native of Brittany. He had one of the finest libraries in Paris, which particularly abounded in English books. His brother was first president of the Parliament in Brittany, and derived great credit, from the spirit with which he supported the privileges of that respectable body against the merchants of the Crown. The conversation was scientific and attractive, and it gave me a very high idea of the literati of France.

'On the same day I was asked to dine with the celebrated Necker. His appearance was heavy, and there was no spirit of vigour in his eye. He was very reserved, as might be expected, from an ex-minister in a very delicate situation. When I pressed him to come to England, he said he never expected to re-visit that country. It is unfortunate that the marriage between Mademoiselle Necker and Lord Rivers' son, did not take place, as it would have detached him from French politics. When the dinner party at Monsieur Necker's separated, I went to the Convent de Belle-Chesse, to wait on the celebrated Madame de Genlis. I found her remarkably clever, but no beauty at that time, whatever she might have formerly been.

'I then went to sup at Monsieur Mirbeck's, who gave a *fête to a select party of twenty of the gayest people in Paris.* There was music, but no cards. I observed that the instruments, both there and at Monsieur Necker's, were English. The conversation was sprightly and well calculated for the lively company who were assembled on that occasion.

'It may be interesting to contrast the events of that day with one spent in London, which I had dedicated to the amusement of a Spanish gentleman, whom I had met with abroad.

'I took him first to breakfast with Sir Joseph Banks, in Soho Square, where he met with a number of distinguished literary characters.

'We thence proceeded to the celebrated dock-yard of Mr Perry, on the banks of the Thames, where he witnessed a launch of the largest Indiaman that had ever been built. He was astonished, not only with the sight, which was quite new to him, but with the elegant and numerous company assembled to see it, and the excellent entertainment which was given upon the occasion.

'I then took him to a dinner given at the Freemasons' Tavern, by the Highland Society of London. The Duke of Sussex presided with his usual ability and success. Nothing astonished the Spaniard more, than to be thus in a manner at once transported into a foreign country, where the dress, the language, the instruments of music, the music itself, and the whole scene, was different from anything he had ever before witnessed, exhibiting the manners and customs of a century or two preceding.

'I concluded with taking him to hear the celebrated Billington sing; and on the whole he said he had never before been a partaker of such *a variety of entertainments*, and of so gratifying a nature, *on the same day.*'—Vol. II. p. 88.

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DENMARK.—'The manners of the Danes are modelled more after the English than the French fashion. They have *clubs*, in imitation of those in London, where nothing but the English language is spoken. This has given rise to some odd mistakes. One gentleman, in particular, thought that *ch* was always pronounced *k*, and ordered a *good kicking*, instead of *chicken*, for his dinner.'—P. 204.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY IN FULL FLOWER.—Prince Kaunitz was born in 1712, and, when I saw him, in 1786, was about seventy-four. For that age he was remarkably healthy. He rode every day, either in the open air, or, when the weather was unfavourable, in a *menage couvert*, and eat most voraciously. He is the proudest, and, at the same time, the vainest of all mortals; and it is hardly possible to conceive the existence of such a character, in a civilized European country, for it seemed much more analogous to that of a despot, trained up with all the blandishments of an eastern seraglio, than to the freedom of European society. But flattery, on weak minds, has everywhere the same effects. He is so inflated with pride, that he thinks he has no equal, and perhaps, that such a human being hardly ever before existed. He is convinced that he is the only man in Europe who knows the real interest of each sovereign in it, and is inflated with other ideas equally ridiculous. He thought himself so much wiser than his predecessors in the councils of Vienna, that he would chalk out a new system. He abandoned, therefore, the English alliance, and resolved to unite the two rival houses of Austria and Bourbon, by marrying an Austrian Archduchess to the future sovereign of France. The mischievous consequences resulting from that alliance are well known.

'Having, as he supposes, no equal, he thinks it beneath him to entertain either friendship or enmity. He considers himself the only good horseman and architect in the universe. "When I die," says he, "*equitation will be lost*," and he maintained, that all former architects were ignorant men, who knew nothing of the matter. Had he time, he affirmed, he would undertake to draw up the plan of a theatre, with this advantage, that the side boxes were to have *a front view of the stage*.

'His mode of living is as follows: His niece, a good-humoured widow, resides with him, and superintends his household. He has every day a table of eighteen or twenty covers. His courier goes about a day or two before, and by a verbal message invites the company. He dines at six, and, as the opera begins about seven, on these nights, he finds it difficult to get a sufficient supply of good company, and young strangers are generally taken in to dine with him. He certainly gives very good victuals; but seldom more than two bottles of wine to eighteen or twenty people. It was once remarked as a wonder, that an Englishman had drank four glasses during dinner. After he has dined, he sits for a quarter of an hour, picking and cleaning his teeth. There never was a more disgusting toilet. He then returns to the drawing-room, where he spends the evening, and where all the principal people of Vienna come and go just as they please.

'He sometimes plays at billiards there, but always with a servant, as if it was beneath him to place any person of rank on a footing with him.

'I saw the Archduke and Archduchess paying him great court, and with much humility. The Emperor also comes occasionally, and there is an arch from the ramparts to Kaunitz's house, which he crosses, when he chooses to come privately. His influence at court, however, is very much dimished since the accession of the Emperor, which chagrins him not a little.

'He treated the Pope, the Grand Duke of Russia, and the Duke of York, with the greatest hauteur; was indignant that the Pope should ask him if he knew Italian. "*Je le connais au fond*," he answered; and was very angry with the old Galliard, as he called him, for supposing that Prince Kaunitz was ignorant of anything.

'He is very fond of horses, and if he likes a horse, will ask for it without ceremony. Lady Craven sent him one she had received from a Turkish Bashaw; but, after trying the horse, he sent it back very ungallantly, saying, it did not suit him.

'He has a remarkably fine set of teeth for his time of life, in consequence of the great care he has paid to their preservation. From the regular exercise he takes, and attention to his health, he is likely to live long. But it was generally remarked that his understanding *(never a strong one)* had begun to be impaired.

'On the whole, I do not recollect, either in my own extensive experience, or in any history, either ancient or modern, to have seen or heard of such an example of weakness, pride, and self-sufficiency.'—P. 309.

BUONAPATE AND THE ABBE SIEYES.—'When the formation of a consulate was determined upon, it became a doubtful question, whether he or Buonaparte should be appointed *First* Consul. Sieyes's plan was, to be nominated to that situation, and to employ Buonaparte, as Second Consul, to carry his orders into execution. The superior cunning, ability, and promptitude of the Corsican, *in one instant*, baffled all the schemes which he had been so long meditating, and which he thought were on the eve of being happily accomplished.

'The place where they assembled to elect the Consuls was the Gallery of the Luxemburgh, a very large hall, where the electors formed themselves into parties, with their leaders, and though within sight, yet each of them at such a distance from the other as not to be heard. Sieyes lost no time in addressing his party, and descanted upon the advantages of having a person well acquainted with political questions and civil affairs at the head of the new government; and the danger of having a soldier entrusted with supreme power, who might, in the end, establish military despotism in a country which had conquered its liberties (the event has proved that this observation was perfectly well founded); and without pointing himself out to be the man, he plainly indicated the line he wished them to pursue. As soon as he had made this declaration, one of Buonaparte's emissaries, who had mixed himself with the Abbé's friends, quitted the place where they had assembled, joined the other party, and informed them of what had passed. Buonaparte instantly said, "I see what must be done,—and all I entreat of you is, as soon as you see me take Sieyes by the hand, that you will cry, *Bravo Buonaparte*, as loud as you can, and will prevail on as many as possible to join in the exclamation." He immediately went to the place where Sieyes and his party were assembled, and going up to the Abbé, with a great appearance of cordiality, he said, "Let us not, my friend, have any difference of opinion, who shall be the First Consul; for my part, I vote for the Abbé Sieyes—whom do you vote for?" The Abbé, astonished at such an unexpected address, was led, from complaisance, and in affectation of gratitude and friendship, to say, "I vote for the General Buonaparte." On which Buonaparte gave his hand to Sieyes as if to thank him for his vote. This being the signal agreed upon for crying '*Bravo Buonaparte*,' it resounded from all quarters; Buonaparte's partizans, having dispersed themselves throughout the hall, and mixed with those of the other candidates. Even some of the friends of the Abbé Sieyes, who saw what had passed, could not help joining in the cry without thinking of the consequences. Buonaparte was instantly declared First Consul. The Abbé was offered to be made Second Consul, but was so much chagrined at his disappointment, that he declared his resolution to take no further concern in public affairs.

'It is impossible to conceive that any man could have been placed in so many critical dilemmas as Buonaparte has been, and to have got through them so successfully, without being possessed of the ability and decision which this anecdote evinces. It was communicated to me by a friend, who had it from one of the very actors in the scene, and its authenticity may be depended upon.'—P. 450.

THEATRICAL CRITICS!

ARE of four orders, viz. the Partial, the Impartial, the Spiteful, and the Asinine. Your partial critic takes his chop with Hopkins the actor, and sometimes borrows a trifle of H. the return of which it is impossible to hint at, as it might beget a cutting coolness on the part of the partial critic; so, while the chops, the trifle, and the intimacy are extant, Hopkins is a charming Thespian, chaste beyond expression, and embodies the conceptions of his author to perfection, is ever announced as acting with his usual "rich humour," or "deep pathos," or "refined taste," or "vivid irradiance of genius." Or your partial critic will carry his love for his friend to extremes, and damn, with energetic determination, all upstarts or rivals in his protegé's peculiar province; he will therefore observe, that "Mr So-and-so played such and such a part, but we have seen Hopkins in the same, and oh! &c." Your impartial critic is of a very rare order; he will not write up a friend in opposition to his own judgment, but will tell him, in good set terms, that he did such a part execrably, or tolerably, as the case may be; should he offend his acquaintance thereby, it doth not influence his principles; he argues that such a friend must not interfere with a critic's regard for truth; and if a fault is to be found, he will show how such fault may be avoided, or how a certain passage might be improved. If the censured actor be sensible, he will not frown at a fair criticism, but strive to profit by the objections of his censor, subject at all times to the degree of talent displayed by the critic. If the latter be of good and true judgment, there will ever be a flashing of genius in his remarks, however brief. Your common-place and stupid critique is the especial trait of the spiteful and the asinine, while the partial are not always free from the defect. *Ergo*—Your impartial critic is the only man whose opinion is worth a straw. Your spiteful critic is not unfrequently a disappointed author, or actor, or chastised slanderer; he will sit in the house on the first night of a new piece, and if the author be a man he hates, you will perceive his assumed look of contempt; he will knit his brow, draw down the corners of his mouth most superciliously, elevate his nose, and have a sharp ear for a hiss: if he laughs once or so, it is at some blunder made by a performer, or during a scene of interest when the audience are breathless and silent. If the piece be received with applause, he will damn it with faint praise, walk to his desk uneasy and discontent, and descant on the decline of the drama. Should there be a damnation, then listen to his shrewd remarks, the wit he has borrowed to retail for the occasion, and observe the pint of wine he orders: if the question is asked him by a stranger of the success of the new production, he will chuckle and tell him at once. If your spiteful critic dislikes a well known actor, he

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never condescends to notice his performance, however successful or admired it may be; but should the town be teeming with his praise, and the spiteful critic feels that he must give a notice, he then says "A Mr So-and-so played such-and-such a part: it is unpleasant to record decided failures, but in this instance we must, &c. &c." Your asinine critic is a very droll fellow; he affects intimacy with all authors or actors of eminence, but at the same time endeavours to impress all that he may know with ideas of his vast consequence, and of the great deference paid to his opinions by the public: the utmost encouragement he can give in the theatre is to applaud in gloves, and that by tapping his right forefinger in the palm of his left hand, making "A sound so fine, that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence." Should he possess the privilege of the green room, he is always seen walking behind the manager like a pet puppy: if the former have wife or favorite who may act, he will extol her to the skies, write her biography, and do her much injury. He ever speaks well of established favorites, but will carefully avoid directing attention to rising or persevering talent. After a rhapsody of eulogium in venerable common places, on persons who do not heed or require such distinction, he will think it time to be a little severe, if only to support his character of asinine critic; he will then conclude his remarks by singling out some young actor or actress about to rise in his or her profession, and will be most sapiently cruel in the following manner: "We hear that Mr or Miss Such-a-one is engaged at such a theatre royal—we shall have such-and-such a thing next. Is this to be endured? spirit of Shakspeare forbid!" &c. &c. Children of Thespis heed not such drivellers; they cannot harm thee. Let the sensible and impartial critic be thine only Mentor. If thou canst not laugh at, or pity the partial, the spiteful, or asinine, incessant will be the rising of thy bile, and very savage will be thine intentions.

BUSKIN.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—A Grand Miscellaneous Selection of Music.

DRURY LANE.

THE Oratorios and Musical Selections of the season closed last night with an overflowing house. They have been, we believe, more than usually successful; partly perhaps owing to a consideration of the popular taste, more speculative than ambitious, and partly to the attractiveness of the fairer portion of the singers. Miss PATON'S talents have been turned to ample account. And the public have justly risen in their opinion of those of Mrs WAYLETT, who is acknowledged to be one of the prettiest ballad-singers that have appeared a long while. With one exception, indeed, all the female singers have shewn greater ability than was expected of them; and if we mention no names, it is in order not to press upon the owner of that one. The trial she has undergone, sometimes a severe one, will do no harm to any real talent she may possess. Under all the circumstances, we think it calculated to do the reverse; and we shall be glad to be able to say so.

Among the causes of the prosperity of these musical evenings, BRAHAM must not be omitted. He was judiciously made to take the lead, and (after the lapse of an evening or two, when he appeared to us not to exert himself) magnificently he took it. We fancy we hear his voice now, opening upon the house like a trumpet, yet equally able to withdraw into softness and tenderness, and to take pity on the sorrows it uttered. Mr PHILLIPS too has a right to be mentioned separately. He contrived to distinguish himself, even on these unfavourable occasions, as a dramatic singer, and a singer too, of the no mean comic order, effective and full of enjoyment, without losing the graces of gentility.

These musical selections however have been very deficient in variety. We forget what the custom may be in that respect; and we are aware that the more certain pieces are admired, the more natural and proper it is, that they should be repeated, in order that new hearers may enjoy them as well as the old. Furthermore, we are among the last who would object to selections from HANDEL, or HAYDN; and we are as glad to hear the best things of ROSSINI, as he seems to have been while he was writing them. Lastly, a reasonable sprinkling of the music of living composers is not to be objected to, whether known much to fame or otherwise. We like to see fair opportunities given, and friendly occasion taken. Mr BISHOP has written two or three things, equally popular and beautiful, which entitle him, we think, to the rare praise of being a man of genius: and Mr LEE has established himself as a pretty composer of ballads. But why almost the whole vocal music should be German and English, yet not including such men as GLUCK and PURCELL, with but one piece of WINTER'S, and why there should have been hardly a single Italian composition of any value but ROSSINI'S, we are unable to conceive. Was it owing to the preference for super harmonized pieces, which is now the fashion? or to the want of animal spirits,—real in the selectors, or supposed in the audience? We think the success of Mrs WAYLETT'S ballads might have shewn, that simple passion in still finer shapes might not have lost its effect. PAESIELLO'S 'Rachelina' and 'Lindoro' might at all events have been secure under their English names of 'Whither my love' and 'For tenderness form'd;' and as to animal spirits, MARTINI'S little laughing trio fairly took the audience by storm. The only two things we ever heard *twice* encored at an oratorio, were this trio, and MOZART'S duet of 'Giovinette,' out of *Don Juan*. After which, and the encores which the best ballads are almost sure to meet with, it is surely not too much to expect, that on a future occasion some more of the finest and liveliest specimens of Italian melody should be given us. The common run of the musical world doubtless admire scientific instrumental compositions more than any other, because they remind them of their own studies, and of what in some measure they can do themselves. And for similar reasons, the same compositions will be admired, or listened to as if they were loved and understood by all those among the audience who know the violin a little, or sing bass a little, or play a little on the piano-forte, or have any other little insights into the mysteries of harmony (not to mention the real amateurs who admire them justly, and can shew us their reasons for it). But still these are not the things that put either the least or the most refined part of the audience into their greatest transports. Some of HANDEL'S simplest sublimities, LUTHER'S Hymn, the ballads, and the laughing trio,—all those compositions, in short, which go the most directly to the feelings whether of refined hearers or not,—these were the pieces which, throughout the season (as far as we can speak from experience) received the greatest applause. The voluptuous pathos of WINTER may be reckoned an exception, because that perhaps demands refinement as well as natural sensibility to admire it; and Mr BRAHAM now and then condescended to make a sensation with a composition more noisy than good: but the spirit of our remark, we think, will be found just by those who call the various evenings to mind; and it is to be hoped, that if just, an attention to them the next time would increase the attractions of this species of entertainment.

☞

— Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves, if they were in their places. —*Shenstone.*

CHINESE ABSURDITIES.—When the Hong merchants of China are summoned before the collector of customs, "they present themselves on their knees, knocking their foreheads six, nine, or twelve times against the ground, before they are noticed and permitted to change their posture. And when they rise, they dare not lift their eyes higher than the level of the fifth button on the Mandarin's breast! It is an unpardonable affront, (or only atoned for by some strokes of the bamboo) should they chance to look him in the face. It would appear that the old proverb, "A cat may look at a king," has no parallel in China! Any one called before a judge to give his evidence or otherwise, is always obliged to knock his head at least three times to the ground, and is not suffered to speak, except in answer to the interrogatories which are put to him. Two men with bamboos stand near to punish him who infringes this rule..... When they wish to swear a witness, a live cock and a knife are presented to him, and he is obliged to cut off the cock's head, at the moment of taking the oath. The cutting off the cock's head is considered in the same light as the kissing the bible with us.—*Dobell's Travels in China.*—[China must keep fast hold of her old system of exclusiveness, if she means the reign of the *Bamboo* to be of very long continuance, for, if "the schoolmaster" gain admission, it will be speedily deposed.]

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, entitled

L'ULTIMO GIORNO DI POMPEI.

The Principal Characters by Mrs Wood (late Miss Paton,) Madame Castelli, Mademoiselle Feliani, Signor David, Signor Deville, Signor Galli, Signor De Angeli, and Signor Lablache.

After which, a New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

The Principal Characters by Mademoiselle Brocard, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mlle Clara, Mlle Proche, Mlle Zoe Beaupre, and Mme Montessu, Mesdames J. Mersie, De Vis, Coupotte, Heseke, Vedy, Griffiths, Pitt, Laura, Lydia, Clari, &c.
Messieurs Lefebvre, Simon, Emile, Gouriet, Venafra, O'Brien, Edouard, George, D'Albert, Bertram, Hunt, and M. Paul.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Grand Opera of

HOFER.

Bertha, Miss Pearson. Josephine Negretti, Miss Russell.
Margaretta, Mrs Newcombe.
Peasants—Therèse, Mrs Bedford. Maria, Miss Faucit.
Bavarians—The Commandant of Insprunck, Mr Thompson.
Colonel Donner, Mr Bland. Herr Stetten, Mr Webster. Batz, Mr Salter.
Tyrolese—Andreas Hofer, Mr H. Phillips. Gottlieb, Mr Yarnold.
Father Joachim Haspinger, Mr Bedford. Walther, Mr Sinclair.
Stephen, Mr Tayleure. Karl, Miss Chikini.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell;" G. Onslow's Overture to "L'Alcade de la Vega;" And C. M. Von Weber's Overture to "Der Freischuts."

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Plat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr Cooper. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To conclude with the Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

Linda, Miss Bruce. Rose, Mrs Bedford.
Adolph, Mr T. Cooke. Caspar, Mr Horn.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

ISABELLA.

Isabella, Miss F. Kemble. Nurse, Mrs Tayleure.
Count Baldwin, Mr Egerton. Biron, Mr Ward. Biron's Son, Miss Hunt.
Carlos, Mr G. Bennett. Villeroy, Mr Abbott. Maurice, Mr Henry.
Belford, Mr Baker. Officer, Mr Turnour. Samson, Mr Meadows.

In Act III. AN EPITHALAMIUM.
Previous to the Tragedy, Mozart's Overture to "Idomeneo."

After which, the Musical Farce of

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

Jenny, Miss Hughes. Moggy M'Gilpin, Miss Taylor.
M'Gilpin, Mr Blanchard. Sandy, Mr Wilson. Shelty, Mr Keeley.
Charley, Mr Duruset. Sergeant Jack, Mr G. Stansbury.

To conclude with

THE IRISH TUTOR.

Rosa, Miss Lawrence. Mary, Mrs J. Hughes.
Terry O'Rourke, Mr Power.
Mr Tillwell, Mr Evans. Charles, Mr Baker. De Flail, Mr Blanchard.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Comedietta, (in One Act,) entitled

DELUSIONS.

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Smith. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

After which, a New Musical Entertainment, called

MRS G——.

Mrs G—, Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick. Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick.
Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells. Miss Félicite Ronjou, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Mr Alexis Chasse, Mr Forrester. Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune.
Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added a New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, entitled

TACT.

Julia, Miss Stohwasser. Biddy Phillimore, Mrs Humby.
Sir Paul Mainchance, Mr Smith. Sir William Lightfoot, Mr Munroe.
Captain Lightfoot, Mr Spencer. John Fox, Mr Forrester.
Crump, Mr Tilbury. Snipe, Mr Taylor. Hornblower, Mr J. Conquest.
Dulcimer, Mr J. Russell.

And a New Divertisement Ballet, called

THE TROUBADOUR.

Florio, Mlle. Celeste. Donna Clara, Mlle. Constance. Inis, Miss Lane.
Don Perez de Castro, Mr H. Cooke.
Spanish Peasantry, by the Corps de Ballet.

To conclude with a Broad Farcical Entertainment, entitled

THE FEMALE FREEMASON.

Mrs Vintner, Mrs Humby. Betty, Miss Ayres. Susan, Miss Brothers.
Mr Topman, Mr Spencer. Mr Knobbs, Mr G. Smith. Mr Vintner, Mr Smith.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

An entirely New Serio-Magical and Moral Burletta, called

THE KING OF THE ALPS AND THE MISANTHROPE.

Mrs Rappelkoff, Miss Daly. Amelia, Mrs Yates. Elizabeth, Mrs Fitzwilliam.
Sabina, Mrs Daly. Astragalus, Mr Yates. John Rappelkoff, Mr Mathews.
Abel Grimm, Mr Buckstone. Augustus, Mr Hemmings.
Christopher Glowworm, Mr J. Reeve. Hans, Mr O. Smith.

After which, a Domestic Burletta, in Two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE!

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Miss Daly. Bella, Mrs Fitzwilliam. Dame Barnard, Mrs Daly.
Miles Bertram, Mr Yates. Walter Barnard, Mr Hemmings.
Captain Grampus, Mr O. Smith. Marmaduke Magogue, Mr John Reeve.
Jemmy Starling, Mr Buckstone.

Act II.—SUMMER.
The Characters as in Act I.

On Saturday an Address on the Close of the Season, will be spoken by Mr YATES

To conclude with the Burlesque Burletta of

THE QUADRUPEDS.

Dorothea, Miss Daly. Tinderella, Miss Stallard. Mopperella, Mrs Daly.
Blousedora, Miss Barnett. Francisco, Mr O. Smith.
Abrahamides, with Imitations, and the Parody of "Heavy Wet," Mr J. Reeve.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

An Entire New Burletta, called

MY GREAT AUNT! OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL——

Mrs Headly, Mrs Edwin. Mrs Crawley, Mrs Knight. Lucy, Miss Stewart.
Rosa Crawley, Miss Langley. Lionel Glossover, Esq. Mr Fredericks.
Mr Crawley, Mr Cooper. Mr Leach, Mr W. Vining.
Lothario Leach, Mr Collier. Mr Welford, Mr Newcombe.
Charles Welford, Mr Brougham. Thomas, Mr Hitchinson.

After which, an entirely New Burletta, called

THE GRENADIER.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, in which she will sing, "O, they march'd through the Town," a Savoyard Song, and "Listen, Dear Fanny."
Delia, Miss Pincott. Capt. Doughty, Mr Fredericks. Will Wilks, Mr Raymond.

To which will be added, a Comic Burletta, called

THE CHASTE SALUTE.

The Characters by Miss Sidney, Miss Stuart, Miss Fitzwalter, Mr Spagnoletti, Mr Newcombe, and Mr Collier.

To conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

Pandora, Madame Vestris.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Drama, entitled

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Hermion, Miss M. C. Poole, Calanthe, Miss Scott,
Eudosia, Miss Somerville, Phygenia, Miss Vincent,
Arria, Miss Rumens, Rygcia, Madame Simon,
Lyphrasia, Mrs Vale, Listea, Miss Nicol,
Damon, Mr Osbaldiston, Philistius, Mr Almar,
Damocles, Mr Gough, Procles, Mr Honner,
Dionysius, Mr D. Pitt, Pythias, Mr C. Hill, Lucullus, Mr Lee,
Fabius, Mr Webb, Pellagus, Mr Young,
Arcas, Mr Hobbs, Melethon, Mr Edwin, Aranthon, Mr Ransford,
Naxillus, Mr Boulanger, Petus, Mr Grammer,
Executioner, Mr Thompson, Soldiers, Senators, &c. &c.

To which will be added the laughable Farce of

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Kitty, Mrs Vale. Lady Charlotte, Miss Scott. Lady Babb, Mme. Simon.
Lovell, Mr Edwin. Freeman, Mr Honner. Philip, Mr Gough.

To conclude with the favorite Opera of

ROBIN HOOD, OR SHERWOOD FOREST.

Clorinda, Miss Scott. Annette, Miss Vincent Angelina, Miss Somerville.
Robin Hood, Mr Ransford. Little John, Mr Williams. Ruttekin, Mr Vale
Baron Fitzherbert, Mr D. Pitt. Edwin, Mr Edwin. Scarlet, Mr Johnstone.

COBURG THEATRE.—Ivanhoe—Reform—The Fate of Calas.

Advertisements.

LESSONS IN BOTANY.

NOW that the Spring is approaching, the leaves about to spread, and the buds to blossom; now that the vivifying influence of the season excites the mind and the body to new exertion, and Nature is daily discovering new beauties, far better studied in their original freshness than in the wisest books, the writer of this advertisement is willing to remind young ladies residing in or near to the metropolis, that no season can be more favourable for the commencement or resumption of the study of plants, and that she continues to give BOTANICAL LESSONS to young ladies, at their own residences, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

MISS KENT is too much flattered by Mr Loudon's approbation, to deny herself the pleasure of quoting the favourable opinion expressed in the 'Gardener's Magazine' for February last;—"Miss W. D. is recommended to Mrs Withers, who, in botanical and fruit painting, is our 'beau ideal;' and so is Miss Kent as a teacher of botany for ladies."

The study of Botany is much easier than appears to those who have not attempted it. With a few books and a very little assistance, (or, if our love of flowers be very great, from our books only) we may soon learn to discover the genus of flowers, and, ere long, to distinguish their species. Let any one who is fond of flowers, make the experiment; it may be made at very little expense: any of the English Introductions to Botany, Smith's English Flora, and a botanical microscope will suffice for the commencement. We should add, perhaps, a little tin case, in which to bring home and to preserve the plants, until they can be examined at leisure. Oh, what delight does the young botanist experience, when he first ascertains a plant by his own observation of the natural characters! With what interest is every new flower added to his store of knowledge! and, when more advanced, and the common plants of the neighbourhood have become familiar, how welcome is the sight of a plant that he does *not* know; what ecstacy if it be a rare one! what consciousness of wealth in the daily increasing herbarium! The herbarium is a thing of course, for every young botanist whose love of flowers is genuine, will be earnest to preserve specimens of the plants he examines; to serve at once as trophies and memorials.

Address to MISS KENT, Mr Hunter's, Bookseller, 72 St Paul's Churchyard; where may be had MISS KENT'S "New Tales for Young Readers."

OSTRICH FEATHERS.

A NATURALIST who has been some years in Africa, and imported the CHOICEST FEATHERS, is now enabled to supply them in the most graceful formations, at a MUCH LESS COST than has generally attended that elegant part of dress.—No. 1 NEWMAN STREET, Oxford street.

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C. W. REYNELL, *Printers, Broad street, Golden square.*

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1831.

EMANCIPATION OF THE JEWS.

By William Hazlitt.

"*Player*. We have reformed that indifferently, my Lord.
Hamlet. Oh! reform it altogether."

The Emancipation of the Jews is but a natural step in the progress of civilization. Laws and institutions are positive things: opinions and sentiments are variable; and it is in conforming the stubbornness and perversity of the former to the freedom and boldness of the latter, that the harmony and beauty of the social order consist. But it is said, "The Jews at present have few grievances to complain of; they are well off, and should be thankful for the indulgence they receive." It is true, we no longer burn them at a stake, or plunder them of their goods: why then continue to insult and fix an idle stigma on them? At Rome, a few years ago, they made the Jews run races (naked) in the Corso on Good Friday. At present, they only oblige them to provide asses to run races on the same day for the amusement of the populace, and to keep up the spirit of the good old custom, though by altering it they confess that the custom was wrong, and that they are ashamed of it. They also shut up the Jews in a particular quarter of the city (called Il Ghetto Judaico) and at the same time will not suffer the English as heretics to be buried within the walls of Rome. An Englishman smiles or is scandalized at both these instances of bigotry; but if he is asked, "Why then do you not yourselves emancipate the Catholics and the Jews?" he may answer, "We *have* emancipated the one." And why not the other? "Because we are intolerant." This, and this alone, is the reason.

We throw in the teeth of the Jews, that they are prone to certain sordid vices. If they are vicious, it is we who have made them so. Shut out any class of people from the path to fair fame, and you reduce them to grovel in the pursuit of riches and the means to live. A man has long been in dread of insult for no just cause, and you complain that he grows reserved and suspicious. You treat him with obloquy and contempt, and wonder that he does not walk by you with an erect and open brow.

We also object to their trades and modes of life; that is, we shut people up in close confinement, and complain that they do not live in the open air. The Jews barter and sell commodities, instead of raising or manufacturing them. But this is the necessary traditional consequence of their former persecution and pillage by all nations. They could not set up a trade when they were hunted every moment from place to place, and while they could count nothing their own but what they could carry with them. They could not devote themselves to the pursuit of agriculture, when they were not allowed te possess a foot of land. You tear people up by the roots, and trample on them like noxious weeds, and then make an outcry that they do not take root in the soil like wholesome plants. You drive them like a pest from city to city, from kingdom to kingdom, and then call them vagabonds and aliens.

When reason fails, the Christian religion is, as usual, called in aid of persecution. The admission of the Jews, it is said, to any place of trust or emolument in the State ought not to be sanctioned, because they expect the coming of the Messiah, and their restoration, one day or other, to their own country: and Christianity, it is said, is part of the law of the land.

As to their exclusion because they expect the coming of the Messiah, and their restoration, one day or other, to their own country, a few words will be sufficient. Even if it is too much for a people, with this reversion in the promised land, to have a "stake in the country" added to it; and the offer of a seat in the House of Commons is too much for any one who looks forward to a throne in the *New Jerusalem;* this objection comes with but an ill grace from the followers of him who has declared, "My kingdom is not of this world;" and who on that plea profess to keep all the power and authority in their own hands. Suppose an attempt were made to exclude Christians from serving the office of constable, juryman, or knight of the shire, as expressly contrary to the great principle of their religion, which inculcates an entire contempt for the things of this life, and a constant preparation for a better. Would not this be considered as an irony, and not a very civil one? Yet it is the precise counterpart of this argument. The restoration of the Jews to their own country, however firmly believed in as an article of faith, has been delayed eighteen hundred years, and may be delayed eighteen hundred more. Are they to remain indifferent to the good or evil, to the respectability or odium that may attach to them all this while? The world in general do not look so far; and the Jews have not been accused, more than others, of sacrificing the practical to the speculative. But according to this objection, there can be no amalgamation of interests with a people of such fantastic principles, and abstracted ties; they cannot care how soon a country goes to ruin, which they are always on the point of quitting. Suppose a Jew to have amassed a large fortune in the last war, and to have laid by money in the funds, and built himself a handsome house in the neighbourhood of the metropolis; would he be more likely by his vote in the House of Commons to promote a revolution, so as to cause a general bankruptcy; or to encourage the mob to pull down his house, or root up his favourite walks, because after all, at the end of several centuries, he and the rest of his nation indulge in the prospect of returning to their own country? The most clear-sighted John Bull patriotism hardly reaches beyond ourselves and our heirs.

As to the assertion that Christianity is part of the law of the land, as Popery is a part of the law of the land at Rome, and a good reason for hunting Jews and refusing Christian burial to Protestants, by whom is it made? Not by our Divines. They do not distrust the power of our religion; and they will tell you, that if Christianity, as sanctioning these cruelties or any miserable remnant of them, is part of the law of the land, then the law of the land is no part of Christianity. They do not forget the original character of the Jewish people, and will not say anything against it. We and modern Europe derived from them the whole germ of our civilization, our ideas on the unity of the Deity, on marriage, on morals,

"And pure religion breathing household Laws."

The great founder of the Christian religion was himself born among that people, and if the Jewish nation are still to be branded with his death, it might be asked, on what principle of justice ought we to punish men for crimes committed by their co-religionists near two thousand years ago? That the Jews, as a people, persist in their blindness and obstinacy, is to be lamented; but it is at least, under the circumstances, a proof of their sincerity; and as adherents to a losing cause, they are entitled to respect and not contempt. Is it the language of Lawyers? They are too intelligent, and, in the present times, not favourers of hypocrisy. They know that this law is not on our statute book, and if it were, that it would be law as long as it remained there and no longer: they know that the supposition originated in the unadvised dictum of a Judge, and, if it had been uttered by a Puritan Divine, it would have been quoted at this day as a specimen of puritanical nonsense and bigotry. Religion cannot take on itself the character of law, without ceasing to be religion; nor can law recognize the obligations of religion for its principles, nor become the pretended guardian and protector of the faith, without degenerating into inquisitorial tyranny.

The proposal to admit Jews to a seat in Parliament in this country is treated as an irony or a burlesque on the Catholic question. At the same time, it is said to be very proper and rational in France and America, Denmark and the Netherlands; because there, though they are nominallly admitted, court influence excludes them in the one, and popular opinion in the other, so that the law is of no avail; that is, in other words, in England as there is neither court-influence nor popular prejudice, and as everything in this country is done by money alone, the Stock Exchange would soon

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buy up the House of Commons; and if a single Jew were admitted, the whole would shortly be a perfect Sanhedrim. This is a pleasant account of the spirit of English patriotism, and the texture of the House of Commons. All the wealth of the Jews cannot buy them a single seat there; but if a certain formal restriction were taken off, Jewish gold would buy up the fee simple of the consciences, prejudices and interests of the country, and turn the kingdom *topsy-turvy*. Thus the bedrid imagination of prejudice sees some dreadful catastrophe in every improvement, and no longer feeling the ground of custom under its feet, fancies itself on an abyss of ruin and lawless change. How truly has it been said of prejudice, "that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes everywhere its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark or light, lonely or inhabited, still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterised by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind."

Three hundred years ago all this was natural and in order, because it accorded with the prejudices of the time: now it is absurd and Gothic, because it is contrary to men's reason and feelings. Hatred is the food and growth of ignorance. While we know nothing but ourselves and our own notions, we can conceive of nothing else as possible; and every deviation from our practice or opinions gives a shock to our faith that nothing can expiate but blows. Those who differ from us in the smallest particular are considered as of a different species, and we treat them accordingly. But this barrier of prejudice, which is founded on ignorance, is thrown down by the diffusion of light and knowledge; nor can any thing build it up again. In the good old times, a Jew was regarded by the vulgar and their betters as a sort of monster, a *lusus naturæ*, whose existence they could not account for, and would not tolerate. The only way to get rid of the obnoxious opinion was to destroy the *man*. Besides, in those dark ages, they wanted some object of natural antipathy, as in country places they get a strange dog or an ideot to hunt down and be the bugbear of the village. But it is the test of reason and refinement to be able to subsist without bugbears. While itwas supposed that "the Jews eat little children," it was proper to take precautions against them. But why keep up ill names and the ill odour of a prejudice, when the prejudice has ceased to exist? It has long ceased amongst the reflecting part of the community; and, although the oldest prejudices are, it is to be lamented, preserved longest in the highest places, and governments to have been slow to learn good manners, we cannot but be conscious that these days are passing away. We begin to see, if we do not fully see, that we have no superiority to boast of but reason and philosophy, and that it is well to get rid of vulgar prejudices and nominal distinctions as fast as possible.

LAFAYETTE.

(*A Letter to* THE TATLER, *from a Friend.*)

[We have great pleasure in being able to lay before the reader an instance of the extreme attention and courtesy, with which this great man "delighteth to honour" those who are worthy of his esteem.]

MY DEAR SIR,—As perhaps you may be pleased to hear of the highly courteous reception which I met with from that truly great man, Lafayette, on my late visit to Paris, the following are the details:—

Animated with the enthusiasm which seized every lover of truth and liberty on hearing the glorious event which occurred in Paris last July (so much so, as to be deprived of my right sleep for ten nights together, until I was satisfied of its success) I was naturally anxious to revisit the great nation among whom it had taken place. I longed to see them all again: I longed to pay my respects to that consistent man, who had naturally found himself once more at their head; and I felt as if it would do my very health good, physically as well as otherwise, to breathe that air of Liberty which was now brightening all eyes and hearts, without any of its former clouds. Having been promised an introduction to the General by a friend, I left London for Paris. Immediately on my arrival, my friend, a Member of the Institute, wrote to Lafayette on my behalf, requesting an interview. The following day an answer was returned, and in compliment was written in English. It was headed, "Gardes Nationales du Royaume."

"Paris, le 5me Novembre, 1830.

"I have the honour to present my compliments to ——— and will be very happy to receive him on Monday morning between nine and eleven, and at our soirées of every Tuesday.

"LAFAYETTE."

As a perfect stranger to him, though highly recommended, I of course could expect no more than a cordial reception, such as would be given to every individual. But a book had been put into his hands, written by me thirteen years ago on Italy, in which the principles of the French revolution were developed, and containing prognostications of the event. Here then, by sentiment and feeling, long ago expressed, I happened to have secured myself the lucky chance of being brought into closer contact with this noble philanthropist, than I could otherwise have hoped for; and this will account for the grace and courtesy of my reception.

On Monday morning I attended at his hotel, and was shown into an anti-room, where I found assembled a number of persons, many of whom were foreigners, dressed in splendid uniforms, with officers of the National Guards and other official persons, and friends, waiting to be introduced in succession. Our cards were taken by the Chamberlain and kept in the order given. I had been conversing about half an hour with the Brazilian Consul, during which time a number of gentlemen had been introduced, and after their audience had retired; but although the door opened so often, Lafayette was never seen. About this time his aide-de-camp came out of the audience-chamber, and looking over the cards in the Chamberlain's hand, selected one from underneath, and placed it on the top, as the next to be presented. This, I could very well perceive, was mine; and accordingly my name was the next announced. On my entrance, I saw before me a comely-looking man, apparently about sixty years of age, and with a countenance full of mildness and benignity. He instantly advanced, and taking my hand in both his, expressed, *in fluent English*, and in the most gratifying terms, his pleasure at seeing me. Being no great proficient in the French language, and at all events unable to express myself in it with that warmth of feeling which my heart was yearning to shew him, I was delighted at his giving me this opportunity of venting myself in "household words".

In the course of our conversation, I told him that the object of my visiting France was principally to see him, and generally to contemplate the effects of the late glorious event; and that I was on the point of immediate departure for London. He very cordially pressed me to stay, saying how happy he should be to introduce me to his family, who, he politely added, would be delighted to see me. He requested me, at all events, to remain while the others were introduced; but, with many thanks, I declined, considering it contrary to etiquette. On my bidding him farewell, still keeping hold of my hand, he accompanied me to the door, which being opened, we entered hand in hand into the anti-room; and before all the company assembled there, he again expressed his regret that I was going so soon, repeating his wish to introduce me to his family, and concluding with an invitation to visit him again, when I returned to Paris. The circumstance of his accompanying me to the anti-room I consider an additional courtesy, inasmuch as I had not seen him do so to any other person, who happened to be introduced while I was there.

I feel at this moment the thrill that ran through me from the warm pressure of his hand; and this interview will ever be one of the most exalting of my recollections.

**

INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE PRINCE DE LIGNE AND VOLTAIRE.

(From the Journal of a Nobleman, just published.)

THE best thing I could do at Monsieur de Voltaire's was to make no display of wit. I spoke merely to make him speak. I remained eight days in his house, and I wish I had retained in my memory all the sublime, simple, gay, and amiable things which incessantly flowed from his lips: but, in truth, it was impossible. I laughed or admired, and I was in a state of constant enchantment. Even his faults, his errors, his prejudices, his want of taste for the fine arts, his caprices, his pretensions, all was charming, new, piquant, and unforeseen. He so wished to pass for a profound statesman, or for a man of deep learning, that he cared little whether he would be tiresome as such. At that time he was partial to the English constitution. I remember saying to him, "M. de Voltaire, you may as well say that its support is the ocean, without which it could not last."—"The ocean!" he exclaimed; "you have started a thought which induces a good deal of reflection." A visitor from Geneva was announced. "Quick, quick," he said, "*du Tronchin*;" that is, he was to pass as being indisposed, and the Genevan went away without seeing him. "What do you think of Geneva?" he said to me one day. I knew that at that moment he detested that city. I answered that it was a horrid place; though I thought differently. Another time he said, "As you were lately at Venice, did you see there the procurator Pococurante?"—"No," I answered, "I do not remember him."—"What! have you not read *Candide*?" he exclaimed in a passion; for there was a time when he had a special partiality for some one of his works. "I beg pardon,

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Monsieur de Voltaire," I said, "when yon asked me I was thinking of the astonishment I had been thrown into on hearing Tasso's *Jerusalem* sung by the Venetian gondoliers."—"How was that?" he said; "pray explain it to me."—"They exercise their voices and their memories on the *canal grande* during the fine summer evenings in that way. The one begins in the recitative style, the other takes up, and so they go on alternately. I do not believe the hackney-coachmen of Paris know the *Henriade* equally well by heart; and if they did, they would make a sorry business of any attempt to sing its beautiful verses with their rough voices, their vulgar and hard accent, and their throats stimulated by brandy."—"Sir, they are barbarians!" observed Voltaire with petulance: "they are enemies to harmony, and miserable cut-throats! That is the character of the people. And as to your men of wit, they have so much of it, that they thrust it even into the titles of their works. Un livre de *l'Esprit!* c'est de l'esprit follet que celui-là. *L'Esprit des lois:* c'est de l'esprit sur les lois. I have not the honour of understanding that book. But I understand the *Lettres Persannes;* that, indeed, is a good book."—"There are some men of letters," I observed, "of whom you think highly."—"It cannot be otherwise," said Voltaire; "for instance—d'Alembert, who, for want of imagination, calls himself a geometrician; and Marmontel, whose poetry, between you and me, is unintelligible. Those men would no doubt say that I am jealous. Let them think what they please about me. People believe that I am a flatterer at court, and too much of a philosopher elsewhere; that at the Academy I am an enemy to philosophers; at Rome an anti-Christian, owing to my having turned to ridicule the abuses of the church; a preceptor of despotism in parliament; a bad Frenchman, for having spoken well of the English; a robber and benefactor to literary publishers; a libertine, on account of a certain *Jeanne*, whom my enemies represent as worse than she is; curious and complimentary with men of wit; and intolerant because I preach toleration. Did you ever see one of my epigrams or songs? They are made the handles of those who are ill disposed towards me. Those Rousseaus have made me wish them at the devil; and yet my beginning with them both was good. I drank champagne with the one at your father's table, and that of your relative the Duke d'Aremberg, at whose suppers he always fell asleep. I have been on certain coquetish terms with the other; but having once said that he almost made me wish to walk on all-fours, I was sent away from Geneva, where he is detested."

On another occasion he said, "Some persons imagine that criticism is very galling to me. There, look at this, I cannot conceive how the deuce that man (Frederick II), who does not know common orthography, and who drives verses before him as he would a troop of horse, has succeeded in making such good verses as these:

Candide est un petit vaurien
Qui n'a ni pudeur ni cervelle;
Ah! comme on le reconnoit bien
Pour le cadet de La Pucelle!

That man is incapable of gratitude: he has only evinced it for the horse on which he took flight at Molwitz. The beast has had a pension assigned to it; but the chasseur who came and told him that the battle was won, is still a chasseur at the present day."—"You seem to be on bad terms at present with Frederick," I observed, "c'est querelle d'Allemand et d'amant à la fois." This little quibble made him smile.

One day he said to Madame Denys, "Come, my niece, we will give him something of Molière: let us go into the other room, and perform *Les Femmes Savantes.*" He played the part of *Trissotin* in a shocking manner; but he was highly amused. Mademoiselle Dupuis, kinswoman to Corneille, was a pleasing woman, and frequently diverted my attention from the performance, which he did not like at all.

He never spoke against Christianity, nor against Fenelon. "I do not like persons of bad faith," he used to say, "and who are apt to contradict themselves. It is madness to write formally in favour of or against religions. Take as an instance, that *profession de foi du Vicaire Savoyard*, by Jean Jacques."

At that time the parliaments were not in favour with him; so that when he happened to meet his donkey near the garden-gate, he said to the beast, "Mr President, I beg you will go in first." His mistakes and blunders were sometimes highly amusing. One day he took his niece's pianoforte tuner for a shoemaker, and after a long *quid pro quo*, on finding what the man was, he said to him, "I beg pardon, sir; I really was not aware that you were a man of talent, and I was placing you at my feet: allow me to place myself at yours!"

A visitor with a grey hat and grey shoes suddenly made his appearance one morning. Voltaire was hastening to another room. The visitor followed him, saying, "Sir, I am the son of a lady for whom you have made some very pretty verses."—"Oh, I dare say, sir; I have made verses for so many ladies!—good day, sir."—"It was Madame Fontaine Martel."—"Oh, she was very handsome:—Your servant, sir;"—(going into the other room).—"Pray, sir, what model have you taken for the tasteful furniture of this apartment?—your house is really charming."—(Voltaire, coming back),—"It is all my taste, sir: I gave all the drawings."—"Sir, one of the reasons why I have come to Switzerland is to see Mr Haller.—(Voltaire going again to the next room)—Oh, sir, you must have laid out a good deal of money on all this;—what a charming garden!"—(Voltaire, coming back), "As to that, sir, I can assure you it was all my own planning: my gardener is a stupid fellow."—"I dare say, sir.—As I was going to say, Mr Haller is really a great man.—(Voltaire again going)—How long does it take, sir, to build a château like this?"—(Voltaire coming back.)

Without intending it, they both played one of the most amusing scenes I ever witnessed. Voltaire gave me many other still more comical, by his vivacity, his humour, and his contrition; sometimes as a man of letters; at others as a nobleman of the court of Louis XIV; and then again as a man of the world and a highly finished gentleman.

He was extremely good to all around him, and frequently made them laugh. He was in the habit of embellishing everything he saw and everything he heard. I recollect his questioning one day an officer of my regiment, whose answers appeared to him of a very superior order. "What religion do you belong to, sir?" he asked.—"My parents brought me up in the Roman Catholic faith."—"A great answer that! He does not say it is the religion of his own choice." All these things may appear ridiculous, and made him appear ridiculous too; but in his presence it was otherwise. It was admirable to see him, animated by his splendid imagination, distributing and scattering wit and *reparties*, and making others appear as if they did so likewise; abounding in sense, and animating others with it; referring everything to what he wrote and what he thought; making those who are able speak and think; giving succour to the unfortunate, building for poor families, doing good to his own dependents, and to all the neighbouring villages; a good and a great man at the same time; an union without which it is impossible to be completely the one or the other, for genius gives a greater extent to goodness, and goodness imparts nature to genius.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

SOLOMON AND QUEEN SHEBA.—The power of Solomon having spread his wisdom to the utmost parts of the known world, Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, visited this poetical King at his own court. There, one day, to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each of her hands she held a wreath, one composed of natural flowers, the other of artificial. The florist, whoever he was, had so exquisitely imitated the real natives of the garden, that at the distance it was held by the Queen, for the King's inspection it was deemed impossible for him to answer the question she put him, which wreath was the production of nature and which of art? The sagacity of Solomon seemed perplexed. The honour of the Monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished; and the whole Jewish Court looked solemn and melancholy. At length an expedient presented itself to the King; and, it must be confessed, worthy of the natural Philosopher.—Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he had it opened; the bees rushed into the court, and immediately alighted on one of the wreaths, whilst not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

[We have read of another test to which the Queen put the wise man's discernment. She selected the most effeminate looking boys she could find, and intermingling them in female dresses with the same number of girls, asked him, as he sat at a distance, "which was which." Solomon ordered balls to be put into the hands of the young multitude, and that every individual should throw them at some object, one by one. The different *manner* in which this action was performed, enabled him to pronounce on the sex.]

THE TABLES WELL TURNED.—If the term *romantic* implies that which is unnatural, fictitious, or extravagant, then are the men who are generally deemed romantic, the least deserving of the epithet. Those are the romantic, who, blind to the beauties of nature, and regardless of her best gifts, search for happiness in the artificial distinctions of society, or solely in the pursuit of wealth.—*Revolt of the Bees.*

— Flechier, the celebrated French preacher, was the son of a grocer. It is said, that in a moment of jealousy and ill-humour, a bishop reproached him with the lowness of his birth. "My Lord," answered Flechier, "there is this difference between you and me, that if you had first seen the light in the shop of my father, you would have remained there still."

AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED.—The education of young ladies has undergone an infinite number of changes. For a long period, nothing was thought of but teaching them dancing, music, and painting, without paying the smallest attention to the cultivation of their minds. After spending twelve years in teaching them to dress elegantly, to dance gracefully, to sing and to play on musical instruments in the most dashing manner, they were married from motives of ambition, or suitableness of rank and fortune, and were then pushed forward into the world, with this grave advice: "Go, be modest and unaffected; let your inclinations be always solid and moderate; never fascinate any one—it would be a crime; and above all things, be always insensible to the praise you may receive for your personal beauty and accomplishments." One may easily conceive the effect of such advice on a young lady of sixteen, who during the intervals of her occupations, has never been able to think of anything but the happiness and the *glory* of obtaining distinguished success at a ball or a concert.—*Memoirs of Madame de Genlis.*

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— The regard men externally profess for their superiors, is oftentimes rewarded in the manner it deserves.—*Shenstone.*

— We are involved so early in the prejudices of so many whose interest is concerned to communicate them to us, that it becomes extremely difficult to distinguish, through the rest of life, what is natural to us, and what is artificial.—*St Pierre.*

A COMMON WONDER WITH SCHOLARS.—I wonder the ancient mythology never shews Apollo enamoured of Venus; considering the remarkable deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages.—*Shenstone.*

STANDING ARMIES.—Philip II (surnamed Augustus) was the first French prince who established a standing army—a mighty engine, in whichever way it acts. In his time it was a successful blow struck at feudality, that terrible hobgoblin which bestrided Europe in her night of ignorance; but afterwards it became still more fatal to the liberties of the people.—*Leitch Ritchie's Romance of History.*

CURIOUS MODE OF GIVING A BROAD HINT.—The hospitality of the Kamschatdales is excessive, and is carried to an extreme among themselves, that becomes ridiculous. They pay one another visits, which last for a month or six weeks, until the generous host, finding his stock of provisions exhausted, is forced to give a hint to his guest to take his departure. This is managed by presenting to him at dinner, a dish called *tolkootha*, a kind of olio, or hodge-podge, composed of a number of meats, fish, and vegetables, all mixed together, and very difficult to prepare. It is the *dernier resort* of the master of the house, and the moment this dish is served up, the guests take the hint, and leave him the following day, without feeling in the least dissatisfied, the proceeding being well understood among them.—*Dobell's Travels in Kamschatka and Siberia.*

OF THE CHINESE.—Though grapes abound in China, they do not make wine of them. They make cordials from pine-apples, oranges, and other fruits, which though rather strong, are very palatable. * * * * * The principal meal in good society, is about six o'clock in the evening; and, if a ceremonious dinner, it must be made more acceptable to the guests by the accompaniment of a *sing-song* or play; and the whole entertainment seldom finishes before two or three in the morning. * * * * * A set of the best actors are engaged to perform before the guests, at the cost of from eighty to an hundred and twenty Spanish dollars. * * * * The moment a child is born, it is accounted one year old. * * * * * The Government of China considers the nation as we do our hives of bees, of which we can smother what portion we deem fit, to regale ourselves on the fruits of their industry. * * * * * Neither rich nor poor can dine, breakfast, or sup without soy; it is the sauce for all sorts of food, gives a zest to every dish, and may be said to be indispensable at a Chinese repast.—*Dobell's Travels in China.*—[Soy is prepared,—not, as many have erroneously supposed, from insects,—but from a plant, called *Dolichos Soja*, of the same genus as that familiarly termed Cowage, or Cowitch, well known among the mischievous.]

WRECK UPON WRECK.

TO THE TATLER.

MR TATLER,—In your notice of Mr Williams's *Morsels of Mirth* the other day, you spoke of Mr W.'s pronunciation as "not always Catholic," and his style not "oppressively correct." Now, sir, I am afraid there is a little ill-nature in this: for Mr Williams—I beg to refer you to Sadlers Wells bills—is really a dramatic author. He has—so say those learned documents—written *The Wreck*: that is, he has taken some of the incidents from the novel, which is the ground-work of *The Wreck Ashore*, and has then copied *verbatim* the original part of *Magog*, given him another name, and finally re-christened himself as "author" of *The Wreck*. Now, Mr Tatler, I am sure that the gentleman who has confidence enough to do these things, can neither sin in his pronunciation nor his style. Let me tell you it requires some brain to take down the words of an actor from the back of the pit; and this ability Mr WILLIAMS has evidently displayed in his new edition of *The Wreck*. I am, your's,

QUIP.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Hofer—High-Ways and By-Ways—And Der Freischuts.

COVENT GARDEN.—Isabella—The Highland Reel—And The Irish Tutor.

As there are no performances at the theatres during the present week, we shall take an opportunity of resting from our criticisms. We should have had an article in to-day's paper upon one of the pieces performed on Saturday night, but a severe cold happening to seize us, and threatening to bring on a worse illness if not attended to, we thought it would be better to forego one evening's criticism, rather than stand a chance of doing away all the good we should derive from our week's good hours. ☞

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

A Grand Miscellaneous PANTADISACORIA.

Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

WILLIAMS'S MORSELS OF MIRTH! FOR MOMENTS OF MERRIMENT.

PART I, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'Heads and Tails.' 'Ancient Establishments and Modern Improvements.' 'The King and the Sailor.' 'Royal Visit to the City.'

PART II, consists of the following Songs, &c.

'The Rose and the Lily, or, Love in a Flower Bed.' 'The Nervous Family.' 'M. P.'s, or Electioneering.'

PART III.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

I. Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion, in the six well-known attitudes.—II. Achilles throwing the Discus or Quoit.—III. Cincinnatus, the Roman, fastening his Sandals.—IV. The Slave Emouleur (the Grinder) sharpening his Knife while overhearing the Conspirators.—V. The Fighting Gladiator in three beautiful Positions.—VI. The African alarmed at the Thunder.—VII. Ajax defying the Lightning.—VIII. Romulus, from David's Picture of the Sabines.—IX. Remus's Defence, from the same.—X. Hercules and Lichas. Hercules clothing himself in the fatal Vest which Dejanira has sent by the youthful Lichas. He seizes the unfortunate Boy by the sole of the Foot and hurls him into the Sea.—XI.—Horatius shielding his prostrate Brother from the uplifted Weapons of the opposing Curatii, the eldest of whom is afterwards pourtrayed in the act of aiming a deadly thrust at his adversary. To conclude with the famous positions of THE DYING GLADIATOR.

PART IV.

To conclude with a Grand Series of Optical Illusions, called

FAIRY VISIONS.

Advertisement.

T. STEEL,

On introducing his name at this season of the year to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, takes this opportunity of returning his best thanks for the liberal patronage with which they have so unremittingly honoured him during the last FIFTEEN YEARS, and begs leave to remind them he was the first in the trade who reduced the price of the BEST manufactured Boots and Shoes to a LEVEL WITH THE DEPRESSION OF THE TIMES. This just senseof economy and fair dealing, he indulges the hope, will ensure to him a repetition of their favours; and he assures them, that at no period of his Establishment, wherein they have so highly patronized him, could he submit for their approval such an EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and WELL-ASSORTED STOCK as at the present time.—T. S. begs to say, that he is particularly desirous of drawing the attention of those Ladies and Gentlemen who have perhaps not already heard of it, to

THE CELEBRATED LITTLE BOOT,

and he most respectfully solicits a call, that they may judge for themselves; when T. S. feels confident, that, after an impartial inspection, they will become willing purchasers. At all events, he feels confident that they will allow his cheap goods to be quite equal, and frequently superior, to those purchased at the most extravagant prices at the Fashionable Houses at the West End of the Town.

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IMPROVED BUFF SOLE DANCING PUMPS. This article for a long time has been a desideratum in the Dancing World	5	6

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Nº 177.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1831.

SIR WALTER SCOTT *versus* REFORM.

A JOURNAL devoted to literature cannot witness unconcerned the movements of literary men; and as Sir Walter Scott has given a deplorable specimen of the mistakes which such men can run into on the side of politics, when they have been accustomed to subject their understandings to

"All that the nurse, and all the priest have taught,"—

we trust that in these new and more liberal times of government, we shall not be thought to trespass unwarrantably on newspaper ground, by taking some notice of it. We shall begin by repeating the handsome, commiserating remarks made upon it in the *Times* of yesterday:—

'We publish, from an Evening Paper, the report of an anti-reform meeting in Scotland, composed of *freeholders*, magistrates, &c.,—Tory tools, as may be well imagined, of the powers heretofore exercising dominion over a Scottish county. If that report contains matter to excite contempt or indignation in other respects, in one it has moved our compassion and sincere regret. It presents to us the picture of Sir Walter Scott,—broken down by disease and conscious infirmity, but urged on by what still remains of the original tendencies and vivid impressions of his high feudal spirit,—condescending to become, at this heart-inspiring moment, the mourner for condemned absurdities. Has, then, the living earth whirled on, and left the grey novelist alone in his land of self-created mist and light—of courts, and camps, and chiefs, and dames, and lakes, and towers, and multifarious witchery? Long still may this great ruler of the realms of fiction enjoy and communicate to others those delights which an active cultivation of the resources of his own vast domain is so well calculated to furnish! Within that region, Sir Walter Scott need indulge no revolutionary terrors: there, no conspiracy can molest his person—no republican will dream of attempting to undermine *his* throne. He rules, and will rule over a loyal universe; but, alas! who shall name his successor?

'This mighty minister to the innocent pleasures of his own and future ages would nevertheless do wisely to know the limits of his proper field, and to act within it. He has made history, whenever he touched it, a romance. His politics are already a chimera.'

Now for the speech which called forth this generous and sensible rebuke. We shall intersperse our comments in the text, just as men, with a strong interest in a subject, do while they are reading anything that excites them;—just as any of our readers would in perusing the speech themselves. Its chief characteristics are—1st, the indignation of the habitual and long-successful Tory, in waking up from the dream which he and his party have been indulging, and finding that men are no longer children (for *that* is the real secret of his accusing them of being children): 2nd, the old Quarterly-Review gratuitousness, or rather nullity, of the reasoning, *which will do no longer*, and makes these people mad to find it so: and 3rd, the fantastic assumption or retention of a right to talk about the Constitution and Providence; as if their politics had not always violated the constitution, and their theology blackened the sky. Sir Walter Scott says, in a note to one of his Tales of the Crusaders, that evil predominates in the mundane economy,—that there is more evil than good in this fair creation. We do not believe there is, great as the evil may be; nay, we are sure that there is not, anxious as we are to diminish that evil. But what are we to think of the education which leads a man to think as Sir Walter Scott does; and at the same time to oppose every chance for making the world better?—chances, which for aught he can tell to the contrary, not only man wishes, but God wishes; and which the perpetual incitement which mankind feel to improve their condition, may be the destined and necessary means of bringing about? This unceasing impulse is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of the world: new and extraordinary facts are now giving it more hope than ever; and are we then to be told, purely in order to indulge the vanity, or the querulousness, or the less pardonable and petty interest of the leaders of one small passing generation, who have helped to make true their gloomy notions, that their little span of life, or even the little span of the life of all history (for it *is* but a little span, as far as we know it), is to set up its atom of the shadow against all which man and God can do for the glad enlightenment of the globe?

'Sir Walter Scott said, that he had no intention of intruding himself upon the meeting, as his voice was nearly gone, and he was not otherwise well; but the present was so important an occasion, that entertaining the clear opinions that he did upon the subject, if he were to lose his life in consequence of his appearance at the meeting, he would willingly yield his last breath in opposition to the measure now before Parliament.' (Hisses.)

Alas! that the breath of the life which inspired the Scotch novels should go out in such a cause! that genius should die in defence of ignorance! a man worth much, for a party worth nothing! "Willingly" die for the boroughmongers! A wilful man, they say, must have his way, and rue it. But we hope the saying in this case will not be verified. What a thing is the *nursery*, that it should haunt a man like this to his last hour, and make him willing to die in honor of the memory of *Mr Dundas!* for there is nothing better in the aspiration. It is the pure dotage of the early habit.

'He would tell those who were disposed to indulge in hissing, which they had no title to do at that meeting, that it did not affect him more than the hissing of a number of geese.'

Good. Hissing is an argument certainly; but what have the ganders of boroughmongering been doing for the last forty years but hissing on his Majesty's high-way, and taking their petulance for superiority? What is scandal but hissing? half-reasoning abuse but hissing? What did the "*Beacon*" intend to do but to hiss, and to endeavour to thrust honest men from a "level consideration" by a begging of the question, and a muster of silly breaths? Men might hiss as much as they pleased at the Reformers. There was no talk of geese then. But the moment the hiss comes round the other way, the language of contempt is to change sides.

'His friend Mr Bell had afforded him several instances of the dangers to be apprehended from the intended measure. He disliked the moment in which the measure was brought forward—he disliked the feelings that spurred on its supporters. Tney knew of the last revolution in France,—how it happened he would not stop to inquire; all that he would say was, that the persons who climbed to the democratic part of the constitution, had obtained the advantage which they desired, and they obtained their own government in the way which they thought best. This has set fire to a train over the land that has burned far and wide.'

The train that was fired by the starving poor burned far and wide enough to enlighten the country as to the necessity of its present measures. There is a good deal of obscurity in some of these passages, owing perhaps to mistakes of the press. What is meant by "climbing to the democratic part of the constitution?" and obtaining the government in the way the climbers "thought best?" Sir Walter "dislikes the moment in which the Reform is brought forward!" No doubt he does, because it is the moment of all others the most favourable. He "dislikes the feelings that spurred on its supporters." What feelings? His dislike is no argument. He would "not stop to inquire" how the last revolution in France "happened." Of course not, for every word of his inquiry would be of necessity as futile, and tend to do him as much mischief, as the articles in the Quarterly have done his side of the question. The whole of this passage is a remarkable though not a fortunate specimen of the art of saying nothing under pretence of not wanting it.

'France for ages has been imitating our constitution, but not fairly. She has been always trying to add something to it, to render it more exquisite; but in this she constantly failed. There were no less than 13 different constitutions, and this he believed was the 14th within our recollection, and in every one of them France had made a constitution that in the course of a year was found inapplicable. And was it from France that Britain was to imitate a constitution, and to depart from its own which had given happiness and victory to the country, and had carried its glory to a height to which France had never been able to attain? He was moreover convinced that we would have war with the French—that they would never cease to be hostile to us as long as the remembrance

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of the battle of Waterloo remained impressed upon their minds; and that this country could not be considered in a state of safety as long as they could do us any harm without imminent danger to themselves.'

This is another specimen of the tendency of Sir Walter to think ill of his species. We believe that the French are better men than the Pitts and Dundasses from whom he has taken his notions of human nature, and that they *can* recover the impression of the battle of Waterloo for nobler thoughts. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Walter may be assured, is not so great a man in the eyes of the French, as he is in those of the Tories. They can forgive him the battle of Waterloo; partly no doubt, because they think his "genius" had not much to do with winning it. And if it had, what had Lafayette and the Liberals to do with the battle, one way or the other? And they are the men who will settle France. The constitutional experiments, of which Sir Walter has made such a candid display, took place in the most unexpected and struggling times; and at all events, the imitation of England, of which he accuses them, is no proof of French hostility to our nation. The time is gone by when people are to be the dupes of such halloos to the war-dogs.

'He (Sir Walter) had himself seen a little of the extreme degree of the ingenuity of the French in imitating our devices. They wished to introduce from this country an iron bridge. They sent to an engineer of this country to have such a bridge placed over the Seine, near Marly. The first thing that the French engineers did was to examine the drawings; and they declared that the bridge intended would not do,—that it was not elegant enough—that it was altogether English, and, as such, they set about altering all those counterpoises which were necessary to give it stability; but they no sooner set it up in this condition than it turned upside down. (A laugh.) It was quite the same thing with regard to their constitution—they tried to make it better, and we now saw the end of it.'

What does the Baronet mean by this? Does he mean the end of the rascally government of Charles X? And what signifies his story of the engineer? Foolish engineers are to be found in England as well as France, who would equally mar an improvement fetched from abroad. But what does Sir Walter say to the great French chemists and astronomers, who have improved upon the lessons we taught them,—lessons, too, which no men have been more willing to acknowledge? Sir Isaac Newton is one of the most honoured names in France. Franklin is another name revered in France. Washington is another; *Bentham* another.

Why does he pretend to know nothing of what all the world knows, and bring up a story of which they do not know anything, and which probably has been imposed upon his "willing ear?"

'In repairing an old edifice that had withstood the flood and the winds of ages, we should be cautious not to destroy its symmetry; —"we should let well abide well." The tree under which we and our fathers have slumbered for ages, we should not be rash in cutting down. He (Sir Walter) had heard much of the success of the Union. How long was it in being successful? More than fifty years—men's hair had turned grey before this success made its appearance; and they now had their hopes realized. Although the worst of miseries were brought into our country by an innovation so much to be deprecated, it would in the government of the world be brought round. The crop came in God Almighty's time; but we should not be rash enough to sanction changes which were very likely to occasion evils of no ordinary kind, instead of continuing to live quietly and peaceably, as we have done hitherto.'

As *who* have done hitherto? The boroughmongers and placemen? Yes, certainly; but who else? The hard-working part of the tax-payers? the *starving* part of the tax-payers? the multitudes who are advised to emigrate? Was it "well" with all these? Is over-taxation, and poverty, and famine, and death, "well abiding?" It is quite astonishing to see what the habit of assumption and assertion has done with the cleverest of the Tories, and how it enables them to repeat to the last their old gratuitous words, till everybody is twenty times sick. If Sir Walter Scott and his fathers have been slumbering for ages under the tree of corruption, the *many* have been in a very bad way under that *Banian*, and had a miserable night's rest of it. "Cut it down," for God's sake, "and cast it into the fire."

'He should take leave of them with the adage of the gladiators to the Emperor of old, "Morituri te salutant;"—if we pass this, we shall be undone.'

We hope this quotation is only a sickly fancy of Sir Walter's; otherwise we should regret saying anything about his speech. But his friends must excuse us, if we cannot help thinking of him rather as an immortal man, than a perishable one, and regretting in proportion that he should make this exhibition of political weakness.

'Mr William Bell said, that it was only now that he had come to a knowledge of what those grounds were which the opponents to this measure advanced as the grounds of their opposition; which might be resolved into this,—the danger of introducing a new quality of voters among the tenantry. Our opponents say that the constitution as it now stands is perfect, and ought not to be changed. Is there a man in this assembly can believe such a statement? But we say that a change is required, and it ought to be a change of extension. Reference had been made in regard to changes that were to take place in the constitution as it now stood; and although the similes with which this was accompanied were good in themselves, and the theories which they raised upon them magnificent, where was their application to the present question?'

'Sir Walter Scott said—God forbid that I should be against all reform. We have occasion no doubt for reform, but it ought to begin first in our own bosoms. What I am against is, proceeding incautiously. With regard to the constitution of this country (continued Sir Walter), he might say of it *Pondere librat suo*,—her other powers balance each other. It was very seldom that these powers came into violent contact with each other. If they were to destroy any of these powers, they would destroy the balance of the constitution, by extending the power of the people, and deprive themselves of the means of mending it. He could only compare the present measure to a watch placed in the hands of an unskilful person, who by turning the regulator backwards and forwards, without a knowledge of its machinery, broke it in pieces; and now we have got a repeater in the hands of children, and God knows what is to become of it.'

Mr Bell was too complimentary to Sir Walter's similes. That of the balance is one of the oldest, most worn out, and most false, imaginable. What is a balance, of which the smallest scale is at once up aloft in the air, and proposterously full of gold and luxuries, while the largest is down on the earth, empty? And what a simile is this of the watch! What a total want of analogy! What an immeasurable disproportion in the circumstances! It is a pretty, Tory, toy-like simile for a gentleman to take out of his pocket after dinner, and smile over, and be satisfied; but what are the multitudes to say to it, who are *starving?* What have they to do with this genteel and tranquil simile of the watch? How are their broken hearts to be put to rights by a figure of speech? or to be kept lingering and in torture, while such fumblers as Eldon and Co. "see what can be done?" We have heard of watchmakers, who so treat a watch, brought to them to be mended, that it is sure to be carried back to them in a short time, to give them another job. If similes must be taken from this much injured, machine, *this* would be a better one than any we have heard yet. Sir Walter is for beginning reform in "one's own bosom," a very definite and obvious place no doubt, and such as tends to certify and encourage the progress of all reformation. But who is to bring up the first corrupt place in it for disfranchisement? And what will the Sir Wetherells of the human breast (odd metaphors, fit for such gentry!) say to being "ordered out?" Sir Walter talks,—surely not with any great modesty, allowing him all his genius,—of the watch's having got in "the hands of children." Many of those children are as old as himself; have seen and suffered as much as himself, probably more; and at all events, were not brought up in the bigotted nursery that he was; to the notions taught in which he has evidently been a victim all his life,—a lucky one for us as far as romances go, but a very bad one for himself and all whom he has influenced, in their views, both of the political and moral government of the world. This great novelist and most small philosopher has not scrupled to preach to his juvenile readers, in one of his late works, the cruel and impious doctrine of eternal punishment! So much for grown "children."

Judge Rooke.—Judge Rooke, in going the Western circuit, had a large stone thrown at his head; but, from the circumstance of his stooping very much, it passed over him. "You see," said he to his friends, "that, had I been an *upright* Judge, I might have been killed."

The Costume of a Otaheitan Judge.—A short time after our arrival some offenders were brought to trial, and as we were desirous of witnessing the proceedings of the court, it was removed from its usual site, to the shade of some trees in our immediate vicinity. The court was ranged upon benches placed in successive rows under the trees, with the prisoners in front, under the charge of an officer with a drawn sabre, and habited in a volunteer's jacket and a maro. The cavi-rai of the district in which the crimes had been committed, took his place between the court and the prisoners, dressed in a long straw mat, finely plaited, and edged with fringe with a slit cut in it for the head to pass through; a white oakum wig, which, in imitation of the gentlemen in our courts of law, flowed in long curls over his shoulders, and a tall cap surmounting it, curiously ornamented with red feathers, and with variously coloured tresses of human hair. His appearance without shoes, stockings, or trowsers, the strange attire of the head, with the variegated tresses of hair mingling with the oakum curls upon his shoulders, produced, as may be imagined, a ludicrous effect.—*Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific.*

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

— There is none can baffle men of sense but fools; on whom they can make no impression.—*Shenstone.*

— When His Majesty's carriage drove into the Stable-yard at St James's, on Wednesday, a jolly tar saluted him with a characteristic cheer, "Huzza for King William! the Reform *Bill* for ever!" It is said His Majesty was highly gratified at this homely and familiar pun upon his name.

Chinese Funerals.—The funerals of the rich are more expensive than their marriages. The color used is a light blue for the lanterns, decorations, &c. whilst the mourning is white and grey. Splendid processions with music take place, and I have been told that ten or fifteen thousand dollars have been known to be spent on a funeral. * * * * Choosing the situation of a tomb is one of the nicest and most important matters that can be agitated, for on it is supposed to depend the peace of the departed friend, as well as the good or bad fortune of his surviving relations. * * * * Whilst the living are seen inhabiting the low marshy ground, the dead occupy the high, airy, and beautiful situations, commanding a fine view of the country round! A Chinese tomb is in the form of a crescent, bearing an inscription in red letters.—*Dobell's Travels in China.*

A Bold Experiment.—The Missionaries had for several years endeavoured to produce a change of religion in the island (Otaheite) by explaining to the natives the fallacy of their belief, and assuring them that the threats of their deities were absurd; Hettotte at length determined to put their assertions to the test, by a breach of one of the strictest laws of his religion, and resolved either to die under the experiment, or to embrace the new faith. A custom prevailed of offering pigs to the deity, which were brought to the morai and placed upon whattas, or fautas, for the purpose. From that moment they were considered sacred, and if afterwards any human being, the priests excepted, dared to commit so great a sacrilege as to partake of the offering, it was supposed that the offended god would punish the crime with instant death. Hettotte thought a breach of this law would be a fair criterion of the power of the deity, and accordingly stole some of the consecrated meat, and retired with it to a solitary part of the wood, to eat it, and perhaps to die. Having partaken of the food, he expected at each mouthful to experience the vengeance he had provoked, and he waited a considerable time in the wood in awful suspense; until, finding himself rather refreshed than otherwise, by his meal, he quitted the retreat, and went quietly home. For several days he kept his secret, but finding no bad effects from his transgression, he disclosed it to every one, renounced his religion, and embraced Christianity.—*Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific.*

The First Adventure of a Scotch Privateer.—A Scotch seaman, named Mackay, had got together a band of English and American sailors of desperate fortunes, to the number of five and twenty, who went forth in a crazy old barge, scarcely big enough to contain them, to run down the coast of Peru, in search of adventures. They could hardly muster sufficient money to purchase a few stores for the enterprise, and were so closely packed in the boat, that it was impossible for them to move a single step. * * * One fine morning, about six weeks afterwards, when it was blowing a top-gallant breeze, a stately ship, under a cloud of canvass, came sailing into harbour, and dropped her anchor opposite to the fort. When the visit boat went out, the officer, upon boarding her, was surprised to find Mackay and his comrades in possession of the ship. She was a Spanish ship of four hundred tons burden, called the Mercurio. Her cargo was valued at three hundred thousand dollars. She had just arrived from Cadiz, and was the first vessel that had been captured from the Spanish since the revolution; she was afterwards purchased by the Chilian government, for a transport. The adventurers, in their fruit bark, had coasted along, aided by the current which constantly sets from South to North, until they came off Arica, where they saw a large vessel in the harbour, and waiting until night-fall, they ran quietly along-side with muffled oars, and boarded her so suddenly, that the watch was taken by surprise, and the crew, after a slight resistance, in which several Spaniards were killed, betook themselves to the boat, or jumped overboard, and swam to shore. The boarders then cut the cable, and running the ship out of the range of the battery, which had opened a heavy fire on the first alarm being given, they soon got safe to sea. * * *. It was ludicrous to see the sailors who had accompanied Mackay, most of whom had five thousand dollars each, for his own share of the prize. Money was no value to them, and the doubloons were scattered about Valparaiso, with the most reckless prodigality. It was not uncommon for a sailor to purchase from a Guazo, who had come from the country, his horse, bridle, and saddle, just as they were; for which he, of course, gave double the value to the owner, in cash. Jack, having struck this bargain, would make the former master dismount, and, getting on the horse, would ride the poor creature about the beach at a gallop, until both horse and rider were tired; Jack would then dismount and turn the animal "adrift," by which means the original owner frequently regained possession of the horse, and rode home upon it, with the money he had received, as its value, still in his pocket.—*Haigh's Sketches of Buenos Ayres, &c.*

— The first part of a newspaper which an ill-natured man examines, is the list of bankrupts and the bills of mortality.—*Shenstone.*

Singular Mode of Catching Ducks.—The Karaikees catch a great many wild ducks with nets, which they let fall over the precipices and cliffs along the sea-coast, where those ducks sit in the cavities of the rocks. As the net falling down frightens them, they fly against it, and are caught in the meshes, sometimes twenty or thirty at a time.—*Dobell's Travels in Kamschatka.*

The Effects of Habit.—The path leading down this ravine is, in many places, so precipitous, that we were constantly in danger of slipping and rolling into the depths below, which the assistance of the natives alone prevented. While we were thus borrowing help from others, and grasping every tuft of grass and bough that offered its friendly support, we were overtaken by a group of chubby little children, trudging unconcernedly on, munching a water melon, and balancing on their heads calabashes of water, which they had brought from the opposite side of the island. They smiled at our helplessness as they passed, and we felt their innocent reproof; but we were still unpractised in such feats, while they from being trained to them, had acquired a footing and a firmness which habit alone can produce.—*Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific.*

— Sir Thomas More, when Lord Chancellor, succeeded in disposing of all causes that were ready for hearing; and on his desiring the Registrar to call the next cause, he was told that none remained on the list, which fact he ordered to be recorded. This event was also commemorated in doggrel, as follows:—

"When More some years had Chancellor been,
No more suits did remain;
The same shall never more be seen,
Till More be there again."

The poet was wrong, however. We need not go far for an instance of a living Judge to whom the same merit may be as justly ascribed; and a correspondent has enabled us to celebrate the circumstance as melodiously:—

"A Judge sat on the judgment seat,
A goodly Judge was he;
He said unto the Registrar,
'Now call a cause to me.'
'There is no cause,' said Registrar,
And loud laughed he with glee.
'A cunning *Leach* hath despatched them all,
I can call no cause to thee.'"

Legal Observer.

A Chinese Dinner Party.—When a Chinese invites to a ceremonious dinner, a large red paper is sent several days before the time. On this is written the invitation in the politest terms of the language. * * * On the day before a feast, another invitation is sent to the guests, on rose-coloured paper, to remind them of it, and to ascertain whether they are coming. Again on the next day, a short time before the hour appointed, the invitation is repeated, to inform them that the feast is prepared and awaits them. When the guests are assembled, the first thing presented is warm almond milk, in large cups. Every table is served with exactly the same food, and the same number of dishes, at one and the same moment. (Only four or five persons sit at each table. In very fashionable houses, not more than two or three). The tables are mostly of polished ebony, or Surat black wood, and are double; for, as they use no table-cloths, the upper table is removed, with all that is on it, at the end of the first course, to give place to the second. For the first course, the tables are laid out with chop-stick, wine-cups, china-ware, or enamelled spoons and stands, and two little plates with fruits, nuts, &c. Several small cold dishes, such as dry salted fish, shred fine, and made into a salad with mushrooms, &c. are spread over the board, only leaving room in the centre for a cup about the size of a breakfast-cup. The dinner now commences, and all the wine cups are filled with *Sew-heng-Tsow*, (a weak acidulated liquor, distilled from millet-seed, and always drunk hot), and the master of the feast rises, as well as all the guests; he holds the wine-cup in both his hands, saluting them with it, after which they all drink together, and sit down again. A cup with hot food is now served in the centre of every table. * * * * After the first course, the upper table is removed, and the table remaining is spread with spoons, wine-cups, chop-sticks, vinegar, soy, and sweet sauce, with some plates of sliced radishes, pears, oranges, and various other fruits and vegetables, placed before each person: and all the large fruits are sliced, as well as the vegetables. While the second course is preparing, those who are tired of sitting, rise and walk about the room. The second table being prepared, the guests are all seated again, when bird's-nest soup, the most expensive and the greatest delicacy a Chinese can offer, is served up, with pigeon's or plover's eggs, floating upon it, to each person. When entertaining any of the high constituted authorities, the master puts the first dish of the second course on every table himself, as it is brought in by the servants. * * * * * After all, tea is served up in covered cups, as before described; on the leaves, and without milk or sugar; and thus closes the entertainment. * * * * * On the day following the feast, the host sends a large red paper to each of the guests, apologizing for the badness of the dinner; and they answer him on the same sort of paper, expressing in the most exalted and extravagant terms the pleasure and unbounded satisfaction his feast has afforded them.—*Dobell's Travels in China.*

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— People frequently use this expression,—"I am inclined to think so and so;" not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.—*Shenstone.*

SIBERIAN BUTTER-DRINKERS.—The Yakuts mix sour milk and cream together in leathern bags, which, after one has travelled a few hours on horseback, becomes butter and butter-milk; the butter collecting in small lumps from the size of a pea to that of a marble. A Yakut drinks the butter and butter-milk together, or eats the butter by handfuls with his boiled meat, oftentimes in such quantities as, were I to relate it, would exceed belief! I found, however, by experience, that butter and sour butter-milk eaten together, are much lighter on the stomach, than butter eaten in the usual way. In another passage, the author says, "It is almost incredible how great a quantity of melted butter a Yakut will consume at a sitting. A gentlemen who has lived many years amongst them, assured me that he has seen at a wedding-feast the great butter-drinkers consume from twenty to thirty pounds per man! The master of the house deems himself honored, and is much delighted, to see half a dozen great butter-drinkers come to his feast, and these contend with each other in gluttony."—*Dobell's Travels in Kamschatka and Siberia.*

AMIABLE AND LEARNED BEARS.—Dobell, in his Travels in Kamschatka, &c. asserts that the bears of that country never kill the cattle when they can obtain fish. "It appears that they prefer fish and berries to every other food; nor will a fat bear attack a man unless hunted or wounded. The Kamschatdales say that if a bear kills a man, however hungry he may be, he does not eat him, but carefully scrapes a hole, puts him into it, and covers him up with dirt and leaves." This robin-like tenderness seems rather extraordinary in an animal whose very embraces are considered as formidable; but it appears that the bear of Kamschatka is remarkable for its amiability. "In no part of the world, perhaps, are bears more numerous than at Kamschatka, and nowhere are they so gentle. They rove about the plains in large droves, yet they never disturb the women and girls, who gather roots and herbs, or turf for fuel, in the very midst of them; nay, they will even eat out of their hands."—*A Natural History, drawn from the writings of Buffon, &c.*—[One marvels more that "the women and girls" should give them the opportunity. This gentleness is not owing to any particular security enjoyed by the animal, since it is shewn that the Kamschatdales have so many uses for it, that they make unceasing war upon the whole fraternity. According to the two works abovementioned, they are indebted to the bear not only for a great portion of their dwellings, furniture, clothing, &c. for food, and light; but also for their knowledge of physic and surgery, "which they acquire by noticing what herbs the animal applies to his wounds, or eats when he is labouring under disease." It assists them, too, in agriculture, for they make sickles of its shoulder-blades; and even in the elegancies of life, the Kamschatdales are the pupils of this amiable creature, for from him they derive their skill and grace in dancing. Nor do they deny to their instructors the honor due to them, since they bestow the name of the bear upon the dance taught them by that kind quadruped.]

POWERS OF THE FLEA.—The great agility and strength of this insect are exceedingly remarkable, it being able to leap further in proportion to its own length than, perhaps, any other creature that has not wings to help it; and its strength is so well known, and so extraordinary in the same proportion, that several curious artists, whose dexterity has been shown in the making curiosities of an uncommon and surprising smallness, have employed this little animal to assist in exhibiting their works, and proving the nicety and lightness of them. Dr Power says he saw among Tradescant's rarities, a golden chain of three hundred links, though not above an inch long, that was both fastened to and drawn away by a flea. Moufet some time before this, mentions such another, of a finger's length, made by one Mark, an Englishman, whereto a flea was fastened by a collar of a most exquisite minuteness with a lock and key adapted to it. This chain the flea dragged after him with ease, the flea, chain, lock and key, not exceeding altogether the weight of a single grain. He adds further, that he had been informed by the people of undoubted credit, that a coach made of gold, with all its furniture of the same metal, had a flea chained to it, which drew it along without the least difficulty; thereby testifying at the same time the dexterity of the workman, and the strength of this little creature. Nor is there any room to doubt the truth of these accounts; for one Boverick, a watchmaker in the Strand, has lately made and shewn to vast numbers of people, not only a chaise having four wheels and all its proper apparatus, together with a man sitting therein, the whole formed of ivory, and drawn along by a flea; but likewise a landau that opens and shuts by springs, with six horses harnessed thereto, a coachman sitting on the box, with a dog between his legs, four people in the landau, two footmen behind it, and a postilion riding one of the fore-horses. This equipage a flea is fastened to, and pulls very easily along. He has also made a chain of brass, about two inches in length, containing two hundred links, with a hook at one end, and a padlock and key at the other; all which together weigh less than the third part of a grain. Here the flea is made use of to draw the chain, which it does very nimbly, and with as little trouble as can be well imagined. Fleas thus employed are preserved alive and vigorous, by putting them upon the arm, or the back of the hand, to feed, once or twice a day,—*Micrographia Restaurata.*

ANECDOTE OF D'AUBIGNE.—We find in the Memoirs of D'Aubigné, an anecdote that is worthy of notice. In a battle that was fought during the wars of Henry the Fourth, D'Aubigné had a personal combat with a captain of the name of Dubourg. During the heat of the action, D'Aubigné perceived that an arquebusade had set fire to a bracelet formed of his mistress's hair, which he wore on his arm; without thinking of the advantage he gave his adversary, he instantly employed himself in extinguishing the fire, and preserving this precious bracelet, which was dearer to him than liberty or life. Captain Dubourg sympathised with and respected the sentiment, suspended his attack, inclined the point of his sword, and began to trace on the sand a globe surmounted with a cross.—*Memoirs of Madame de Genlis.*

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VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches of Venetian History. In Two Vols. Volume the First. 12mo. pp. 446. (Being the Twentieth Volume of the Family Library.) Murray.

This is an attractive little thick book, elegantly got up, with some very nice plates, and a subject of which readers have often desired to know more. People in general get what acquaintance they have with Venice from pictures and plays; but from that circumstance, as well as from the effect itself, the character of Venetian history in their imaginations partakes more of romance than most others. They will find a good account of it in the present summary, as far as we have been able judge; nor will the book be considered less a curiosity, as coming from its present publisher, and at the present moment: for though the writer is willing to philosophize in as gentlemanly a manner as possible on the subject, the horrors of an *oligarchy* are brought plainly enough before us. We have left ourselves no time for remarks. We can only make an extract, for the present; but it is a curious one, as shewing how the people were *tricked* into having a noblesse. What the author says about the natural growth of wealth and nobility together would be plausible, if he had not omitted the little question of *primogeniture*, which soon settles all that part of the business.

'Two years before he was disengaged from the second Genoese war,' (towards the end of the thirteenth century) 'Gradenigo obtained a decree of the Great Council, which may be esteemed the corner stone upon which the future, pure oligarchy of Venice was consolidated. Hitherto, if we have spoken of different classes existing in this state, the distinction between them must be considered much more as conventional, than as resulting from positive institutions. The population of Venice can scarcely be said to have been separated into Patrician and Plebeian, by any of those marked and decided boundaries which struck a deep and early root in other communities. Her origin was friendly to the preservation of as much equality as can practically exist in any large society; and the want of all landed territory had kept her aloof from the introduction of the Feudal System, with its accompaniments of Lordship and Vassalage. Still wherever numbers of men are congregated into one body, *some* pre-eminence must be attained; some individuals will command greater respect, and consequently exercise greater influence than their contemporaries. This superiority, in the first instance, will, probably be accorded to talent; and those who possess the most intimate knowledge of the nature of their fellow men, will be most likely to obtain the earliest guidance of their conduct. Wealth will next establish a claim to regard; and, as riches are more frequently transmitted to posterity than ability, the first distinctions of what may be called hereditary rank will accrue to the families possessed of most substance. It is easy to perceive in what manner these advantages, when once obtained, (and the lapse of very few years in any Civilized Society cannot but bestow them) will lead to a virtual if not an acknowledged separation of classes; and it is natural to suppose that those who, in any way, are elevated above their brethren, will find both the readiest access to magisterial offices, and the surest method of retaining them; so that hence also arises another source of distinction. Such appears to have been the progress of what, in conformity with the habits of other countries, we must name the Venetian nobility.

'The Great Council, placed, in its very outset, beyond the reach of popular suffrage, had gradually eluded even the slight control of annual election. Without being able to trace the progress of usurpation, step by step, it may be enough to say that it attributed to itself the right of naming the twelve electors by whom it was to be renewed; and consequently, that in point of fact, it re-elected itself. Hence, for the most part, its members were chosen from the same families, or rather, generally consisted of the same individuals who had once obtained seats in it. Still, at least in name, it was neither permanent nor exclusive. No one affirmed an hereditary claim to its honours; no one asserted that he belonged to it otherwise than as a representative: and the poorest citizen, however conscious that he could never hope for enrolment upon its list of Sages, contented himself with the belief that there was no other obstacle to so bright a fortune except improbability.

'Even this consolatory fallacy was now to be dissipated. In the last reign, a proposition had been made, that the annual electors should be instructed never to choose any Member who had not himself already been admitted, or who was unable to prove the admission of some ancestor. Dandolo, who favoured the popular interests, opposed this project, and it was rejected: Gradenigo obtained the same object by a more circuitous route. Assuming that, as the annual elections had almost invariably fallen upon the same individual, those individuals had, therefore, established a right, he did not so much support the claim of re-election to a body of which he already held them to be constituent Members, as the necessity of determining whether they were still worthy of continuing in it. This artful representation, as will be seen at once, wholly changed the nature of the Council. To effect this purpose, the Doge proposed that a list of all that had been Members during the last four years should be submitted to the XL, and that every member who united twelve of their suffrages should retain his seat. At the expiration of a year, the same scrutiny was to be repeated. To prevent the appearance of an entire exclusion of all but this favoured class, three members of the Council were instructed to form a supplementary list of citizens elegible without having already sat. These were limited in number by the Signory, and were balloted for, in like manner, by the XL. It is needless to speak of the class from which this list was selected: it was similar to that of the existing members. The decree passed, and bears in history the name of *The Closing of the Council.* (*La Serrata del mazor Conscio.*) It was not such in fact; but it was the first step towards it and the others were rapidly trodden. During the next two years, the XL returned exactly the same members. In the third, all names were excluded from the supplementary list, but those of persons who themselves or ancestors had been members. A subsequent statute spoke of the positive exclusion of those who were contemptuously termed *New Men.* Not long after, a register was opened, in which all qualified persons, having attained the age of eighteen, were required to inscribe their names; and, lastly, the periodical renewals, and the supplementary lists were swept away; the existing Council was declared permanent and hereditary; and whoever could prove the ancestral right was permitted, when five and twenty years old, to assert his claim, as the form ran, *per suos et per viginti quinque annos;* to be enrolled in the Golden Book (Il Libro D'Oro) of Nobility, and thus to be admitted as a Member of the Great Council. Thirty dispensations—at first decided by lot, afterwards sometimes accorded by merit, but more frequently put up to sale—were also granted, by which such young Patricians as obtained them might take their seats at the age of twenty-one. They were also named *I Barberini*, because they were elected on the Feast of San Barco.

'In later days, the Nobility were arranged, if not formally, at least conventionally, in four classes. The most distinguished, *Gli Elettorali*, were descendants of the twelve tribunes by whom the first Doge had been elected in the year 697: to these were annexed four families, whose representatives, in conjunction with the above-mentioned twelve, signed an instrument for the foundation of the abbey of San Georgio Maggiore, in the year 800. Of these, the former are sometimes spoken of as *I dodici Apostoli*, the latter as *I quatro Evangelisti.* Six other families were also admitted without hesitation to the first class; and there were two or three besides whose claims were more or less contested; this class furnished more than half her doges to the Republic. The second class consisted of those whose ancestors were Members of the Grand Council at the time of its closing, and each of these has had its Doge. The third comprised thirty families admitted after the war of Chiozza, in return for the great services which they had rendered to the State; three of these also have produced a doge. The fourth and lowest class originated among Venetian Citizens, Candiotes, or other Provincials, who, during the Turkish wars, upon which we have not yet entered, gratified their own vanity and relieved the necessities of the Republic by purchasing Nobility at the market-price of one hundred thousand ducats. Only one Doge was elevated from this division, and singularly enough, it was Manini, the last Sovereign of his Country. These four classes of Nobility altogether seldom exceeded twelve hundred in number, but to these must be added another, which must be considered honorary. It included such illustrious foreigners (and among these more than one crowned head was numbered) as had solicited or received inscription in the Golden Book. This honour was very jealously guarded, and it was not without extreme difficulty that Gregory XIIIth obtained admission for one of his bastard sons. All illegitimate children of the native Nobility, even those who had been legitimated by a subsequent marriage, were rigourously excluded; and the Council, after long

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deliberation upon the style by which the Pope's nephew would be recognized, at last decided upon a form sufficiently ambiguous to remove its scruples; Il Signor Giacomo Buoncompagno, stretto parente di sua Santità—a near relation of his Holiness.

'Besides the above distinction of the nobles into classes, there was a yet more summary mode of distinguishing them: the rich were termed *I signori;* the poor, who formed two-thirds of the body, and who chiefly inhabited the cheap quarter of San Barnabo, *I Barnaboti.* Or, retaining Barnaboti for the last, the wealthiest were named, in a sort of slang language, *Sangue blò* or *Sangue Colombin,* Blue blood or Pigeon's blood; the moderately rich, Morèl di mezo, middle piece. The pride of birth, however, was discouraged as much as possible in Venice, when it led to comparisons which might occasion disunion among the nobility; and one of the ordinances of that most fearful tribunal which we shall have occasion to notice hereafter, the Inquisition of State, directed itself, with that which to most will appear disproportionate severity, against such as disparaged their brethren by boasting of their own superior antiquity. The spies entertained among the Patricians were warned to report all expressions of this tendency. The first offence was punished with six months' imprisonment in the Piombi, those fatal dungeons under the *leads* of the Ducal palace, from which few returned alive; for the second, the indiscreet babbler was to be drowned secretly. An anecdote is related by Amelot de la Houssaye, which, perhaps, may have been invented for the sake of the jest it contains, but which nevertheless well illustrates the spirit of the Venetian Government on this point. One of the Da Ponte family, in a dispute with a gentleman named Canale, boasted that the Ponti (Bridges) were much above the Canali (Canals); his antagonist replied, that the Canali were in being long before the existence of the Ponti. The Senate interfered, and informed the one that it possessed powers to fill up the *Canals;* the other, that it could knock down the *Bridges.*'—P. 212.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

'Ten Magistrates (I Dieci), named as a criminal court, were invested with a plenary inquisitorial authority, with an entire sovereignty over every individual in the State, and with freedom over all resposibility and appeal. Their duration was at first limited to ten days; but this was six times prolonged for a like period; then for a year; soon after for five; next for ten; and, in the end, the tribunal, with a great extension of powers, was declared to be permanent. These powers so frequently and fearfully intermingle themselves with the course of our future narrative, that we shall here but briefly touch upon them. The ten officers, from whom the Court derived its title, where chosen annually at four different assemblies of the Grand Council. No two of them might be members of the same family, or even bear the same name; and, from the colour of their robes of ceremony, they were termed *I Neri,* or the Black. To these, in after times, were added also the Signory, as assessors, termed, for a like reason, *I Rossi,* the Red. In their judicial administration, the members of this Council inquired, sentenced, and punished, according to what they called Reason of State. The public eye never penetrated the mystery of their proceedings; the accused was sometimes not heard—never confronted with witnesses; the condemnation was secret as the enquiry; the punishment undivulged like both. Nor was this all: instituted solely for the cognizance of State crimes, this Tribunal gradually attributed to itself the control of every branch of government, and exercised despotic influence over the questions of peace and war, over fiscal enactments, military arrangements, and negociations with foreign powers. It annulled, at pleasure, the decrees of the Grand Council, degraded its members, deposed, and even put to death the Chief Magistrate himself. An object alike of terror and detestation to those whom it oppressed under the pretext of salutary guardianship, it yet prolonged an uninterrupted sway during five centuries; and our wonder at the political problem of its long-continued existence is not a little heightened, when it is remembered that the Great Council, upon which, of all other classes, it weighed with far the most grievous burden, might, by refusing its votes at any one of the four elections in each year, have abolished its hateful yoke for ever. That it did not do so, may be attributed, in the outset, to a false view of the nature of the Magistracy, and to a belief that it was necessary for the preservation of the State. As its tyranny became more distinctly manifest, it may have been protected by an ambitious, but unworthy hope which each noble cherished, of one day wielding its immeasurable powers with his own hands. And, lastly, after a lapse of years had so far interwoven it with the general polity, as to make it seem an almost inseparable part of the whole, it might be saved by a mistaken, but little blameable reverence for antiquity; but that fond clinging to established institution, which, perhaps not unwisely, is backward to remove even an abuse, lest its extirpation may endanger the entire fabric upon which it is engrafted. We are here seeking a cause, not justifying a fact. Existence itself may be purchased at far too dear a price: but if existence alone were all that is demanded for the honour of a State, and the happiness of its subjects, it might not be too much to affirm, that the long stability of Venice was mainly owing to the most remarkable, the most formidable, and the most execrable part of the government—The Council of Ten.'—P. 232.

BOLD STROKE OF A TYRANT.

'On the death of the elder Carrara, the chief authority in Padua became vested in his nephew Ubertino. The restlessness of his ambition soon rendered him suspected at Venice; and there were not wanting many voices in the Senate to denounce him as a dangerous enemy. He is accused of having employed the stiletto, which had already become a powerful engine in Italian politics, to silence these opponents. On one occasion also, he acquired material strength by an outrage most daring indeed, but of a less dark character than assassination. Having learned the names of the senators most opposed to his interests, he seized them by night, and hurried them, bound, gagged, and blindfolded, in gondolas to Padua. There, in his own palace, he repeated to the astonished prisoners the arguments, the very words, which they had employed against him in the Councils, with which he had become acquainted through his spies. At first, he sternly threatened death; till, having succeeded in striking terror, he gradually relaxed the menace, and granted them liberty, under an oath that they would bury the adventure in secrecy; and for the future, adopt a policy more consonant with his wishes. On the same night they were re-conveyed to their homes; but, on parting, Carrara warned them of the dangers of perjury, significantly implying that he who could find agents for their abduction, had a much speedier vengeance at his command; and that he could readily employ daggers if they either betrayed or deceived him. The threat was effectual. The transaction was never revealed by the Venetian Senators; nor was it at all known till many years after its occurrence, and then only by the dying confession of some of the ruffians who had been engaged in its execution. Gataro, who has preserved this remarkable anecdote, implies the full success resulting from Ubertino's bold act, by stating that, during his life-time, the Signory of Venice said nothing more of war.'—P. 240.

VENICE SAVED BY ST. MARK. A TRADITION.

In the year 1341, an inundation, of many day's continuance, had raised the water three cubits higher than it had ever before been seen in Venice; and, during a stormy night, while the flood appeared to be still increasing, a poor, old fisherman sought what refuge he could find, by mooring his crazy bark close to the *Riva di San Marco.* The storm was yet raging when a person approached, and offered him a good fare if he would but ferry him over to San Giorgio Maggiore. "Who," said the ferryman, "can reach San Giorgio on such a night as this? Heaven forbid that I should try!" But as the stranger earnestly persisted in his request, and promised to guard him from harm, he at last consented. The passenger landed, and having desired the boatman to wait a little, returned with a companion, and ordered him to row to *San Nicolo di Lido.* The astonished fisherman again refused, till he was prevailed upon by a farther confident assurance of safety, and excellent pay. At *San Nicolo* they picked up a third person, and then instructed the boatman to proceed to the Two Castles at Lido. Though the waves ran fearfully high, the old man, by this time, had become accustomed to them, and, moreover, there was something about his mysterious crew which either silenced his fears, or diverted them from the tempest to his companions. Scarcely had they gained the strait, when they saw a galley, rather flying than sailing along the Adriatic, manned (if we say so) with devils, who seemed hurrying, with fierce and threatening gestures, to sink Venice in the deep. The sea, which had hitherto been furiously agitated, in a moment became unruffled; and the strangers, crossing themselves, conjured the Fiends to depart. At the word, the dæmoniacal galley vanished; and the three passengers were quietly landed at the spots at which each respectively had been taken up. The boatman, it seems, was not quite easy about his fare; and before parting, he implied pretty clearly, that the sight of this miracle after all, would be but bad pay. "You are right, my friend;" said the first passenger; "go to the Doge and the Procuratori, and assure them, that but for us three Venice would have been drowned. I am St Mark; my two comrades are St George and St Nicholas. Desire the magistrates to pay you; and add, that all this trouble has arisen from a Schoolmaster at *San Felice,* who first bargained with the Devil for his soul, and then hanged himself in despair! The fisherman, who seems to have had all his wits about him, answered, that he might tell that story, but he much doubted whether he should be believed: upon which St Mark pulled from his finger a gold ring, worth about five ducats, saying, "Shew them this ring, and bid them look for it in my treasury, whence it will be found missing." On the morrow, the fisherman did as he was told. The ring was discovered to be absent from its usual custody, and the fortunate boatman not only received his fare, but an annual pension to boot. Moreover a solemn procession and thanksgiving were appointed, in gratitude to the three holy corpses, which had rescued from such calamity the land affording them burial."—P. 242.

GAY'S OPINION OF THE MAN WHO FIRST EAT AN OYSTER.

If where fleet-ditch * with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts, there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste.
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.
The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.

* The site of the present Faringdon street and Bridge street.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S SALLY AGAINST REFORM.

In the hurry in which we wrote our remarks on Sir Walter Scott's speech, we omitted to notice a curious passage, which produced the following sound exposition in yesterday evening's *Globe*.

'One argument of Sir Walter's,' observes the *Globe*, 'is characteristic of the temper of his mind. He not only attacks those changes which have not succeeded, but those which have been eventually successful. The case of the union of Scotland with England has been mentioned to show that great changes often produced great benefits, in spite of the alarm of their opponents. "He had heard much of the success of the Union," said Sir W. "*How long* was it in being successful? *More than fifty years*. Men's hairs had turned grey before this success made its appearance; and they now had their hopes realised. Although the worst of miseries were brought into the country by an innovation so much to be deprecated, it would, in the government of the world, be brought round. The crop came in God Almighty's time; but we should not be rash enough to sanction changes which were very likely to occasion evils of no ordinary kind, *instead of continuing to live quietly and peaceably as we have hitherto done*."

'This, we believe,' continues the *Globe*, 'expresses much of the feeling of those who are opposed to reform on other grounds than a mere calculation of political or pecuniary interest—"We wonna be fashed." Though they may think when the crop comes it will repay the seed and the toil, they think others may reap what they sow and plough for. Fortunately this feeling of indolence does not generally prevail, or the political condition of the country would really, instead of improving, or even being stationary, be in a continued, though perhaps slow, course of deterioration. Mankind are disposed, as they ought, to sacrifice much of their peace and quiet in the prospect of improvement. Many men find as much pleasure in forgetting the present for the sake of the future, as Sir Walter Scott does in dreaming of the past, while he shuts out the present age. The great novelist too, may remember, if he will stoop to facts, that though he lives "quietly and peaceably," and happily (not more happily than he merits) there are great multitudes of the people of these islands, who do not find their condition so unsusceptible of improvement.'

There is an inconsistency in Sir Walter's deprecations, which remains to be noticed. He admits that things "will be *brought round* in the government of the world," whatever miseries are produced by innovation. "*The crop*," he says, will come "in God Almighty's time." Now if the crop is God Almighty's, the seed must be his also. This is not bringing matters round; it is only realizing their intended consequences. We grant, that an evil may be supposed, which God turns to good, or at least hinders from producing more evil; but if a particular providence is brought into the question, who shall say what are the measures which it does or does not countenance; or what are those which can possibly be omitted in its contemplations? It is idle to bring the name of the great mystery of the universe into play, unless you follow the use of it into all its consequences. At all events, it is not likely, that the old saying of *the Voice of the People* being *the Voice of God*, will be changed in a hurry in favour of the divinity of the *Voice of the Boroughmongers*.

By the way, how does Sir Walter reconcile his horror of change with his Bible? If, while using the language of the Bible, he does not believe in it (which the dilemma of the argument allows us, for the sake of argument, to suppose) his use of it is unfair. If he does believe in it, then there is no men more bound to believe in innovations and popular changes than he; for in the Bible is to be found the doctrine of the Millenium, and the announcement of all those blissful prospects of peace and good-will, which, for endeavouring to get the smallest glimpse of, the philosophers are so strangely thwarted and sneered at by the orthodox! This is odd.

The *Globe* says, that an approbation of Reform was not to be expected from Sir Walter, because 'he was not only, by personal connections, bound up with the abuses of the present system, but his favourite studies have led him to look back instead of forward, and to value most in the present institutions and accidents of society, those which are most connected with the past, and least applicable to present use. We must not expect any affection for steam-engines or power-looms in a dealer in antiques.'

We subjoin, upon this point, the masterly observations of a great writer, lately deceased (Mr Hazlitt); who, in the course of a critical article on Sir Walter Scott, full of high and just panegyric upon him as a novelist, deplored the inconsistencies produced in his character by a Tory breeding:—

'Sir Walter Scott,' says Mr Hazlitt, 'is just half what the human intellect is capable of being: if you take the universe, and divide it into two parts, he knows all that it *has been*; all that it *is to be* is nothing to him. His is a mind brooding over antiquity—scorning "the present ignorant time." He is "laudator temporis acti"—a "*prophesier* of things past." The old world is to him a crowded map; the new one a dull, hateful blank. He dotes on all well-authenticated superstitions; he shudders at the shadow of innovation. His retentiveness of memory, his accumulated weight of interested prejudice or romantic association, have overlaid his other faculties. The cells of his memory are vast, various, full even to bursting with life and motion; his speculative understanding is empty, flaccid, poor, and dead. His mind receives and treasures up everything brought to it by tradition or custom—it does not project itself beyond this into the world unknown, but mechanically shrinks back as from the edge of a precipice. The land of pure reason is to his apprehension like *Van Dieman's Land*;—barren, miserable, distant, a place of exile, the dreary abode of savages, convicts, and adventurers. Sir Walter would make a bad hand of a description of the *Millennium*, unless he could lay the scene in Scotland five hundred years ago, and then he would want facts and worm-eaten parchments to support his drooping style. Our historical novelist firmly thinks that nothing *is* but what *has been*—that the moral world stands still, as the material one was supposed to do of old—and that we can never get beyond the point where we actually are without utter destruction, though everything changes and will change from what it was three hundred years ago to what it is now,—from what it is now to all that the bigoted admirer of the good old times most dreads and hates!'

Again, after an enthusiastic enumeration of the chief characters in Sir Walter's novels, Mr Hazlitt says of the author,—'Does he really think of making us enamoured of the "good old times" by the faithful and harrowing portraits he has drawn of them? Would he carry us back to the early stages of barbarism, of clanship, of the feudal system, as "a consummation devoutly to be wished?". Is he infatuated enough, or does he so dote and drivel over his own slothful and self-willed prejudices, as to believe that he will make a single convert to the beauty of Legitimacy, that is, of lawless power and savage bigotry, when he himself is obliged to apologise for the horrors he describes, and even render his descriptions credible to the modern reader by referring to the authentic history of these delectable times? He is indeed so besotted as to the moral of his own story, that he has even the blindness to go out of his way to have a fling at *flints* and *dungs* (the contemptible ingredients, as he would have us believe, of a modern rabble) at the very time when he is describing a mob of the twelfth century—a mob (one should think) after the writer's own heart, without one particle of modern philosophy or revolutionary politics in their composition, who were to a man, to a hair, just what priests, and kings, and nobles *let* them be, and who were collected to witness (a spectacle proper to the times) the burning of the lovely Rebecca at a stake for a sorceress, because she was a Jewess, beautiful and innocent, and the consequent victim of insane bigotry and unbridled profligacy. And it is at this moment (when the heart is kindled and bursting with indignation at the revolting abuses of self-constituted power) that Sir Walter *stops the press* to have a sneer at the people, and to put a spoke (as he thinks) in the wheel of upstart innovation! This is what he "calls backing his friends"—it is thus he administers charms and philtres to our love of Legitimacy, makes us conceive a horror of all reform, civil, political, or religious, and would fain put down the *Spirit of the Age*. The author of Waverley might just as well get up and make a speech at a dinner at Edinburgh, abusing Mr Mac-Adam for his improvements in the roads, on the ground that they were nearly *impassable* in many places "sixty years since;" or object to Mr Peel's *Police-Bill*, by insisting that Hounslow Heath was formerly a scene of greater interest and terror to highwaymen and travellers, and cut a greater figure in the Newgate-Calendar than it does at present.—Oh! Wickliff, Luther, Hampden, Sidney, Somers, mistaken Whigs, and thoughtless Reformers in religion and politics, and all ye, whether poets or philosophers, heroes or sages, inventors of arts or sciences, patriots, benefactors of the human race, enlighteners and civilisers of the world, who have (so far) reduced opinion to reason, and power to law, who are the cause that we no longer burn witches and heretics at slow fires, that the thumb-screws are no longer applied by ghastly, smiling judges, to extort confession of imputed crimes from sufferers for conscience sake; that men are no longer strung up like acorns on trees without judge or jury, or hunted like wild beasts through thickets and glens, who have abated the cruelty of priests, the pride of nobles, the divinity of kings in former times; to whom we owe it, that we no longer wear round our necks the collar of Gurth the swine-herd, and of Wamba the jester; that the castles of great lords are no longer the dens of banditti, from whence they issue with fire and sword, to lay waste the land; that we no longer expire in loathsome dungeons without knowing the cause, or have our right hands struck off for raising them in self-defence against wanton insult; that we can sleep without fear of being burnt in our beds, or travel without making our wills; that no Amy Robsarts are thrown down trap-doors by Richard Varneys with impunity; that no Red Reiver of Westburn Flat sets fire to peaceful cottages; that no Claverhouse signs cold-blooded death-warrants in sport; that we have no Tristan the Hermit, or Petit-André, crawling near us, like spiders, and making our flesh creep, and our hearts sicken within us at every moment of our lives—ye who have produced this change in the face of nature and society, return to earth once more, and beg pardon of Sir Walter and his patrons, who sigh at not being able to undo all that you have done!'

ERRATUM IN OUR YESTERDAY'S ARTICLE:—For "atom of *the* shadow," read "atom of *a* shadow."

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THE PLAY-GOER.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

AT the close of this theatre on Saturday night, the following Address was spoken by Madame VESTRIS:—

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The last night of our little season has already arrived, and I appear before you to say, farewell. At its commencement I had recourse to poetry in my address to you, the better to describe the hopes and fears which actuated me. Circumstances are now changed. I have tried, and I have succeeded. (Loud applause from all parts of the house). Fiction must, therefore, be laid aside; and truth, in its own honest prose, express the heartfelt gratitude of the first female lessee. Woman is said to be a contradiction. This I, for one, dare not deny; for I own I stand here a thoroughly contented manager. (Applause). We have done the best which the suddenness of the undertaking permitted, to deserve your support. We have produced various new pieces, some of which have been eminently successful—none of which have failed. We have introduced to you several new faces, whom three short months have served to convert into old friends. Thus much I may speak for the past—the future shall speak for itself. I leave you with the sincerest wishes of a grateful heart for your health and happiness until our next October Meeting; and when the gloom of winter shall again be on your heads, come to the Olympic, and it shall go hard but we will kindle a summer of merriment in your hearts. At all events, no exertion shall be spared on my part to win from you an admission that "the women are the best Managers after all." (Loud cheering). I have now only to offer you the sincere thanks of the Performers generally for the kind encouragement they have met with. Be assured they all feel as they ought. In fact, Ladies and Gentlemen, the heart of the establishment is full, and the head of the establishment is here to say so. As *Fanny Bolton*, the Captain of Grenadiers (placing her hand to her forehead) I salute my company in the pit. As *Julian*, the Page, I pay my respectful duty to the boxes; and as *Pandora*, I drop my curtesy to the gods.'—Madame Vestris then curtsied three times and retired, the audience giving her three rounds of applause.

CURIOSITIES OF LANGUAGE.

TO THE TATLER.

MR TATLER,—Being somewhat partial to philological research, I frequently amuse myself by considering the analogy of languages, and accordingly send you the following, which may not be unsuited to your pages:—

Perhaps the Italians used to fasten their doors at night by a chain, their word for *bolt* being "*catenaccio*," or the "great chain," an augmentative of "catena." In Portuguese it is "ferrolho," that is, "the great iron." Though watches could not have been invented in all countries, the European nations have not borrowed the name they give them from a foreign language.

Fr. Montre } a shower.
Sp. Muestra }
Ital. Oriulo, an hour instrument.
Ger. Uhr, an hour.

With the Germans, as with us, the clock "strikes" (schlagt) the hour, with the softer French (elle sonne) "it sounds" it, and with the Italians it simply (da l'ora) "gives the hour," although they sometimes use the word "suono," like the French.

With the Italians, the hat is referred to the head by name, "capello," diminutive of "capo," the head; with the Spaniards, it is "sombrero," a shader, from its shape.

Phrases signifying obligation or compulsion are amusingly different in various languages.

We must die.

Germ. Wer mussen sterben. We must die.
Lat. Moriendum est nobis. It is to us to die.
Fr. Il nous faut mourir. It to us is necessary to die.
Ital. Ce bisogna morire. To us it is necessary to die.
Span. Hemos de morir. We have to die.

In all these examples, the close affinity of the German with our own strong language, is very perceptible.

The different names assigned to the pocket-handkerchief are also pretty specimens of the curious construction of languages.

Fr. Mouchoir. The rheumer.
Ital. Fazzoletto. (From *faccia*, the face) the little *face*-cloth.
Span. Panuelo, panizuelo. The little cloth.
Germ. Schnupftuck. The rheumer, or wiper.

It is also curious to observe the different meaning a word acquires in the course of years. Thus, the word "knight," which formerly signified a "servant," is now applied as an honorary distinction. In German, it has the same meaning, "knecht." In most of the other European languages, the rank is implied by a term signifying a "horseman." Thus, in Spanish, it is "caballero;" in Portuguese, "caballeiro;" in Italian, "cavaliere," or "cavaliero;" in French, "chevalier." The Romans called it by the name of "eques," which has the same meaning.

PHILO-DRAMATICUS.

[Our correspondent would be amused in tracing the derivation of our commercial and counting-house terms from the Italians. It serves to throw an interesting light on old customs. Thus *bankrupt* is *banco rotto*, one who had his bench broken in the market-place; *file* is *filo*, a thread, still the counting-house file in Italy, &c.]

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1831.

THE CHILDREN AND THE WATCH.

Among the Reformers whom Sir Walter Scott honours with the title of children, and who, he says, have got a watch in their hands which they are breaking, out of sheer ignorance, are to be found the green understandings of Lord Brougham, Lord Holland, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Plunkett, the Lord Advocate (Jeffrey), Sir James Mackintosh, and others of his Majesty's Ministry and Privy Council; and these unripe infants are encouraged in their sport by the innocent and rosy-cheeked companionship of Messrs Bentham, Bayley, Tooke, Mill, Romilly, Norman, Grote, sundry Smiths, Joneses, Thompsons, Evanses, and Napiers, &c. &c. besides the Editors of the best newspapers, and of almost all the periodicals.

On the other hand, let us see who are to be found among Sir Walter's *men*,—among those masculine understandings which are distinguished by their opposition to these childish ones,—beings of a gigantic reach of intellect, and who impress everybody with a profound sense of it. There is Sir Charles Wetherell and Sergeant Best, and the Duke of Newcastle, and the Duke of Wellington (the "mad Minister," as he predicated himself), and Lord Londonderry (a gentleman who does not even know what a *nurse* is, so long has he outlived the sallies of his childhood), and Mr Perceval (who proposes that hungry men should fast), and Mr Goulbourn, and Mr Bankes, and Sir Robert Inglis, and Mr Alderman Atkins, and Sir James Scarlett (the happiest of calculators), and Mr Attwood, and Mr Sumner (who throws ink-stands); and my Lord Rolle the grammarian, and the experienced Mr Praed, and candid Peel, and comfortable Sugden, and the estimable solidity of John Wilson Croker, and the profound Duke of Gloucester, and the perfect Duke of Cumberland.

If a Roman Senate ever beat these, we will be hanged. A single Sir Charles Wetherell would have sufficed to make the Gaul retreat. There is no puerility here, no childishness either of feeling or understanding; no takers of virtue for granted; or believers even in such a thing as change; no breakers of watches out of ignorance, or of heads, or even of Priscian's head. They have all arrived at man's estate, some of them at a great many other men's estates; and their faculties are in such perfection, that nothing can stand before them. Sir Charles Wetherell carries it hollow in the Lower House,

"By plain heroic magnitude of mind;"

and in the Upper, the Lord Chancellor, though allowed to be a precocious young gentleman, has nothing to say for himself. Best, Londonderry, and Wellington, all make him feel his insignificance. He is the little boy, and they the great men.

All this is clear as "the sun at noon-day." The childhood of the reformers we allow, and their incompetence to be watchmen; but still there is one thing in Sir Walter's simile puzzles us. He accuses these children of spoiling the watch by putting the regulator "*backwards* and forwards." Now their putting it forwards may be conceded, but how have they attempted to put it backwards? We fear it is the unaccountable elders that have been doing this, and that the sole movements which constitute the dangerous part of the counteraction, are theirs. The Reformers are simply for putting the regulator onward, *because time has advanced*; it is the anti-Reformers who are for putting it backward; arguing, with inconceivable strangeness, that no true hands of a watch are intended to advance with time, but always to remain at one hour;—if at the hour of midnight, so much the better. Our fathers slept happily at that hour, argues Sir Walter, and therefore why should we ever wake? It is a very pretty "witching time of night;" and for my part, I sleep as warm as can be. What signifies how they sleep in Ireland, or in Kent or Sussex; or in brick-kilns, or at street-doors, or on London Bridge, or without a supper, or after the deaths of three children? It is very well with Clerks of Session, I assure you; and being well with them, it must be well with everybody. If a Clerk of Session is well fed, it shows that the people are all happy in Gloucestershire.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches of Venetian History. In Two Vols. Volume the First. 12mo. pp. 446. (Being the Twentieth Volume of the Family Library.) Murray.

[Concluding Notice.]

THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR FREDERIC.

'A far heavier calamity than the rout of his fleet had now humbled the arrogance of Frederic, and so totally had he been defeated by the Milanese at Legnano, that many days elapsed after the battle before it was ascertained that he still lived. Humbled on all sides, he no longer refused to treat, and it was resolved that conferences should be opened in Venice, for the adjustment of the claims of the Lombard cities, and the settlement of the Pontificate. The result was a truce for six years with the former, and the acknowledgment of Alexander as Pope. To add solemnity to this treaty, Frederic expressed a wish that he might ratify it in person; but, while he remained under excommunication, it was a mortal sin in any one to hold communion with him. The Pope freed the Venetians from the spiritual difficulties, by removing the anathema; and on the 24th of June, the Emperor landed on the Piazzett of St Mark. The Doge, attended by his train of State, his Councils, the Senate, and all the other members of his Court and Government, received him on his disembarkation, and escorted him to the gates of the Cathedral. There, surrounded by the imposing splendour of ecclesiastical pomp, clothed in Pontifical vestments, the triple crown glittering on his brow, himself alone seated, amid a brilliant throng of Cardinals, Prelates, and Ambassadors, who stood around, Alexander, severely tranquil, awaited the approach of his no longer formidable enemy. The Emperor, as he drew near, uncovered his head, cast aside his purple mantle, and, prostrating himself, before the Holy Father's throne, crept onward that he might kiss his feet. The wrongs of twenty years flashed across the remembrance of the Pope. He had been hunted like a partridge on the mountains; unthroned, dishonoured, exiled, proscribed, a price set upon his very life; and the persecutor, from whose impious violence he considered himself to have been shielded by that especial Providence which watched over his sacred office, was now humbled beneath him in the dust. He may be forgiven, if, in a moment so trying to self-restraint, he was unable to suppress his strong feeling of exultation. Planting his foot on the neck of the prostrate Emperor, he repeated the words of David, "Thou shalt go upon the lion and the adder, and the young lion and the dragon shalt thou tread under thy feet!" "It is not to *you*, it is to St Peter!" murmured the indignant Prince; and the reply cost him a yet further humiliation. Alexander trod a second time more firmly upon his neck, exclaiming, "It is both to *me*, and to St Peter!" A square stone of red marble in the vestibule of St Mark's, still denotes the spot on which this singular and memorable reconciliation took place. On quitting the Cathedral, the Emperor conducted Alexander to his horse, assisted him to mount, and held his stirrup. He would even have waited on his bridle, and have performed the lowly duties of an Esquire, but the good taste or the satiety of the Holy Father forbad these further marks of subjection.

'It would have been an easy task to follow the customary track in relating the above narrative; to have declaimed against the haughty bearing, as it is termed, of the Pontiff; and to have placed, in strong contrast with his pride, the meekness and humility of that Heavenly Master whom he professed to represent on earth. But are such pictures just? The pride, if we are so pleased to term it, of Alexander, was not a low and petty feeling, which regarded his own individual aggrandizement, but it sprang from a contemplation of the holy guardianship with which he had been invested. He believed (fervently, sincerely believed) that he was the Vicar of his Saviour; and, that by the injuries he had endured in his own person, that Saviour had been injured also. It is not the reasonableness, nor the truth of this belief, that is now advocated; but if the motive once be granted (and there seems no other which could have supported Alexander, unbroken and undismayed, through the long struggle of his persecution) the acts which flowed from that motive will be divested of much of the insidiousness which has sometimes been imputed to them. His first address to Frederic was couched in the words of Scripture, and spoken as by one endued with the delegated authority of Christ; nor was it till the oppressor attempted to separate the Man from the Pontiff that he indignantly repulsed this infringement upon his rights, and identified himself with the Apostle.'—P. 74.

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We see little subtlety in this refinement. Men, whatever their creed is, generally act upon that part of it (if it has one) which enables them to indulge their real temper. The Pope found something in his, which enabled him to exult over his enemy; and he did so.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT DIEBITSCH.

'The fifth corps of the Russian army, seven thousand strong, marched from their encampment for Russia. Previous to their departure, a *Te Deum* was performed. The troops were formed into a large hollow square, open at each of the angles. In the centre were the priests in their full canonical robes, an officiating choir of soldiers, and all the general and principal staff officers. The heads of the whole assembly were uncovered. The appearance of the priests, with their oriental costume, their long hair and flowing beards, like the prophets of old, was remarkably striking. The chanting was extremely melodious. The principal priest, six feet five inches high, was an exceedingly handsome man: his light hair was parted on the forehead, and allowed to hang down his shoulders; his long beard rested upon a kind of ephod, or breast-plate, upon which was emblazoned a golden cross. The voice of the singers harmonized like the notes of a finely-toned organ. After this service, a large metal or silver bowl, full of water, was carried round the square, into which the principal priests dipped a brush, and with it besprinkled the soldiers as they passed. The most conspicuous actor in this performance was Field-Marshal Diebitsch, who, though a Protestant by profession, vied with the most devout in the crossings, besprinklings, and genuflexions. The contrast between his appearance and that of the principal priest was highly ludicrous, he being as much below, as the priest is above, the common height. But the little field-marshal is too great a man not to call forth a more particular description of his personal appearance; more especially so, because, like the milk-maid in the nursery-song, though in a very opposite sense, his "face" may be said to have been "his fortune." Field-marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat, plethoric-looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long black hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper, which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of *Zabalcansky* (or the Trans-Balcanian) the additional one of the *Semavar* (or the tea-kettle). I have said that Count Diebitsch owes his title to his face; the sequel will show how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer who was on the staff of Frederic. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the imperial guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian autocrat, and it so happened that it was Captain Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visitor. The Emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial master, if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little captain, and bluntly tells him that the Emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company; for, adds he, "L'Empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'extérieur terrible." This "delicate hint" that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of the troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balcan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country. The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimate of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line. He has subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service, where beauty was not indispensable, that the late Emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning Emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command. * * * * * * * When the last religious rite was performed, the field-marshal and his staff mounted their horses, and the former, coming forward, addressed a few words to the soldiers, who received the order from their leaders to shout applause. They obeyed it, as they would any other command; a faint cheer issued from their lips, while the rest of their immovable features seemed, as they ever do, utter strangers to the relaxation of a smile. The troops now filed off, and marched past the field-marshal, on their road to Selimno. Their progress was enlivened by the vocal bands for which the Russian armies are so famous. The regiments were scarcely seven hundred strong: their full complement is three thousand; but plague, disease, famine, and the sword, had reduced them to their present numbers. —*Keppell's Narrative of a Journey across the Balcan.*

TREATMENT OF WOMEN.

In most uncivilized countries, women are treated more or less as slaves, but there is a great difference in this respect. One thing observable is, that in proportion to the kind treatment of the women is their gentleness or goodness of disposition in general. Captain Beechey, in his Voyage to the Pacific, speaks continually of the dishonesty and treachery of the natives of the islands at which he touched. Of one island only, the Lagoon Island, discovered by Captain Cook, he tells us that "strict integrity was observed in all their dealings." These people treated the women well; "they were inferior to the men in personal appearance, and mostly bow-legged; but they exerted an authority not very common among uncivilised people, by taking from the men whatever articles they received in exchange for their fruit, as soon as they returned to the shore. The good-natured countenances of these people, the honesty observed in all their dealings, and the great respect they paid their women, bespeak them a more amiable race than the avaricious Gambier Islanders." A few days after this, the vessel touched at Bow Island; of the natives of which, Captain Beechey says, "The superiority of sex was never more rigidly enforced than among these barbarians, nor were the male part of the human species ever more despicable."—"In no part of the world," says the author, in another passage; "are they (the women) treated more brutally. While their husbands are indulging their lethargic dispositions under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees, making no effort toward their own support, beyond that of eating when their food is placed before them, the women are sent to the reefs to wade over the sharp-pointed coral in search of shell-fish, or to the woods to collect pandanus-nuts. We have seen them going out at daylight on these pursuits, and returning quite fatigued with their morning toil. In this state, instead of enjoying a little repose on reaching their home, they are engaged in the laborious occupation of preparing what they have gathered for their hungry masters, who, immediately the nuts are placed before them, stay their appetites by extracting the pulpy substance contained in the outside woody fibres of the fruit, and throw the remainder to their wives, who further extract what is left of the pulp, for their own share, and then proceed to extricate the contents of the interior, consisting of four or five small kernels about the size of an almond." These kernels are carefully preserved for the men. "On one occasion, an unfortunate woman, who was pounding some of these nuts, which she had walked a great distance to gather, thinking herself unobserved, ate two or three kernels as she extracted them; but this did not escape the vigilance of her brutal husband, who instantly rose and felled her to the ground, in the most inhuman manner, with three violent blows of his fist."—*Beechey's Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific.*

THE FRENCH LILY.

'The Count W. had commissioned his brother, who resided at Moscow, to look out for some Frenchman who was competent to undertake the education of the Count's two sons, and to enter into the necessary arrangement with him for that purpose. A Frenchman of good appearance was selected from a great number of candidates, and was soon after despatched to Raginou. Things went on satisfactorily for some time, and the Count applauded the choice that his brother had made for him. One day a servant of the Count, who had been appointed to attend exclusively on the French tutor, accidentally observed that the latter had the mark of a lily printed on one of his shoulders. Astonished at a novelty so unaccountable, he ventured to question the Frenchman, who, taken by surprise, and probably not knowing exactly what explanation to give, told the servant, in great secrecy, that he was a member of the family of the Bourbons, who, after the revolution, had all agreed on printing that royal mark upon their persons, that it might always serve as a sign of recognition among themselves in any part of the world where their misfortunes might happen to lead them. Notwithstanding his promise to keep the matter secret, the servant, as may easily be imagined, hastened to inform every one of his fellow-domestics of his luck in having to attend on a person of royal blood. This soon came to the ears of the whole family, and from that moment he was treated by all with an obsequiousness and respect which almost placed the whole establishment at his command. Ill luck would have it, however, that one day a French emigrant, holding a distinguished rank in the Russian service, being on his way to Cazan, stopped at Raginou to spend a day with Count W. The latter hasted to inform his visitor of the illustrious personage who resided in his house. "But," said the traveller, "are you quite sure it is so?"—"Nothing more certain," replied the Count. "I have seen it, I have touched it, and so has almost everybody in the house."—"But what have you seen? Is it documents, parchments, or certificates?"—"Not at all," said the Count; "it is something infinitely surer than all that—nothing less than the mark of the fleur-de-lis printed on his shoulder!"—The astonishment of the traveller may be easily guessed, on learning this evidence of the tutor's pretensions to royalty; but when it was explained to the Count that it was the brand of a criminal, his indignation knew no bounds. The royal preceptor did not long remain under the Count's roof after the discovery of this impudent imposture.'—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

THE LIKINGS AND ANTIPATHIES OF DOGS.

'It is well-known that dogs will take likings, or dislikes to particular individuals, for no understood cause. It is said that they generally object to beggars or shabbily dressed persons, considering them suspicious characters; but to say nothing of the association of ideas which this implies,—far beyond what they are generally supposed to possess;—this illiberal opinion of poverty, and harshness towards the poor, looks more human than canine; and it is very certain that many a poor blind beggar has found in his dog a faithful friend and servant, and that wealthy individuals have been compelled to fly before the angry quadruped, of which they consider themselves the lords and masters. In Captain Beechey's Voyage to the Paci-

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fic, we find a curious instance of the different disposition of a Newfoundland dog, towards the natives of two neighbouring islands, none of whom were likely to influence the animal, by any magnificence of apparel, or imposing show of wealth. The Captain stopped at the largest of Gambier's Islands, and many of the natives crowded on the decks of his ship, curiously examining everything, and making off with such small articles as they could secrete without detection. —"They were pleased with many articles that were shewn them; but nothing made them so completely happy as the sight of two dogs that we had on board. The largest of these, of the Newfoundland breed, was big and surly enough to take care of himself; but the other, a terrier, was snatched up by one of the natives, and was so much the object of his solicitation, that it was only by force he was prevented carrying him away. To people who had never seen any quadruped before but a rat, so large an animal as a Newfoundland dog, and that perfectly domesticated and obedient to his master, natually excited intense curiosity, and the great desire of these people to possess themselves of it, is not to be wondered at. Had there been a female dog on board, they certainly should have had them both; but one would have been of no use, except, probably, to furnish a meal, which is the fate of all the rats they can catch." In the course of the same day, the Captain visited another island, but had no intercourse with the natives until the next morning, when the decks were again crowded. The numbers of visitors made it very difficult to guard the property, and the detection and pursuit of a thief having frightened them from the vessel for a few minutes, the Captain wished to prevent their return to the decks, and placed a marine at each of the ladders.—"But as the natives tried every method to elude their vigilance, the sentinels had an arduous task to perform, and disturbances must inevitably have arisen in the execution of their orders, had it not have been for our Newfoundland dog. It fortunately happened that this animal had taken a dislike to our visitors, and the deck being cleared, he instinctively placed himself at the foot of the ladder, and in conjunction with the little terrier, who did not forget his perilous hug of the day before, most effectually accomplished our wishes. The natives, who had never seen a dog before, were in the greatest terror of them; and Neptune's bark was soon found to be far more efficacious than the point of a sentry's bayonet, and much less likely to lead to serious disturbances. Besides, his activity cleared the main deck at once, and supplied the place of *all* the sentinels. The natives applied the name of *boa* to him, a word which, in the Otaheitan language, properly signifies a hog. But it may be observed that *boa* is applied equally to a bull or to a horse, which they (the Otaheitans) call *boa-afae-taata* (literally man-carrying pig) or to all foreign quadrupeds." These people, however, who had seen no quadrupeds but rats, could not associate the dog with the horse, the bull, or the hog, and probably understood by the word *boa*, simply a quadruped.'

THE GROWTH OF THE LOBSTER.

'The lobster still continuing to increase, while its shell remains unalterably the same, the animal becomes too large for its habitation, and imprisoned within the crust that has naturally gathered round it, there comes on a necessity of getting free. The young of this kind, therefore, that grow faster, as we are assured by the fishermen, change their shell oftener than the old, who, come to their full growth, remain in the shell often for two years together. In general, however, these animals change their shells once a year, and this is not only a most painful operation, but also subjects them to every danger. Just before casting its shell, it throws itself upon its back, strikes its claws upon each other, and every limb seems to tremble; its feelers are agitated, and the whole body is in violent motion; it then swells itself in an unusual manner, and at last the shell is seen beginning to divide at its junctures. It also seems turned inside out; and its stomach comes away with its shell. After this, by the same operation, it disengages itself of the claws, which burst at the joints; the animal, with a tremulous motion, casting them off, as a man would kick off a boot that was too big for him. Thus, in a short time, this wonderful creature finds itself at liberty; but in such a weak and enfeebled state, that it continues for several hours motionless. Indeed, so violent and painful is the operation, that many of them die under it, and those which survive, are in such a weakly state for some time, that they neither take food nor venture from their retreats. Immediately after this change, they have not only the softness, but the timidity of a worm. Every animal of the deep is then a powerful enemy, which they can neither escape nor oppose; and this, in fact, is the time when the dog-fish, the cod, and the ray, devour them by hundreds. But this state of defenceless imbecility continues for a very short time, the animal, in less than two days, is seen to have the skin that covered its body grown as hard as before; its appetite is seen to increase; and, strange to behold! the first object that tempts its gluttony, is its own stomach, which it so lately was disengaged from. This it devours with great eagerness; and, some time after, eats even its former shell. In about forty-eight hours, in proportion to the animal's health and strength, the new shell is perfectly formed, and as hard as that which was but just thrown aside. * * * * The creature thus furnished, not only with a complete covering, but also a greater share of strength and courage, ventures more boldly among the animals at the bottom; and not a week passes that in its combats it does not suffer some mutilation. A joint, or even a whole claw, is sometimes snapped off in these encounters. At certain times of the year, these animals never meet each other without an engagement. In these, to come off with the loss of a leg, or even a claw, is considered as no great calamity, the victor carries off the spoil to feast upon at his leisure, while the other retires from the defeat to wait for a thorough repair. This repair he is not long in procuring. From the place where the joint of the claw was cut away, is seen in a most surprising manner to bourgeon out the beginning of a new claw. This, if observed, at first, is small and tender, but grows in the space of three weeks, to be almost as large and as powerful as the old one. We say almost as large, for it never arrives to the full size; and this is the reason we generally find the claws of lobsters of unequal magnitude.'—*A natural History, drawn from the writings of Buffon, &c.*—[It is really not a little surprising that naturalists should have gained so much knowledge of the habits of fish in general, but zeal can effect many things, that appear at first view almost impossible. Still, it would be pleasant enough to know how the author learned that the lobster *considered* the loss of a leg or claw as "no great calamity." Bingley says that "the notion of lobsters losing their claws at thunder-claps, or the sound of cannon, is well authenticated;" and that the fishermen are often jestingly threatend with a salute, by the sailors.]

THE GROWTH OF FISHES.

'The fishermen assure us that sea-fish is not fit to be served up to table until it is six years old. They instance it in the growth of a mackarel: those of a year old, are as large as one's finger; those of two years are about twice that length; at three and four years, they are that small kind of mackarel that have neither milts nor roes; and between five and six, they are those full grown fish that are served up to our tables. In the same manner, with regard to flat fishes, they tell us that the turbot and plaice at one year, are about the size of a crown piece; the second year, as large as the palm of one's hand; and, at the fifth and sixth year, they are large enough to be served up to table. Thus it appears, that fishes are a considerable time in coming to their full growth.'—*The same.*

CATCHING ELECTRIC EELS.

'M. Humboldt gives an interesting account of the manner in which they catch these creatures, by what they call fishing with horses. After having scoured the savannah, and caught about thirty wild horses and mules, they drove them into the pool in which were the electric eels. The extraordinary noise caused by the horses' hoofs makes the fish issue from the mud, and excites them to combat. These yellowish and livid eels, resembling large aquatic serpents, swim on the surface of the water, and crowd under the bellies of the horses and mules. A contest between animals of so different an organization furnishes a very striking spectacle. The Indians, provided with harpoons and long slender reeds, surround the pool closely; and some climb upon the trees, the branches of which extend horizontally over the surface of the water. By their wild cries and the length of their reeds they prevent the horses from running away and reaching the bank of the pool. The eels, stunned by the noise, defend themselves by the repeated discharge of their electric batteries. During a long time they seem to prove victorious. Several horses sink beneath the violence of the invisible strokes which they receive from all sides in organs the most essential to life, and, stunned by the force and frequency of the shocks, disappear under the water. Others panting, with mane erect and haggard eyes expressing anguish, raise themselves, and endeavour to flee from the storm by which they are overtaken. They are driven back by the Indians into the middle of the water; but a small number succeed in eluding the active vigilance of the fishermen. These regain the shore, stumbling at every step, and stretch themselves on the sand, exhausted with fatigue, and their limbs benumbed by the electric shocks of the eels. In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. The eel being five feet long, and pressing itself against the belly of the horse, makes a discharge along the whole extent of its electric organ. It attacks at once the heart, the intestines, and the *plexus cœliacus* of abdominal nerves. It is natural that the effect felt by the horses should be more powerful than that produced upon man by the touch of the same fish at only one end of his extremities. The horses are probably not killed, but only stunned. They are drowned from the impossibility of rising amid the prolonged struggle between the other horses and the eels. We had little doubt that the fishing would terminate by killing successively all the animals engaged; but by degrees the impetuosity of this unequal contest diminished, and the wearied eels dispersed. They require a long rest, and abundant nourishment, to repair what they have lost of galvanic force. The mules and horses appear less frightened; their manes are no longer bristled, and their eyes express less dread. The eels timidly approach the edge of the marsh, where they are taken by means of small harpoons fastened to long cords. When the cords are very dry, the Indians feel no shock on raising the fish into the air. In a few minutes we had five large eels, the greater part of which were but slightly wounded.—*The same.*

THE FISHERMAN'S DEPUTIES.

'The Remora, or Sucking-fish, has the power of adhering to whatever it sticks against, in the same manner as a cupping-glass sticks to the human body. ***** They are often seen adhering to the sides of ships, and to the bodies of sharks and other large fish. This adhesive quality gave rise to an absurd belief among the ancients, that the possessor of it had the power of arresting the progress of a ship in its fastest sailing. The Indians of Cuba and Jamaica formerly used to turn this quaity to account by keeping

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tame Remoras, with which they fished. The Remora was secured by a slender but strong line, to which was attached a buoy, and was thrown into the water, upon which it would immediately pursue and fasten upon any fish that it perceived.—*A Natural History, drawn from Buffon, &c.*—[In China the fishermen are assisted in their labours by a bird, called the Cormorant, which they train up for the purpose, as was formerly the practice in England. Some men employ great numbers of these birds, taking the precaution of tying a leathern band round the neck of each, to prevent their swallowing their prey. They dive into the water, and when they have caught a fish, faithfully deliver it up to their master. It is said that if they seize upon a fish too large for the strength of one bird, another will assist, and, that one carrying it by the head and another by the tail, they, in this manner, convey it to the boat. When the birds have done their duty, their collars are removed, and they are permitted to supply themselves. There was formerly, and as late as the reign of Charles the First, an officer of the royal household, in England, who bore the title of Master of the Cormorants. As the birds are not very numerous in this country, it was found, perhaps, easier to catch the fish than them. There is a story told somewhere, of a gentleman, who had an eagle as his caterer, and who, instead of sending to the poulterer's or the butcher's, sent regularly to a nest upon the cliffs, for the daily fare of his family.]

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

'The Hermit or Soldier Crab has no shell to any part except its nippers; but what Nature has denied this animal, it supplies by art; and taking possession of the deserted shell of some other animal, it resides in it, till, by growing too large for its habitation, it is under a necessity of change. * * * * It is very diverting to observe these crabs when changing the shell. The little soldier is seen busily parading the shore along that line of pebbles and shells which is formed by the extremest wave, still, however, dragging its old incommodious habitation at its tail, unwilling to part with one shell, even though a troublesome appendage, until it can find one more convenient. It is seen stopping at one shell, turning it, and passing it by; going on to another, contemplating that for awhile, and then slipping its tail from the old habitation, to try on the new; this also is found to be inconvenient, and it quickly returns to its old shell again. In this manner it frequently changes, till at last it finds one light, roomy, and commodious; to this it adheres, though the shell be sometimes so large as to hide the body of the animal, claws and all. Yet it is not only till after many trials, but many combats also, that the Soldier is completely equipped; for there is often a contest between two of them for some well-looking favourite shell for which they are rivals. They both endeavour to take possession: they strike with their claws, they bite each other, till the weakest is obliged to yield, by giving up the object of dispute. It is then that the victor immediately takes possession, and parades in his new conquest three or four times backward and forward upon the strand, before his envious antagonist.'—*The same.*

RATHER AN ODD STORY.

'Gesner assures us, that it (the nightingale) is not only the most agreeable songster in a cage, but that it is possessed of a most admirable faculty of talking, He tells the following rather doubtful story, in proof of his assertion, which he says was communicated to him by a friend. "Whilst I was at Ratisbon," says his correspondent, "I put up at an inn, the sign of the Golden Crown, where my host had three nightingales. * * * * * It was usual, about midnight, to hear the two nightingales jangling and talking with each other, and plainly imitating men's discourses. Besides repeating the daily discourse of the guests, they chaunted out two stories. One of their stories was concerning the tapster and his wife, who refused to follow him to the wars, as he desired her; for the husband endeavoured to persuade his wife, as for as I understood by the birds, that he would leave his service at an inn, and go to the wars in hopes of plunder. But she refused to follow him, resolving to stay either at Ratisbon, or go to Nuremberg. There was a long and earnest contention between them; and all this dialogue the birds repeated. They even repeated the unseemly words which were cast out between them, and which ought rather to have been suppressed and kept a secret. The other story was concerning the war which the Emperor was then threatening against the Protestants; which the birds probably heard from some of the generals that had conferences in the house. These things did they repeat in the night after twelve o'clock, when there was a deep silence. But, in the day time, for the most part they were silent, and seemed to do nothing but meditate and revolve with themselves upon what the guests conferred upon together, as they sat at table, or in their walks.'—*The same.*

THE TENDER HEARTED WHALE.

'The fidelity of these animals (whales) to each other, exceeds whatever we are told of even the constancy of birds. Some fishers, as Anderson informs us, having struck one of two whales, a male or a female, that were in company together, the wounded fish made a long and terrible resistance; it struck down a boat with three men in it, by a single blow of the tail, by which all went to the bottom. The other still attended its companion, and lent it every assistance, till, at last, the fish that was struck, sunk under the number of its wounds; while its faithful associate, disdaining to survive the loss, with great bellowing, stretched itself upon the dead fish, and shared its fate.'—*The same.*

FECUNDITY OF FISH.

'A single cod produces, at a birth, two-thirds as many young ones as there are inhabitants in all Great Britain, above nine millions. The flounder produces more than a million at a birth; and the mackarel, five hundred thousand. * * * * A single herring, if suffered to multiply unmolested and undiminished for twenty years, would show a progeny greater in bulk than ten such globes as that we live upon.'—*A Natural History, drawn from the writings of Buffon, &c.*

LONGEVITY OF THE PIKE.

'Gesner relates that in the year 1497, a pike was taken near Hailbrun, in Suabia, with a brazen ring affixed to it, on which were these words in Greek characters: "I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake, by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederic the Second, the fifth of October 1230."'

THE "AMENDE HONORABLE."

'This was an ignominious punishment, termed "honorable" on account of its being inflicted only on persons of high rank. The offender was led through the streets, bare-headed and bare-footed, with a burning link in his hands, to the seat of justice, or some other public place, where he confessed his offences, and begged forgiveness of the injured party.—*Cotgrave.*—The celebrated financier, Jacques Cœur, according to Monstrelet, was condemned to make the amende honorable to the King, *by the proxy of his attorney*, "bare-headed and ungirdled, having a lighted link of ten pounds weight in his hand; and he was to declare that he had falsely, disloyally, &c." The Damsel of Mortiagne suffered the same ignominy, *in the person of her attorney.*'—The hint is submitted to the reformers of our criminal code.'—*Notes to Leitch Ritchie's Romance of History.*

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Romance of History. France. By Leitch Ritchie. Second Edition. In 3 vols. 8vo. Bull.

THESE volumes have fairly seduced us out of our plan of never taking any notice of novels or tales; nor do we now mean to depart from that plan, unless the temptation be strong, and the matter easily available for extracting. It is not that we have a dislike to novels. On the contrary, we are so fond of them, that we do not believe anybody could give a better account at a moment's notice of the contents of the novel department in the commonest catalogue of a circulating library. To say nothing of the writers who have been gathered into collections, we know well Mr Lane, and Mr Latham, and Mr Walker, and Mr Pickersgill, and Mr Sicklemore, and Mr Horsley Curteis, and Miss Minifie, and Miss Gunning, and Mrs Meeke, and Mrs Parsons, and Mrs Helme, and Mrs Bennett, and Mrs Hunter, and Mrs West, and Miss Burney, and Mrs Roche, and our beloved slip-slop Anne of Swansea, who writes like an inspired lady's-maid, and the authoress or the author of Morgiana (very clever), and the Adventures of Monsieur de Brinboc, which looked like the first essay of Sir Walter Scott. And very pretty pickings too might be got out of these names; sometimes in spite of grammar itself, and of all sorts of mistakes: for whatever has been said against the novels of circulating libraries, and of the undoubted trash to be found among them, we maintain upon the whole, that the flow of popular fiction for the last forty years has been highly creditable, both to the generation that swallowed, and the writers that produced it. But till our little journal be larger, (which we hope it will be), and warrant us in procuring assistance, we cannot pretend to criticize novels in general, because it is neither so easy to make a speedy judgment of their contents, as it is with works not fictitious, nor do they present such ready and extractable passages, entire in themselves. On the present occasion we have been seduced into an exception from our rule, partly by the historical foundation of the stories, partly by their shortness compared with novels, but chiefly by the hold which they took upon us, and by certain sympathies of the *idem velle atque nolle* which we flatter ourselves we discern in the author.

Our readers perhaps will not ask, after this, why we notice a work for the first time, which has been criticised, months ago, in other journals. A new edition gives a right to criticize any book; and, besides, we cannot help it; and so there's an end.

We remember a criticism in our contemporary, *The Spectator*, in which Mr Leitch Ritchie's name was pleasantly compared to the sound of the chirruping of birds. The least and most playful bit of truth makes an impression upon us; but till we became acquainted with this author's writings, we did not expect that this agreeable fancy would have been corroborated by the many other pleasant impressions which we have received from the work before us, and which have associated the author in our minds, with other vernal ideas of youth and beauty. We conclude Mr Ritchie to be, if not young, *youngish*; otherwise he surely would have been heard of before. If he is not older than we take him to be, he has singularly retained some of the faults, as well as beauties, of early genius. At all events he must have lived long enough to have observed a great deal; a delicate insight into human nature being one of the characteristics of his writings, no less than a certain exuberance of style *sometimes*, and a very graceful and cordial sympathy with the beautiful, always. Mr Ritchie, furthermore, is a scholar and a man of reading: one who reads history in a right spirit; who has profited by Voltaire, without being blind to his defects; and while admiring the autumnal colours of *the past*, has faith in the spring to come, and thinks even the winter may be improved to the shivering part of his species. He has been called the Sir Walter Scott of the brief story. The compliment is a great one, but it is deserved; and doubtless he values it as he ought. But in what we have just alluded to, Mr Ritchie has an advantage over Sir Walter: and he has one other, very acceptable in our eyes, and very desirable, we think, by all;—his females are pleasanter. He has a faith in womanhood, which Sir Walter has not. He does not think it necessary to tie and bind up his heroines in so many formalities; and we think he is right, not only on the side of the agreeable, but the prudent. He has not the wide range at present, of Sir Walter's knowledge. Perhaps he never will. Perhaps there are sore places in humanity into which he will never desire to look, further than with a wish to heal them. His inclinations, though leaning to the true, incline him to pass more hours than his great countryman, into the beautiful; but as beauty, in a high philosophical sense, is truth, and the identity promises to be more acknowledged every day, we are glad of this leaning in our author to the brighter side, not only on his own account, but because it helps to realize what it loves, for the world. We must observe, that Mr Ritchie sometimes draws a little too hard upon his probabilities; which is a pity, especially when we consider the accuracy of his historical painting, and the pains he has taken to corroborate it by his scholarship. If in his next work (for we take it for granted he must write more of the same sort) he would prune his epithets a little, restrain somewhat his inclination for dramatic surprise (which has but a melo-dramatic air with one or two of his pieces) and resolve to have nothing in any part of a narrative, unworthy of the rest (we mean in point of nature and likelihood), he will write stories as complete as charming, and be numbered among the happiest contributors to our stock of fiction.

We have read all Mr Ritchie's stories but the 'Phantom Fight,' the 'Dream Girl,' and the 'Lottery of Jewels.' These are pleasures we have to come. Our favourites at present are, the 'Serf,' the 'Pilgrim of St James,' the 'Bondsman's Feast,' the 'Magic Wand,' and the 'Rock of the Fort,'—all in the second and third volumes. The whole of the first volume appears to be young writing, compared with these. The 'Man-Wolf,' the 'Adventures of Eriland, and the 'King of the Beggars,' are too forced in some of their incidents. The 'King of the Beggars,' in particular, has what we mean by a melo-dramatic air; though we like the goblin "ho, ho!" of the hero too, and relish his approbation of the jewels.

We are puzzled what extract to give. Nay, upon reflection, we are *not* puzzled, for unquestionably the history of the cliff-scaling in the 'Rock of the Fort' must be our first extract. It is one of the most *suspending* stories we ever read, and in the middle of it fairly made our legs ache, out of sympathy with the men on the rope. It is the account of a set of seamen and their officer, scaling a cliff six hundred feet high, for the purpose of getting into a town by stratagem. The rope is fastened for them above by the officer's mistress, to "an old wheel which had been used in weighing stones for the repair of the ramparts;" and the officer is telling the story to the gallant Henri Quatre and the fair Gabrielle. The interest, at the point where poor André says he can climb no further, is surely intense.

'We remained, I think,' says Captain Boisrosé, 'for upwards of an hour, before we saw that the rope was nearly all spun out. At length, the hoisting ceased; the labour of Monique was at a close; and we lashed the cable's end securely to the boat. All things went bravely on; we had hit our time to a minute; the sky was covered with a pall, the ends of which seemed to hang far over the horizon of the earth; the winds piped loud and wild, and the answering sea danced and shouted to the sound; there was not a twinkle of starlight above, and below there were only the white heads of the billows seen dim and far in the waste. It was now the dead watch, and deep middle of the night.

'We followed the rope with our eye towards our destination; but it was lost in darkness. We could not even see the edge of the cliff against the sky. At length a light appeared like a star, far, far above our heads: it was the signal that all was ready, and we eagerly threw ourselves upon the rope to try, by a strain, whether it was securely enough fastened above. It did not yield.

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'"Now, my lads," cried I, "now for the crow's nest! André, my noble heart! you shall lead the way; and although I doubt no man of you, any more than I doubt the mass, yet I myself will bring up the rear. There must be no return, once our feet have left the boat! Remember, I require no compulsion even now: stay below whoever pleases; but if you mount, you shall never descend this way alive. Whatever difficulties we may meet with on the way, or whatever alarm we may hear above, on we must go. This dagger, sharpened on purpose, I shall carry in my mouth, to cut the rope below me on the first murmur of mutiny. Are you all agreed?"

'"Ay, ay, ay!" was the answer from every hero of them. The winds, waves, and rocks shouted their applause; and the sea, rising wildly around us, broke in a deluge over our heads,

'"Now for it, my lads!" cried André, in the midst of the din—"Follow who will, here I go like a rigger!" and he sprang upon the rope, and disappeared in the darkness above. Up they jumped behind him, one after another, head and shoulders. Sacré! it would have done your Majesty's heart good to have seen it! Up they jumped—the rope swung, the sea roared—hurrah! I sheathed my dagger, for I saw there would be no use for it: and, drunken with exultation, as the last man left the gunwale, I almost leaped upon his shoulders.

'We had gained the middle, three hundred yards from the surface of the sea, and three hundred yards from the surface of the land. We were in total darkness; and the rope, notwithstanding our enormous weight, agitated by the rocking of the boat, and the rushing of the storm, swung and swayed like a thread.

'"Hold fast!" cried the Lieutenant at that moment—but there was no need of the command. We had all stopped suddenly, as if we had been one man, and clung with a death-grip to the rope. We knew not whether the danger—imminent, mortal, and overwhelming—was above or below; but we felt as if we were lost. A hundred different ideas swept through my mind in one instant; but the predominating one was that Monique had been discovered, and that the garrison were heaving off the rope above. I was confirmed in this belief by a wild and piercing voice screaming into my ears,—it was the voice of Monique! But this was impossible!—or, had they thrown her headlong down, shrieking into the abyss?

'That I heard and felt all this in the compass of a few seconds may seem strange, and yet it is most true. The next moment, the motion of the rope which had produced these ideas was repeated, and a shudder seemed to run through it from end to end. It then swayed so wide and so high, being carried with the boat driving from her moorings on the top of an enormous wave, that it was with the utmost difficulty we kept our hold: and it then broke off from its lashings, with a report like that of a cannon, and we swung far and free in the storm.

'Thrice we were flung with such violence against the cliff, that many of our helmets crashed like nutshells; but at last, by desperate and continued efforts, grasping at the nearest fissures of the rock, we contrived to keep the frail machine comparatively steady. It was some time before we thought of resuming our progress; and there we hung, in the dead middle of the night, suspended three hundred feet above the roaring sea, supported by nothing more than a rope fastened three hundred feet above our heads by the weak fingers of a maid.

'I at last became impatient, and passed the word to go on; but the order was given in vain. Notwithstanding my threat of cutting the rope in case of mutiny, it seemed as if the very fact of the existence of a communication with the boat had had the effect of nerving the hearts of some of the men, which now failed them when that communication was cut off. André, the leader of the crew, he on whom I depended so much, sunk suddenly into a state of stupefaction and despair; and when I demanded furiously the cause of the delay, word was passed to me from mouth to mouth, that he had declared himself to be unable to proceed a step higher.

'The situation was terrible. The faint tones in which some of the men spoke informed me that the contagion was spreading; we should hang there—those who had nerve enough to preserve their hold—till daylight appeared; and, when discovered by the garrison, we should be dropped down into the hissing hell of waters, with the deriding and exulting cries of the victors ringing, like the laughter of demons, in our ears!

'"Wretch!" I exclaimed, "it is better that one perish than all!" and, passing the word to hold fast, I climbed up the rope over the heads of my comrades. Each man, as I reached him, assured me, although some with faltering voices, that his resolution was unshaken, and that if I only cleared the way, he would follow me to the death; but when I arrived at André, he was immoveable. His voice was fearfully calm, while he told me that he felt it impossible to go on,—that he would remain there and die.

'"That you shall not," said I; "the lives of so many brave men shall not be sacrificed to the despair of a coward;" and grappling with him fiercely, I tore his feeble hands from their hold, and bent him down over the abyss. I know not what withheld my arm, as I was about to send him headlong into the sea; but I believe it was the remembrance of that gentle scene I had witnessed with him at the village church. I can hardly understand it now; but at that moment, even amidst the howling of the night tempest, I heard the maidens' voices, in their sweet wild song, swell distinctly on my ear, and the innocent face of his young fair mistress gleamed upon me like a spirit through the darkness.

'My heart was softened, but my tongue bitter. I raised him up, and fixed his hands again upon the rope; and, with every execration that hate and scorn could teach the human lips, I stabbed him repeatedly, but not deeply, in the legs and back with my dagger. The sense of pain roused him to the sense of insult; and at length, as I repeated my attacks, his fear vanished, and grasping the rope with one hand, he tugged at his sword with the other to combat his enemy on the spot.

'"I will meet you on the ramparts," said I, sliding down the backs of my comrades to my original post.

'"On! on!" cried they, with one voice: "the day breaks!—on, or we are lost!" and André rushed frantically up the trembling ladder.

'We at length gained the edge of the precipice, and crept one by one upon the ramparts. That moment was delightful! we unbound our swords and battle-axes, and my comrades gathered round me to take orders for the assault. Monique at the instant startled us by bursting into the circle. She sunk down before me, and clasped my knees.

'"They are asleep!" said she, in a whisper that was heard distinctly by all present—"they are sound asleep—calm and unsuspecting on their peaceful beds! Oh, spare them! spare them!"—But we did not spare them!'

'Wretch!' cried Gabrielle, 'after having just escaped such dangers yourselves!'

'That was just the reason,' returned Boisrosé; 'we had no fancy to be hurled down the cliff again; the numbers were three to one against us; and before we had nearly reduced them to an equality, so many had time to rub their eyes and arm, that, after all, we had a fair stand-up fight for the fort, which we gained—besides, they were Protestants.'

'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed Gabrielle, 'that you have come to an end one way or other. I am sure, I wished heartily that the rope had broken above, rather than below you; for I thought you never meant to have got more than half-way; and certes, if I had gone to bed, with my imagination hanging with you on that eternal line, the storm shrieking in my ears, and the sea roaring at my feet, I should have risen in the morning mad!—Now tell me, out of what stale romance have you filched that adventure?'

'It is all true, Madam,' said the Marquis of Rosny—'true, every syllable, as I have had an opportunity of knowing. If ever I write the history of my own time, I shall not forget, be assured, the story of the Rock of the Fort.'*

* Nor did he—See Mémoires de Sully.

SIR WALTER AND HIS WRONG-HEADEDNESS.

We are desirous that a passage in our yesterday's first article should not be misunderstood. It is where we allude to Sir Walter Scott's forgetfulness of the distressed state of the labouring poor. We do not mean to imply that he is in his own person a hard-hearted man. We believe him to be the reverse. We believe him, among his friends and acquaintances, and those who are dependent on him, to be a man of very humane intercourse, very kind and generous. But how much does not this add to the infamy of the iniquitous system, which can render the imagination of such a man insensible to the wants of his fellow-creatures, at the least possible given distance from his own sphere? It so prevails upon him, that he not only lives in the past, by the natural turn of his genius, but is content to do so, in spite of all the cries and sufferings of the present, in spite of inequalities which he could not bear to contemplate on his own premises, in spite of the lessons of the past itself, in spite of the horror expressed even in his own works, and of the horrible scenes he has been obliged to paint.

Sir Walter Scott prophecies nothing but ill for the future, and yet speaks of God and the government of the world. To be sure, he falls into an inconsistency in doing this; for in order to save the reputation of the divine arbiter, whom he has undertaken to bring personally into the question, he allows that good will be brought out of the evil. Knowledge and habit are always struggling in him for the mastery, and uttering two voices. The impression, however, which he wishes to leave on the minds of his auditors, is of the most evil augury. There is a curious passage in Dante's 'Inferno,' in which he introduces those who undertook to make use of God's name in their prophecies of the future, and to play the diviner and mystic, as condemned, for their arrogant looks into futurity, to walk with their faces the wrong way, and *be eternally looking at the past*. Thus they walked one way, and looked another. They proceeded onwards, as Sir Walter does, and as all the rest of the world are doing, and yet could see nothing but retrospectively. Among them is his name-sake and predecessor in enchantment, Michael Scott, who, says Dante,—

"——— veramente
De le magiche frode seppe il giuoco."

"Was deep in all the wiles of magic art."

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His wizard lore, however, according to the great poet, did not hinder him from being one of the most wrong-headed of men: nor has Sir Walter been saved by his. This passage in Dante singularly tallies with the happy quotation of Mr Hazlitt, calling Sir Walter "a prophecier of things past."

Spenser, in converting the fiction of Dante to his own purposes, has made the retrospective face the characteristic of Ignorance; and Ignorance he makes the Keeper of Pride's Castle, and foster-father of that Giant:—

> "But very uncouth sight was to behold,
> How he did fashion his untoward pace;
> For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
> So backward still was turned his wrincled face:
> Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace
> Both feet and face, one way are wont to lead.
> This was the auncient Keeper of that place,
> And foster-father of the Gyaunt dead;
> His name Ignaro did his nature right aread."
>
> *Faerie Queen*, Book I.

A more ignorant set of men, in the deepest and most serious meaning of that word, we do not believe to exist, than the party to which education has happened to attach Sir Walter; but it is hard in Toryism to have done such mischief to one of the most precious heads of the time, as to have wrenched it into the very personification of Ignorance.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Reader, if the following little effusion hath not a tone in it, that maketh it fit company for the lute of Beaumont and Fletcher, then hath friendship marvellously bewitched our hearing. The author, though he hath sent us divers other memorials of his art, hath ungratefully sworn that he will write no more poetry; so that these and all other verses, which may appear under the like signature (which by the way is of our giving) are to be considered as the remains of an *Ex-Poet*,—a new kind of abdicated praise, which we trust the world will not tolerate, as being of a totally different race from those who are "most tolerable, and not to be endured."]

SONG, FOR MUSIC.

I.

Is my lover on the sea?
Sailing East, or sailing West?
Mighty ocean, gentle be:
Rock him into rest.

II.

Let no hateful wind arise,
Nor a wave with angry crest;
All be gentle as his eyes,
When he is caress'd.

ALCANZOR

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE PRINCE DE LIGNE AND ROUSSEAU.

When Rousseau returned from his exile, I called to see him in his garret in the Rue Platrière; but up to the moment of my reaching the landing-place of his apartment, I had not made up my mind as to the most advisable way of introducing myself. Instinct has frequently served me better than reflection; so that I trusted to chance, and entered boldly. "Who is there?" said Jean-Jacques.—"I beg pardon, sir," I said, "I wish to see M. Rousseau of Toulouse."—"I am Rousseau of Geneva."—"Oh! the great botanist, I suppose, from what I see there. What a number of plants and big volumes! They are more valuable than all those that are written!" Rousseau made a grin which almost amounted to a smile, and he forthwith set about showing me the collection of leaves and plants inserted in his folio volumes. I feigned an admiration, which was surely not deserved by what I saw before me, and Rousseau resumed his work, with his spectacles and nose almost touching the sheets, and quite unmindful of my presence. I asked pardon for interrupting him once more, and inquired where M. Rousseau of Toulouse was to be found; but for fear he should tell me, and thus cut off at once all pretext for my staying, I added, "Is it true that you possess so much skill in copying music?" Upon this he immediately went and fetched some books, which he showed me, saying, "See how neat that is!" Then he went on speaking of the difficulty of the labour, and of his own peculiar aptitude for it, like Sganarelle, who prided himself so much in making fagots. The respect I felt for such a man had given me a sort of shivering when I put my hand on the latch of his door to open it, and prevented me from prolonging a conversation which might have seemed an intended mystification had it been made to last longer. I thought enough had passed to serve as an introduction, and appearing as if I was about to withdraw, I observed that I supposed he had merely recourse to such an occupation for the purpose of cooling occasionally the heat of his imagination. "Alas!" said he, "other occupations, intended for my own and other people's instruction, have done me but too much injury." I observed that the only part of his writings on which I fully agreed with him, was where he shows the danger of possessing historical and literary knowledge without a mind sufficiently matured in judgment. On this, he put aside his work and his spectacles, and he entered into a discussion of the subject, in which he displayed a refinement of ideas superior to what is evinced by most of his writings, and which perhaps the solitude around him, when committing his thoughts to paper, has always prevented his works from bearing the exact character of. In the course of his remarks, he indulged freely in exclamations on the perverseness of mankind. I had so far succeeded as to venture to contradict him. I said, "Those who complain of mankind are themselves men, so that they may very easily deceive themselves in regard to others." This made him reflect a little. I added that I was likewise of his opinion as to the manner of granting and receiving favours, and the extent of gratitude when favours come from those for whom it is impossible to entertain any regard. This appeared to hit his fancy. I then entered on the other extreme which was to be apprehended—ingratitude. On this he darted into a variety of reflections, and made the most vivid allusions, which he mixed up with some sophistical maxims. I interrupted him at last by saying, "But supposing Mr Hume were sincere?" He asked me if I was acquainted with him. I said that I had had a very animated conversation with him regarding his (Rousseau's) writings, and that the fear of being unjust prevented me from expressing the opinions I had formed relative to persons.

His nasty wife, or maid-servant, interrupted us occasionally by asking questions about her linen or her broth. He answered her always in a manner which would have exalted even the most unworthy things in nature. He did not appear to distrust me in the least. I had, indeed, kept his mind in a constant tension since I had come in, that he might not have even a moment's time to reflect on my visit. I put an end to it at last, much against my inclination, and after fixing for a moment the countenance of the author of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, I quitted the garret, the abode of rats, but the sanctuary of genius. He rose, conducted me to the stairs with an air expressive of interest, but he did not ask my name. He would not, to be sure, have retained it in his memory, for the names only of such men as Tacitus, Sallustus, and Pliny could make a lasting impression on his mind.

When afterwards I learnt among the intimate friends of the Prince de Conti, such as the Archbishop of Toulouse, the President d'Aligre, and other prelates and parliamentary members, that those two classes of corrupted men intended to throw Jean Jacques again into trouble, I addressed to him the letter which he showed about, or very improperly caused to be copied, and which appeared afterwards in all the public prints. He thought proper, according to his usual practice, to look upon the offer it contained of a retreat as a snare which his enemies had prevailed on me to set for him. This kind of madness had most strangely taken possession of this great and unhappy man. His first impression, however, was always good; and the day after he received my letter he called on me to return his thanks. When Rousseau's name was announced I could hardly trust my ears; when he opened the door, I could hardly trust my eyes. Louis XIV did not perhaps experience a prouder feeling when he received the embassy from Siam than I did on this occasion. The account he gave of his misfortunes, the description of his enemies, and his belief that all Europe had conspired against him, would have been really painful, had he not embellished his discourse by the charms of eloquence. I endeavoured to divert his mind from thoughts so gloomy by directing his attention to rural amusements. I asked how he, who was so fond of the country, could think of remaining in such a noisy and bustling place as Paris. He then made some of his paradoxical reflections relative to the power of writing on liberty in prison, and of describing the charms of spring whilst the snow is lying on the ground. I spoke of Switzerland, and I showed, without seeming to intend it, that I knew his Héloïse and Saint-Preux by heart. It became evident to him that his *Nouvelle Héloïse* was the only one of his works which suited my fancy, and that even if I were capable of deep thought, I should never give myself the trouble of thinking intensely. I believe I never displayed so much wit (and it was perhaps the only time in my life that I took any pains for that purpose) as during the eight hours that my two conversations with Jean-Jacques took up. When he intimated to me that he was determined to await in Paris all the decrees of arrest with which he was threatened by the clergy and the parliament, I took the liberty of making some severe remarks relative to his mode of conceiving what celebrity consisted in. "Monsieur Rousseau," I said, "the more you hide yourself, the more you expose yourself to notoriety; the more you wish to live like a misanthrope, the more you will become a public man."

His eyes were as brilliant as two stars. There was a radiancy of genius in the expression of his features which almost electrified me. I remember that our conversation closed by my saying to him two or three times, with tears in my eyes, "I wish, sir, you may be happy in spite of yourself. If you are determined not to inhabit

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the temple I would raise for you on the estate to which I have a sovereign right, and where there is neither clergy nor parliament to molest you, but in lieu thereof the prettiest sheep in the world, stay, and you may be happy in France. If, as I hope, you are suffered to remain unmolested, sell all your works, buy some pretty little country-house in the neighbourhood of Paris, open your doors only to a few of your admirers, and depend upon it you will be soon forgotten." I do not believe this would have suited him exactly, nor do I think that he would have stayed much longer at Ermonville had not death overtaken him there. He seemed touched with the effect he produced on me; and convinced of the enthusiastic feeling I entertained for him, he expressed a greater interest and acknowledgement than he was in the habit of evincing to any one. I experienced after his leaving me the same kind of vacuous feeling which is felt on awaking after a very fine dream.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

PRINCE DE LIGNE'S LETTER TO ROUSSEAU.

Sir,—I am the person who called on you the other day. I would wish to do so again, but I will not, for you are not fond of eager manifestations.

Pray think of what I proposed to you. In my country people are unable to read, therefore you will neither be admired nor persecuted there.

You shall have the key of my library and of my gardens. You shall see me or not, just as you please. You shall have a pretty little country-house to yourself, at a short distance from mine: you will plant and sow there, and do just as you please.

Jean Baptiste and his wit ended their days in Flanders; but he only made verses. Jean Jacques and his genius would live there. Let it be at mine or his abode that you may continue *vitam impendere vero.* If you desire still greater liberty, I have another bit of land which is dependent on no one, where the sky is clear and the air pure, and it is only eighty leagues from hence. I have neither an archbishop nor a parliament; but instead of them, I have the finest sheep in the world. There are bee-hives in abundance, which shall be yours if you like them: if not, they shall be taken away. That republic would behave better to you than the republic of Geneva, to which you have done so much honour, and would have done so much good.

Like you, Sir, I neither love thrones nor arbitrary rule. You will reign over no one, but no one shall reign over you. If you accept my offer, I will call for you, and take you to the Temple of Virtue. That shall be the name of your habitation; but *we* will not call it thus, and your modesty shall be spared all the triumphs you deserve. If all this does not suit you, let it pass as if it had never been said. I shall not see you, but I shall continue to read your works, and to admire you.—*The same.*

AN ITALIAN GOVERNESS.

A maid-servant from Provence had, somehow or other, made her way to Moscow, where she gave herself out as a lady of education, who wanted a situation as governess. She contrived, in fact, to impose on the credulity of a lady of respectability, who engaged her chiefly for the purpose of teaching Italian to her daughter. The governess knew not a word of this language; but as her own native tongue, the Provençal, bears some resemblance to Italian, in regard to pronunciation, she taught that language to her pupil, who, in fact, after three years study, became as complete a mistress of it as the capacity of her governess was able to make her. The imposture, however, could not always remain concealed; but it was a long time before the young lady could be persuaded that she had been losing her time in learning a useless *patois.*—*Journal of a Nobleman.* [It has been said that many a French governess in this country, has been a maid-servant, or some such thing, in her own; but in the present times, few persons are so ignorant as to be deceived so grossly; though, doubtless, many are yet employed in that capacity, who are very incompetent.]

DRUMMED OUT.

Ledelius tells of a woman who was very much incommoded by crickets, and tried, but in vain, every method to banish them from her house. She at last accidentally succeeded; for, having one day invited several guests to her house, where there was a wedding, in order to increase the festivity of the entertainment, she procured drums and trumpets to entertain them. The noise of these was so much greater than what the little animals were used to, that they instantly forsook their situation, and were never heard in that mansion more.

SAINT PONCIO AND HIS HIGH OFFICE.

I forget whether it was from the Diario of Madrid or Barcelona that I took the following singular heading in relation to the religious ceremonies of the day. "To-morrow, being Friday, will be celebrated the feast of the glorious martyr, San Poncio, advocate and protector against bed-bugs—*abogado contra las chinches.*" There will be mass all the morning, and at seven o'clock will take place the blessing of branches and flowers, in honor of the aforesaid saint. The branches and flowers thus blessed are doubtless found efficacious in preserving houses from these irksome tenants, and so form a convenient substitute for the troublesome care of cleanliness.—*A Year in Spain.*

ROYAL RUSTICITIES.

The palace of Buen Retiro, where the court lived before the completion of the new palace, is at the eastern extremity of Madrid, overlooking the Prado.***** The garden of the Retiro is of great extent, but its situation is high and exposed, and the walks are far from agreeable. The present family has directed the different improvements, if indeed they may be so called, which are in progress here, and perhaps nowhere has there been so much labor expended, and so little produced. In one place is an artificial mound, with a Chinese Temple perched upon it; in another, a little cottage, with an old woman of wood sitting by a painted fire, and rocking her baby in a cradle; overhead are wooden hams and leathern sausages; whilst in an adjoining room, the good man of the house *is ill* and in bed, with a pot of soup beside him, and he rises by machinery when strangers enter. In another part, is an oblong lake, enclosed with a wall of cut stone, and a rich railing of iron. On one side of it is a small building surmounted by naval emblems, and a flagstaff, and beneath it is a dock or cove for the royal galley. The elevation of the Retiro is an obstacle to the bringing of water in pipes to fill the lake, and the object is therefore effected by the labor of a mule, who turns a wheel hard by, and is hidden under a rustic shed adorned with Egyptian pagods. Sometimes the royal family take a water excursion upon the lake. The basin is then filled, the gilded barge, which is truly classic in its construction, is floated to the stairs of the navy-yard, and the august individuals enter and put forth, with an air of perfect contentment and unaffected complacency, to the great admiration of the beholders, which is evinced by waving of hats and handkerchiefs. If you happen to be near the wheel-house, the creaking of the machinery, the *Arre!* of the muleteer, and the grunting of the mule, furnish a suitable musical accompaniment to this raree show.—*The same.*

THE SAME IS NOT THE SAME.

We heard this morning of a whimsical mistake of identity which occurred a few days before, and is the common talk of the town. An officer in Uhlan's corps of cavalry, well known to the consul, was walking along the streets, when a Bulgarian woman rushed out of her house, and ran towards him, exclaiming, "My dear boy! what! now that you are in a fine dress, are you ashamed of your poor mother?" Soon after an old woman claimed him for her grandson, and the younger branches of the family hailed him as a brother. He managed to make his escape for the time, but in passing through the streets, shortly after, he was upbraided for his unnatural conduct in disowning his relations. Thus assailed, he applied to Count Diebitsch for protection. An inquiry was established through the medium of the Bulgarian archbishop. The parties were confronted; the supposed mother called out, "If he be my son, he has a scar on the left side of his forehead" The officer's cap was removed, and, strange to say, the scar appeared on the identical spot. The woman triumphantly exclaimed, "He had that scar when he was eight years old." Here several Russian officers interposed, and said that the officer had left St Petersburgh without scar, and had received it in an affair with the enemy before Shumla. Thus ended this comedy of errors.—*Major Keppel's Journey Across the Balcan, &c.*

INGENIOUS MODE OF CONFESSING COWARDICE.

Near Radosto, we saw a young soldier mounted on a handsome charger, the reins of which were held by an old Turk with a venerable white beard. They were father and son. The younger man was known to John. His family was rich, and lived near the Asiatic castle of the Dardanelles. John asked him where he had been: he replied, "Military ardour inspired me with a wish to join my brave comrades in arms: but God's providence put fear into my heart, and so I returned.—*The same.*

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VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Hydrostatics. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, LL.D. F.R.S. (Being the Seventeenth Volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia). 12mo. pp. 353. Longman.

THIS treatise upon the laws which govern Liquids and Air, and upon the powers which they develope in experiment, is written in that style of ease, clearness, and propriety, which is one of the most agreeable results of the study of the sciences, and which seems to place the writer before us, expounding from his professional chair. But as the volume consists almost entirely of experimental illustrations, accompanied with engravings, and as we neither profess to be scientific, nor, to say the truth, are led by our inclinations to put the author's developments to the test, by any mode of pursuing his deductions, we can only profess our belief, that readers of a different turn will find abundance of useful and entertaining matter in his pages. We need not add, that the book is got up with the usual neatness. The illustrative figures amount in number to 130. While we acknowledge, however, this disinclination of ours, or, we should rather say, our incompetence (for we flatter ourselves that we might have been taught to like what we know to be so worthy of liking) we would fain claim the merit, as our parenthesis implies, of being deeply sensible of the importance of those branches of knowledge, which bear fruits of the most wonderful utility, aye, and of beauty too; beauty and utility being, in fact, as inseparable as the interests of those classes of men who sometimes fancy that they can be divided. We have touched upon this point before, in our remarks upon the admirable book of Mr Herschel! but we can never look at a scientific treatise without thinking of it, any more than we can abstract form and colour from the objects of science, or take blue ont of the sky, or the imagination and affections out of all those myriads of human beings, who are destined to reap the benefits of the severest philosophy.

Among the passages of Dr Lardner's book which may be selected without missing the illustrative engravings, the following are some of the most curious. We read the other day in the newspapers, of a proposed contrivance by which gentlemen were to converse in whispers from Liverpool to Manchester. (By the way, we know not what unlooked-for facilities the men of science may ultimately supply to proceedings not at all in their contemplation; for soft whispers are not confined to waggoners; and while the fathers are perfecting their iron ways, and sighing gruff orders for coals at the rate of fifty miles a second, the children may be employing collateral tubes for the arrangement of a jaunt to Gretna). Dr Lardner tells us of a new means of communication by water:—

'If a tube filled with water extended from London to York, a pressure excited on the liquid at the extremity in London, would be instantaneously transmitted to the extremity at York. It has been suggested, that such means might be used for telegraphic communications in situations where the frequency or importance would justify the expense of laying down pipes or tubes. An ingenious person in this country has tried the experiment with this view, and has laid down several miles of pipe for the purpose. Such a method of communication would have the advantage of being independent of those accidental interruptions to which lights, signals, and other similar contrivances are exposed.'

At page 58 is an agreeable account of the optical deception, by which the waves of the sea appear to have a progressive motion; but it is too long to extract, and the illustrative figures ought not to be wanting. However, we may give the following passages:—

'When we perceive the waves of the sea apparently advancing in a certain direction, we are irresistibly impressed with a notion that the sea itself is advancing in that direction. We consider that the same wave, as it advances, is composed of the same water, and that the whole surface of the liquid is in a state of progressive motion. A slight reflection, however, on the consequences of such a supposition, will soon convince us that it is unfounded. The ship which floats upon the waves is not carried forward with them; they pass beneath her, now lifting her on their summits, and now letting her sink into the abyss between. Observe a sea-fowl floating on the water, and the same effect will be seen. If, however, the water itself partook of the motion which we ascribe to its waves, the ship and the fowl would each be carried forward, and would have a motion in common with the liquid. Once on the summit of a wave, there they would continually remain, and their motion would be as smooth as if they were propelled upon the calm surface of a lake. Or if once in the valley between two waves, there likewise they would continually remain, the one wave continually preceding them, and the other following.

'In like manner, if we observe the waves continually approaching the shore, we must be convinced that this apparent motion is not one in which the water has any share: for were it so, the waters of the sea would soon be heaped upon the shores and would inundate the adjacent country: but so far from the waters partaking of the apparent motion of the waves in approaching the shore, this motion of the waves continues, even when the waters are retiring. If we observe a flat strand when the tide is ebbing, we shall still find the waves moving towards the shore.

'That the apparent motion of the waves is, therefore, an illusion, we can no longer doubt; but we are naturally curious to know what is the cause of this illusion. That a progressive motion takes place in *something*, we have proof, from the evidence of sight. That no progressive motion takes place in the liquid, we have also proof, both from the evidence of sight, and from other still more unquestionable testimony. To what then does the motion belong? We answer, to the *form* of the wave, and not to the liquid which composes it.'

* * * * * *

'It is the same cause (that which produces the deceptive appearance of a progressive motion in the waves of the sea) which makes a revolving cork-screw, held in a fixed position, seem to be advancing in that direction in which it would actually advance if the worm were passing through a cork. That point which is nearest to the eye, and which corresponds to the crest of the wave in the former example, continually occupies a different point of the worm, and continually advances towards its extremity.

'This property has lately been prettily applied in ornamental clocks. A piece of glass, twisted so that its surface acquires a ridge in the form of a screw, is inserted in the mouth of some figure designed to represent a fountain. One end of the glass is attached to the axle of a wheel, which the clockwork keeps in a state of constant rotation, and the other end is concealed in a vessel, designed to represent a reservoir or basin. The continual rotation of the twisted glass produces the appearance of a progressive motion, as already explained, and a stream of water continually appears to flow from the fountain into the basin.'

There is a popular notion, that the blue colour of the sky, besides being occasioned by distance, resides, as it were, in the distance itself. But how? What is a distance that can be coloured? The colour is in the atmosphere: it is the air that is blue: this green earth is surrounded by a blue air. Are not those very pretty colours, reader, to make a planet of, in which our posterity are all to be so useful and so comfortable?

'The atmosphere,' says Dr Lardner, 'is the thin transparent fluid which surrounds the earth to a considerable height above its surface, and which, in virtue of one of its constituent elements, supports animal life by respiration, and is necessary also to the due exercise of the vegetable functions. This substance is generally, but erroneously, regarded as invisible. That it is not invisible may be proved by turning our view to the firmament: that, in the presence of light, appears a vault of an azure or blue colour. This colour belongs not to anything which occupies the space in which the stars and other celestial objects are placed, but to the mass of air through which these bodies are seen. It may probably be asked, if the air be an azure-coloured body, why is not that which immediately surrounds us perceived to have this azure colour, in the same manner as a blue liquid contained in a bottle exhibits its proper hue? The question is easily answered.

'There are certain bodies which reflect colour so faintly, that, when they exist in limited quantities, the portion of coloured light which they transmit to the eye is insufficient to produce sensation, that is, to excite in the mind a perception of the colour. Almost all semitransparent bodies are examples of this. Let a champagne glass be filled with sherry, or other wine of that colour; at the thickest part, near the top of the glass, the wine will strongly exhibit its peculiar colour, but as the glass tapers, and its thickness is

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diminished, this colour will become more faint; and at the lowest point, it will almost disappear, the liquid seeming nearly as transparent as water.'

* * * * * *

'The water of the sea exhibits another remarkable example of this effect. If we look into the sea where the water has considerable depth, we find that its colour is a peculiar shade of green; but if we take up a glass of the water which thus appears green, we shall find it perfectly limpid and colourless. The reason is, that the quantity contained in the glass reflects to the eye too small a quantity of the colour to be perceivable; while the great mass of water, viewed when we look into the deep sea, throws up the colour in such abundance, as to produce a strong and decided perception of it.

'The atmosphere is in the same circumstances: the colour, from even a considerable portion of it, is too faint to be perceptible, Hence the air which fills an apartment, or which immediately surrounds us when abroad, appears colourless and perfectly transparent. But when we behold the immense mass of atmosphere through which we view the firmament, the colour is reflected with sufficient force to produce distinct perception. But it is not necessary for this that so great an extent of air should be exhibited to us as that which forms the whole depth or thickness of the atmosphere. Distant mountains appear blue, not because that is their colour, but because it is the colour of the medium through which they are seen.'

A hundred years ago, it would have been thought that there could be no greater illustration of an impossibility than to say of such and such a thing, "You might as soon expect to encounter your dog two thousand feet in the air, and to see him whining to come to you." Yet an aëronaut did this:—

'M. Blanchard dropped a dog suspended from a parachute, from the altitude of 6000 feet above the surface of the earth. A whirlwind interrupted its descent, and carried it above the clouds. The aëronaut soon after met the parachute again; the dog recognised its master, and expressed his uneasiness and solicitude by barking; another current of air, however, carried him off, and he was lost sight of. The parachute with the dog descended soon after the aëronaut in safety.'

The Romance of History. France. By Leitch Ritchie. Second Edition. In 3 vols. 8vo. Bull.

[Notice Concluded.]

In saying that Mr Ritchie has a tendency to be carried away into something over-dramatic in his incidents, we do not mean to imply that he is not often truly and affectingly dramatic. He is unquestionably so. We cannot call to mind, at the moment, any writer of a series of brief stories, who has so often surprised us in that particular; and we know of no such writer, who combines so many of the qualities of his wit so much to our liking. His tendency is to be exuberant in most things, not out of bad taste, but from an excess of relish for what is immediately before him: yet there is a strong spirit of good-sense pervading all; and we never met conjoined in an equal degree, under the same circumstances, the perception of the severe, the gentle, the judicious, the beautiful, and the true. There are two or three of his stories, we grant, which would give a reader but little notion that he could write the others; and some of them are disfigured by artificial displays, unworthy of the characters that give way to them, and by hurried and forced conclusions, like the lugging in of the *dramatis personæ* on a stage. We allude in particular to the termination of the 'Rock of the Fort,' and to the behaviour of Matilda with the wine cup in the 'Breton Kings.' But his three volumes are altogether an enchanted palace, in the rooms of which we encounter a singular variety of things gorgeous and fair, with scenes of interest both lively and mournful, with striking landscapes through the windows, with glimpses of masculine and bearded men, not unworthy of Sir Walter himself, and with heroes and heroines, in the book sense of the word, certainly superior to the young lay-figures, which the genius of Scotland has thought proper to send southward, as the legitimate specimens of youth and love. We will just run through the list of Mr Ritchie's stories, with a glance at each:—

'Bertha,' or the Court of Charlemagne.'—This is the famous story of Charlemagne's daughter, and her taking her lover on her shoulders across the snow of her father's court-yard. It is very prettily managed, and with a happy introduction of another lover, who is unsuccessful. The introduction of Charlemagne, in the incognito of his plebeian clothes, appears to have been suggested by that of Louis the Eleventh in 'Quentin Durward.'

'The Last of the Breton Kings.'—This story appears to us to be altogether forced, with the exception of the picture of the rebel king's palace, and its surrounding scenery.

'The Adventures of Eriland.'—Forced; and the descriptive details not very clear.

'The Man-Wolf.' Perhaps the least successful of all the stories.

'The King of the Beggars.'—Forced; and melo-dramatic.

'The Serf.'—Excellent and original: with an appalling catastrophe.

'The Pilgrim of St James.'—One of the most pleasing romances we ever read, with a genuine nice girl in it, and good unexpected incident. The part of the Bedouir is a little forced, but not more so than has been allowed in many of the romances of Sir Walter.

'The Bondsman's Feast.'—Excellent again: one of those stories that make us like the writer: and after much threat of the reverse, it ends well. Mr Ritchie does not see why there should not be happy endings, and truly amiable characters, in books as well as in life. He is destined to add to the stock of happy stories, of which there are far too few.

'The Phantom Fight.'—Very good indeed; founded on a favorite exhibition of Mr Ritchie's, that of a plebeian character exercising patrician authority. The unexpected appearance of the heroine as a page on the field of battle, resembles, if we recollect rightly, a passage in one of Lord Byron's poems; but we should guess it to be more affecting.

'The Magic Wand.'—Very good. The hero is something of the 'Quentin Durward' order, but a great deal pleasanter; and there is an excellent old mother, who loves him for giving away his last riches to a great lady, and for knocking people on the head who are only citizens.

'The Rock of the Fort.'—Contains a passage of intense interest, as the reader has seen. It is a pity that the characters are all so theatrically brought in at the conclusion.

'The Dream Girl.'—This is a wild story of a beautiful but unimpressible girl, whose sensibility is roused by terror. We are not sure that we like it. But the picture of her, as a supposed phantom, passing by her lover in a state of ghastly somnambulism, is very striking.

'The Black Mask, or the Lottery of Jewels.'—Good; and fit to crown the work in point of style. Some well known French courtiers and literati are well introduced; and the heartless ascendancy of the character of Madame de Maintenon, is better hit off, than we ever remember to have seen it. The hero's first interviews with her are very good; and the description of the army skating across the ice to the Hague is admirable. It must not be omitted that in this as in other instances, some of our author's wildest looking incidents, agreeably to the title of his book, are matters of history.

On looking back through the volumes, our objection to the superabundance of the author's epithets does not appear to be well founded,—certainly not as a prevailing fault. We must have been led into the mistake, by a sense of his exuberance in other matters. He has shown himself in this work, an unequal, but a beautiful writer; capable, we have no doubt, of throwing off all his inequalities, and of adding to his beauties; and we thank him heartily for the pleasure it has afforded us.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

TRAVELLERS DIFFER.

The visit to the antiquities was not effected without attracting the curiosity of the inhabitants, especially of the female portion. One of them, a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, followed me at some little distance. On my turning round, I saw her with a veil in her hand. The moment our eyes met, she threw it over her face with well acted confusion, her object being, evidently, as much to be seen, as to see. It is the fashion for travellers in Turkey to speak of the horror the women have of being unveiled before men, and especially before Christians. My own observations leads to the opposite conclusion: I consider it as a general rule, that no Turkish lady, having a convenient opportunity, objects to show her face, always provided that she considers her face worth showing.—*Major Keppel's Journey across the Balcan* [It can never be possible to judge of a whole people, or of a large proportion of a people, from a hurried visit, even if the traveller be, as in this instance, acquainted with their language; but it must be admitted the Major's surmise is a natural one, that a pretty woman, even in Turkey, is not much shocked at the thought of showing her face. The Major has, doubtless, observed in his own country, that the ladies the most scrupulously modest in hiding their ankles, are not those who have the prettiest.]

A VISIT TO THE GOVERNOR OF GHIEDIZ.

As soon as I had finished my excursion, I went with Mustapha to the waiwoda (governor) of the town, who invited me to dinner: he was a well-bred and agreeable man, and spoke Persian with

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much fluency; a fortunate circumstance for me, as I was able to converse with him without the aid of an interpreter. Our repast was excellent, consisting of an alternate succession of meats and sweetmeats. Among other good things, was some *khelwar*, a composition of flour, butter, and honey. After I had done ample justice to all the savory dishes, a miserable chicken, boiled to rags, was brought to table, and having been torn limb from limb by my host, was put upon my plate, with the intimation that I must eat it all, as it was notorious that no Englishman considered himself to have dined, without first demolishing a boiled fowl. This was a drawback on the feast, but there was no help for it; so, patiently resigning myself to the anticipated horrors of indigestion, I was fain to swallow this unpalatable compliment. To make amends for my host's misinformation on the score of English eating, he made a better guess of what we liked to drink. He placed before me a French tea-pot full of wine, of which, like the plate of chicken, I was doomed to swallow the whole contents; as, though he was in the habit of drinking all kinds of spirituous liquors, it was necessary, while he was in office, to set an example of sobriety to his followers; drunkenness and tasting wine being, with Turks, almost synonymous terms. The only persons at dinner besides the waiwoda, myself, and Carle, who was allowed a place as interpreter, was a very handsome Georgian boy, who is said to have great influence over the aga, and to dispose of the limited patronage of the town as best suits his own caprice. Even on the question of inviting me to dinner, it seemed as if a previous consultation had been held between the waiwoda and his favorite. We were in the middle of our meal, when two unhappy-looking wretches were brought before us, by a party of armed cavasses. These men had both refused to enter the service: one of them had a long beard, and was, in all probability, the father of a family. The business was settled; the waiwoda nodded his head, and the poor fellows were sent to be enrolled under the holy banner.—*The same.*

STORY OF A GREEK GIRL.

Among the servants of the Consul (at Adrianople) is a beautiful Greek of the name of Marigo, who comes nearer to my idea of a Hebe than almost any other woman I ever saw. Moreover, she is not only very pretty, but very good. Her adventures are a picture of the country and times in which she lives. I relate them as I heard them, partly from Mr Duveluz (the Consul), and partly from her own mouth. She was born at Scio; her father, a man in comfortable circumstances, was remarked for his facetious character, even in that island, the former abode of wit and mirth. At the insurrection of Scio, he was one of the first who fell in that terrible massacre. His unhappy widow, with four children, of whom Marigo was the youngest, fled into the mountains, with a little dry bread and a pitcher of water, and hid themselves in the cavity of one of the highest rocks in the island. They remained unmolested for two days, though they were kept in dreadful alarm by the constant report of fire-arms, the savage yells of the Turks, and the despairing screams of their victims. Their supply of water being exhausted, the mother resolved, in the dead of night, to replenish the pitcher; but the courageous little Marigo seized it from her mother's hands, said she would fetch the water, that she was the lightest and smallest of them all, and had the best chance of escaping unseen by the Turks.

At midnight she set out on her good and bold enterprise, crept down the rock, and arrived at a spring without any further inconvenience than cutting her feet with the sharp stones. As she was returning, she heard voices in the Turkish language near: she threw herself into a field of standing corn. She had been heard, and was pursued. The Turks hunted for her with their yataghans. At last one of their party slightly wounded her. It was an old white-bearded Negro, who hurried her away towards the town. They stopped at a house, and were admitted by another Negro, who proved to be the son of her captor. The younger Black immediately conceived a violent affection for the pretty captive: a quarrel between the men was the consequence; and it ended in the father seizing a pistol, and discharging the contents into his son's body. The wretched old man became frantic at what he had done, and mingled his yells of grief with his son's dying groans. The wounded man soon expired: the old father then opened the window, took up the corpse, and flung it into the street. He now became more furious than ever. At length he seized Marigo by the hair, dragged her into the street, and offered her for sale. Haji Baba, a nefarious slave-dealer of Adrianople, bought her for a handful of paras (a few pence) and took her to his depôt, where she found a number of companions in misfortune, who, together with herself, were put into a large boat, and landed at Gallipoli, whence she was brought to Adrianople. Here she had the happiness to fall into the hands of my excellent friend, Mr Duveluz, who redeemed her. Ever since he has treated her like a daughter, and she repays his goodness with a daughter's love.

Several of Marigo's companions in misfortune were sold in the Dardanelles, to Turks, though Haji Baba had assured them that he intended to take them to Adrianople, and to dispose of them only to Christians. The greater portion, however, were brought to Adrianople. On his arrival, Haji Baba waited on the Consul, as the Christian subjects of the Porte did not dare to deal with him; and he himself was under the same apprehensions of treating with him openly for his slaves. The Consul requested to see them. He was conducted to the place where they were confined. He describes it as the most heart-rending scene he ever beheld. They were the true picture of misery. Pale, emaciated, sickly, dirty, and in rags, they all flocked around him, and, with the most ardent prayers, begged he would redeem them. The voice of misery never pleaded in vain to my kind-hearted friend. He purchased the redemption of the six youngest; four of them (amongst whom was the pretty Marigo) he sent to Mrs Duveluz, and consigned the two others to the care of his shoemaker, a married man, and an Ionian. In a very few days, through the assistance of the Greek archbishop of Adrianople, together with what he himself could spare, he obtained the liberty of all the poor creatures. Some were comfortably placed in Christian families; and several of the young girls Mr Develuz had the happiness of marrying well in the town, and of restoring others to their relations who had escaped to different parts of Greece. Mr and Mrs Duveluz brought Marigo's mother from Smyrna in 1828. Her two sons, although the Consul offered nine thousand piastres for their ransom, to a Turk at Cassaba, near Smyrna, he never could prevail upon him to sell them; and the Mahometan has since induced them to conform to his religion Marigo's sister has never been heard of.—*The same.*

TURKISH JUSTICE.

I have mentioned the *yafta*, or sentence of death. The following is a translation of one that was taken from the breast of a man executed on the 6th of September, and may serve as a specimen of Turkish criminal jurisprudence. It will be observed that the unfortunate sufferer was put to death because another man addressed seditious language to him:—"Achmet, kiaya (chief) of the corporation of merchants dealing in articles of luxury at Constantinople. This wretch obtained, some time ago, through the munificence of his highness, the office of kiaya of this corporation. Instead of showing gratitude for the manifold benefits he had received; instead of thanking God in the five prayers; instead of praying night and day with his family for his highness and the Mussulman nation, in remembrance of the favours with which he had hitherto been loaded; instead of attending to his own business; instead of abstaining from criticising business which did not concern him; instead of living quietly, and being, more than any other of the like employment, attached to government, as his duty and sense of obligation should have compelled him; this man not only omitted making any of these reflections, but made use of seditious language, saying that the seraskier posha, or seraskier capissi, had been torn in pieces, that this and that thing had been done. It is in this manner that he had the audacity to cause to be circulated false intelligence, conduct tending to spread alarm amongst Mahometan people. The fact being alleged, and Achmet being interrogated on the subject, could not deny it. He only maintained that *it was not he who had said it*, but Abdi, a cavass of the imperial divan, living in the quarter called Feirouz-Aga. Abdi was summoned to appear, who being confronted with Achmet, he also has been unable to deny it. The boldness of their infamous conduct, and of the language they have held on things which did not concern them, proves that these men are ungrateful wretches, traitors, who ought to be made to disappear; and it is thus deemed necessary to execute upon them the penal laws, so that good order may be maintained. In consequence, the traitor, Abdi Cavass, has been executed in another place, and the robber, Achmet, has undergone the punishment here, so that he might seem as an example."—*The same.*

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT.

One of our party had been employed against the Febees (Rebellious mountaineers, whose chief (Kelmehmet) is a sort of Robin Hood). He told us that a short time ago, a horseman staid to breakfast at a neighbouring village, and consigned his steed, in the meanwhile, to the charge of one of the villagers. On remounting, the stranger asked him what he should give him for holding his horse. "Oh!" said the fellow, "I would not have charged you anything, but I am a poor man, and am obliged to leave my fields uncultivated, to go in pursuit of that scoundrel of a Kelmehmet."—"But what harm has he done you?"—"The trouble he gives me is quite harm enough; and if I catch him, I promise you I'll kill him."—"Don't believe he'll be such a fool as to allow himself to be caught," said the stranger, as he pressed the horse's sides, and set off at full gallop. He was scarcely out of sight, when a crowd entered the village in pursuit of the Kelmehmet. By the description of the person, it was discovered that the Febee chieftain was the identical horseman who had just quitted the town on the opposite side.—*The same.*

CURIOUS MODE OF TRAVELLING.

In the evening I returned to Bologlou's, where I found a large party of Catholics assembled to meet me at dinner. Many of them were on their return to Constantinople, from banishment, and were in a state of glee very much at variance with the usually steady demeanour of this people. One of the guests was a young man who was on his return with his grandmother, a woman upwards of eighty. When the order for banishment arrived, not knowing what to do with her, he put her into a pannier slung across a horse, and in this manner she had travelled upwards of a hundred miles in the most inclement weather. The good grandson had often given up his aged relative for lost; but she weathered all the storms, and was now travelling homewards, not a jot the worse for her country jaunt.—*The same.*

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TWO MILITARY SISTERS.

Monsieur le Général Comte de Guilleminot (French Ambassador at Pera) commanded a division of Napoleon's army in 1815, and bore a distinguished part in the battle of Waterloo. He is one of those military men whom his government are in the habit of sending to places where they consider a soldier's information may be made available. In this instance, the choice of the French minister may be considered doubly fortunate, inasmuch as Madame la Comtesse is a military woman in every sense of the word. Herself and her sister, the Demoiselles Fering, animated with the glorious desire of serving their country in arms, enlisted as privates in Dumoriez' army. They bore a distinguished part in the very first engagement, where they fought amongst the bravest: shortly after which they rose from the ranks, and obtained commissions. The sister of the ambassadress was killed at the battle of Valmy. One of the two, I know not which, received a sword of honour for her chivalrous conduct. In the feminine manners of her Excellency, it is difficult to trace the gallant hussar of the early times of the French Revolution.—*The same.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SOLITUDE.

High on the bare bleak hills the shepherd lies,
Watching his flocks which spot the green below;
Above him spread the gray and sullen skies,
And on the mountains round the unbroken snow.
What voice instructs him there?—The winds that blow.
What friend has HE?—His dog. Yet with these twain
He grows a prophet of the frost and rain,
And well the fox's cunning learns to know.

There lies he, and through coming years must lie,
More lonely than the lonely hills; for they
Have mute companions, like themselves in form.
But *he* must live alone till life decay,
See nothing save his dog, his flocks, the sky,
Hear nothing save the old eternal storm!

ALCANZOR.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

"The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds."—*Tillotson.*

SLANDER NOBLY REBUKED.—The absurd story, now that Cranmer had so much influence with the king, of his being the hostler at the Dolphin, was revived. A priest, in the north of England, hearing the commendations of the archbishop that now reached the remotest part of the kingdom, observed to others who were delighted with them, "Why make ye so much of him? He was but a hostler, and hath as much learning as the goslings of the green that go yonder." To Cromwell these words were reported by those who resented them. The priest, in consequence, was summoned before the council in London, but not at the suit, nor at the time, with the knowledge of the archbishop. He had to ponder upon his folly some weeks in the prison of the Fleet; and then he besought Cranmer to release him from his confinement, and the charges occasioned by it, not without acknowledging his sorrow for the unjust language he had used. Cranmer therefore sent for him, and the dialogue commenced. "Did you ever see me before this day?" said the archbishop. "No," the priest replied. "Why then did you mean to deface me among your neighbours by calling me a hostler, and reporting that I have no more learning than a gosling?" The priest answered "that he was overseen with drink."—"Well then," continued Cranmer, "oppose me now to know what learning I have: begin in grammar, if you will, or else in philosophy, or other sciences, or divinity."—"Pardon me," said the bewildered ecclesiastic, "I have no manner of learning in the Latin tongue, but merely in English."—"Then allow me," replied Cranmer, "if you will not oppose me, to oppose you. You read the Bible?"—"Yes, daily."—"Then who was David's father?"—"I cannot surely tell your grace."—"Then if you cannot tell me that, yet tell me who was Solomon's father?"—"I am nothing at all seen in these genealogies," the priest finally replied. Cranmer now reminded him of the crew to which he belonged, "who know nothing, and would know nothing, but sit on an ale-bench, and slander all honest and learned men." He dismissed him to his cure, bidding him learn to be an honest, or at least a reasonable man; and not to suppose his sovereign so absurd as to have sent a hostler on an embassy to an emperor and to the bishop of Rome. Cromwell had urged the archbishop to severer measures. I expected, said he, that this priest should have recanted at Paul's Cross. To another ecclesiastic, who had been imprisoned by Cromwell for a similar offence, the lenity of the archbishop also was shown, in desiring that he might be released, although he concealed not the contempt in which he held the slanders of such persons: "for surely of all sorts of men, I am daily informed, that *priests report the worst of me;* and therefore so to be reported of by a priest, it should very little grieve me."—*Todd's Life of Archbishop Cranmer.*

A HAPPY INSTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.—It has been related of him (Celio Secundo Curio, a distinguished reformer, in the time of Cranmer), that when pursued by the familiars of the Inquisition at Rome, he was sitting at dinner in an inn; and that a captain of the papal band, called in Italy, Barisello, suddenly making his appearance, commanded him, in the Pope's name, to yield himself as a prisoner; Curio, despairing of escape, rose to deliver himself up, unconsciously retaining in his hand the knife with which he had been carving. The Barisello, seeing an athletic figure approaching him with a large carving-knife, was seized with a sudden panic, and retreated to a corner of the room; upon which Curio, who possessed great presence of mind, walked deliberately out, passed without interruption through the midst of the armed men, who were stationed at the door, took his horse from the stable, and made good his flight.—*M'Crie's History of the Reformers in Italy.*

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Comprising various features of Novelty, in Four Parts;—the First and Second Parts will consist of a Musical, Comical, Recitatory, Anecdotic, Descriptive, Imitative Entertainment, yclept

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NOW that the Spring is approaching, the leaves about to spread, and the buds to blossom; now that the vivifying influence of the season excites the mind and the body to new exertion, and Nature is daily discovering new beauties, far better studied in their original freshness than in the wisest books, the writer of this advertisement is willing to remind young ladies residing in or near to the metropolis, that no season can be more favourable for the commencement or resumption of the study of plants, and that she continues to give BOTANICAL LESSONS to young ladies, at their own residences, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

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Nº 182.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Romance of History. France. By Leitch Ritchie. Second Edition. In 3 vols. 8vo. Bull.

[Concluded from Saturday.]

We omitted to mention in our last, that Mr Ritchie, at due chronological intervals in his three volumes, has given us brief, but spirited and sensible sketches of the historical periods contemporaneous with the stories which he has founded upon them. The reader has seen occasional passages from these sketches in the miscellaneous department of our journal, and they will furnish us more. Of the romances, we proceed to conclude our notice by making a few more such extracts as may serve to shew the various powers of Mr Ritchie's pencil. We begin with one of his loving heroines, ripening from the girl into woman, and introducing a pleasing moral fact, which the author, out of a just regard for it, has marked in Italics:—

'She felt, she knew, that it was to her Amauri looked for the reward of his valour;—she felt and knew it; for she was a woman, and had a woman's heart, and a woman's eyes. Suitors came—noble, rich, and valiant—and they departed as they came. Summer after summer passed away, and the playful graces of early years ripened into the full, majestic loveliness of womanhood. The frolic laugh subsided into the "rich and melancholy smile;" and the voice, losing its high and gleesome tone, as if bent down by a load of sweetness, learned to thrill, when it had forgotten to pierce. She was on the verge of twenty. It is no idle superstition which tells that lovers, who are destined to love long, grow in the course of time *to resemble one another*. The characters assimilate; and expression, which is the reflection of character, proclaims, of natural necessity, that they have done so. Adelaide's mind raised itself to the pinnacle on which her soaring imagination had placed Amauri, and loving greatness, she herself became great to reach it.'—P. 95.

Here follow some good dints of blows, made by this worshipped lover, during a combat with a jealous desperado:—

'The young knight abandoned a trial of strength in which he had no chance of success, and while skilfully avoiding, or warding off the blows of the banneret, only sought opportunities to wound him through his armour by repeated thrusts. The hoarse and constrained voice in which his invocations were made the while, proclaimed the deadliness of his purpose, and the force which he exerted at every stroke. "Ha! St James! Ha! St Michael! Ha! St George!" cried he, as if from the bottom of his bowels, while driving each time the point of his sword against the enemy.'—P. 120.

Our hero (for this is all in the same story, 'The Pilgrim of St James') saves a fair young Saracen from violation during the Crusades, and is nursed by her during a delirium which results from his efforts. She has fallen in love with him. The rich retreat, in which he finds her on awaking to reflexion, the circumstances indicated by the disorder of the precious furniture, the approach of the damsel to look upon him, (seeming to increase the richness of the air), and the superstitious fancy which comes over him at the conclusion, are all equally well-imagined and painted. (Too much praise, by the way, cannot be given to the management of the incident of the ring in this story, though we cannot well bring it into our quotations):—

'When his soul again awoke, the scene had changed. The whole had vanished like a hideous dream, which we only remember in a vague impression of hate and horror, while the details of the circumstances are completely lost. He was lying extended on a couch, so soft that it hardly seemed to be woven of the gross objects of touch. Some low and shadowy tones of music, faint, but not distant, dropped with monotonous sweetness upon his ear. The air was rich with perfume, pungent, however, rather than heavy; and the wounded man felt every moment more strongly the efforts of the principle of life as it rallied within him.

'At length he was able to turn his head upon the pillow, and looked round upon a scene, which he half imagined to lie in the many mansions of eternal bliss. The first object which dissipated this thought was a large golden crucifix lying broken, and trampled on the ground; and the Pilgrim of St James, with holy horror attempted to sign the cross upon the coverlid, as he muttered an anathema against the authors of the sacrilege. Other articles of riches, also, but more apparently of the East than of the West, cumbered the apartment. Bale was piled upon bale of cloths of gold, silver, and silk, and skins of vair, ermine, gris, and other valuable furs; and vases of precious metals, candlesticks, and candelabras, splendid dresses, and other articles of luxury and magnificence, lay scattered in confusion around. The place was lighted by a single lamp of massive gold, fed with perfumed oil; and on the side next the couch, the flame was shaded by a fan made of the plumage of the bird of paradise. Everything testified enormous wealth but also, fear, haste, and confusion; and when at length Amauri's senses, accommodating themselves to the scene, were able to take cognizance of the want of windows, both in the walls and roof of the apartment, and of a dull and indefinite, but unequal, sound, rolling, as if at a distance, above, he perceived that he was in some place of subterranean refuge, excavated for the protection of the lives and riches of a native family of distinction.

'Presently the door opened, slowly and noiselessly; and shading a taper with her hand, a female form appeared, that might more easily have been imagined to be that of a denizen of the heaven of Mohammed, than one of his votaries on earth. She was just on that threshold of time by which the girl steps into womanhood; and in her virgin eyes might be read the troubled spirit of her years, when the young heart, trembling, half with hope and half with fear, looks back with joy and yet regret, and forward with distrust, mingled with delight.

'Her unveiled face, without one vestige of colour, was fair to a marvel, while that of a European, in such circumstances, would have been merely pale; and yet it was impossible to say in what the delicate difference consisted, or in what way the warm blood of the East manifested itself to the eye without the sensible presence of colour. She extinguished the taper, and walked on tip-toe towards the couch. While she moved, Amauri imagined that he felt the approach of the lovely vision in the increasing richness of the air, which oppressed him even to faintness, and he fixed his feeble eyes on her face till they ached with beauty.

'She bent down over the couch; but the lids of Amauri's eyes closed beneath her gentle breath, and she imagined him to be still senseless or asleep. How long she gazed in his face, he did not know; for a kind of intoxication came over his senses. She was no longer a living denizen of the earth that bent over him, but a phantom-shape, whose beauty had budded in Paradise. Sometimes he detected a strange resemblance to Adelaide in the face which he now saw only with his mind's eye; and sometimes a more real likeness of the shrieking female whom he had endeavoured to preserve, brought back upon his soul confused associations of strife and pain. But over all was thrown, singularly mingled with his other imaginations, an undefined feeling of religious horror; and at length, as his faculties became more unsettled, he believed himself to be in some idolatrous temple, where the goddess herself, with her foot on the sacred crucifix, attempted to win him from his salvation with the smiles of her immortal beauty.'—P. 153.

Here followeth a queen of the "good old times;" rather different from one who goes to church in a modern bonnet, and takes the first pew that comes. The "drab," as Swift would have called her, in his pulling-down style, was Isabel, wife of Charles VI. A young soldier, the hero of the Magic Wand, has missed his way in the Château de Vincennes, while in search of the governor, and bolts into a private room:—

'A lady, apparently approaching towards middle life, was standing at one of the windows in close conversation with a stout, coarse, ill-favoured man, considerably advanced in years. The latter turned round in angry surprise, at the abrupt entrance of a stranger; and the former, drawing up haughtily, fixed upon him a pair of still brilliant eyes, which darted daggers of pride and fierceness. Alain stopped in confusion, but returned the look of undisguised curiosity. A hundred struggling recollections shot dark and formless through his brain; he was sure that he had seen the face before, and he felt that it was associated with ideas of grandeur and magnificence. At length, as the truth suddenly flashed upon him, by a kind of instinctive impulse, his head sunk upon his breast, and his knee touched the floor, for he knew that he was in the presence of the Queen of France.

'Isabella, without replying in the slightest manner to his homage, continued her haughty inspection, as if he had been some strange animal, of a low and disgusting species, that had dared to crawl into

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her presence; but the governor of the château, for such was his degree, strode up to Sir Alain, and in a harsh and rude voice inquired who he was, and what he wanted.'—P. 86.

Madame de Maintenon, Louis the Fourteenth, and the Illustrious Vatel, the cook.—In the story of The Black Mask, or the Lottery of Jewels.—Frederic is a lover of Madame de Maintenon, when she was simply Françoise d'Aubigné. He suddenly encounters her in one of the green alleys of Versailles, at the time she was meditating a conquest of the king. She is masked. Struck by something which he discerns in her deportment, he requests, while assigning a good reason for taking the liberty, that she will permit him to see her face:—

'Françoise, after a moment's hesitation, removed her mask; and Frederic started back, like one who has cast suddenly upon the noon-day sun a look which had been accustomed to dwell on its dawning brightness. Her beauty had reached the precise point of maturity beyond which is decay, however gradual, and before which is unripeness, however bewitching. Time had just touched the portrait sufficiently to mellow the expression, without robbing the tints of one ray of brilliance. Her dark eyes were full of soul, where before there had been only fire; and her lip, which was wont to move and glisten, was now tranquil and almost heavy, as if slumbrously enjoying its own velvet richness.

'There was a lurking beam of triumph notwithstanding, which Frederic discovered in those beautiful eyes, schooled to mildness both by feeling and sorrow; and while he gazed, a slight but scarcely perceptible curl of the lip might have indicated to a closer observer the existence, however momentary, of that feeling of pride, unallied to greatness, which agitates the breast of beauty at the spectacle of some deep and unequivocal devotion to her charms. But if such feelings really existed, they soon fled, at least in their external phenomena; and, with a look and tone of kindness which went to the heart of the listener, she addressed him in one of the forms of salutation used by old acquaintances on their meeting again on the earth.

'"It is then, indeed," said she, "my early friend! How fares it with you in your pilgrimage? What prize have you drawn in the lottery of the world?"

'"Françoise," said Frederick, "it fares not well with me; and as yet I have drawn nothing but blanks—blanks—blanks. You, too, have been unhappy, if I must believe report, in spite of which that face is radiant with beauty and content. You were left in poverty, they say, by your husband; and you solicited in vain from the king a continuance of his small pension."

'"It is true," replied Françoise calmly; "but I have now obtained my wish. The amount is trifling, yet adequate to my desires."

'"My success," said Frederic, seizing her hand as if by an uncontrollable impulse, "small as it is, has perhaps been greater than yours. Françoise, it is my firm belief that, but for one of the most trivial circumstances in the whole catalogue of human events, you would have been at this hour a sharer of my fortunes, be they what they may! Tell me, thou whom I have never ceased to love since your beauty first made a heaven of my heart ———"

'"Hush! hush! hush!" cried Françoise, "this is madness!" and, withdrawing her hand and her eyes, she retreated some steps from her lover. The next moment, however, her eyes rested again upon him, and with a glance filled with almost tender hesitation; but suddenly, as a sound met her ear in the distance, she looked hurriedly along the path, and her expression altered. Her eyes waxed bright, her cheeks flushed, her lips grew rigid, and her whole frame seemed to expand.

'Frederic followed the direction of her look, and saw advancing, at some distance, a man whose air, by its extraordinary assumption of importance, conveyed at first an idea almost of the ludicrous. As the stranger came nearer, however, his majestic and noble-looking person, rendered graceful in him what in any other would have seemed the effect of an eccentric vanity; and even the loftiness of his figure, and the breadth of his shoulders, conspired, as it were, to give warrant for a dignity of deportment, just touching upon extravagance. His limbs were exquisitely well turned,—a circumstance which the fashion of his clothes rendered sufficiently obvious; and the delicate conformity with which they were adapted to a body which no one could have pronounced to be either too stout or too slender, gave an unusual air of finish to the portrait. His hair was black, and his lips florid and singularly bright. His glance was irresistibly penetrating, and, together with his lofty presence, had the effect of intimidating the person he looked at. For the rest, he was marked, but slightly, with the small-pox; and his face, upon the whole, although exhibiting a fair proportion of good features, was rather commanding than handsome.

'Before Frederic could note all these details of a figure which seemed at once to attract and overawe scrutiny, Françoise had moved hastily away. Her lover followed, half in shame and half in indignation; but striking smartly the arm of a man who passed at the moment—

'"M. Vatel," said she, "I am surprised! This gentleman has been complaining that there was no such thing as *roti* at the supper-table!" She then walked on, and the person addressed stood still, bending a glance of horror and amazement upon the chevalier.

'The dignified stranger by this time passed by; and Frederic saw him, as he reached Françoise, who appeared to have slackened her pace, put his hand to his hat. Presently, he seemed to recognise her, and stopping to speak, he uncovered quite, and stood with his hat in his hand.

'"Sir, what gentleman is that?" asked the Chevalier, addressing the person whom Françoise had called M. Vatel.

'"No *roti!*" ejaculated he in a voice of despair—"Sir, may I solicit the honour of your permission to enquire whether you did not jest with the lady?"

'"Tell me first who that gentleman is, and I will then answer your question."

'"Pshaw! that is only the king.—Did you actually say no *roti*?"

'"The king! The widow Scarron! The poultry-girl!"

'"N— n— no *roti*?"—P. 304.

We conclude with a striking account of the nocturnal military expedition to the Hague, across the *ice*:—

'An expedition of a very singular and daring description was now planned by General Luxembourg; and Frederic eagerly enlisted himself as a volunteer, partly in the idea that their march might be through Bodegrave, and partly excited by the romantic nature of the enterprise. On a dark and freezing night, the General collected his troops, to the number of 12,000 chosen men, the whole being provided with *skates*, and they set forth over the ice to surprise the Hague. When they left Utrecht, it was clear frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees, as they advanced, the visible horizon was obscured by vapour, and they could see nothing around, above or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick grey clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky.

'The strange groaning sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrific to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space around them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapours rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth: a veil of dull and hazy white o'erspread the heavens and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course.

'A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sank deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased; the sky grew blacker and blacker; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Everyone looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

'At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen, and sometimes lost, in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a dyke, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety, and, even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the waters, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue.

'But anything was better than inaction. The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon-shot; and they determined, at least, to make a rush upon the immoveable masonry of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for its result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men, rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the mist, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been encreased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming wildly over the icy waste, and mingling like the voices of demons with the rising wind. But, however it was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the helpless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow."—P. 315.

STRANGE GROUNDS OF DIVORCE.

The Bulgarian marries very young, the wives being from twelve to thirteen years of age. In the villages, the Bulgarian couples pass their lives very amicably together; but in the larger towns, such as Adrianople, they divorce on the slightest pretence; and I must be excused for saying that it is by the ladies that these divorces are generally desired. They very often occur six weeks after marriage. A short time before we came to Adrianople, a very pretty young woman had offered her services to Mrs Duveluz. She said that she had been just married to a man who had promised her a *ferigee* (a sort of loose cloak) but, added she, "he is a poor wretch, and cannot perform his promise; so I shall get divorced, as I can gain nothing by remaining longer with him."—*Major Keppel's Journey across the Balcan.*

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EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.

Two men of the name of Roux, father and son, who are still living, and are employed in the navy-office at Toulon, were condemned to death after the evacuation of that place by the English, on pretence of having betrayed the interests of France. They were, with 900 others, ordered to be shot at a place called *le champ de bataille*. Without being made to undergo any form of trial, without even having had an opportunity of being heard in explanation of their conduct, they were torn from the bosom of their family, and taken to the place of execution. When all the intended victims were placed in a heap in the middle of the plain, several field-pieces, loaded with grape-shot, were brought up close to them, as well as a regiment of cavalry, and one of infantry, which were to charge those whom the cannon had not already destroyed, and finish them. The two Roux had been separated from each other. The son, fearful lest the discharge of cannon should not despatch him with sufficient speed, placed himself as much forward as he possibly could. He was so close to the battery, that when the guns went off, the power of the explosion knocked him down. That instinct which impels mankind to the preservation of life, made him feign that he was dead when the cavalry were ordered to charge. A dragoon gave him a sabre cut, which made a large though not dangerous wound in his back. The infantry came after, and one of the soldiers, perceiving that young Roux had not ceased to breathe, gave him a violent blow on the head with the butt-end of his musket, which so completely stunned him, that he lay for several hours senseless on the ground. The slain having been left on the *champ de bataille*, to be all removed the next morning for interment, were soon stript of their garments by the liberated prisoners of the bagnio, and all left nearly naked. During the night, young Roux gradually recovered the use of his senses. It was with the utmost difficulty that he called to memory what had occurred. The horrors of the day presented themselves at last fully to his mind. He rose to quit, if possible, this scene of death, and it was then that he perceived he was naked and covered with blood. He sought to find some garments among the dead, by whom he was surrounded, and in his efforts to take off from the body of one of the unfortunate men some clothes which had escaped the pillage, he found that life was not extinct in him. The desire of saving a fellow-creature prompted every means that could bring timely relief, and they were not used in vain. The joy and surprise of both may be easily conceived, when they discovered that they were the father and son. They alone had escaped the carnage! It was with difficulty they could procure sufficient clothing from among the surrounding victims of this act of unheard-of atrocity, in order to withdraw from the horrid scene. Fortunately for them, no sentinel had been stationed to watch over this field of butchery, and the Roux returned without any obstacle to their house. It was with the utmost difficulty they obtained access to it. At that time of night the afflicted family did not suppose that they were roused for any other purpose than that of furnishing new victims to the bloodthirsty agents of anarchy and destruction. No words could express the sensations of the wife and children on beholding again those whose supposed destruction had plunged them into grief and despair. Their wounds were immediately dressed, and before daylight they retired to their country-house, situated a league in the interior of Provence, where they remained concealed until the "reign of terror" was no more, and the cannibals of the south had ceased to have their day. They then returned to Toulon, to the amazement of their friends and acquaintances, many of whom, could not, for a long time, persuade themselves that they were not the ghosts of the two men who had been included in the massacre of the *champ de bataille*. These two men to this day live, esteemed and respected by their fellow-citizens, by whom the particulars of their most fortunate escape are not forgotten.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

A MELANCHOLY STORY.

At the foot of the mountain was formerly situated the chief *château* of a rich palatine, who, after having followed the King John Sobieski to Hotimm and Kaminieck, and assisted in delivering Vienna from the danger of falling into the hands of the Turks, being satiated with glory, and wearied with the toils and fatigues of war, retired to his estate in this neighbourhood, to enter on a life of uninterrupted repose. Soon after, he took it into his head that, by making choice of a wife among his own vassals, he should meet with a partner in life whose habits of submission and feelings of gratitude for raising her to so exalted a station, would render her a more eligible partner in life, than one taken from among his equals in rank. He therefore assembled all the young girls residing on his estates, and selected one who, besides being the handsomest, appeared to possess other qualities of an attractive kind. Vauda (so she was called) could not refuse to accede to her master's wishes; but her heart was by no means free. A young gardener of the *château* had long before possessed himself of it: nor was Severin less passionately attached to Vauda than she was to him. It was in vain that they both endeavoured to subdue a sentiment which could no longer lead to their mutual happiness. Severin frequently brought flowers to his mistress, and would hardly venture to look her in the face on presenting them. Vauda pitied him, and still loved him; but in the hope that absence would cure them both of their hopeless passion, she requested her husband to appoint him to the stewardship of another of his estates, situated in a distant part of the country. The interest evinced by Vauda in favour of a simple gardener raised some suspicion in the mind of the palatine. He watched their motions, and when Severin came to take leave of his mistress, and knelt to kiss her hand and express his gratitude, he was surprised in that attitude by the palatine, who, rushing into the room with his sabre unsheathed, laid his wife lifeless at his feet. He then attacked the young gardener, who in vain had exerted himself to arrest his fury. After many blows, which did not succeed in depriving him entirely of life, the arrival of attendants, attracted by the noise, checked the palatine's fury, and arrested his arm. After recovering a little from the weakness produced by his loss of blood, Severin required the attendance of a priest, to whom he made a solemn declaration of his innocence, and likewise that of Vauda. After the palatine's fury had subsided, remorse took possession of his soul, and the innocence of Vauda became every day more evident to him. The scene of his rashness incessantly revived recollections which disturbed his conscience, and he resolved on a pilgrimage to Rome, in the hope of obtaining forgiveness for his crime. This was extended to him on condition that he would found a convent near the spot where the guilty act was committed, and consign himself to perpetual seclusion in it, by adopting a monastic life. These terms were very exactly complied with by the palatine, who not only enriched the convent by the gift of some valuable estates, but bequeathed to it all his property at his death. It therefore became one of the richest convents in Poland.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

RUSSIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

They (the inhabitants of Glaskoft) have the character of carrying the superstitious notions common in Russia, to a greater extreme than they are found elsewhere. They abstain from smoking, because the Scripture has said that there is more evil in what comes from the mouth, than what enters it. Nothing would induce them to eat pigeons, because the Holy Ghost is represented under the shape of a dove. A friend is never asked for salt at table, because if he forgets to smile on offering it, a quarrel is sure to take place soon after. Monday is a day on which no undertaking is commenced. God chose it as the first of the world's creation, and as man sinned, it has become an unlucky day. — *Journal of a Nobleman.*

TURKISH HONESTY.

The conveyance of specie is solely intrusted to the Tartars, not one of whom has ever been known to be robbed; and, though I have made frequent inquiries, I have never heard of any man so employed, that betrayed his trust. The following anecdote relates to the Turk or Tartar in charge of the post. It should be premised, thas all commercial transactions between Turks and English are carried on without any written documents; a proof of the mutual confidence they repose in each other's honour, more especially when it is considered that experience has taught both these nations to have no dealings with Greeks, without receiving all the security that writing can give. In the winter of 1828, the Turkish postman was sent to some distant part with a considerable quantity of specie. The money is carried in bags, which the merchants call groupes. They are given to the postman, and, as I have just mentioned, without receiving any written document as proof of the receipt. This man, on returning from his journey, was applied to by a French house for 15,000 piastres, (a sum at that time equal to £250.) He made no attempt at evading the demand, but immediately said, "I have doubtless lost the groupe, and must therefore pay you as soon as I can raise the money. After maturely thinking of the loss, he returned by the same road, quite confident that, if any Mussulman should find the money, it would be returned to him. He had travelled nearly the whole distance, when he arrived, in a very melancholy mood, at a small, miserable coffee-house, where he remembered to have stopped a few moments on the road. He was accosted at the door by the café-jee, a Febek, who called out to him, "Hallo, sherif! when you were last here, you left a bag, which I suppose to contain gold; you will find it just where you placed it." The postman entered, and discovered the identical groupe, evidently untouched, although it must have been left exposed to the grasp of the numerous chance customers of a Turkish café.

Mr Charles Whittall, the gentleman with whom I resided while at Smyrna, told me that, a short time before, he had engaged a poor Turk to carry specie, amounting to 500*l*. The man, on his return, said, "I have delivered the money, but the correspondent says that, as he had written so lately, he did not think it necessary to write by me." A short time after, Mr Whittall received a letter to say that the money had not reached its destination. Suspicion fell on the Turk, who was found and informed of the circumstance: he asked leave to go in search of the money, begging only that he might be paid equivalent to the day's work (some few piastres) he should lose in the journey. On inquiry, he discovered that a Greek had appropriated the money to himself, having been in immediate want of it. The moment he called upon this person, he was paid back the five hundred pounds, and was given two thousand piastres, which he accepted, but instead of appropriating it to himself, paid it, as a matter of course, together with the original sum, into the hands of Mr Whittall's broker, and it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to retain the Greek's fee.—*Major Keppel's Journey across the Balcan, &c.*

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

TRANSMUTATION OF METALS.—Our modern quacks equal the ancient alchemists in their pretensions, and really surpass them in their power of transmuting metals. In the process of making Singleton's eye-ointment, viz. mixing one dram of red precipitate of mercury with seven of butter, *one penny* is metamorphosed into one guinea—the cost and the selling price of the same quantity of this most precious nostrum!—*Scientific Gazette.*

ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.—Severe only to himself, he was as unwearied in his attention to business as in his pursuit of learning. His time was thus employed: at five o'clock he usually rose, and till nine continued in his study; after breakfast, part of the morning was spent in business, public or private; at eleven was the chapel-hour; at twelve the call to dinner; after which he devoted an hour to conversation with his friends, or to the amusement of the chess-board. Again to his study he then resorted, until the evening chapel-bell rang at five; and after the service, he usually walked till six, which was the hour of supper, when he took little, often no refreshment; then from seven to eight again walked, gave the next hour to his books, and at nine retired to his bed. Fox relates that the archbishop always accustomed himself to read and write in a standing posture; esteeming constant sitting very pernicious to a studious man. Of his domestic habits, and private character, all that we know is amiable. As a master he was much beloved. His hospitality and charities were great and noble, equal to his station; greater often than his ability. We have witnessed him almost always poor; for his generosity to strangers, as well as his countrymen, was boundless. His hospitality, indeed, we have seen suspected; but we have also seen it vindicated. Among other instances of his charity, he is said to have fitted up his manor-house at Bekesbourne in Kent, for the use of wounded soldiers, who should be landed on the southern coast of the island, supplying it with a physician, a surgeon, nurses, and everything proper as well for food as medicine; and the patients, on their recovery, with money to convey them to their homes. To the establishment of hospitals indeed, as well as grammar-schools, his was the noble wish to have seen a very extensive appropriation of the alienated monastic revenues.—*Todd's Life of Archbishop Cranmer.*

ERRATA.—In Friday's paper, in the introduction to the Song for Music,—for abdicated *praise*, read abdicated *prince*.—In Saturday's paper, in the article on Mr Ritchie's Romance of History,—for qualities of his *wit*, read qualities of his *art*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The sight of the hand-writing of R. H. gave us great pleasure; but we are unable to admit a communication such as he was good enough to send us, for fear of bringing upon ourselves the necessity of noticing all similar meetings and the subjects connected with them; which would make a new department in our paper, at present beyond our power to contemplate. The MS. will be returned by a private channel.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragic Play of

PIZARRO.

Cora, Miss Phillips. Elvira, Mrs Faucit.
Ataliba, Mr Younge. Orozembo, Mr J. Vining. Blind Man, Mr Hammerton.
Rolla, Mr Wallack. Pizarro, Mr H. Wallack. Alonzo, Mr Cooper.
Topac, Miss Chikini. Las Casas, Mr Thompson. Sentinel, Mr Salter.
In Act II.—The Temple of the Sun.—High Priest, Mr Horn.
Priests, Virgins, Matrons, &c.—Misses Byfeld, S. Phillips, Russell, Bruce, Crawford, Mrs Bedford, Mrs Newcombe.—Messrs Bedford, Bland, and Yarnold.

Previous to the Tragedy, Spontini's Overture to 'Ferdinand Cortez.'

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs WAYLETT.
Edda, Miss Butline. Binna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Poole.
Principal Dancers—Mios Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, M'Henry, and Lydia.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runie, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, William Tell; High Ways and By Ways.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Play, in Three Acts, called

CARNIVAL AT NAPLES.

Duchess di Fontana, Mrs Lovell. Aurora di Cosenza, Miss Hughes.
Zoranthe, Miss H. Cawse. Rodriga, Mrs Tayleure. Nina, Miss Taylor.
Theresa, Miss Phillips. Female Mask, Mrs Brown.
Duke di Fontana, Mr Egerton. Count Cosenza, Mr Blanchard.
Manfredi, Mr Warde. Valentine, Mr Henry. Benedetto, Mr G. Bennett.
Harry Fortescue, Mr Abbott. Dermot O Donovan, Mr Power. Rufo, Mr Evans.
Gasparo, Mr F. Matthews. Guiscard, Mr Irwin.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Liddear. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; or the Magic Rose.

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Lolotte, Mlle. Jamain. M. de Ramsay, M. Paulin. M. de Vermont, M. Préval.
Roselyn, M. Alfred. Un Domestique, M. Granville.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

I S A U R E.

Madame Albert remplira le Rôle d'Isaure. Blanchette, Mlle. St Ange.
M. de St Valier, M. St Aubert. Marcilly, M. Alfred.
Jules de St Valier, M. Paulin. Selmar, M. Pelissié. Blanchet, M. Gamard.
Laurent, M. Guenée. Lafleur, M. Granville. Henry, M. Arnaud.

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Mme. Albert remplira le Rôle de Marianne. Mme. Darbel, Mlle. Eliza.
La Comtesse Emilie, Mlle. St Ange. Delmare, M. Derval.
Le Comte Adolphe, M. Alfred. Mignot, M. Gamard.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, to be entitled

THE HEADSMAN.

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Berthold, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

After which, Michel Boai's Chin Performances. Assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels.

To which will be added, an entirely new Melo-Drama, entitled

THE DOG OF THE CONVENT.

Countess Valdetti, Miss Scott. Dorinda, Miss Vincent.
Guido Elfridoni, Mr C. Hill. Malevolo and Scaroni, Mr Lee and Mr Almar.
Mordbrenner, Mr Asbury. Father Francisco, Mr Gough.
Father Lorenzo, Mr Young. Simplo, Mr Vale. Count Valdetti, Mr Honner.
Larry O'Sullivan, Mr D. Pitt. Louis, Master F. Carbery.

To be succeeded by the Performance of the Human Flageolet; or, Northern Siffleur.

The whole to conclude with a new Comic Pantomime, entitled

THE ENCHANTED GROVE.

Columbine, Mlle Rosier. Harlequin, Mr Honner. Clown, Mr T. Hill.
Pantaloon, Mr Asbury.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

Mrs Properly, Mrs Glover. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
Thomas, Mr Barnett. Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

After which, an Original Serious Drama, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell. Bertrand, Mr Munroe.
Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, a Farcical Entertainment, called,

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

Peggy Darnwell, Mrs Humby. Mrs Griskin, Miss Wells.
Mrs Tally, Miss Garrick. Mrs Ringlett, Miss Stohwasser.
Mrs Vamp, Miss Brothers. Mother Gray, Mrs Garrick.
Johnny Ogle, Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called,

THE FRENCH SPY.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Bedford. Major Lafout, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr O. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr Roberts.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr H. Cooke. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Negro Murderer.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Black Spider—Harlequin's Holiday—The Man Wolf.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Roda—The Jovial Mourners—The Brigand's Wife.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Writings of Henry Fuseli, Esq. M.A. R.A. Keeper, and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy in London; Member of the First Class of the Academy of St Luke at Rome. The Former written, and the Latter edited by John Knowles, F.R.S. Corresponding Member of the Philosophical Society at Rotterdam, his Executor. In 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

If the saying hold true in Switzerland as in England, "Once a clergyman, always a clergyman," Mr Fuseli ought to have been called the Rev. Mr Fuseli, for it seems he was originally in holy orders, and preached in many of the pulpits of Zurich.

Mr Fuseli was born in that city, on the 7th of February 1741. His father, like himself, was a painter distinguished for his literary attainments. The son was bred up for the church, took his degree of Master of Arts, entered the profession he was designed for, joined with some friends, among whom was Lavater (afterwards the celebrated physiognomist) in exposing the practice of an iniquitous magistrate, and was advised, in consequence, to retire with them from the city. After visiting several places in Germany, where he became acquainted with Armstrong, then physician to the British forces, he was constituted by some of the literati of that country and Switzerland a sort of agent for the establishment of a literary intercourse with Englaud. He came over accordingly, in the year 1763, in the train of Sir Andrew Mitchel, who had been Ambassador to Prussia, and who introduced him to several persons with whom he remained intimate during their lives,—among others to Mr Coutts the banker, and to Mr Johnson, the late estimable bookseller in St Paul's Church-yard.

To economize, as well as to be near Mr Coutts, who then lived in St Martin's lane, he took lodgings in Cranbourne street, then called Cranbourne alley. His complexional vehemence is well seen in an anecdote related of him at this period. He was no sooner settled in his lodgings, than he wrote to his father, and then issued forth in a solitary state of mind, in search of a post-office.

'At this period,' says Mr Knowles, 'there was much greater brutality of demeanour exercised by the lower orders of the English towards foreigners than there is at present. Meeting with a vulgar fellow, Fuseli enquired his way to the Post-office, in broad German pronunciation; this produced only a horse-laugh from the man. The forlorn situation in which he was placed burst on his mind; he stamped with his foot, while tears trickled down his cheeks. A gentleman who saw the transaction, and felt for Fuseli, apologised for the rudeness which he had received, explained its cause, and told him, that as a foreigner he must expect to be so treated by the lower orders of the people: after this he shewed him where he might deposit his letter. This kindness from a stranger in some degree restored tranquillity to his agonized feelings.—Vol. I. p. 30.

Our adventurer, not choosing to be under the pecuniary obligations that were offered to him, got his living by translating for the booksellers. He was introduced to Smollett, for one of the early editions of whose Peregrine Pickle (now a very scarce one) he made several drawings; and he knew poor Falconer, the author of the 'Shipwreck,' who was then allowed to occupy apartments in old Somerset House, and whom he represented as a mild inoffensive man, unhappy from pecuniary embarrassments.

Fuseli, from an early period, had shewn a great propensity to drawing. He is said to have acquired the power of painting with his left hand, as well as his right, from using it for that purpose by stealth, while his father thought he was listening to the reading of sermons. A Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts being now just established in England, Fuseli devoted all his leisure hours to etching and drawing, and commenced a connection with arts and artists, which ended in making him what we have seen. He fell in love with Angelica Kaufman; and, according to Mr Knowles, Miss Mary Moser, the flower-paintress, since better known as Mrs Lloyd, ell in love with Fuseli. We recollect Mrs Lloyd, a lively, chatty old lady, who would probably have made him a good wife. There is a letter to him from her, in Mr Knowles's book, which, under the circumstances, gave us not only a lively, but a touching idea of her manners and disposition. Mr Knowles tells us, that the feelings which Miss Moser entertained for Fuseli, she flattered herself were mutual; but he says, that "if Fuseli ever had any affection for this lady while he was in England, it was soon dissipated by the change of scene, and the pleasures he pursued while in Italy."

In 1766, Fuseli became travelling tutor to Lord Chewton, afterwards Earl of Waldegrave, and went with him to France, but soon returned, having so far resented his pupil's impatience of restraint, as to give him a severe blow. The father, who probably had experienced some trouble himself from the young gentleman, acquitted the tutor of blame; but Fuseli's family, and most of his "friends," blamed him highly for an imprudence, which ruined his prospects in such a quarter. Fuseli used to say, in after life, "The noble family of Waldegrave took me for a bear-leader, but they found me the bear."

Resolved now to devote himself to painting, our hero went to Italy with Armstrong, whom he had met at the table of Mr Coutts. Both the poet and the painter were irritable: they quarrelled on board ship about the pronunciation of an English word, Fuseli provokingly maintaining, that a Swiss had as much right to judge of English pronunciation as a Scotchman; and at Genoa, which was the place they landed at, they parted. At Rome, having previously changed his family name of Fuessli, to Fusseli, he finally altered it to Fuseli, "to accommodate it," says Mr Knowles, "to the Italian pronunciation." How Fuseli was more accommodated to the Italian pronunciation then Fusseli, does not appear. The Italians admired him, and said he was another Michael Angelo. "As a nation, however, says Mr Knowles, he was not partial to the modern Italians, who, he said, were "lively and entertaining, but there was the slight draw-back of never feeling one's life safe in their presence." This he exemplified by the following fact "When I was one day preparing to draw from a woman selected by artists for a model, on account of her fine figure, on altering the arrangement of her dress, I saw the hilt of a dagger in her bosom, and on enquiring with astonishment, what it meant, she drew it and quaintly answered, "Contro gl'impertinenti." (For the impertinent). Possibly this was a joke, a preconcerted plan to alarm Fuseli. At all events, if it tells against the Italians in the old way, it might have said something for them in a new one with a clergyman.

In returning from Italy, Fuseli visited his native place, and fell in love with the daughter of a magistrate. The father thought him too poor to marry her, and thus drove him back to England, "almost in a state of frenzy." These words, however, are to be taken *cum grano*. Mr Fuseli was accustomed to be in a state of frenzy. He appears to have damned and cursed from a very early period, considering he was a clergyman. Miss Moser, in the postcript of her letter to him, though a fair and anxious correspondent, expresses her belief, that he will exclaim or mutter to himself, "Why did she send this damned nonsense to me!" We have seen that a horse-laugh at him in the street, made him stamp with his foot, and shed tears of vexation. And in a letter to Mr Northcote from Lugano, he says, "At the sound of Rome, my heart swells, my eye kindles, and frenzy seizes me." Furthermore, he speaks of his "boiling brains."

On returning to London, Fuseli resided at No. 100, St Martin's lane, and practised chiefly as a portrait painter. Mr Coutts thought he had been wrong in his quarrel with Armstrong, and advised him to go and make it up with the poet, especially as the latter was dying. Fuseli went immediately. 'On sending up his name, he was admitted almost immediately into Armstrong's bed-chamber. The poet, however, could not restrain his naturally sarcastic humour, and the following dialogue took place:—Armstrong: "So

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you have come back?" Fuseli: "Yes, I have come home." Armstrong: "Come, you mean, to London! 'the needy villain's general home:' however, (putting out his hand) "I thank you for this visit; you find me in bad plight; but I am glad to see you again." After this salutation they conversed amicably; but the Doctor did not long survive the interview.

We are sorry the biographer has no more to tell us of Armstrong. Though a man of less pretension, he was of a genius less likely to perish than his hero. We have heard Fuseli's habit of swearing attributed to his example; but his own weakness was probably the cause of it. We never knew anybody with the habit of swearing, in whom it might not be traced to some weak point in the character.

Mr Fuseli now set up for an historical painter, and became much admired for his fancy pieces. He still, however, adhered to his love of books and scholarship, and had attained such knowledge of the language of his new country, as well as of Greece, that, to the great admiration of Cowper (whom it is singular that he never saw, then or afterwards), he corrected, in the manuscript, the translation of Homer by that poet. Among other friends, about this period, he was made acquainted with Mr Bonnycastle, who became an old crony of his, with Mr Lock of Norbury Park, with Mr Roscoe, who was very kind to him, and gave him many orders, and with Dr Moore and his family. He remained very intimate to the last, with the Moores. Mr Roscoe and Mr James Carrick Moore, are perhaps the two friends, who cut the most agreeable figure in this biography, always excepting Miss Moser, who with a blind fondness, told Angerstein that Fuseli's were the best pictures in his gallery, —and Lady Guildford and her daughters, who petted him like affectionate kinswomen. We must not forget, however, Mr Johnson the bookseller, who, the more one knows of him, becomes the more respected. In order to enable Fuseli to live while he projected the Milton Gallery, he proposed to be one of three friends, who should support him for three years, at a hundred a year. The three friends became six, at fifty pounds each. They deserve to be mentioned, wherever this circumstance is alluded to. They were Messrs. Johnson, Seward, George Steevens, Lock Roscoe, and Coutts. The Milton Gallery, though containing some of his best pictures, did not succeed: but it got him into the Royal Academy, which ultimately did for him all that an Academy can do for any man; gave him a house and salary, and employment from those who require the stamp of authority upon what they respect. Nay, it did more: the Academicians, not being very learned Thebans, were proud of having such a scholar among them, and he finally held the united offices of Keeper and Professor.

Just after this period, he became acquainted with Mrs Wollstonecraft, of whose singular regard for him, and the circumstances connected with it, Mr Knowles tells the story as follows:—

'The talents of Mrs Wollstonecraft were first brought into notice by the Rev. John Hewlett, who, to forward her views in getting employment by writing on literary subjects, introduced her to Mr Joseph Johnson, bookseller, in St Paul's Church yard. The house and purse of this liberal man were always open to authors who possessed talents, and who required pecuniary assistance; and such being the case with Mrs Wollstonecraft, she was a frequent visitor at Mr Johnson's: there Fuseli met her; but as he was not very ready to make new acquaintances, and was not only a shy man, but had rather a repulsive manner to those he did not know, so it was some time before they became ultimately acquainted.

'The eyes of all Europe were at this time fixed upon the passing events in France. That spirit of liberty inherent in the Swiss, now burst forth in Fuseli; and he considered, as did his friend and countryman, Lavater, that an opportunity was then offered to mankind to assert and secure their liberties, which no previous period in the history of the world had afforded. The same feelings animated the bosom of Mrs Wollstonecraft. This was kept up, and indeed, heightened by her then daily occupation,—that of translating from the French the political pamphlets of the day, which at this time met with a ready and rapid sale; and in writing criticisms on them, as well as upon other subjects, in the Analytical Review.

'Congruity of sentiments and feelings upon points which occupied the thoughts, and engrossed the conversation of persons in all ranks and stations of life, naturally brought about a closer intimacy between Fuseli and Mrs Wollstonecraft, the consequences of which were not foreseen by the lady; for she little thought that the attachment on her part, which proceeded from it, would be the cause of her leaving this country, and thus becoming an eye-witness of the system of Gallic liberty, which she had attempted to uphold, emanating, as it did, from philosophers, being destroyed by murderers and madmen.

'Mrs Wollstonecraft had the strongest desire to be useful to her connexions and friends; and she began her career in life by sacrificing her feelings and her comforts to what she fancied purity of conduct, and the benefit of others. It was a favourite consideration with her, that she "was designed to rise superior to her earthly habitation," and that she "always thought, with some degree of horror, of falling a sacrifice to a passion which may have a mixture of dross in it."

'Having a face and person which had some pretensions to beauty and comeliness, Mrs Wollstonecraft had been frequently solicited to marry; but previously to her acquaintance with Mr Fuseli she had never known any man, "possessed of those noble qualities, that grandeur of soul, that quickness of comprehension, and lively sympathy," which she fancied would be essential to her happiness, if she entered into the marriage state. These she found in him; but there was a bar to all her hopes in this quarter, for he was already married to a woman whom he loved.

'For some years before their acquaintance, with the view of usefulness which she had prescribed to herself, Mrs Wollstonecraft read no book for mere amusement, but studied those works only which are addressed to the understanding; she scarcely tasted animal food, or allowed herself the necessaries of life, that she might be able to pursue some romantic scheme of benevolence; seldom went to any amusements (being resident chiefly at Bath, and in the midst of pleasure), and her clothes were scarcely decent in her situation of life. The notions of privation, which some of the revolutionists in France were now endeavouring to inculcate, rather encreased than diminished this tendency in Mrs Wollstonecraft, and Fuseli found in her (what he most disliked in women) a philosophical sloven: her usual dress being a habit of coarse cloth, such as is now worn by milk-women, black worsted stockings, and a beaver hat, with her hair hanging lank about her shoulders. These notions had their influence, also, in regard to the conveniences of life; for when the Prince Talleyrand was in this country, in a low condition with regard to his pecuniary affairs, and visited her, they drank their tea, and the little wine they took, indiscriminately, from tea-cups.

'Fuseli had a talent for conversation peculiar to himself, and his knowledge of the classics, of literature in general, and of the fine arts, was extensive, and his memory so retentive, that he seldom forgot what he had read or seen; these, aided by a great power and fluency of words, a poetical imagination and ready wit, enabled him at all times to put even a known subject in a new light. Talents such as these, Mrs Wollstonecraft acknowledged she had never seen united in the same person, and they accordingly made a strong impression on her mind. "For," said she, "I always catch something from the rich torrent of his conversation, worth treasuring up in my memory, to exercise my understanding." She falsely reasoned with herself and expressed to some of her intimate friends, that although Mrs Fuseli had a right to the person of her husband, she, Mrs Wollstonecraft, might claim, and, for congeniality of sentiments and talents, hold a place in his heart; for "she hoped," she said, "to unite herself to his mind." it was not to be supposed that this delusion could last long. From an admiration of his talents, she became an admirer of his person, and then, wishing to create similar feelings in Fuseli, moulded herself upon what she thought would be most agreeable to him. Change of manners, of dress, and of habitation, were the consequences; for she now paid more than ordinary attention to her person, dressed fashionably, and introduced furniture somewhat elegant into commodious apartments, which she took for that purpose.'

'But these advances were not met with the affection which she had hoped to inspire in Fuseli,—for he admired her chiefly for her talents; and in the warmth of her disappointed feelings she constantly vented complaints of being neglected. These availed so little, that sometimes when Fuseli received letters from her, thinking they teemed only with the usual effusions of regard, and the same complaints of neglect, he would allow them to be some days unopened in his pocket.'

'The tumult which was raised in her mind by conflicting feelings having love for the object, and yet the wish that her affection should be so regulated as to be strictly within the bounds which she had assigned to love, that of "strength of feeling unalloyed by passion," injured in a degree her health, and unfitted her for those literary pursuits which required a more than ordinary exertion of the mind. For more than twelve months "she wrote nothing but criticisms for the *Analytical Review*;" and even these, which required but little exertion of the talents she possessed, would not have been written, but for her daily necessities. Fuseli reasoned with her, but without any effect, upon the impropriety of indulging in a passion which took her out of common-life. Her answer was, "If I thought my passion criminal, I would conquer it, or die in the attempt. For immodesty, in my eyes, is ugliness; my soul turns with disgust from pleasure tricked out in charms which shun the light of heaven."

'At length Mrs Wollstonecraft appears to have grown desperate, for she had the temerity to go to Mrs Fuseli, and to tell her that she wished to become an inmate in her family; and she added, as I am above deceit, it is right to say that this proposal "arises from the sincere affection which I have for your husband, for I find that I cannot live without the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with him daily." This frank avowal immediately opened the eyes of Mrs Fuseli, who being alarmed by the declaration, not only refused her solicitation, but she instantly forbade her the house. No resource was now left for Mrs Wollstonecraft but to fly from the object which she regarded: her determination was instantly fixed; she wrote a letter to Fuseli, in which she begged pardon "for hav-

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ing disturbed the quiet tenour of his life," and on the 8th of December 1792, left London for France.

'Shortly after her arrival in Paris she again wrote to Fuseli, gave him her opinion of the state of public feeling at that important period of the revolution, and implored him to write to her occasionally. As this letter was not answered, all communication on her part during her residence abroad ceased.

'The cause of Mrs Wollstonecraft's protracted stay in France,—for she intended, prior to her departure from England, to have remained there only six weeks,—and the attachment which she formed while in Paris, are foreign to this memoir; besides, if they were not, it would be unnecessary now to detail them, as they have been long before the public from the able pen of him who afterwards became her husband.

'After an absence of nearly two years and a half, Mrs Wollstonecraft returned to London (in April 1795); and on her arrival called upon Fuseli: the reception which she met with, it is presumed, was not very grateful to her feelings, for she shortly after wrote him the following letter:—

'"When I returned from France, I visited you, sir; but finding myself, after my late journey, in a very different situation, I vainly imagined you would have called upon me. I simply tell you what I thought, yet I write not, at present, to comment on your conduct, or expostulate. I have long ceased to expect kindness or affection from any human creature, and would fain tear from my heart all its treacherous sympathies. I am alone. The injustice, without alluding to hopes blasted in the bud, which I have endured, wounding my bosom, has set my thoughts adrift into a ocean of painful conjectures. I ask impatiently what—and where is truth? I have been treated brutally, but I daily labour to remember, that I still have the duty of a mother to fulfil.

'"I have written more than I intended,—for I only meant to request you to return my letters: I wish to have them, and it must be the same to you. Adieu.'" '"MARY.'"

'"Monday morning.—Mr Fuseli.'"

'All communication ceased between the parties from this time, until after Mrs Wollstonecraft's marriage with Mr Godwin. Fuseli noticed this occurrence, in a letter to a friend, in the following terms: "You have not, perhaps, heard that the assertrix of female rights has given her hand to the *balancier* of political justice.

'Fuseli saw Mrs Godwin but seldom; he dined only once at her table. Indeed, this lady did not live long to enjoy the happiness which she had pictured to herself, in being the wife of a man of genius and talents, for she died on the 10th of September 1797, after having given birth to a female child,* who has proved herself, by works of the imagination, to be worthy of her parents. Fuseli could not but feel much regret on the occasion, but as "grief does not give utterance to words," so he barely noticed the catastrophe, in the postcript of a letter to Mr Roscoe, in these terms,—"Poor Mary!"'—P. 161.

We shall leave this story to the reader to make what conclusions from it he pleases, with one or two observations:—the first is, that whoever becomes acquainted, for the first time, with the treatise of Mrs Wollstonecraft on the Rights of Women, is startled to find, that instead of being as lax as she is supposed to be on the subject of female manners, she carries her notions to a pitch of the austere; though, undoubtedly, she deceived herself, in thinking she could draw the Platonical line in this business, between theory and practice. Secondly, we must observe, that Mrs Wollstonecraft's regard for such a man as Fuseli, might itself have told her, that it was far from being so Platonical as she imagined: for Mr Fuseli's ideas of women, and of the passion of love, were certainly of no very refined order, as may be seen from the bold and meretricious figure they cut in his pictures: nor does he appear advantageous in his treatment of women; not even in our opinion, in this story; nor in any other that we have read of. Mr Fuseli was right and wise, we think, for the good of all parties, in opposing the arrangement meditated by his admirer; but nevertheless, as a gentleman, and as the person admired, he should not have sneered at her. He should not have designated her, in his letter to a friend, as "the assertrix of female rights:" nor should he have "petulantly" said to her, the only time that he dined with her after her marriage, and when she had asked him to join at her table, Horne Tooke, Curran, Grattan, and two or three other men of "that stamp" who happened to talk too well for him,—"I wonder you invited me to meet such wretched company."

* Mrs Byssbe Shelley.

[To be Concluded.]

HIGH VOICES.—The Spaniards were particularly celebrated for the extraordinary height of their falsettos, and were sought after to sing the upper parts. They were succeeded by the artificial soprani, whose race, it is to be hoped, is well nigh extinct. The last falsetto Spaniard of the pontifical chapel, Giovanni di Sanctos by name, died 1625; and the first soprano, Padre Giroamo Rossini, was admitted in 1601.—*Harmonicon for April.*

EXTREME VERACITY OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.—George Adams, having no wife to detain him, but, on the contrary, reasons for wishing to employ his thoughts on subjects foreign to his home, was very anxious to sail in the Blossom; and I would have acceeded to his wishes, had not his mother wept bitterly at the idea of parting from him, and imposed terms, touching his return to the island, to which I could not accede. It was a sore disappointment to poor George, whose case forms a striking instance of the rigid manner in which these islanders observe their word. Wives upon Pitcairn's Island, it may be imagined, are very scarce; as the same restrictions with regard to relationship exist as in England. George, in his early days, had fallen in love with Polly Young, a girl a little older than himself; but Polly, probably at that time liking some one else, and being at the age when young ladies expectations are at the highest, had incautiously said, she *never would* give her hand to George Adams. He, nevertheless, indulged a hope that she would one day relent; and to this end was unremitting in his endeavours to please her. In this expectation he was not mistaken; his constancy and attentions, and, as he grew into manhood, his handsome form, which George took every opportunity of throwing into the most becoming attitudes before her, softened Polly's heart into a regard for him, and, had nothing passed before, she would willingly have given him her hand. But the vow of her youth was not to be got over, and the love-sick couple languished from day to day, victims to the folly of early resolutions.—*Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific, &c.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Pizarro.—And the Ice Witch; or, the Frozen Hand.
COVENT-GARDEN.—The Carnival at Naples—And Neuha's Cave.

DRURY-LANE.

LAST night the theatres produced their Easter spectacles,—almost the only remnant now existing of the old shews at this season of the year: for the diffusion of polite knowledge has put an end to the Lord Mayor's Ball. The usual critical respect for the elder house led us to Drury Lane first, where the new piece is called *The Ice-Witch*, or the *Frozen Hand*. It is founded upon a favourite subject of the old romances, that of a hero carried away by an enchantress into a bower of bliss. The ices of the north made no difference in this respect. They were easily thawed by love and imagination. We fancy we have met with the *Frozen Hand* before, perhaps in Mr KEIGHTLEY'S *Fairy Mythology*. If it is Mr BUCKSTONE'S own invention (for he is the author) it does credit to his fancy.

Harold, a King of the Sea (Mr H. WALLACK), is locked with his crew among the northern ices, where *Druda*, the Witch of the Region (Miss FAUCIT), falls in love with, and detains him. His followers all die with the exception of his henchman, *Magnus Snoro* (Mr HARLEY), who, as servants always follow suit on these occasions, is beloved by the witch's lady's maid, *Norna* (Miss PHILLIPS). Both the gentlemen have mistresses at home, to whom, by dint of the fine bowers and feasts with which they are tempted, they prove unfaithful: but as the master, in the greater gentility of his engagements, wishes, like Ulysses, to return to his promised Penelope, the witch gets angry, and under pretence of a salutation at his departure, inflicts upon him a *Frozen Hand*. This hand is to be the death of anybody that touches it.

Meantime, *Ulla*, the Sea-King's mistress (Miss CRAWFORD) and *Minna* her attendant (Mrs WAYLETT) are carried away from their abode by a rival; but have a consolatory dream, in which the God of the Sun appears to them, and promises them aid in their greatest extremity. *Harold*, on his return, has a combat with his rival, the prize of which, it is agreed, shall be the lady. *Harold* conquers, but is assailed by treachery; upon which he makes use of the Frozen Hand, of which he had disdained to take advantage before; and the rival is slain. But how is he to receive the hand of his bride? The spectator easily settles this by saying, "with the other hand,"—and "after explaining the nature of the sorcery practised upon him." And to receive her he accordingly consents in that manner; but unluckily the Sea-King's friends have a horror of sorcery, and the witch has also threatened to be with him at his marriage, and is as good as her word. She appears, to the consternation of the beholders, and orders him to put forth his left

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hand. This she forces into the hand of his bride, and the latter falls. The God of the Sun, however, comes at the last extremity, and is too much, as might be expected, for the Witch of the Ice; and so they all live very happy after. We must not forget, that *Magnus Snoro* has a minor infliction of the refrigerating faculty, proportionate to his rank; which is evinced, to the great amusement of the audience, by his striking cold his mistress, and every other woman who approaches him; he, *Magnus*, having been previously famous for his exploits the other way.

This piece is very good of its kind, with some beautiful scenery by Mr STANFIELD and others, some tasteful music selected and composed by Mr T. COOKE, and some pretty dances by Mrs BARRYMORE. One of these movements, in particular, where the dancers come forward, pretending to lay their hands upon one another's arms, and lifting them back again, is extremely pleasing, and so far as we recollect, new. A pretty allegory seemed intended by the faithless lovers, who freeze their mistresses: but the physical allegory of the Ice and the Sun interferes with it. The dialogue is trite; but HARLEY *is* very quaint and superfluous in the servant. ☞

INCONSISTENCIES OF STAGE COSTUME.

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—It is rather surprising, that among the many improvements the Stage has undergone of late years, one striking defect should have been overlooked; I allude to the manner of dressing the male characters of genteel comedy, and the superhuman difference they make in the respective ages of old and young: for instance, *Sir Anthony Absolute, Old Hardcastle*, &c. appear in coat, breeches, wig, and buckles, the style of which is at least that of forty or fifty years ago; while the younger characters, such as *Charles Surface, Hastings*, and *Marlow*, in the same comedies, are attired in the last new fashion of the present day. The same remarks, I think, will apply also to the ladies. If the old characters are always to be dressed in the costume of the period in which the play was written, why should not the younger ones be made to correspond? Does it not appear ridiculous that a stage old gentleman should, by the antiquity of his dress, be made almost a hundred years the senior of his son or his nephew? I think, with submission, your *rod* would be of infinite service in bringing about a *reform* in this particular.

Your sincere admirer,

Saturday, April 2, 1831. S. W. H.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of

WILLIAM TELL.

Emma, Miss Huddart. Anneli, Miss Russell. Agnes, Miss Faucit.
Gesler, Mr H. Wallack. Sarnem, Mr Thompson. Struth, Mr W. Bennett.
Rodolph, Mr Howard. Lufold, Mr Howell. Braun, Mr Ross.
William Tell, Mr Macready. Albert, Miss Poole. Melchtal, Mr Younge.
Erni, Mr Cathie. Furst, Mr Fenton. Verner, Mr Cooke.
Waldman, Mr Hughes. Michael, Mr Cooper. Jagheli, Mr J. Vining.
Pierre, Mr Eaton. Theodore, Mr Honner.
Savoyards—Miss Crawford, Mr Price, and Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Guillaume Tell," and Boildieu's Overture to 'La Dame Blanche.'

To which will be added, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Flat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr J. Vining. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs Waylett.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Poole.
Principal Dancers—Miss Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, M'Henry, and Lydia.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Rumie, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, Macbeth.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, to be called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggaroh, Ulin, and Marmouna, Mesdames Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Isabella; St Patrick's Day; and Neuha's Cave.

Advertisements.

HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM OF TEACHING LANGUAGES.

MR UNDERWOOD (Son-in-law and several years partner of the late Mr Hamilton) has REMOVED from Leicester square to 250 Regent street, at which place he continues to receive Classes for the GREEK, LATIN, FRENCH, ITALIAN, and GERMAN Languages. PRIVATE LESSONS are also given. Mr Underwood's Interlineal Translations of Celsus and Hippocrates, may now be had complete.

MR. E. TAYLOR

Has the honour to announce that his CONCERT will take place at the ALBION, Aldersgate street,

On FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 8, 1831,

In the course of which will be introduced some of the most celebrated Glees of Webbe, Callcott, Stevens, Linley, Attwood, and Horsley.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

Madame STOCKHAUSEN,
Miss L. BRANDON and Miss M. BRANDON, (Pupils of Mr T. Phillips).
Miss LLOYD and Miss MASSON;
Mr TERRAIL, Mr HORNCASTLE, Mr BROADHURST,
Mr GOULDEN, Mr KING,
Mr HOBBS, Mr E. TAYLOR, and Mr J. B. SALE.

Leader of the Band, Mr F. CRAMER.

Among the Principal Instrumental Performers are,
Violin, Mr Wagstaff. Principal Second Violin, Mr C. Reeve.
Flute, Mr Nicholson. Oboe, Mr G. Cooke. Clarinet, Mr Willman.
Bassoon, Mr Mackintosh, Horns, Messrs. Platt and Rae.
Trumpet, Mr Harper. Violoncello, Mr Lindley. Double Bass, Mr C. Smart.
Piano-Forte, Mrs Anderson.
Conductor, SIR GEORGE SMART.

The Concert will commence at Eight o'clock.

*** Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Messrs. LONSDALE and MILLS, and Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., New Bond street; Messrs. GOULDING, D'ALMAINE, and Co., Soho Square; Messrs. CLEMENTI and Co., Cheapside; Messrs. CRAMER, ADDISON, and BEALE, Regent street; Mr BETTS, Royal Exchange; Messrs. PAINE and HOPKINS, Cornhill; at the ALBION; and of Mr E. TAYLOR, 7 York Place, City Road.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, to be entitled

THE HEADSMAN.

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

After which, Michel Boai's Chin Performances. Assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels.

To which will be added, an entirely new Melo-Drama, entitled

THE DOG OF THE CONVENT.

Countess Valdetti, Miss Scott. Dorinda, Miss Vincent.
Guido Efridoni, Mr C. Hill. Malevolo and Scaroni, Mr Lee and Mr Almar.
Mordbrenner, Mr Asbury. Father Francisco, Mr Gough.
Father Lorenzo, Mr Young. Simplo, Mr Vale. Count Valdetti, Mr Honner.
Larry O'Sullivan, Mr D. Pitt. Louis, Master F. Carbery.

To be succeeded by the Performance of the Human Flageolet; or, Northern Siffleur.

The whole to conclude with a new Comic Pantomime, entitled

THE ENCHANTED GROVE.

Columbine, Mlle Rosier. Harlequin, Mr Honner. Clown, Mr T. Hill.
Pantaloon, Mr Asbury.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

Mrs Properly, Mrs Glover. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
Thomas, Mr Barnett. Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

After which, an Original Serious Drama, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell. Bertrand, Mr Munroe.
Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, a Farcical Entertainment, called,

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

Peggy Darnwell, Mrs Humby. Mrs Griskin, Miss Wells.
Mrs Tally, Miss Garrick. Mrs Ringlett, Miss Stohwasser.
Mrs Vamp, Miss Brothers. Mother Gray, Mrs Garrick.
Johnny Ogle, Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called,

THE FRENCH SPY.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Bedford. Major Lafout, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr Roberts.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr H. Cooke. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Die Schauspeil Director,' And Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Negro Murderer.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Black Spider—Harlequin's Holiday—The Man Wolf.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Roda—The Jovial Mourners—The Brigand's Wife.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Writings of Henry Fuseli, Esq. M.A. R.A. Keeper, and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy in London; Member of the First Class of the Academy of St Luke at Rome. The Former written, and the Latter edited by John Knowles, F.R.S. Corresponding Member of the Philosophical Society at Rotterdam, his Executor. In 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

[Continued from Yesterday.]

In 1802, Fuseli went to Paris during the peace, to see the Louvre, where he justly found fault with the French artists for having retouched some of the pictures of the old masters. He found David, the painter of the Reign of Terror, with a hare-lip. He declined the offer of an introduction to the First Consul, probably because he thought he should not know how to behave himself in the presence of a greater man than himself.

In 1803, he left Queen Anne street (now Foley place) where he had lived some time, and took a house in Berners street, No. 13, which had been built by Sir William Chambers for his own residence, and where he remained till the December of the next year, when he was elected to the office of Keeper of the Royal Academy, which gives the holder of it apartments in Somerset House. He continued here till the close of his life, much respected by the Students and others, for his understanding, but not so much so either for his pictures or manners; and after out-living most of his old friends, died, in the 85th year of his age, on the 16th of April 1825, at Putney Hill, the seat of the Countess of Guildford, who, with her daughters, affectionately attended him to the last. The Countess of Guildford was the daughter of his first patron, Mr Coutts. The Academy gave their old officer a public burial at St Paul's.

'It may now be proper,' says Mr Knowles, 'to give some description of Fuseli's person and habits. He was rather short in stature, about five feet two inches in height, his limbs were well proportioned, his shoulders broad, and his chest capacious. His complexion was fair, his forehead broad, his eyes were large, blue, and peculiarly expressive and penetrating; his nose large, and somewhat aquiline; his mouth was rather wide, and although his features were not strictly regular, yet his countenance was, in the highest degree, intelligent and energetic; the expression of his face varied in a remarkable manner with the impressions of his mind. He was clean and neat in his person and dress, and very particular with his hair, which was carefully dressed every day with powder.

'In youth, Fuseli was exceedingly temperate in all his habits: until the age of twenty-one years, he had never tasted fermented liquors; and in more advanced age, his usual beverage was port wine in a moderate quantity, or port wine mixed with water; and during the whole of his life he had never even tasted beer. He was habitually an early riser. In London, during the summer months, he usually left his bed-room between six and seven o'clock; but when in the country, he arose between four and five. To these, and to the practice of standing while he painted, he attributed the more than usual good state of health which he had enjoyed. He possessed his faculties in an extraordinary degree to the last period of his life: his fancy was vivid, his memory unimpaired, and his eye-sight so good, that he could read the smallest print without the aid of glasses: if any one of them had failed, it was his hearing; but this, if impaired at all, was only so in a slight degree; and, in my opinion, his complaint of this proceeded more from an inattention on his part, to any discourse which did not interest him, than from a defect in the organ; for, when his attention was drawn to a subject, or excited, this was in no degree apparent.'—P. 350.

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'Notwithstanding some eccentricities, Fuseli was a man of method: his daily occupations, which were almost unalterable, will give some notion of this. If the weather were favourable, he usually walked for an hour or two before breakfast, if otherwise, he read some classic author. At breakfast, (which generally occupied an hour), he was engaged in looking over drawings of entomology, or in reading some book on that science. After he had breakfasted, and while under the hands of the hair-dresser, he read Homer in Greek. At half-past ten o'clock he went to his study, and engaged himself in painting until four, then dressed, and walked till the time appointed for dinner. In the evening, if not in society, he amused himself in examing prints, executing drawings, or reading the popular works of the time. When out of London, the middle of each day was spent either in drawing, writing or reading.

'From infancy, Fuseli possessed very impetuous passions, which required, when a boy, some degree of coercion on the part of his parents, to control. This irritability in one instance nearly cost him his life. At Lyons, when a young man, he had a dispute with a person which aroused his feelings to such a height, that in a momentary fit of passion, he made use of that agility which he possessed in a considerable degree, and kicked his antagonist in the face. The man coolly drew his sword, and immediately inflicted a severe wound upon the offending leg. Notwithstanding this violence of disposition, when his anger was aroused to a high pitch, a kind word or look appeased him in a moment. In the several relations of husband, friend, and master, he was most affectionate and kind; but he required to be sought: if neglected, he ceased to think of the objects whom he had before loved and esteemed; and his constant theme was, on such occasions, "I can live without them who can do without me."

'He possessed such a degree of pride and self-love in this particular, that if he thought himself slighted, he would resent it, whatever might be the rank or condition of the man: this has been witnessed on several occasions, one of which now recurs to my memory. I accompanied him to a private view of a picture. 'The Trial of Queen Caroline:' after we had been in the room a few minutes, he pointed out a clergyman, and said, "That is Horsley, the Bishop of London; he and I were very intimate. Before he became a dignitary of the church, he used to come to my house frequently, and sit there for hours together; but for some years he seems to forget even my person." Shortly after Lord Rivers came into the apartment, and accosted Fuseli in his usual jocular manner, and perhaps not knowing that he had been acquainted with the Bishop, took an opportunity of introducing him. Fuseli immediately said, "I have seen his Lordship before now," and turned upon his heel."—P. 353.

After speaking of his scholarship, which was great and various, his extensive acquaintance with English poetry and literature, his knowledge of history, chronology and *entomology*, the love for which branch of natural history was a family passion, Mr Knowles proceeds as follows:—

'It must be acknowledged, that Fuseli was fully sensible of his various acquirements, and never underrated his own powers; although apt to undervalue those of others, particularly of some of his brother artists, and also to speak of them slightingly, because they were unacquainted with literature, and even deficient in orthography: after talking with them, he has said, "I feel humbled, as if I were one of them." Mrs Wollstonecraft was alive to this weakness in Fuseli's character, and on one occasion emphatically exclaimed, "I hate to see that reptile Vanity sliming over the noble qualities of your heart." '—P. 363.

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'Fuseli seldom or never concealed his sentiments with regard to men, even to their faces. Calling upon him one evening, I found Mr Marchmont and Mr Nollekens in his room: although I was well known to these gentlemen, he formally took me up to them, and said, "This, Mr Knowles, is Mr Marchmont, that, Mr Nollekens, two of the cleverest artists, in their way, I believe, in Europe, but in everything else two old dandies." Every one knows, who is acquainted with art, the powers which Northcote displays when he paints animals of the brute creation. When his picture of 'Balaam and the Ass' was exhibited at the "Macklin Gallery," Northcote asked Fuseli's opinion of its merits, who instantly said, "My friend, you are an Angel at an ass, but an ass at an Angel." '—P. 364.

At page 285, another anecdote is related of the airs he gave himself over his brother artists. When he put up for the office of Keeper of the Royal Academy, Northcote and Opie, who voted against him, considered it right to call upon him the day after his election, in order to explain their motives. This proceeding Mr Knowles gratuitously attributes to their "being conscience-stricken, not only on account of his abilities, but from having received favours at his hands." They may or may not have been conscience-stricken; but conscience also might have dictated their votes for

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another candidate; and we do not see why Mr Knowles should assume one case more than the other. To be sure, he says, that "in their explanation they in some degree blamed each other;" and it is possible, considering what is known of the jealousy of artists, that they might have voted against Fuseli, simply because he deserved the office better than their own man. Be this as it may, Fuseli was more than even with them, after his fashion. He told them that he was sorry they had taken the trouble to come to him, because he should lose his character in the neighbourhood: for, said he, "when you entered my house, the one must have been taken for a little Jew creditor (Northcote), the other for a bailiff (Opie); so good morning."

'Discoursing one day with a gentleman at Mr Johnson's table, upon the powers and merit of Phocion, a stranger, who had apparently listened with attention to the conversation, interrupted him with this question—"Pray, Sir, who was Mr Phocion?" Fuseli immediately answered, "From your dialect, Sir, I presume you are from Yorkshire; and if so, I wonder you do not recollect Mr Phocion's name, as he was Member for your County in the Long Parliament;" and he then resumed the discourse. Bonnycastle and another mathematician were conversing upon the infinite extension of space, a subject in which Fuseli could take no part, so as to shew his powers; he instantly cut it short by asking, "Pray, Gentlemen, can either of you tell me how much broad cloth it would take to make Orion a pair of breeches?" Calling one morning upon Mr Johnson, he found him engaged in bargaining with an author for the copyright of a book; after a time, the gentleman took leave; when he was gone, Mr Johnson said, "That is Mr Kett, and his work is to be called 'Elements of Useful Knowledge.'" "In how many volumes?" said Fuseli. "In two octavos," was the answer. "No, no, Johnson," said he, "you cannot be serious. The ocean is not to be emptied with a tea-spoon." Meeting with a gentleman in society who piqued himself upon his knowledge of poetry, and boasted of being thoroughly versed in Shakspeare, he exclaimed, in a sonorous tone,—

"Oh, for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of invention!"

"Pray Sir, do you happen to recollect where these lines are to be found?" He took some time to consider, and then answered, "Somewhere in Pope."—"I find you are well read in the poets," said Fuseli.—Discoursing with a lady upon sculpture, who was too well read in classics to be a subject of his mischievous pleasantry, he pretended to inform her of a fine bas-relief, which had been received by the Royal Academy, from Rome. "What is the subject?" she asked.—"Hector and Andromache," said he, "dashing out, against a wall, the little Astyanax's brains."—"Poh, why do you tell me such stuff?" asid she. "Aye! *you* may laugh," replied Fuseli, "but it would go down with many a one. I have often said such things in company without detection; only try it yourself at the next lord's house you may visit, and see how many fine ladies, and dandies, will detect you."'—P. 367.

'Of Dr Johnson, whom he sometimes saw at Sir Joshua Reynolds's table, he said, "Johnson had to a physiognomist a good face, but he was singular in all his movements. He was not so uncouth in appearance and manner as has been represented by some; he sat at table in a large bushy wig and brown coat, and behaved decently enough. On one occasion, the conversation turned upon ghosts and witches, in the existence of which he believed, and his only argument was, "That great and good men in all times had believed in them." My fingers itched to be at him, but I knew, if I got the better of the argument, that his celebrity was so great, it would not be credited.—You know," he continued, "that I hate superstition. When I was in Switzerland, speaking with Lavater, upon the appearance of the spirit after death, it was agreed between us, that if it were allowed by the Deity to visit earth, the first who died, should appear to the other. My friend was the most scrupulous man in existence, with regard to his word; he is dead, and I have not seen him."—Of Sterne, he said, that "he was a good man, knew what was right, and had excellent qualities; but was weak in practice. When I was invited to meet him at Johnson's, I expected to hear from the author of 'The Sentimental Journey,' (which I esteem the most original of books), either wit, or pathos, or both; when I saw him, he was certainly nearly worn out, and I was miserably disappointed, as nothing then seemed to please him but talking obscenely."—The description which he gave of Sir Joshua Reynolds was, "that he had an insignificant face, but he possessed quickness of apprehension; he was no scholar, and a bad speaker. In his art, he took infinite pains at first to finish his work; but afterwards, when he had acquired a greater readiness of hand, he dashed on with his brush. "There is a degree of arrogance," said he, "in Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits, for all his boys are men, his girls women. Sir Joshua, unassisted with a sitter, had no idea of a face; he copied nature, and yet there is a perfect degree of originality in his paintings; he had the affectation to deny genius." Of Gibbon he remarked, "that he had a good forehead, but a measured way of studying whatever he said."—Of Horne Tooke,—"Tooke is undoubtedly a man of talents; but he is the greatest chatterer I ever sat down with; one cannot, in his company, put in a word edgewise; he, however, wishes to be thought a good German scholar, but in this he is very superficial." He sometimes met Thomas Paine in society, and has remarked to me, "that he was far from being energetic in company; to appreciate his powers you must read his works, and form your opinion from them, and not from his conversation. Paine knew less of the common concerns of life than I do, who know little; for when he has had occasion to remove from lodgings, he hardly knew how to procure or make an agreement for others, and our friend Johnson latterly managed these concerns for him. When the popular cry was much against Paine, it was thought prudent by his friends that he should remove from his apartments; and others were taken for him by Johnson, about four miles distant from those which he inhabited. They went there in a hackney-coach, for such a vehicle could contain them, with all the moveables which Paine possessed. On their arrival at the new abode, Paine discovered that half a bottle of brandy was left behind; now brandy being an important thing to Paine, he urged Johnson to drive back to fetch it. "No, Mr Paine," said he, "it would not be right to spend eight shillings in coach-hire, to regain one shilling's worth of brandy." Paine was an excellent mechanic; when Sharpe was about to engrave my picture of the Contest of Satan, Sin, and Death, he employed a carpenter to construct a roller to raise or fall it at pleasure; in this, after several ineffectual attempts, he did not succeed to the expectations of Sharpe, who mentioned the circumstance in the hearing of Paine; he instantly offered his services, and set to work upon it, and soon accomplished all, and indeed more than the engraver had anticipated." '—P. 372.

[To be concluded.]

Erratum in Yesterday's Article.—For "appear advantageous," read "appear to advantage."

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— A Calcutta paper states, that the British resident at Ava is received into the houses of the Woongees and Athewoons *with his shoes on*. The first European who has been thus distinguished.

A Sufficing Reason.—A peasant in France was at a sermon on Good Friday, during which every one of the congregation shed tears as a matter of course. He alone remained unmoved. His neighbour, greatly scandalised at this breach of propriety, shook him by the sleeve, and asked him why he did not weep? "Why should I," answered the boor, "I do not belong to the parish!"—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

Handel and the Serpent.—While Handel was directing the rehearsal of one of his oratorios, the *Revue Musicale* tells us, he heard a gruff and unknown instrument among the bases. "What are those abominable sounds," he roared out, "which split my ears?"—"A serpent," some one replied. "A serpent!" growled the composer; "it does not seem to be that by which Eve was seduced." The story is as good as most things of the kind, but M. Fétis should have made a later composer the peg to hang it on. It is a pure anachronism; there were about as many serpents in England during Handel's time, as *jupons* in paradise on the day of Eve's nuptials.—*Dilettante in Harmonicon for April*

Rapid Communication.—It is proposed, by means of a small tube throughout the length of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, to convey information as quickly as in conversation. In Herschell's Treatise on Sound, it is stated, that in the cast-iron water-pipe at Paris the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly heard at the other, though a distance of 3,120 feet. The length of the longest tunnel of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway is about 6,600 feet; but it is thought that not only could articulate sounds be transmitted distinctly that distance, but through the whole length of the railway, which may be put to the proof.—*Daily Paper.*

A Convenient Talisman.—On my return to the khan I found Mustapha in great alarm, in consequence of intelligence he had received from a Nizam officer, that the Zebeks were in possession of nearly all the towns through which I had proposed to pass between Ghiediz and Smyrna. Now it was a secret that I had kept from Mustapha, and indeed almost from myself, that one of the objects of this journey had been to fall in with these Zebeks. The direct road to Smyrna, and that which was occupied by the Zebeks, lay in a westerly direction, through a small town called Ieni Kieu. To Ieni Kieu, therefore, I signified to Mustapha my intention of proceeding, and was not a little surprised when he assented. A little time solved the mystery: I had been travelling for two hours, with the compass in my hand, when I found that it continued to point always towards the north, which I knew could not be my course. I halted several times, and placed the compass on the ground; but still the direction was the same. In about six hours we came in sight of the snow-capped Olympus, which shewed me that my Tartar had been misleading me. I immediately told him, that by the little talisman I held in my hand I discovered that he had deceived me. It is curious, that though a native of Constantinople, and accustomed to Frank society, he was utterly ignorant of the properties of the compass; and at the end of almost every day's march he would describe to each new company the magic charm by which I could discover truth from falsehood.—*Major Keppel's Journey across the Balcan.*—[If such a talisman could be made, it would be hard to say whether execrations, or blessings, would be the more lavished on the inventor, but most assuredly he would make a rapid fortune.]

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THE INDIAN SPARROW.—It seems that the pigeon is not the only letter-carrier of the feathered race, for it is said of the Indian sparrow, that "he may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper or any small matter that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact that if a ring be dropped into a dry well, and a signal be given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted that, if a house, or any other place, be shewn to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately, upon a proper signal being made." What an invaluable treasure must be such a bird to any unfortunate Miss Knibbs, who is reduced to the necessity of a clandestine correspondence with her lover!—Hard-hearted guardians should have an eye upon him, for he would assuredly be preferred to any other messenger;—not only for the romance of the thing, but for his sure secresy, and for his wings, which seem swift as even the impatience of love could desire. It seems, however, that he is in the habit of playing wicked tricks; for, Sir William Jones further tells us that young libertines train them to steal the plates of gold which the young Hindoo women at Benares wear between their eyebrows. Upon a given signal, they pluck these golden ornaments from the foreheads of the ladies, and carry them in triumph to their lovers. This is the bird of which it has been said that it illuminates its nest at night with fire-flies, which it affixes to the walls with clay. That the fire-flies are so placed, and at night, there seems no doubt, but naturalists differ as to the intention, and probably will continue to differ until the bird himself shall declare it. Some say it is for their light; others, that they feed upon these insects. Sir W. Jones leans to the latter opinion; but a letter from a gentleman, long resident in India, quoted in the "Architecture of Birds," favours the former, which is certainly the more agreeable notion, and would be as pleasing as it is poetical, could we, as Mrs Wakefield observes, divest our minds of the idea of the sufferings to which the brilliancy of the flies subjects them.

HIGH PRICE OF RANK.—"I suppose eggs must be very scarce in your neighbourhood?" said the Emperor Joseph to a Swiss peasant, who, having discovered his rank in spite of his incognito, had the impudence to ask twenty-five gold ducats for an omlet. "No, Sir," answered the Swiss knave, "eggs are not scarce, but emperors are very uncommon." Considering that the man had to deal with a crowned head, there is no wonder in his having sought to make the most of his eggs on that occasion. Although a far more humble individual, I remember a case very much resembling that of the omlet, which occurred to myself. Having one day halted at an inn in a small and unfrequented town in Champagne, I ordered a couple of mutton-chops, for which the hostess charged the modest sum of twenty-five francs! It was amusing to hear her enumeration of all the appendages to the mutton-chops, which I *ought* to have had. To sum up all, she said that travellers were so scarce that it could not be expected she should change a mere trifle, for one of my appearance! Of course I resisted the demanded with less good-humour than the Emperor Joseph might have done, and I got off by paying ten francs, about nine more than the regular price.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

TENACITY OF LIFE IN A SNAIL.—The study of Natural History is well calculated to cure us of the habit of speaking of things as impossible, merely because they are strange. Travellers tell us few things more extraordinary than the fact that animals have been known to live months, and even years, apparently without food. Bingley speaks of a gentleman whose father, a fellow of the Royal Society, left him a small collection of fossils and other curiosities, which he had had in his possession many years; among them were a number of snail shells. About fifteen years after his father's death, this gentleman gave some of these shells to his little boy to play with. The boy put them into a bason of water, and the living snails were seen to come forth from them, after a confinement, not only of fifteen years, but also of those years in which they had been in possession of the collector. The number of years, however, is of little consequence:—that they should live twenty years is little more surprising than that they should live one.

TURKISH COURTSHIP.—When a Turk feels disposed to get married, he communicates his wishes to his mother or any other near female relative, to whom he gives a description of the kind of woman whom he would wish to make his wife. The lady applied to then sallies forth, accompanied by a host of female friends, to visit every house in the neighbourhood where young unmarried women are likely to be met with. Those who appear to answer the purpose undergo a thorough examination; their hair is regularly combed, to see that it is all their own; their mouths are opened, that it may be seen whether the teeth therein contained are the legitimate property of the jaws on which they appear; almost every part of the body is viewed, to ascertain whether it is not disfigured by any deformity; and finally, they are made to walk up and down the room, to shew that they are exempt from lameness. After these examinations, a faithful report is made to the proper quarter; the choice is fixed upon immediately, and the same messengers are sent back to make formal proposals. The special bearer of the commission appears, shod with slippers of two different colours; and this outward mark indicates at once the errand on which she has come. The other preliminaries are then speedily adjusted, and the nuptial-day fixed.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

NEW FEMALE VOCALIST.—At a grand party given by the Duke of Devonshire, Miss Masson, an English lady possessing very superior vocal qualifications, and who, as an intimate friend of Madame Pasta, has been passing many months with her in Italy, benefitting by her example and instructions, [sang two airs in a manner that showed her own great talent, the result of long study, and the advantages she has reaped by her visit to the reigning queen of Italian song. Miss Masson is evidently an excellent musician, and mistress not only of the modern Italian style, but no less at home in oratorio and other sacred music. She sings Handel, Mozart, or Rossini, with equal and discriminating taste, and is decidedly an acquisition of great importance to the musical world at the present moment.—*Dilettante in Harmonicon for April.*

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.—In the time of Judge Holt, there was a riot in London, occasioned by the practice of sending young persons to the plantations, who were confined in a house in Holborn, till they could be shipped off. Notice of the riot being sent to Whitehall, a party of the military were ordered out; but before they marched, an officer was sent to the Chief Justice, to desire him to send some of his people with the soldiers. Holt asked the officer what he meant to do, if the mob refused to disperse. "My Lord," replied he, "we have orders to fire upon them."—"Have you so?" said Holt; "then observe what I say. If one man is killed, I will take care that you and every soldier of your party shall be hanged. Sir, acquaint those who sent you, that no officer of mine shall attend soldiers; and let them know, likewise, that the laws of this land are not to be executed by the sword. These things belong to the civil power, and you have nothing to do with them." So saying, he dismissed the officer, proceeded to the spot with his tipstaves, and prevailed upon the populace to disperse, on a promise that justice should be done, and the abuse remedied.—*Biographia Britannica.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—William Tell—High Ways and By Ways—And The Ice Witch.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE new Easter piece here, called *Neuha's Cave, or the South-Sea Mutineers*, is founded upon one of Lord BYRON'S failures, the *Island*, and is certainly no improvement upon its original. The striking adventure of the cavern under the sea is still to be found in its most interesting state where his Lordship met with it, in MARINER'S 'Account of the Tonga Islands.' Much of the Noble Poet's writing is said to be retained in the new piece. If so, it did not hinder us from wishing to go to sleep; an inclination which was so constant upon us, except when KEELEY was joking, that the reader must excuse our entering into the usual details. Sailors, bad verses, and the sight of poor Miss TAYLOR sacrificed over and over again to her melo-dramatic education, are too much for us all at once. Furthermore, we had sat out the new opera (of which we shall give an account to-morrow); and the whole series of tinkling, and glare, and noise, for five hours together, is really too excessive a case for anybody but a little boy who sits up on purpose. A man is not equal to it. There was a mutiny, and a ship's deck, and divers swaggering seamen, and South-Sea Islanders marching to grim music, or squealing, by way of a pleasing variety, and Miss TAYLOR aforesaid attitudinizing very prettily, and trembling with her fervid voice, and sundry pistols fired off, and a mate in a state of remorse, and KEELEY as a travelling gardener (the best thing in the piece), and finally, the wicked men are conquered, and the right gets the day, and bonnets and hats make haste to get out of the boxes.

We are surprised that the managers give us any more sailors. We have surely had enough of them. They force us to remember the saying of the wise man,—that the only thing which sailors have to do on shore, is to go to sea again. Certainly, if we have another batch of sea lingo and swaggering, we shall think that the managers are conspiring to sow the seeds of disaffection in the bosoms of his Majesty's liege subjects: for if anything could make us wish the death of our beloved Sovereign, it would be the advantage taken of his blue jacket, to overwhelm us with these eternal affectations of roughness and pigtail.

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FATE OF THE 'HISTORY OF MUSIC.'—The fate of this work was decided like that of many more important things, by a trifle, a word, a pun. A ballad, chanted by a fille-de-chambre, undermined the colossal power of Alberoni; a single line of Frederic the Second, reflecting not on the politics, but the poetry of a French minister, plunged France into the seven years' war; and a pun condemned Sir John Hawkins's sixteen years' labour to long obscurity and oblivion. Some wag wrote the following catch, which Dr Callcott set to music—

'Have you read Sir John Hawkins' History?
Some folks think it quite a mystery;
Both I have, and I aver
That Burney's History I prefer.'

Burn his History was straightway in every one's mouth; and the bookseller, if he did not follow the advice *au pied de la lettre*, actually wasted, as the term is, or sold for waste paper, some hundred copies, and buried the rest of the impression in the profoundest depth of a damp cellar, as an article never likely to be called for, so that now hardly a copy can be procured undamaged by damp and mildew.—*Harmonicon for April.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of

MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth, Miss Huddart. Gentlewoman, Mrs Newcombe.
Duncan, Mr Younge. Malcolm, Mr J. Vining. Donalbain, Master Baker.
Macbeth, Mr Macready. Banquo, Mr Cooper. Rosse, Mr H. Wallack.
Macduff, Mr Wallack. Lenox, Mr Cathie. Fleance, Miss Lane.
Seward, Mr Thompson. Sexton, Mr Fenton. Serjeant, Mr C. Jones.
Physician, Mr Yarnold. Officers, Messrs Howell, Eaton, Honner.
Apparitions, Mr Howard, Miss Lane, Miss Poole.
Hecate, Mr Phillips.
1st Witch, Mr Farren. 2nd Witch, Mr Dowton. 3rd Witch, Mr Harley.
Principal Singing Witches, Misses Pearson, Byfeld, S. Phillips, Russell, &c.
Messrs T. Cooke, Horn, Bedford, Bland, Yarnold, Robinson, Salter, &c.

Previous to the Tragedy, Spohr's Overture to 'Macbeth.'

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs Waylett.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Poole.
Principal Dancers—Miss Barnett, Miss Bascke, Misses Ballin, M'Henry, and Lydia.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snorro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, The Brigand; Nettlewig Hall; and The Ice Witch.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

ISABELLA.

Isabella, Miss F. Kemble. Nurse, Mrs Tayleure.
Ladies, Mesdames Blaire, Fairbrother, Reed, and Vials.
Count Baldwin, Mr Egerton. Biron, Mr Warde. Biron's Son, Miss Hunt.
Carlos, Mr G. Bennett. Villeroy, Mr Abbott. Maurice, Mr Henry.
Belford, Mr Baker. Officer, Mr Turnour. Samson, Mr Meadows.
In Act III. An EPITHALAMIUM.
The principal Vocal Parts by Mesdames Hughes, Cawse, and Perry.
Messrs Duruset and Morley, and Chorus.

Previous to the Tragedy, Mozart's Overture to 'Idomeneo.'
Before St Patrick's Day, H. R. Bishop's 'Medley Overture.'

After which, the Farce of

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

Mrs Bridget Credulous, Mrs Tayleure. Lauretta, Miss Nelson.
Lieutenant O'Connor, Mr Power. Dr Rosy, Mr Bartley.
Justice Credulous, Mr Blanchard. Sergeant Trounce, Mr Baker.
Corporal Flint, Mr Turnour. John, Mr Heath.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bompertz, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LE PLUS BEAU JOUR DE LA VIE.

Jules, Mlle. Eliza. Madame de St André, Mme. Prèval.
Antoine et Estelle, Mlle. St Ange et Mme. Gamard.
M. Bonnemain, M. Prèval. M. de St André, M. Cloup. Frédéric, M. Alfred.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

VALENTINE; OU, LA CHUTE DES FEUILLES.

Madame Albert remplira le Rôle de Valentine. Mathilde de Leonitz, Mlle. Jamain.
Marguerite, Mme. Prèval. Georgette, Mlle. St Ange.
Alfred, M. Derval. M. de Valhen, M. Cloup. Muller, M. St Aubert.
Ludwic, M. Gamard. Un Valet, M. Granville.

On Finira par

LE BOUFFE ET LE TAILLEUR.

Mme. Albert remplira le Rôle de Célestine. Cavatini, M. Alfred.
Benini, M. Gamard. Barbeau, M. Prèval.

Advertisements.

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KING'S THEATRE, OPERA HOUSE.

GRAND MASQUERADES,

FRIDAY, the 8th of APRIL.

On which occasion the Stage and Audience Part of the Theatre will be converted into a

MAGNIFICENT ARENA,

With a Grand Central Orchestra, which will be occupied by the

BOHEMIAN BAND AND PRAGUE MINSTRELS.

An ELEVATED STAGE

Erected expressly for the Dancing, will secure the Company from the inconvenient pressure of the Promenading Groupe, so that

THE QUADRILLE—THE WALTZ—THE COUNTRY DANCE,

may be enjoyed.

THE SINGERS OF THE ALPS

Are also Engaged, and will perform a Selection of their Native Mountain Melodies; And Accompany themselves on the Guitar and Zitter.

The MASQUERADE SALOON will be fitted up in a Novel and superior style And be BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED.

The whole being under the Entire Management of Mr W. BARRYMORE, Of Drury Lane Theatre.

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SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, to be entitled

THE HEADSMAN.

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

After which, Michel Boai's Chin Performances. Assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels.

To which will be added, an entirely new Melo-Drama, entitled

THE DOG OF THE CONVENT.

Countess Valdetti, Miss Scott. Dorinda, Miss Vincent.
Guido Elfridoni, Mr C. Hill. Malevolo and Scaroni, Mr Lee and Mr Almar.
Mordbrenner, Mr Asbury. Father Francisco, Mr Gough.
Father Lorenzo, Mr Young. Simplo, Mr Vale. Count Valdetti, Mr Honner.
Larry O'Sullivan, Mr D. Pitt. Louis, Master F. Carbery.

To be succeeded by the Performance of the Human Flageolet; or, Northern Siffleur.

The whole to conclude with a new Comic Pantomime, entitled

THE ENCHANTED GROVE.

Columbine, Mlle Rosier. Harlequin, Mr Honner. Clown, Mr T. Hill.
Pantaloon, Mr Asbury.

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A New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

Mrs Properly, Mrs Glover. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
Thomas, Mr Barnett. Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

After which, an Original Serious Drama, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell. Bertrand, Mr Munroe.
Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, a Farcical Entertainment, called,

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

Peggy Darnwell, Mrs Humby. Mrs Griskin, Miss Wells.
Mrs Tally, Miss Garrick. Mrs Ringlett, Miss Stohwasser.
Mrs Vamp, Miss Brothers. Mother Gray, Mrs Garrick.
Johnny Ogle, Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called,

THE FRENCH SPY.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Bedford. Major Lafout, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr Roberts.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr H. Cooke. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Die Schauspeil Director,' And Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Negro Murderer.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Black Spider—Harlequin's Holiday—The Man Wolf.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Roda—The Jovial Mourners—The Brigand's Wife.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Pilot. By J. F. Cooper. 12mo, pp. 420. (First Volume of the Series called 'The Standard Novels.') Colburn and Bentley.

Caleb Williams. By William Godwin. 12mo, pp. 452. (Second Volume of Ditto.) Colburn and Bentley.

To have the 'Pilot' in one pleasant, thick, readable volume, price six shillings, is a good thing; and to have 'Caleb Williams,' is a better. We do not know how far the word *Standard* applies to the first novel, because it has not yet had time to stand for that period which is understood to confer the appellation. But we believe that the originality and truth of its sea-painting will enable it to do so. We know enough of the sea, and of the dangers of it, to take more than an ordinary interest in the most celebrated passage of this novel: and we have read few things that have left upon us a more lasting impression. We do not like the author's domestic painting so well, though always very clever, and often something higher, with the exception of his minuteness in painting costume, the common error of the followers of Sir Walter Scott, among whom Mr Cooper undoubtedly ranks the first, with a merit of his own, arising from the same local novelty. Sir Walter's details of costume are warranted, not only by his masterly mode of treating even those, but by the remoteness and peculiarity of the times and persons with whom they are connected. We cannot feel so much interest in the skirt of a modern coat, or the way in which a gentleman avoids sitting down upon it, even though the gentleman be Washington. Mr Cooper's women are proper cold cousins of Sir Walter's, with the melancholy advantage of impressing you as bearing greater resemblances to the understood character of American ladies, than Sir Walter's do, to our preconceptions, of the bonnie countrywomen of Burns and Ramsay. They seem like women in glass cases; and seldom shew themselves alive, but when they are taking upon themselves to rate and lecture their admirers. At least this was the impression made upon us by the perusal of several of Mr Cooper's novels, when they first came out; the present one, if we mistake not, in particular. We admire and love the American institutions: we look upon the people of the United States as our fellow-countrymen, and as having as much right as ourselves to whatever fame can be given them from the works and deeds of our common ancestors; nay more, for they have carried the hard-earned wisdom of those ancestors further than we; but at present, we regard their national reputation as too much modified by the commercial and sea-faring condition of their nonage: and without meaning any disrespect to Mr Cooper, himself a naval officer, we cannot help thinking that there is a certain want of refinement and liberal knowledge, arising out of the extremes of commercial timidity and marine license, in making women so strait-laced and precise, and afraid of committing themselves, as they appear in these novels. They seem like mere contradictions to the imprudence of prodigality, or the license of a sailor's hop, not substantial flesh and blood, honest-hearted womankind, with faith in themselves and others, and a merit beyond a pain of glass. For similar reasons, it always appears to us that Sir Walter Scott must have a gross idea of women.

'Caleb Williams' is a masterly work, of absorbing interest. We do not think the character of Falkland a very natural one; that is to say, we do not think that any man, not under the influence of physical madness, could commit the crime that he does; and yet have been accustomed from childhood to those habits of self-restraint and the most amiable virtue. There would have been overt acts of impatience and resentfulness, many times, in such a man; or else his virtue would have set most uneasily upon him. Falkland is no fool of virtue, whatever the author may sometimes appear to have intended him; but he may be allowed to be a sort of Sir Charles Grandison, taking himself for what he was not. He is Richardson's hero in miniature, under the sad disadvantage of having committed a capital offence! The less varnished characters in this novel, are admirably painted; Tyrrel, Grimes and all the rest, as far as we recollect them, for we have not seen the novel for many years, till it came before us in its present welcome shape; when we sat down incontinently, and read nearly seven chapters without being able to take our eyes from the book. This is the right thing. Criticism may or may not be all in an error. We think, however, it will be conceded, that Mr Godwin succeeds far better in moving by pain than by pleasure. His works are calculated to do more good to the unimaginative, than the reverse; or at least to those whose imaginations are not cultivated, and who are willing to have the rudiments of thought and feeling thrust upon them, at as much expense as the author pleases. We confess, for our own parts, we are among those who have had wounds enough, and are willing to have a little balm. We can dispense with being poked in the fifth rib, or taking our breakfast within hearing of the cries of a surgery. We think that the list of happy books might be encreased, without detriment to the salutary stock of dissatisfaction. But at the same time, we allow to the full, the merit of such works as 'Caleb Williams;' and having neutralized our criticism, by saying what we read of it again without stopping, we shall proceed to redeem our character for a masculine endurance, by saying that we shall infallibly read the whole volume through. Yes: we shall submit our scalp to Mr Godwin, so tempting is his tomahawk.

We missed, in this edition of the 'Pilot,' some account of the author; or a Preface of some sort, biographical, critical, or gossiping. Next to reading good books, we like to see them talked about. In the 'Caleb Williams' this want has been supplied by a critical preface, and a memoir. The latter, which is written in a strain of enthusiastic admiration, has been publicly mentioned, as from the pen of the author's daughter.

The new series of novels is unobjectionable in point of size and type; and we cannot but again express our satisfaction in having a whole novel in one volume. We have often taken a thick second volume in our pockets, in case we should finish the first during a walk; so that the reader may judge, perhaps from his own experience, how acceptable these comprehensive publications are to the lover of books, to say nothing of their cheapness, which is a recommendation to everybody.

But why do not Messrs Colburn and Bentley give us engravings more worthy of their publications? The vignette of the Ships in the 'Pilot' is very well, and the women in the frontispiece are, at any rate, not unlike those of the author; but the anonymous frontispiece in 'Caleb Williams' is deplorable, and the vignette still worse, as far as the female is concerned, though there is a character in the face of Grimes, which makes us regret that the drawing is so bad. The designs look like those of a young apprentice in the art. Messrs Colburn and Bentley's publications are so handsomely got up in every other respect, that we always regret this blemish upon them, and indeed are surprised at it, knowing, as we happen to do, that there is a gentleman in their establishment who has no ordinary taste in the Fine Arts.

The Life and Writings of Henry Fuseli, Esq. M.A. R.A. Keeper, and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy in London; Member of the First Class of the Academy of St Luke at Rome. The Former written, and the Latter edited by John Knowles, F.R.S. Corresponding Member of the Philosophical Society at Rotterdam, his Executor. In 3 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

[Concluded from Yesterday.]

The following characteristic anecdote of Fuseli and two of his friends, with the mixture of rage and good-humour at the conclusion, is very pleasant. Fuseli's answering the Eton boys in Latin, shewed a great ignorance of the English infant public, which has anything but a respect for those who think to "come over it" with their sympathies:—

'In the autumn of the year (1796) Mr and Mrs Fuseli, with

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Messrs Opie and Bonnycastle, passed a few days at Windsor; the object of the two artists was not only to have some relaxation, and to see the pictures, but to examine critically the cartoons of Raphael, which were at this time in the Castle. An anecdote or two will shew the disposition of the three men. In their journey down by the stage-coach, they were much annoyed by an outside passenger placing his legs over one of the windows. Opie at first gently remonstrated with him. This, however, not producing the desired effect, he pinched his legs, but yet the nuisance continued: at length the coach stopped at an inn, Opie, being enraged, exerted his Herculean strength, and pulled the person to the ground; but this did not produce any rencontre. When at Windsor, the two painters endeavoured to palm the scriptural subject of West upon Bonnycastle for the Cartoon of Raphael. But although he was not a competent judge of works of art, yet he was too well read not to detect their intentions. Bonnycastle, however, wished to shew his critical knowledge, and ventured upon the observation usually made upon the cartoon of the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," that the boat was not sufficiently large for the men, much less for the lading. Fuseli instantly answered, "By G—d, Bonnycastle, that is a part of the miracle." Being at Windsor, they went to Eton College. Here the youths assembled about them, asking the usual questions—"Do you wish to see the library, Gentlemen," and such like. Fuseli amused himself by answering them in Latin; but Opie, in his usual gruff manner, said to the most prominent among them, "What do you want? I cannot make out to what class of being you belong, being too little for a man, and too large for a monkey." This was resented, as an insult, by the mass. And it was only by the great physical power of Bonnycastle and Opie, that they disengaged themselves and their companions from the crowd of boys who surrounded them. Fuseli was highly provoked, and was apprehensive also of personal violence; and when he got without the barrier, almost breathless with rage, he sat on a large stone by the side of the road, and exclaimed, "I now wish I was the Grand Sultan, for I would order my Vizier to cut off the heads of these urchins, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof." '—P. 194.

'Of masquerades, he considered that Englishmen neither possessed the animal spirits, nor the quickness of repartee, requisite for this amusement, but are apt to drop the fastidious character they assume, and take up their real one. He instanced this by the following anecdote:—"At the request of young Lavater, when he was in England, I visited a masquerade at the Opera House: we were accompanied by my wife, and Mrs Wollstonecraft, and were endeavouring to be amused by the masks, when a devil came hallooing about us, and tormented some of the party to such a degree, that I exclaimed, 'Go to Hell!' but the dull devil, instead of answering in character, 'Then I will drag you down with me,' or making some bitter retort, put himself into a real passion, and began to abuse me roundly. So I, to avoid him, retired from the place, and left the others of the party to battle it out." '—P. 380.

Of Fuseli's religion, Mr Knowles does not know what account to give; nor did he himself. He had, however, a great admiration of the Bible, and seldom took it up, says Mr Knowles, "which he frequently did, without shedding tears." He had also, "a perfect reliance on a future state of existence. 'If I had not hope in this,' he said, 'I should hang myself, for I have lived, and still live, for nothing. I am certain I shall exist hereafter, for I feel that I have had powers given to me by the Deity, which time has not allowed me to exert, or even to develope. I am capable of doing ten times more than I have done done.'

'In further corroboration,' says Mr Knowles, 'of his opinions on this point, I may give the following conversation which I heard. Fuseli was maintaining the immortality of the soul. A gentleman present said, "I could make you or any man of sense disbelieve this, in half an hour's conversation." Fuseli immediately answered, "That I am sure you could not, and I will take care you shan't." '

Upon the whole we have been interested in this life of Mr Fuseli, because we are interested in any man's life, especially if there be anything striking in his character; but we cannot flatter Mr Knowles upon his competence for writing the biography of a man of letters and a painter. Of letters our author knows nothing, and of painting evidently as little; both which circumstances, especially the latter, are not a little curious in a person ambitious of being considered his hero's friend. We should have said less about it, had Mr Knowles been less scrupulous in recording opinions to the disadvantage of others. Of any critical notion which he seems to possess, he does not venture to give us a distinct idea, for the very plain reason that he has none to give. He thinks Sir Thomas Lawrence would have "treated epic subjects" as well as portraits, "if he had employed his pencil exclusively thereon." Speaking of Fuseli's pictures from Shakspeare, he says, "The stately majesty of the ghost of Hamlet's father, contrasted with the expressive energy of his son, and the sublimity brought about by the light, shadow, and general tone, *strike the mind with awe.* In the picture of Lear, *is admirably pourtrayed* the stubborn rashness of the father, the filial piety of the discarded daughter, and the wicked determination of Regan and Goneril. The fairy scenes in the Midsummer Night's Dream, *amuse the fancy*, and shew the *vast inventive powers* of the painter: and Falstaff with Doll is *exquisitely ludicrous.*" Anybody could write such criticisms as this: and after all, the common-places are not true. When about to sum up the character of Fuseli as an artist, his biographer tells us, that it is not necessary to be very diffuse on that point, as he has been favoured with an "able article, to be found in the appendix, from the pen of William Young Otley, Esq."

Mr Fuseli was a shrewd observer, a lively companion, an excellent scholar, and an honest, if not a very pleasant man. He went to see Mr Johnson in prison, when the Government prosecuted him for a libel; and he would not recommend a man to office for favour's sake. But he was neither the profound thinker, nor the great painter, that Mr Knowles took him for. Those who are acquainted with the best writers, or had been taught to think in an universal spirit for themselves, had nothing to learn from him. There was a line drawn by sentiment and sympathy, beyond which his reflexions never advanced. In his serious pictures, with occasional sketches that promised more than he ever performed, he was the mimic of Michael Angelo; and in his familiar ones, which went upon the ground of what we all knew, and daily saw about us, he took a perverse delight in being as fantastic, as when he was drawing scenes in fairy-land. His familiarities were caricatures of grace, of costume, nay, of affectation itself, making every conscious pretence twenty times more conscious, and exaggerating, with equal absurdity, the turn of a finger, or the toe of a shoe. The secret of his failure, both in historical and domestic painting, was the same; it was the wish to be forcible and original, endeavouring to supply the want of force and originality; and in a mixture of despair of himself and contempt for others, attempting to force it down our throats. Fuseli had not patience to be a good draughtsman; so he must thrust his bones and muscles in our face. He had no eye for colour, and therefore he must paint like putrid brass (if the reader can fancy such a thing) and pronounce the colour "pretty." He could not hit the true point of character, so he must force it; and if we did not recognise the truth of it, we might be "damned." There was an effort in all that he did, a substitution of vehemence for power; and this was accompanied by the personal manners resulting from a consciousness of it. This was the reason why, as a painter, he assumed a right of insulting those who were no painters; and as a man of letters, those who were not literary. When in the presence of his betters, he was glad to be silent, or get out of the way. His faculties all went to the material and gross. In masculine character, he confused outward vigour with inward, physical tension with intensity, the convulsive with the energetic; of which it is but the desperation. And in his ideas of women and beauty, he was merely sensual and meretricious; though occasionally not without the graces which even that side of perception may supply.

In a word, Fuseli was a spoilt *German* artist; a sort of dream and nightmare of something great, hampered with his senses, and ending in being awake to the common world, without the disposition to please it. He seemed, like many men of little stature, to make up in airs what he wanted in growth, and to be angry that he was not a giant. He was an ostentatious man of talent, and the caricature of a man of genius.

A GOOD EXAMPLE TO INN-KEEPERS.—We put up at the sign of the Three Kings (at Temesvar) in which we found very good accommodation. A very convenient custom is observed there, which is worthy of being adopted in every inn throughout Europe. At the door of every one of the rooms a printed list is fixed, giving the price of the lodgings, and of everything which lodgers may require in the house. This enables every lodger to regulate his expense according to his means, and to pay that which he has incurred, without the risk of being taken advantage of by the landlord.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

— The 'Iron Chest' is founded on the story of 'Caleb Williams,' one of the best novels in the language, and the very best of the modern school: but the play itself is by no means the best play that ever was written, either in ancient or modern times, though really in modern times we do not know of any much better. . . . . The great beauty of 'Caleb Williams' is lost in the play. The interest of the novel arises chiefly from two things: the gradual working up of the curiosity of Caleb Williams with respect to the murder, by the incessant goading on of which he extorts the secret from Falkland, and then from the persecution which he undergoes from his master, which at length urges him to reveal the secret to the world.—Both these are very ingeniously left out by Mr Colman, who jumps at a conclusion, but misses his end.—*Hazlitt's Dramatic Criticisms.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Macbeth—And The Ice Witch.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Isabella—St Patrick's Day—And Neuha's Cave.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE new opera (new to the English stage) which was produced here the night before last, called *Azor and Zemira*, or *The Magic Rose*, is from the German,—the music by SPOHR, a composer of celebrity now living. The story is the famous one of 'Beauty and the Beast,' the most beautiful of fairy tales. We know not on what authority the Messrs GRIMM ascribe its origin to the East, though nothing is more probable than its coming from that quarter. The honour of it in its popular shape, however, belongs to Madame VILLENEUVE, authoress of the 'Contes Marins,' who took the idea of the sentiment from M. PERRAULT'S story of 'Ricquet with the Tuft,' which comes from Straparola the Neapolitan.* Madame VILLENEUVE deserves great credit for the way in which she has told it. The moral is a divine one, and goes to the deepest and best fountains of the heart. It is that of the triumph of moral grace, of gentleness, and generosity, over external disadvantages; the same as the moral of PARNELL'S story of 'Edwin of the Green,' and of that pretty novel attributed (if we mistake not) to a living descendant of the poet's family, entitled 'Julietta, or the Triumph of Mental Acquirements over Defects.' By the way, why does not somebody republish this novel? It would infallibly repay the speculation, especially at this moment. (Quere,—Is it not written by Sir HENRY PARNELL, who has been just now so properly distinguished?) There is a vein in it of the most generous delicacy, and which becomes more exquisite, according to the delicacy of the circumstances. Could not Mr COLBURN get it for his Standard Novels?

In the opera before us, *Beauty*, or *Zemira* (Miss INVERARITY) is the youngest of three daughters of a merchant of the name of *Scander* (Mr MORLEY), who travelling with his servant *Ali* (Mr PENSON), loses all his wealth, and finds himself in the palace of *Azor*, an enchanted prince (Mr WILSON), who for his pride has been subjected to the power of *Nigromant* a sorcerer (Mr EVANS), and transformed into a brute object of ugliness. *Azor's* destiny is connected with a Magic Rose, which the merchant seeing in the palace, and taking for a common flower, plucks in order to carry home to his favourite child, the three daughters having requested him on his departure to bring them home presents for each, *Fatima* (Miss CAWSE), fine clothes, *Lesbia* (Miss H. CAWSE), jewels, and *Zemira*, who is the *Cordelia* of the family, a rose.

The poor merchant has no sooner plucked the rose, than there is a tremendous hubbub, and the princely beast makes his appearance, attended by a set of corresponding monsters (his ex-footmen) who threaten to dash out the criminal's brains with their clubs. The merchant's servant, whose business it is to be facetious in his terrors, undergoes a similar threat; and both prostrate themselves before the dire unknown, whom the servant calls "most magnanimous monster," and "your Awfulness." (Several traits in this piece throughout will remind the spectator of *Cinderella*.)

His Awfulness, won by the candour and tenderness of the merchant's talk about his family, permits him to retire home to see them, on condition of either coming back himself (Arabian-night fashion) or sending one of his daughters instead. He agrees to the terms, having made up his mind to play the paternal Regulus; but his servant blabbing the secret upon their arrival, *Zemira* determines upon saving her father's life, and making herself the sacrifice.

The reader must know (or rather must call to mind, from what he knew when a little boy) that the transformed prince is doomed to continue in his ugliness till somebody falls in love with him. In the story as here given, *Rosadelle*, the Genius of the Rose (Miss LAWRENCE) is "on his side," as the little boys say; and *Nigromant* the Sorcerer is "against him;" and so *Nigromant*, first resorting to his hags (who sing like the witches in *Macbeth*) and then disguising himself like a Mussulman clergyman, presents himself before our heroine, and endeavours to get from her the Magic Rose, which she wears in her bosom. He tells her that it will be her destruction, and that her father means it to be so, in order to save himself. Her good-heartedness (an excellent touch!) gets the better of his cunning, for she will not believe ill of her father. She invokes the Spirit of the Rose, and the impostor sinks cursing under the earth. After this, attended by her father's servant, who is too much moved by her goodness to let her go alone, she is borne in a magic car to the palace of *Azor*.

The prince's deformity frightens her very much at first. She cannot bear the sight of the shaggy monster, human, or supposed to be human, in nothing but his voice. (For, by the way, Mr WILSON does not dress the character half horribly enough: we are not sure his hairiness would not be a recommendation to him now-a-days, provided he wore bibs.) By degrees, however, the extreme tenderness and generosity of the apparent savage affect his generous visitor: she begins to feel pity for him: she tells him, that if he will but let her go and see her father, she shall even have a pleasure in returning. Moved by her entreaties, despairing almost of making the last desired impression upon her in time to avert his fate (for she must love him by a certain day, or he perishes) but resolved, at all hazards, to deserve her, and shew that he can even die for her, poor Beast lets her go, on condition of her returning by a stated hour. She goes, re-assures her father, returns in the Magic Car (which is ready at a wish) and while loitering and soliloquizing in her host's garden, is visited by the lovely apparition of the Spirit of the Rose, who bids her look at the flower in her bosom. The flower is fading. "So," cries the Spirit, "is thy kind host perishing for love of thee." *Zemira* feels her heart finally touched as it is wished to be: she flies to save her lover from death; and sees him sitting in a gorgeous hall, enthroned, a powerful and beautiful prince.

We need not say that we love the story of this opera, and that we are among the greatest admirers of all magic cars, fairies, fine gardens, and other *desiderata*. There were parts of it therefore that interested us, though the story is not so well told as in the children's book. We missed in particular the passage where Beauty comes upon poor Beast, while the latter is about to die; which is omitted in the drama. But we are sorry we cannot speak highly of the music. It is of that class of the German school, which attempts to palm the science of music upon us for the *end* of the science, and for passion and invention. It is a set of preludes, rather than an opera. There is a sad want of melodies; and the harmonies, though occasionally beautiful, are upon the whole capricious, uncalled for, and inexpressive. There is something sweet in the trio, 'O day of mutual pleasure;' something animated and pleasurable in *Zemira's* part which follows; the air in honour of the *Rose* is pretty, with a promise of originality in the outset; and we like the giddy and graceful harp accompaniment to the one sung by *Ali*, 'Underneath the palm-tree's shade;' but these, after all, are but drops in an ocean of second or third-rate German science. MOZART'S was first-rate, and his genius rode at the top of it, like light over the harmonized elements. His stalk always has a flower. His ocean of sweet sounds is swept by divine shapes. There are spirits and human faces over it. These harmonies of the school that pretends to succeed him, are, we allow, a chaos in tune, but they are little else. The waves break pleasantly against one another, but there is no object. There is nothing but the sounds.

There is some beautiful scenery in this piece, and we like the flying cars, and the flying spirits, because they do fly; not because the cars are as pretty as the cupids; for Mr FARLEY has made them somewhat clumsy. Why is every mystical machine to have whirling circles to it, or wheels? The figure is mystic, but the effect is not good. It looks vulgar; and four whirring circular fans, at the four corners of a mass of gilding, do it no good in the air. They seem of no use, and could be of none.

* Mr Dunlop.

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All the performers do well, not forgetting Mr MORLEY, who has something sterling and unpretending about him; nor excepting Mr PENSON, whose humour is more palpable than fine. Mr WILSON is greatly improved in his acting. Our little friend, HARRIET CAWSE, always sings sweetly, and does good service in the trios. Her sister (as all the papers are agreed) is finer in her dress than her perceptions, but she scolds well, and has vocal skill besides. But what say we to our new charmer, Miss INVERARITY? Why, that she has been growing more charming every day for the last ten weeks; that she is daily acquiring confidence to develope her charmingness; and that she will infallibly equal the best singers we have in science, and beat them all to pieces in sensibility. She has gusto and the right Italian enjoyment. She makes the audience happy by seeming to be so herself; smiles at them, and with them, as if she knew them to be her friends; that is to say, sings with the proper *bocca ridente*, and seems to taste the words in her mouth, as if they were "tarts and cheese-cakes," as Sancho says. She uttered the mere word *sweet* in such a manner, in the trio above-mentioned, that the audience were in love with her. Finally, she was dressed in a manner that extremely became her; and altogether looked a very handsome, happy, and happy-making person. What a pleasure it is to see anybody succeed in this way! ☛

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

The principal Characters by Madame Meric Lalande, Madame Castelli, Signor Curioni, Signor Deville, Signor De Angeli, Signor Santini, and Signor De Begnis.

After which the Mythological Ballet of

FLORE ET ZEPHYRE.

The principal Characters by Mademoiselle Taglioni, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Proche, and Mlle. Brocard, Monsieur Paul, Monsieur Emile, and Monsieur Lefebvre.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

Ottavia, Miss Faucit. Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicolo, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert and Theodore, Mr H. Wallack and Mr J. Vining.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack.
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford. Spoletto, Mr Bland.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Tancredi,' and Boieldieu's Overture to 'Ma Tante Aurore.'

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

NETTLEWIG HALL; OR TEN TO ONE.

Miss Emily Constant, Mrs Waylett. Mrs Deborah, Mrs C. Jones.
Maria, Mrs Orger. Old Nancy, Mrs Broad. Cook, Miss Neville.
Sir John Julius Nettlewig, Mr Farren. Frederick Ramble, Mr Vining.
Tim Transit, Mr Harley. Patrick O'Doherty, Mr H. Wallack.
Ben Backstay, Mr Bedford.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs Waylett.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Poole.
Principal Dancers—Miss Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, M'Henry, and Lydia.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, The Pledge; or, Castilian Honour; and The Ice Witch.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Mesdames Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Spraying, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bompertz, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Fazio; Two Strings to Your Bow; and Neuha's Cave.

KING'S THEATRE, OPERA HOUSE.

GRAND MASQUERADES,

FRIDAY, the 8th of APRIL.

On which occasion the Stage and Audience Part of the Theatre will be converted into a

MAGNIFICENT ARENA,

With a Grand Central Orchestra, which will be occupied by the BOHEMIAN BAND AND PRAGUE MINSTRELS.

An ELEVATED STAGE

Erected expressly for the Dancing, will secure the Company from the inconvenient pressure of the Promenading Groupe, so that

THE QUADRILLE—THE WALTZ—THE COUNTRY DANCE, may be enjoyed.

THE SINGERS OF THE ALPS

Are also Engaged, and will perform a Selection of their Native Mountain Melodies; And Accompany themselves on the Guitar and Zitter.

The MASQUERADE SALOON will be fitted up in a Novel and superior style, And be BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED.

The whole being under the Entire Management of Mr W. BARRYMORE, Of Drury Lane Theatre.

NO ADMISSION UNMASKED.

The Gallery will be open to the Public at 2s. 6d. each Person, and Suppers will be provided in the Gallery Coffee Room, on moderate Terms.

ADMISSION AT THE DOORS (as usual) ONE GUINEA.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

THE SILVER MINERS OF STYRIA.

In conjunction with the

SINGERS OF THE ALPS.

Messrs. FISCHER, DABURGER, SCHWEITZER, and LAUFER, In their Native Costume.

Between the First and Second Parts, The Siamese Dance, By Messrs BROWN, KING, and GIBSON.

After which, IL DIAVOLO ANTONIO will go through his Extraordinary Evolutions on the Corde Volante.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

By Mr T. THOMPSON.

Signor NOSNER, the Inimitable Northern SIFFLEUR and VENTRILOQUIST, will give a correct Imitation of various Birds; likewise of different Musical Instruments; and an Imitation of Animals common to a Farm Yard.

To conclude with a Grand Ballet

DIVERTISEMENT.

Principal Dancers, Miss Rayner, Miss Josephine, Miss Rose, Miss Barnett, Miss Lewin, Miss Lees, and Mr Edgar.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, to be entitled

THE HEADSMAN.

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

After which, Michel Boai's Chin Performances. Assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels.

To which will be added, an entirely new Melo-Drama, entitled

THE DOG OF THE CONVENT.

Countess Valdetti, Miss Scott. Dorinda, Miss Vincent.
Guido Elfridoni, Mr C. Hill. Malevolo and Scaroni, Mr Lee and Mr Almar.
Mordbrenner, Mr Asbury. Father Francisco, Mr Gough.
Father Lorenzo, Mr Young. Simplo, Mr Vale. Count Valdetti, Mr Honner.
Larry O'Sullivan, Mr D. Pitt. Louis, Master F. Carbery.

To be succeeded by the Performance of the Human Flageolet; or, Northern Siffleur.

The whole to conclude with a new Comic Pantomime, entitled

THE ENCHANTED GROVE.

Columbine, Mlle Rosier. Harlequin, Mr Honner. Clown, Mr T. Hill.
Pantaloon, Mr Asbury.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Negro Murderer.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Black Spider—Harlequin's Holiday—The Man Wolf.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Roda—The Jovial Mourners—The Brigand's Wife.

CITY VAUDEVILLE.—"Live and Let Live."—Two Citizens—Industry Must Prosper—Enchantment, or Views in Fairy Land.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. By M. de Bourrienne, his Private Secretary. With Notes, now first added, from the Dictation of Napoleon at St Helena, from the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, of General Rapp, of Constant, and numerous other Authentic Sources. In 3 vols. fcap. 8vo. (Being the 7th, 8th, and 9th vols. of the National Library). Colburn and Bentley.

Bourrienne's are the completest personal recollections of Bonaparte that have appeared; and the publishers, besides putting the book forth in its cheapest and pleasantest form, have increased its interest, as the title-page will shew, by a variety of corroborations or counter-opinions from other writers. In short, this present edition of Bourrienne, besides being the only complete one in itself, is accompanied, by way of notes, with the most interesting passages from writers who enjoyed similar opportunities of knowing the extraordinary person whose history he relates: so that it may be called a *variorum* edition of the personal history of Napoleon. Sir Walter Scott's is a party history, ill-written and careless, and painfully exhibiting the author in the light of a deserter of his own cause, that of genius, for the sake of supporting the sorry worship of legitimacy, in which he was brought up. Mr Hazlitt's is a party history of a reverse kind, and beating it all to pieces in point of writing and reflexion, but too favourable to Napoleon, out of spleen against his inferiors. As for M. de Bourrienne, we confess we have no trust in him, except where the probable nature of the circumstances bears him out. The stamp of truth is, we grant, so apparent, over the greater portion of his work, especially up to a certain period, that we had implicit faith in it, till we came to the part where he would fain have us believe, that no man was a greater lover of truth than himself, at the very moment when he was the organ of Bonaparte's lying bulletins, in quality of his Secretary. After this we did not believe a word he said, unless warranted by events or by his hero's character: yet such, nevertheless, is the evident truth to be gathered from what he relates, partly owing to there being no reason, generally speaking, why he should write otherwise, and partly to his mixed liking and dislike for Napoleon, which produced an involuntary balance of judgment in him, to be found in no other writer,—that if we wished to judge for ourselves of any part of Bonaparte's life or manners, we would rather go to Bourrienne, as a text to reflect upon, than any other of his biographers.

This new edition, thus rendered complete, has a good frontispiece portrait to each of the volumes (Napoleon, Josephine, and Maria Louisa), and engravings in wood of some of the most celebrated pictures of Bonaparte's career, which the publishers ought not to have condescended to call "prints of great graphic beauty." They are very well for engravings of such pictures in wood, and we observe a good artist's name in the list of the workmen; but they have been evidently done at that cheap rate, which is notoriously understood to be incompatible with excellence.

So much has been written, re-written, and re-extracted about Napoleon, that, although we consider these volumes as an addition to our shelves, we are at a loss what particular specimen to give, for fear the reader should have lately met with it. We cannot well err, however, in taking it from the chapter containing an account of Bonaparte's personal habits and appearance. Such accounts, almost of anybody, are interesting, much more of an individual like this, who, though not exactly the great man which either his partizans or his enemies (after they had exalted their own opinion of themselves by overthrowing him) were willing to take him for, was still a very extraordinary man, as well as a great soldier, and only failed, because he took all the rest of the world to be no better people than the Allied Monarchs:—

'The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvass; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from angry to good-humoured, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind.

'Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands.

'When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments, or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback, but on foot; he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it.

'When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.

'He used often to say to me, "You see, Bourrienne, how temperate and how thin I am; but, in spite of that, I cannot help thinking that at forty I shall become a great eater, and get very fat. I foresee that my constitution will undergo a change. I take a great deal of exercise, but yet I feel assured that my presentiment will be fulfilled." This idea gave him great uneasiness, and as I observed nothing which seemed to warrant his apprehensions, I omitted no opportunity of assuring him that they were groundless. But he would not listen to me, and all the time that I was about him he was haunted with this presentiment, which, in the end, was but too well verified.

'His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in the bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath, he was continually turning on the warm water, to raise the temperature, so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapour that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door.*

'Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at them. It has been repeated over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but during the eleven years that I was almost constantly with him, I never observed any symptom which in the least degree denoted that malady. His health was good, and his constitution sound. If his enemies, by way of reproach, have attributed to him a serious periodical disease, his flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth, in speaking of his night-watching. Bonaparte made others watch; but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were, that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently, when I awoke him, he would turn himself, and say, "Ah, Bourrienne, let me lie a little longer." When there was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again till eight o'clock. He in general slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

'Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious:—"During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly; for then there is not a moment to be lost."

'This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.

'As soon as he arose, his valet-de-chambre shaved him and dressed his hair. While he was being shaved, I read to him the

* 'At St Helena, he is said to have continued in the bath three hours at a time. Is it not possible that his immoderate use of baths of very high temperature may have contributed to produce the premature corpulency which he so greatly dreaded? I recollect having several times hinted such a possibility to him.'

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newspapers, beginning always with the *Moniteur*. He paid little attention to the German and English papers. "Pass over all that," he would say, while I was perusing the French papers; "I know it already. They say only what they think will please me." I was often surprised that his valet did not cut him while I was reading; for, whenever he heard anything interesting, he turned quickly round towards me.*

'When Bonaparte finished his toilet, which he did with great attention, for he was scrupulously neat in his person, he went down stairs to his cabinet. There he signed the orders on important petitions which had been analyzed by me on the preceding evening. On reception and parade days, he was particularly exact in signing these orders, because I used to remind him that he would be likely to see most of the petitioners, and that they would ask him for answers. To spare him this annoyance, I used often to acquaint them beforehand of what had been granted or refused. He next perused the letters which I had opened and laid on his table, ranging them according to their importance. He directed me to answer them in his name; he occasionally wrote the answers, but not often.

'At ten o'clock the maitre d'hotel entered, and announced breakfast, saying, "The general's table is served."† We went to breakfast, and the repast was exceedingly simple. He eat, almost every morning, some chicken, dressed with oil and onions. This dish was then, I believe, called *poulet à la Provençale*; but our restaurateurs have since conferred upon it the more ambitious name of *poulet à la Marengo*.

'Bonaparte drank little wine, always either claret or Burgundy, and the latter in preference to the former. After breakfast, as well as after dinner, he took a cup of strong coffee.‡

'I never saw him take any between his meals, and I cannot imagine what could have given rise to the assertion of his being particularly fond of coffee. When he sat up late at night, he never ordered coffee, but chocolate, of which he made me take a cup with him. But this only happened when our business was prolonged till two or three in the morning.

'All that has been said about Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff, has no more foundation in truth than his pretended partiality for coffee. It is true, that at an early period of his life, he began to take snuff, but it was very sparingly, and always out of a box; and if he bore any resemblance to Frederic the Great, it was not by filling his waistcoat pockets with snuff; for, I must again observe, he carried his notions of personal neatnesss to a fastidious degree.'§—Vol. 1, p. 308.

'One of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes was, that he neither believed in friendship nor felt the necessity of loving. How often have I heard him say, "Friendship is but a name; I love nobody. Perhaps Joseph a little, from habit, and because he is my elder; and Duroc, I love him, too. But why? Because his character pleases me. He is stern and resolute, and I really believe the fellow never shed a tear. For my part, I know very well that I have no true friends. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. Leave sensibility to women, it is their business. But men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government."

'In his social relations, Bonaparte's temper was bad; but his fits of ill-humour passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words.

* * * * * *

'When in good humour, his usual tokens of kindness consisted in a little rap on the head, or a slight pinch on the ear. In his most friendly conversations with those whom he admitted into his intimacy, he would say, "You are a fool"—"a simpleton"—"a ninny"—"a blockhead." These, and a few other words of like import, enabled him to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never employed them angrily, and the tone in which they were uttered, sufficiently indicated that they were meant in kindness.

'Bonaparte had many singular habits and tastes. Whenever he experienced any vexation, or when any unpleasant thought occupied his mind, he would hum something which was far from resembling a tune, for his voice was very unmusical. He would at the same time, seat himself before the writing table, and swing back in his chair so far, that I have often been fearful of his falling.

'He would then vent his ill-humour, on the right arm of his chair, mutilating it with his penknife. I always took care to keep good pens ready for him; for, as it was my business to decipher his writing, I had a strong interest in doing what I could to make it legible.

'The ringing of bells always produced in Bonaparte pleasurable sensations. When we were at Malmaison, and walking in the alley, leading to the plain of Ruel, how many times has the bell of the village church interrupted our most serious conversations. He would stop, lest our footsteps should drown any portion of the sound. He was almost angry with me because I did not experience the impressions he did. So powerful was the effect produced on him by the sound of these bells, that his voice would falter as he said, "Ah, that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne. I was then happy!" When the bells ceased, he would resume the course of his speculations, carry himself into futurity, place a crown on his head, and dethrone kings. * * * *

'Bonaparte had no faith in medicine, or medical remedies. He spoke of medicine as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrated proofs. * * * *

'Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony. He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry; and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre; yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshipped Corneille; and, one day, after witnessing a performance of Cinna, he said to me, "If a man like Corneille were living in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not his poetry that I most admire, it is his powerful understanding; his vast knowledge of the human heart, and his profound policy. At St Helena, he said that he would have made Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille he had no thought of making either princes or kings.

'Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said anything agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens, how red your elbows are!"—to another, "What an ugly head-dress you've got!"—At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest. . . . Do you never change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times."* He shewed no mercy to any one who displeased him on these points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilet, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first, he looked to elegance above all things: at a late period, he admired luxury and splendour; but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the low-necked dresses which were so much in fashion at the beginning of the Consulate.

'Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card-table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dulness of the drawing-room, either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleased, for he usually spoke to everybody, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in Egypt; as for example, Monge and Berthollet. He also liked to talk with Chaptal and Lacépède, and with Lemercier, the author of 'Agamemnon.'

'Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress-coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied, "So much the better: it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that." For my own part, I neither saw the black cravat, nor heard this reply.

'On the subject of Bonaparte's dress, Constant gives the following details: "His Majesty's waistcoats and small-clothes were always of white cassimir. He changed them every morning, and never wore them after they had been washed three or four times. He never wore any but white silk stockings. His shoes, which were very light and lined with silk, were ornamented with gold buckles of an oval form, either plain or wrought. He also occasionally wore gold knee-buckles. During the empire, I never saw

* 'It was Constant's task to shave Bonaparte, and he thus speaks of the difficulties he experienced in the discharge of his duty:—

'"While I was shaving him he would often converse, read the journals, move restlessly in his chair, or turn suddenly round, so that I was obliged to preserve the utmost caution, in order to avoid cutting him. Luckily that misfortune never occurred to me. When by chance he was not engaged in conversation or reading, he would sit as motionless as a statue, and I could not get him to raise, lower, or incline his head, to facilitate my operation. He had a singular whim of having only side of his face soaped and shaved at once, and he would not allow me to proceed to the other side until the first was finished."

'Constant adds, "that Bonaparte could not shave himself until he instructed him in the mode of holding and applying the razor: but that, owing to his natural impatience and hastiness of manner, he never attempted the operation without severely cutting himself."'

† This, of course, refers to the time when we were at the Luxembourg.

‡ M. Brillat de Savarin, whose memory is dear to all gourmands, had established as a gastronomic principle, that "he who does not take coffee after each meal, is assuredly not a man of taste."

§ It has been alleged that his Majesty took an inordinate deal of snuff, and that in order to take it with the greater facility, he carried it in his waistcoat pockets, which for that purpose were lined with leather. This is altogether untrue. The fact is, the Emperor never took snuff except from a snuff-box, and though he used a great deal, he actually took but very little. Thus it frequently happened that the spot where he was sitting or standing was strewed with snuff; but his handkerchiefs, which were of the finest cambric, were scarcely ever soiled. He had a great collection of snuff-boxes; but those which he preferred were of dark tortoise-shell, lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique medals in gold or silver. Their form was a narrow oval, with hinged lids. He did not like round boxes, because it was necessary to employ both hands to open them, and in this operation he not unfrequently let the box or lid fall. His snuff was generally very coarse rappee; but he sometimes liked to have several kinds of snuff mixed together.—*Memoires de Constant*, vol. 2, p. 87.—[E. Ed.]

* Bonaparte, after he became Emperor, said one day to the beautiful Duchess de Chevereuse, in the presence of all the circle at the Tuileries, "Ah, that's droll enough; your hair is red." "Perhaps it is, Sire," replied the lady, "but this is the first time a man ever told me so." Madame de Chevereuse, whose hair was, on the contrary, a beautiful blond, was shortly after exiled to Tours, for having declined the office of Maid of Honour to the Queen of Spain.

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him wear pantaloons. The emperor never wore jewels. In his pockets he carried neither purse nor money, but merely his handkerchief, snuff-box, and *bonbanière* (or sweet-meat box). He usually wore only two decorations, viz. the cross of the Legion of Honour and that of the Iron Crown. Across his waistcoat and under his uniform coat, he wore a *cordon rouge*, the two ends of which were scarcely perceptible. When he received company at the Tuileries, or attended a review, he wore the grand *cordon* on the outside of his coat. His hat, which it is almost superfluous to describe, as long as portraits of his Majesty are extant, was of an extremely fine and light kind of beaver: the inside was wadded and lined with silk. It was unadorned with either cord, tassel, or feather; its only ornament being a silk loop fastening a small tri-coloured cockade.'—Vol. II, p. 317—320.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SHELLEY AND KEATS, AND THEIR "REVIEWER."

Two heavenly doves I saw, which were indeed
Sweet birds and gentle—like the immortal pair
That waft the Cyprian chariot thro' the air;
And with their songs made music, to exceed
All thought of what rich poesy might be:
At which, a crow, perch'd on a sullen tree,
Dingy and hoarse, made baser by their brightness,
Would fain be judge of melody and whiteness,
And caw'd dire sentence on those sweet-throat turtles;
To which his fellow flock of carrion things
Croak'd clamorous assent: but still the wings
Of those pure birds are white amid the myrtles
Of every grove, where cull they nectar's seed,
Whilst still on cold, dead flesh, those carrion creatures feed.

•W.•

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Brigand—Nettlewig Hall—And The Ice Witch.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

DRURY-LANE.

THE new farce, which was brought out here last uight, under the title of *Nettlewig Hall*, or *Ten to One*, from the pen of Mr MOLLOY WESTMACOTT, is the old story of a guardian, a ward, a lover, a footman, and a lady's maid. Item, a key. Item, a billet-doux. FARREN is the guardian, Mrs WAYLETT the ward, VINING the lover, HARLEY the footman, and Mrs ORGER the lady's maid; and the reader who is acquainted with these performers is acquainted with the leading incidents, and the pleasant manner in which they must be given, whatever the author may or may not have done for them. In the first act there were a few plays upon words, not unamusing; but the rest, especially the second act, was a poor business. The reader is to imagine the old story going on as usual, with the exception of an ejectment of servants from the old gentleman's house. These the lover converts into a corps of "sappers and miners;" but all that he does with them, to the best of our knowledge, is to try and frighten the guardian with dressing one or two of them up as ghosts, and so the guardian is *not* frightened; which, it must be confessed, is a new kind of dramatic surprise, and mightily helps forward the plot! The main device is the getting his footman into the house as a female cook, in order that he may let the women out at night. The goodnatured Easter audience, who were in the holiday humour of being pleased with anything, and who had the new farce judiciously served up to them like a sandwich between the *Brigand* and the *Ice Witch*, were contented enough up to the point where the footman commences his nocturnal operations: but a sudden hubbub in the dead of night, and a ghastly cry raised by the old housekeeper, that there was "a dead body" in her bed, produced an impression with many, unfavourable to the author's good taste, perhaps to his common feeling; for a dead body so introduced to their imaginations was felt to be a different thing from the usual comic treatments of mortality: nor was the impression altered to advantage, when a great doll was brought out by the guardian, and flung about on the stage. The opposition to the piece began at this point, and continued to struggle with the approbation more or less throughout the remainder of it. The meaning of this dead body was, that the supposed female cook was to share the bed of the housekeeper, and a doll had been substituted instead. When the confusion attendant upon this adventure has subsided, and the parties are all gone to bed but the old gentleman, two ghosts come in, made up with sheets and poles, and with a lanthorn of a death's head at top of them; and the old gentleman, as before observed, is not frightened. He sees the boots of his supernatural friends, tips over their poles and death's-heads, and sends them about their business. This was inefficient work, and the hisses were renewed. Presently, the lover's valet returns (in the dead of the night, observe; for no advance of the hour is implied), and dabbing his eyes with a pathetic handkerchief, tells the old gentleman that his nephew has killed himself in consequence of his hard-heartedness; and here, quoth he, introducing a melancholy gentleman, is the undertaker, come for orders! The guardian takes all this as the most natural thing in world, and goes to consult with the undertaker in his private room; upon which the sly rogue of a valet locks him in, and fetching the young lady out of another room, carries her off to his master, who, before a less stirring lover could have well turned the corner of the street, brings her back again, *married!* This is a burlesque in the style of the French opera that was translated some time ago in the TATLER, consisting of three acts of about six lines a-piece:—a practical comment upon the famous modest request of the poet,—

Ye gods, annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.

HARLEY could not get a hearing for some time, when he came to give out the piece for repetition. At length he was enabled to speak. Ladies and gentlemen, tomorrow evening will be presented, for the first time, a new tragic drama, called the *Pledge, or Castilian Honour;* and on Saturday evening, ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission,—

No! No! No!
Yes! Yes!
No! No!

The contents were the majority; but the piece will not have a run. It is too lame, we should think, for a walk. ☛

A new historical drama on the subject of that greatest of Sovereigns, *Alfred* (after whom it is named), will appear on the 16th inst. at Drury-Lane, from the pen of the author of *Virginius*.

VARIOUS ACCOUNTS OF ABRAHAM.—Some curious accounts of Abraham are related by Arabian and Jewish writers; among others, it has been said that Terah, the father of Abraham, made statues and images for the purposes of that idolatrous worship which had been transmitted to him from his ancestor Serug, and which he encouraged by example and exhortation. Some Jewish authors relate that Abraham pursued the same occupation; and Maimonides says that he was educated in the religion of the Sabæans, who acknowledged no deity but the stars; and that he was led by his own reflections to the belief of an intelligent Creator and Governor of the universe; but that he did not renounce paganism till the fiftieth year of his age. Suidas informs us, that at sixteen years of age he cautioned his father against seducing men to idolatry for the sake of pernicious gain, and taught him that there is no other God besides him who dwells in heaven, and created the whole world. It is added that he destroyed the statues and images of his father, and departed with him from Chaldea. Others relate that his father deputed Abraham to sell his statues in his absence, and that a man who pretended to be a purchaser, having ascertained that he was fifty years of age, remonstrated with him for adoring, at such an age, a being which was but a day old. Abraham, impressed and confounded by this remonstrance, destroyed them all, excepting the largest, before his father's return; and he told him that, having presented an oblation of flour to the idols, the stoutest of them, in whose hands he had placed a hatchet, hewed the others to pieces with that weapon. Terah replied that this was bantering, because the idols had not sense to act in this manner: upon which Abraham retorted these words upon his father against the worship of such gods. But he was delivered up by Terah to Nimrod, the sovereign of the country; and because he refused to worship the fire, according to his order, he was thrown into the midst of the flames, from which he escaped uninjured.—*Mignan's Travels in Chaldæa.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to hear again from AGIS.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE, OPERA HOUSE.

GRAND MASQUERADE,

FRIDAY, the 8th of APRIL.

On which occasion the Stage and Audience Part of the Theatre will be converted into a

MAGNIFICENT ARENA,

With a Grand Central Orchestra, which will be occupied by the

BOHEMIAN BAND AND PRAGUE MINSTRELS.

An ELEVATED STAGE

Erected expressly for the Dancing, will secure the Company from the inconvenient pressure of the Promenading Groupe, so that

THE QUADRILLE—THE WALTZ—THE COUNTRY DANCE,

may be enjoyed.

THE SINGERS OF THE ALPS

Are also Engaged, and will perform a Selection of their Native Mountain Melodies; And Accompany themselves on the Guitar and Zitter.

The MASQUERADE SALOON will be fitted up in a Novel and superior style, And be BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED.

The whole being under the Entire Management of Mr W. BARRYMORE, Of Drury Lane Theatre.

THE WINES,

To which the Supplier begs to call the Public's particular attention.

Port	6s.
Sherry	6s.
Bucellas	6s.
Madeira, E. I.	9s.
Champagne, (Superior d'Ay)	12s.
Claret, (General Palmer's)	12s.
Moselle	12s.
Superior Old Hock	14s.

Will be of the most approved Qualities, selected by Mr I. V. LANE, St Mary at Hill.

And to prevent Deception, all Wines provided for this Masquerade, will have the initials I. V. L. at the bottom of the Cork or on the Seal.

NO ADMISSION UNMASKED.

The Gallery will be open to the Public at 2s. 6d. each Person, and Suppers will be provided in the Gallery Coffee Room, on moderate Terms.

ADMISSION AT THE DOORS (as usual) ONE GUINEA.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Tragic Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

THE PLEDGE; OR, CASTILIAN HONOUR.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Donna Zanthe, Miss Phillips. Josepha, Mrs C. Jones. A Lady, Mrs Newcombe.
Hernani, Mr Wallack. Don Carlos, Mr Cooper.
Don Leo, Mr Macready. King of Bohemia, Mr Cowin.
Duke of Bavaria, Mr C. Jones. Duke of Gotha, Mr Thompson.
Don Mathias, Mr Bland, Don Henriques, Mr Younge.
Don Ricardo, Mr J. Vining. Don Juan de Haro, Mr Howard.
Page to Don Leo, Mr Honner. First Conspirator, Mr Hammerton.
Second Conspirator, Mr F. Cooke. Mountaineer, Mr Fenton.
Jeronymo, Mr Webster.

Previous to the Drama G. Onslow's Overture to "L'Alcalde de la Vega."

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs Waylett.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips.
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Poole.
Principal Dancers—Miss Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, M'Henry, and Lydia.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, Rob Roy; A Farce; and The Ice Witch.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Taylor. Clara, Miss Phillips. Bianca, Miss F. Kemble.
Giraldi Fazio, Mr Warde. Duke of Florence, Mr Egerton.
Bartolo, Mr Blanchard. Philario, Mr Henry. Falsetto, Mr Parry.
Gonsalvo, Mr Baker.

Previous to the Tragedy, Friedrich Kuhlau's Grand (MS.) Overture.

After which, the Farce of

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

Donna Clara, Miss Taylor. Leonora, Miss Lawrence. Maid, Mrs Brown.
Lazarillo, Mr Keeley. Don Pedro, Mr F. Matthews.
Don Sancho, Mr Barnes. Ferdinand, Mr Duruset. Borachio, Mr Evans.
Octavio, Mr Parry. Perter, Mr Fuller.
Waiters, Messrs Heath and Mears.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

[By Mr PEAKE.]

Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Asor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

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Messrs. FISCHER, DABURGER, SCHWEITZER, and LAUFER, In their Native Costume.

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Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
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Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

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Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr Roberts.
Orsinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr H. Cooke. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

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№ 187.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Play-Wright's Adventures. By Frederic Reynolds. (Being the Dramatic Annual for 1831.) 18mo. pp. 356. Longman.

We shall certainly be seduced into taking regular notice of novels, for they come upon us in new shapes; they engage our attention upon unexpected grounds. One makes its appearance as a set of stories from history; another, as part of a new series of old favourites; and a third, as a *Dramatic Annual*. (By the way, we have finished our reading of 'Caleb Williams,' and have found it interesting in the highest degree; admirably well written, profound in many of its reflections, and yet, withal, as out of nature as a dream. Falkland's character is preposterously over-rated by his biographer, and poor Caleb made to depreciate himself as superfluously: but the interest is absorbing, and if Falkland is not in nature, he furnishes but the more extraordinary triumph to the author, for, in spite of a defect fatal to all other inventions, Mr Godwin has clearly made him immortal. He has added him to the number of existing beings.*)

The *Dramatic Annual* is resolved, it seems, to be criticised, whether editors choose to criticise it or not. For this purpose, it puts on its best dress, and comes upon us with a mixture of confidence, modesty, and good humour, which, we confess, we have found irresistible. The binding, or boarding, or half-binding, or whatever else it is called, is one of the prettiest we have seen,—a cream colour, cornered and backed with green, and gilt and lettered at the top of the back (by far the best way), in an elegant style of florid neatness. The wood-cuts, by Mr Brooke, are not so good as they might be, but they are numerous; and a lover of "picture-books" would rather have them than not. And then, or rather first of all, there is the following insidious dedication:—

'To
Those Powerful Personages,
Who Can at Once Mark or Mar an Author's Hopes
The Conductors of the Press,
I Dedicate
The Dramatic Annual,
Simply Hoping
That This Little Work May Not Be Deemed Wholly
Unworthy of their Notice.
Should They Allow
That it possesses Some Redeeming Qualities,
Probably They Will
Criticise It Indulgently.
But At Any Rate I Entreat Them To
Criticise It,
And
Not Suffer It To Die in Obscurity.
Fred. Reynolds.'

Mr Reynolds is an old acquaintance of ours, though we have not the pleasure of knowing him, and never saw his face. It was he that for so long a period wrote so many successful plays, fugitive indeed, for they were the reflexions of fugitive manners; but pleasant and good-humoured, and better than any comic dramas produced now, of equal size; albeit there was a certain boy-critic of that day, who, in the ignorance of his school-knowledge, undertook to decry them. Mr Reynolds is the author of the *Dramatist*, which the grand-children of its first audiences are in no hurry to part with; and his plays are agreeably identified in our recollections with that delightful comedian Lewis, for whom he wrote many of his characters, and who was of a congenial temperament with the lively and good-humoured author. It is a singular pleasure to see our veteran dramatist writing, at his time of life, with all the vivacity of a youth; for such is the case of the novel before us. The groundwork of it is not very new; the incidents are not all very probable; the substance is not very solid; yet there is a charm of animal spirits and good-nature prevailing over it, analogous to those of youth itself, or of one of those rare, indulged children, who deserve to be indulged, because they turn everything to the kindly by dint of their own good-will. The only severe remarks we have met with in the course of a hundred and sixty pages, are to be found in the following extract; which extract we make, not because of the severity (for that would be an injustice to the predominant character of the book) but because it suits a journal which criticises the drama, and lets the reader into some secrets which import him as a play-goer. For the rest, the story of the novel is that of a young dramatist, who goes through a variety of unconnected adventures, and is secretly beloved by a young lady of quality. Her father, an old admiral, has married her to a somewhat elderly brother officer, which officer is not only conveniently ordered upon foreign service the very day of his wedding, but, with an exquisite consideration on the part of Destiny, dies before he comes home. This is what Sir Hugh Evans would call "pretty virginities!" The author, however, with the usual good sense of his good-nature (for there is more in that than people imagine) has not made the husband a disagreeable fellow, nor unregarded by his wife; and this throws an interest over the circumstances, not of a common order. The style of the writing might be called flippant, if it were not evidently the genuine result of the author's temperament. It abounds in ordinary and stage-struck quotations; and the dialogue gives you the idea of its passing upon the stage. There is a superabundance in it of the gesticulative and emphatic. Many of the points, both of dialogue and incident, would so obviously tell in a theatre, that they have made us wish the author would write another comedy. He must be now, we should think, almost the father of the drama; and yet, to judge from the tone of the volume before us, we should say he was the youngest fellow connected with the stage. Vivat *chatowayatque* in æternum.

Could not Mr Reynolds, in his next *Dramatic Annual*, give us some more anecdotes of Lewis and others, in addition to what he has told us in his Life,—together with more chat on theatres and managers, and *portraits* (both written and engraved); taking care that the likenesses from the pencil be as genuine as those from the pen? Stories of Edwin, Bannister, &c. would be acceptable, and of the female performers; and the wood-cuts might be of a very miscellaneous nature. We should like to have a portrait even of Garrick's snuff-box, or of Peg Woffington's slipper.

But to our extract.—Harry Vivid, the hero of the story, is supping with a stranger at an inn:—

'After supper, the social glass was being put merrily about, when Alltact hastily entered, and, with a countenance replete with joy and astonishment, requested to speak one word with his master. Our hero, after some little hesitation, and much beckoning on the part of Sam, consented; and they had scarcely got outside the door, when the agitated valet whispered pretty loudly in his master's ear—

'"'Tis the manager."

'"Who? what manager?" replied Vivid.

'"Why, the stranger with whom you have been conversing and supping is no less a personage than the director of one of the metropolitan winter theatres, and the very gentleman who refused your comedy, and recommended——"

'"Heavens! Mr Candide!"

'"The same. Over a bottle of porter in the tap-room I have this moment pumped the secret out of his servant."

'Vivid lost not a moment in re-entering the parlour, but so changed, so respectful; the familiarity which he lately indulged in had completely vanished; and every question and answer being prefaced and terminated with that formal monosyllable, "Sir," Mr Candide (for Alltact was correct in his intelligence) could not refrain from expressing his surprise at this sudden alteration in his new acquaintance's manner and character.

'The mystery was instantly solved, by Vivid putting into his hands the kind, memorable, and important letter.

* There are passages in this novel, which bear with singular force upon the question now at issue between the Reformers and Boroughmongers. The brutal, overbearing Tyrrell is a Boroughmonger, in the full flower of his insolence and moral absurdity.

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'The manager smiled, and endeavoured to restore his companion to his former feelings of equality, but in vain. No lover ever felt more awkward, or rather awe-stricken, in the presence of his mistress, than our enthusiastic young dramatist felt at this moment; for he saw before him, or rather fancied that he saw, the man who was doomed to preside over his future fate.

'"Come," said Mr Candide, "sit down, Sir, and I will soon convince you that I am not exactly so great and powerful a personage as you suppose me to be. First, give me your hand; next, a bumper to our better acquaintance. There, and now allow me to ask—Would you treat an actor with similar respect?"

'"Certainly not, Sir. I look upon him as one, who, in most respects, is dependent on the manager."

'"You mistake. The manager is, now-a-days, dependent on him, at least on every first-rate performer; but, by way of preamble, please to understand that the remarks I am about to make are only applicable to those actors and actresses who demand and receive large nightly salaries; for as to the second, third, and fourth-rate performers, *i. e.* the stock company—why, looking at each of them as my fellow-labourer in an unproductive vineyard, I am consequently their advocate and champion."

'"I comprehend you: you only mean to complain of what Churchill calls the 'monarch players.'"

'"Certainly not. But the truth is, since the star system commenced, and the salaries have been nearly more than *trebled*, these 'monarch players' have become so much above their employer, that when on a Saturday (pay-day) I drive to the theatre in a hackney-coach, I am often prevented getting up to the stage-door, in consequence of the number of their gay chariots, cabriolets, and other handsome equipages."

'"Indeed! and authors?" earnestly enquired Vivid, but in his usual unsophisticated style. "How many authors' carriages drive up?"

'"Oh, as to authors," replied the smiling manager, "two or three of them, perhaps, mount old umbrellas; but when *some* people are overpaid, *other* people must be necessarily under paid, you know, and——"

'"How? why, I thought, at least I have heard of a thousand pounds being made by a comedy."

'"True; but in that day there were no stars; or if there were, they had gazers, and at any rate did not rise in demand as they fell in attraction. Colman received for *John Bull* eleven hundred pounds, and he well deserved such remuneration; for the comedy averaged four hundred and seventy-eight pounds for forty-eight nights, and the salary of no actor who performed in it (and amongst such actors were George Cooke, Lewis, Fawcett, Emery, John Johnstone, &c.) exceeded twenty pounds *a-week*;* whereas 'there *be* players,' who latterly actually have received *double* that sum per *night!* and this at a time when a first-rate actor (not singer) at Paris, is content with getting about four hundred pounds per annum."†

'"Well, but excuse me, my good Sir, if the system does not answer, why go on giving such high and ruinous salaries?"

'"Why, 'there's the rub,' and I can only thus explain the case.—You have heard, I presume, of two rival stage-coach proprietors, who, in the frenzy of competition, blind with rage and jealousy, became so determined to outvie each other in the number of customers, that at last each not only ran his coach from Exeter to London gratis, but actually paid for every passenger's provisions during the journey. Such is nearly mine and my rival manager's *stage* contest; and till we can get *an understanding* (not so easy a theatrical acquirement, I assure you), and imitate the examples of our predecessors, those firm allies, Messrs Sheridan and Harris,‡ why, season after season, we shall only open the doors of our magnitudinous concerns to find *provisions* for others, certainly not for ourselves."

'"So it appears; and yet I believe, Sir, you will frankly acknowledge, that you sometimes reap a productive harvest."

'"We do, once in three or four years; and *entre nous*, I'll tell you how such harvest is produced; but mind, your finger on your lips."

'Vivid bowed assent, and Mr Candide continued.

'"Why, aware, Sir, that of late years more has been achieved *off* than *on* the stage, we invent, or rather *manufacture*, an histrionic *lion* or *lioness*."§

'"What! I don't understand."

'"Observe! In the event of two or three disastrous seasons, that formidable champion, the press, always most liberally and good-naturedly comes forward, and offers to rally round the falling house. After various preparatory sprites, we then bring out our manufactured novelty—our aforesaid lion or lioness—of course taking care that the curtain shall draw up to a crowded audience; for if it be a bad house, the town regularly deem it to be a bad performance. Then, as to applause, in addition to our own rank and file, the dread of closing our doors induces so many hundreds to open their hands and mouths, that those *rounds* and continued *bravos* are secured to every attitude and clap-trap; next, if a tragedy be selected for this important first appearance, we rely on the never failing pathetic author's producing tears; but having three or four *fainters* at command, we ourselves bring them into action."

'"Capital! Why, you leave nothing to chance?"

'"Nothing; for, the curtain down, the hackneyed call, amidst waving of hats and handkerchiefs, is huzzaingly made and acceded to. Laurel is likewise thrown on the stage; and next morning the *tocsin* of panegyric, being sounded in every liberal paper, in a day or two after, the manager not only raises the salary, but publicly, in the green-room, makes a brilliant and appropriate present; next, most of the print-shops display a likeness of the new wonder, whose *defects* actually become *beauties*; then, in case of the slightest indisposition, bulletins are issued, and the box-keeper is also ordered to state, that not a box is to be had for a month. Such a sufficient quantity of dust is thrown into John Bull's eyes,* that he cannot see any mode of escape, and therefore, though at last he *finds it out*, he COMES till he *does find it out*, and which act of kindness is all that is required in a city whose population consists of above a million and a half of capable customers. There, don't you call this management?"†

'"I do, I do! and although to me these dramatic tactics are all new, I must certainly confess, on arriving in town, I have, like others, more than once felt that I could not shew my face till I had seen Mr or Master, or Miss, whatever might be the name of the 'new wonder.' And although I then saw, or fancied I saw, 'the hand of the conjuror,' yet I was more than half afraid to say so."

'"To be sure: and after our friend John Bull, who is, individually, often a shrewd, good fellow, but, collectively, generally very *fat-headed*, having taken one boy for the genuine Shakspeare, and another boy for a superior Garrick,‡ why can the town call us traitors? No—or if they do, may we not answer—

'Hic murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi nulla pallescere culpa?'"

'"Yes; and, conscientiously speaking, where is the moral turpitude in raising a young performer and surrounding family probably from poverty to independence?§ and, by a successful season, of procuring the means of satisfying our own fair and honourable creditors!"

'The clock at this moment striking "twelve," Mr Candide rose, and hoped, if his companion thought his observations had been *over* severe, he would remember Churchill's well-known couplet:—

"The stage I choose, a subject fair and free;
'Tis mine, 'tis yours, 'tis public property."

Vivid agreed with him that it was every way a fair subject for criticism, and they parted for the night."—P. 42.

* 'I speak chiefly of the indiscriminating John Bulls, not of those who think and judge for themselves, of which, thank fortune! there are still a considerable number.

† 'It is as singular as true, that when these male or female bolstered-up novices become (in two or three years) by practice and experience, bonâ fide good second-rate performers, then my lord, my lady, and the other indiscriminating Johns, never attend their performances. Then also, defects are no longer considered as beauties; and what the aforesaid Johns (during their *rage*) called a *musical* voice, is now proved to be a *whining* one, and a *Grecian nose*, a *pug one!*

‡ Young Ireland and Master Betty.

§ Taking the country engagements into account, even to affluence.

* 'Mrs Siddons, in the "meridian of her glory," received one hundred pounds for eight nights (i. e. about twelve pounds per night). Mrs Jordan's salary, in her meridian, amounted to thirty guineas per week. John Kemble, when actor and manager at Covent Garden, was paid thirty-six pounds per week, Miss O'Neill, twenty-five pounds per week. George Cooke, twenty pounds. Lewis, twenty pounds, as actor and manager. Edwin, the best *buffo* and burletta singer that ever trod the stage, only *fourteen* pounds per week; and Mrs H. Siddons, by far the best representative of Juliet I ever saw, *nine* pounds per week. After this, may we not exclaim—

"Ye *little stars!* hide your diminished heads!"'

† 'There is no rule without an exception, and some first-rate performers have been certainly liberal enough not to adhere to the Cocker or Change alley—"a bargain's a bargain."'

‡ And long afterwards continued by Mr Henry Harris and Mr Elliston.

§ A cant term for new sights.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO C. R. H., ON HIS BELIEVING HIMSELF IN LOVE WITH MISS M., OF DRURY LANE.

Like that lone man that would have happy been,
But for a footmark stamped upon the sand,
That made him fear he was on savage land,
Art thou, my friend;—for if thou hadst not seen
By some unhappy chance thy Thespian Queen,
Th' inviting beauty of whose jewelled hand
Struck thee with love, like to some magic wand
Borne with an eye of gentleness,—I ween
Thou would'st not now be sorrowful, nor care
To think, with bitter happiness, of woe
And unregarded love, upon the fair
And bright-eyed Mordaunt.—Charles, I'd have ye know
That there are girls, by thousands, in the land,
Who have a jewelled heart, if not a jewelled hand.

JUVENIS.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Pledge; or, Castilian Honour—And The Ice Witch.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Fazio—Two Strings to Your Bow—And Neuha's Cave.

DRURY-LANE.

LAST night a new tragic drama, called *The Pledge, or Castilian Honour*, was produced at this theatre, with great success. It is understood to be translated or borrowed (we know not which) from the French, by Mr KENNEY; and is of very striking and painful interest.

Charles of Spain, afterwards *Emperor* (Mr COOPER) is enamoured of *Donna Zanthe* (Miss PHILLIPS) an orphan residing with her kinsman the *Duke de Sylva* (MACREADY) who, in spite of his grey head, is in love with her too. She has secretly a third and a favoured lover, *Hernani* (Mr WALLACK) who, though a man of an illustrious origin, as well as a noble nature, is known only to the public as an outlaw and a rebel adventurer. In the course of the circumstances which mix up these parties with one another, the King avails himself of a signal which he has discovered, and entices *Zanthe* to a nocturnal interview. She argues with him, reproaches, implores;—finally she slips his dagger out of the sheath, and threatens him to proceed at his peril. The King tells her that her vehemence is to no purpose, since he has three followers at hand to assist in carrying her away. "You forget a fourth!" cries a voice. It is *Hernani*. *Zanthe* flies into his arms. A scene of altercation ensues between the King and the rebel, in which the former, in truly royal style, abuses the other for his lawlessness, and asserts the dignity of his own unjust character. He is suffered to depart with impunity. We then find *Hernani* in the disguise of a pilgrim, coming to the Duke's castle, and claiming his hospitality. It is granted him. Presently soft music is heard, and *Donna Zanthe* coming in, is hailed by her aged lover in the style of a bridegroom. She assumes that it is to be her bridal day; a display of bridal gifts on a table countenances his assertion; and the outlaw, in a transport of indignation, throws off his disguise, and invites the Duke's attendants to claim the price that has been set on his head. Not a soul moves. The Duke is a proud Castilian: he has promised the security of his roof to the adventurer, and he declares that his mansion shall not be sullied by a deed of inhospitality. *Hernani* is then (we do not see with what reason) left alone with his mistress, whom he reproaches with her falsehood. She tells him he is unjust, and takes from among the bridal ornaments, out of a casket, the dagger with which she threatened the King. *Hernani* is convinced; and the lovers are fondly embracing, when the Duke makes his re-appearance. The proud and jealous blood of old *Don Leo* (for such is his name) is roused to a pitch of frenzy at this sight. *Hernani*, who is as punctilious as he upon all Castilian points, grants that he has reason to complain, but refuses to accept a challenge from his host. The King at this juncture comes in, having got scent of the outlaw's visit, and demands him. The Duke, who has speeded his guest into a hiding place, refuses to give him up. The King says he must have either the outlaw or the Duke's life, or the lady as a pledge of his good behaviour. *Donna Zanthe*, secretly arming herself with the dagger, resolves to accompany the King, and departs with him. The outlaw is then summoned forth by the Duke, but still refusing to fight with an old man and one who has granted him his hospitality, yet acknowledging that he owes him some retribution for making love to his ward (of which, we confess, we do not see the "exquisite reason"), voluntarily makes him a present of a *right over his life*; which is the *Pledge* that we shall speak of by and bye. He informs his host, at the same time, to the latter's surprise and rage, that they two are not the only lovers of the lady, the King being a third, and a very urgent one. *Don Leo*, upon this, agrees to make common cause, *so far*, with his new foe-friend; and they leave the castle together to join certain discontented grandees and petty princes, who have leagued to cut off the King from his chance of attaining the Imperial Crown, then in a state of election. Over this conspiracy his Majesty triumphs in a style exceedingly "short and sweet," which we did not exactly comprehend. The conspirators have got him, as it were, in a corner; they are very powerful: he makes his appearance, and they might stab him at once. Instead of this, he summons forth at his convenience certain "merry men" of his subjects, and the whole formidable matter is at an end in a moment. The Dukes and Counts are disarmed; *Don Leo* and the outlaw find themselves reduced to the same state of incapacity; and the gentry who have a right to die in a polite manner, are ordered to separate themselves from the goats of plebeianism, and all to be executed forthwith. At this out comes the secret of *Hernani*. He is very angry at thinking he shall go to execution without his hat on, and so proclaims himself for "Don Juan of Arragon, Duke of Segovia, Marquis and Lord of some other place, Count of Alcantara, Viscount," &c. &c. who is of a blood as good as the King's,—who is the son of a father that was unjustly disgraced by the Court—and who has lived only to retrieve his fortunes. Meantime *Donna Zanthe* has come in, and is imploring the King for pardon. His Majesty says nothing to the pardon, but makes her a present of the forfeited estates, declaring her duchess of Segovia, Countess of Alcantara, &c. The outlaw remonstrates; the King smiles, and sends the lady into his arms, saying that it is in right of her husband, *Don Juan of Arragon*, that she possesses all these titles. In short, the hitherto unknown grandee is acknowledged and pardoned; the conspirators are all pardoned with him, that nothing may damp the greatness of the joy; and his Majesty, in an ecstasy of royal virtue, declares that henceforth he has done with unlawfulness, and that Spain, Flanders, and Germany shall be his only mistresses.

Here everything seems to be closed happily; nay, a little too happily for the tragic expectations of the audience; and people seemed to wonder whether the curtain was or was not to fall. Alas! the best and bitterest part of the drama was to come. Hitherto, there had been some gratuitous situations, and some interesting ones. The middle scenes had even been crowded with interest, though the latter ones had fallen off, and the speeches of the King and his courtiers become too lengthy. But now a fifth act was to ensue, full of greater dramatic effect than we have witnessed for years, and growing intenser every instant to the conclusion. This act opens with the bridal evening of *Don Juan of Arragon* and his mistress, who has some pretty affectionate lines put into her mouth (for the play is, for the most part, in blank verse). There is a serenade, a scene by moonlight, a scene in masks, a flitting of gay courtiers among the groves; and the bride, encircled by the arms of the bridegroom, says to him,

"——————— My lord! my life!
We suddenly inhabit another world."

They do; but only to be flung back upon a world blacker than before. Among the masquers has been observed a solitary one in a black cloak, who walks to and fro through the gaiety like a blight, and seeks the most lonely places. Some of the young courtiers, one after the other, go up to this figure, and accost it; but it says nothing. It only looks at them through its mask with two glaring eyes. At length, it is forgotten; the lovers are left alone; they linger a little in the sweet moonlight, to take leave of it; and cannot find words to express the transport of their new and most unlooked-for felicity. On a sudden, a horn is heard. The bridegroom starts. The bride rallies him, and playfully says, that he has been providing her with more music. The horn again. *Don Juan's* alarm increases. It amounts to terror. It begins to terrify his bride. What is it? It is this:—that when the outlaw gave the jealous *Duke de Sylva* a right over his life, he gave him also a horn as the Pledge of his word; and whenever this horn was blown, he was to be prepared to make the fatal sacrifice. *Don Juan* at length confesses to his bride that he shall have danger to encounter, and contrives to get rid of her for a moment by sending her for the dagger. The Duke, in his black cloak, then makes his appearance, and demands that his victim shall swallow poison. *Donna Zanthe* returns, discovers the horror of her position, and after entreating in vain for mercy, resolves upon dying with her husband. She contrives to get the phial of poison out of his hand, swallows half of it, and gives him, like another Arria, the remainder. This the poor bridegroom drinks, and they die, like another Romeo and Juliet, in extasies of woe and tenderness. The sable monster is all this while looking on. The moment they are both dead, remorse fastens upon him; he calls out for tortures and the rack; the people of the place come pouring in; and in the midst of the confusion, the curtain falls.

With some inequalities, already noticed, and not much to speak of in point of dialogue and poetry (though the language is always at good distance both from vulgarity and declamation) this is one

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of the most effective plays we remember to have seen,—at least in the second and third acts, and above all, in the conclusion. The fifth act, from the first ghostly appearance of the mask in black, to the agonizing deaths of the lovers, is truly fearful, the more so from the exquisite hour of happiness which is given only to be taken away. The house was in rapt attention. The applause was great and unmixed at the end, and vented itself in the most admiring terms all around you. To some the interest must have appeared almost too painful, and we confess we should have been among the number, had not the moral been so excellent. Castilian pride and jealousy are absurdities, it is true, which no longer exhibit themselves in their former flourishing state of venom; but the false principles which judge of everything by the tests of self-reference and a pampered egotism, which are so eager to avail themselves of any text of morality which they can twist to their purposes, and so ready to scatter dismay and destruction all around them, in revenge for sheer opposition to their will, can never be too strongly opposed, or shewn of what diabolical mistakes they consist. The *Duke de Sylva*, in this appalling story, is an honest and an honourable man after his generation, and yet he is willing to avail himself of his code of morality to indulge in the most infernal of passions, to pamper his spleen and jealousy by making victims of those who had as much right to happiness as himself (and more so, for they were young) and to subvert the very end of all the honour and virtue he pretended to love, by persisting in producing the worst end of vice,—misery. Such are the stupid woes inflicted by an absorption in a person's self, let the self-will and the jealousy shew themselves in what unrelenting fashion they please, Castilian or English,—whether in refusing to absolve the victim from a bloody oath, or in dropping upon its head the small, perpetual plague of a witless aversion. Reasons and moral pretence for the most inhuman crimes, are never wanting to the *fools* who chuse to find them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Stranger in London* was welcome, and will ever be so.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.

The principal Characters by Madame Meric Lalande, Madame Castelli, Signor Curioni, Signor Deville, Signor De Angeli, Signor Santini. and Signor De Begnis.

After which the Mythological Ballet of

FLORE ET ZEPHYRE.

The principal Characters by Mademoiselle Taglioni, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Proche, and Mlle. Brocard, Monsieur Paul, Monsieur Emile, and Monsieur Lefebvre.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Opera of

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

[Adapted by Mr POCOCK.]

Diana Vernon, Miss Pearson, in which she will introduce the Song, "Love Not!" Katty, Miss Bruce. Mattie, Miss Crawford. Helen Macgregor, Mrs Faucit. Sir Frederick Vernon, Mr Younge. Rashleigh Osbaldistone, Mr H. Wallack. Francis Osbaldistone, Mr Sinclair, who will sing, "My Love is like the red red Rose;" "Auld Lang Syne;" "Hey! the Bonnie breast Knots;" and the Duet, "Tho' I leave thee now in sorrow," with Miss Pearson. Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, Mr Macready. Owen, Mr W. Bennett. Capt. Thornton, Mr Thompson. Dougal, Mr Webster. Major Galbraith, Mr Bedford. M'Stuart, Mr Yarnold. Jobson, Mr Salter. Andrew, Mr Hughes. Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Mr Liston.

In the course of the Evening, the Overtures to the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," adapted chiefly from Scottish Airs, by H. R. Bishop. And Weber's "Preciosa."

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

NETTLEWIG HALL; OR TEN TO ONE.

[By Mr M. WESTMACOTT.]

Miss Emily Constant, Mrs Waylett. Mrs Deborah, Mrs C. Jones. Maria, Mrs Orger. Old Nancy, Mrs Broad. Cook, Miss Neville. Sir John Julius Nettlewig, Mr Farren. Frederick Ramble, Mr Vining. Tim Transit, Mr Harley. Patrick O'Doherty, Mr H. Wallack. Ben Backstay, Mr Bedford.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs Waylett. Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson. Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips, Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Poole. Principal Dancers—Miss Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, M'Henry, and Lydia. Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley. Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell. Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

On Monday, A Tragic Drama; and The Ice Witch.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Leshia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity. Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence. Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton. Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley. Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

[By Mr PEAKE.]

Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahumea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady. Neuha, Miss Taylor. Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett. Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley. Ludwig Bompertz, Mr P. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo. Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour. Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

On Monday, Azor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

AN ENGLISH YOUNG LADY, educated on the Continent, who is perfect mistress of the French Language and understands Music, is desirous of obtaining a situation as **COMPANION** to a Lady or to two Young Ladies, either in England, or to reside or travel abroad. The most respectable references can be given.

Apply (post paid) to A. B. at Mr LINDSELL'S, bookseller, Wigmore street.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

THE SILVER MINERS OF STYRIA.

In conjunction with the

SINGERS OF THE ALPS.

Messrs. FISCHER, DABURGER, SCHWEITZER, and LAUFER, In their Native Costume.

Between the First and Second Parts, The Siamese Dance, By Messrs BROWN, KING, and GIBSON.

After which, IL DIAVOLO ANTONIO will go through his Extraordinary Evolutions on the Corde Volante.

GRECIAN STATUES! OR, LIVING MODELS OF ANTIQUES.

By Mr T. THOMPSON.

Signor NOSNER, the Inimitable Northern SIFFLEUR and VENTRILOQUIST, will give a correct Imitation of various Birds; likewise of different Musical Instruments; and an Imitation of Animals common to a Farm Yard.

To conclude with a Grand Ballet

DIVERTISEMENT.

Principal Dancers, Miss Rayner, Miss Josephine, Miss Rose, Miss Barnett, Miss Lewin, Miss Lees, and Mr Edgar.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, entitled

THE HEADSMAN.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent. Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill. Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee. Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

Immediately after which, the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Sifflеur. To be followed by a Popular Air, executed by Michel Boai, the Chin Melodist.

To which will be added, an entirely new Melo-Drama, entitled

THE DOG OF THE CONVENT.

Countess Valdetti, Miss Scott. Dorinda, Miss Vincent. Guido Elfridoni, Mr C. Hill. Malevolo and Scaroni, Mr Lee and Mr Almar. Mordbrenner, Mr Asbury. Father Francisco, Mr Gough. Father Lorenzo, Mr Young. Simplo, Mr Vale. Count Valdetti, Mr Honner. Larry O'Sullivan, Mr D. Pitt. Louis, Master F. Carbery.

To be succeeded by the remaining portion of Michel Boai's Chin Performances. Assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels.

The whole to conclude with a new Comic Pantomime, entitled

THE ENCHANTED GROVE.

Columbine, Mlle Rosier. Harlequin, Mr Honner. Clown, Mr T. Hill. Pantaloon, Mr Asbury.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An Original Serious Drama, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane. Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer. Godfrid, Mr Keppell. Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added a New Comic Piece, in Two Acts, entitled

TACT.

Julia, Miss Stohwasser. Biddy Phillimore, Mrs Humby. Sir Paul Mainchance, Mr Marshall. Sir William Lightfoot, Mr Munroe. Captain Lightfoot, Mr Spencer. John Fox, Mr Forrester. Crump, Mr Tilbury. Snipe, Mr Taylor. Hornblower, Mr J. Cosgeest. Dulcimer Star, Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called,

THE FRENCH SPY.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste. Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser. The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafout, Mr Spencer. Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour. Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall. Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson. Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance. The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke. Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Negro Murderer.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Black Spider—Harlequin's Holiday—The Man Wolf.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Roda—The Jovial Mourners—The Brigand's Wife.

NEW CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.—Moment of Mystery, or the Widow Bewitched—A Lesson to Lovers—Mischief Making—Quadrupeds.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1831.

A VISIT TO MICHAEL BOAI, &c.

TO THE TATLER.

Dear Mr Tatler,—Whether it be the obscurity of our climate, the fog of our smoke, or the mercantile dejection with which we look on things, we Londoners are so apt to see melancholy and uncomfortable faces, that a good-humoured one makes a strong impression on us. While we enjoy it as something pleasing, we admire it as a novelty. I was led to make this observation, by the pleasure I had in visiting that extraordinary enemy to his chin, Michael Boai. His wife, Mr Editor, has one of those pleasant, goodnatured expressions in her face, which you delight to speak of. Michael has a face, which though rather on the self-important principle, is worthy the vivacity of his spouse; and Signor Engels (who, by the the way, plays very nicely on the violin), is good-looking, aware of it, and resolved not to spoil it by any expression of imprudent disagreeableness.

Signor Joel may have been a very pleasant-looking person; but we should imagine that the friends of his boyhood would find some difficulty in recognizing their quondam companion: we mean, that it appeared to us, that the contortions which the lower part of his face must have undergone, during the immense practice necessary to arrive at that perfection of blow, whistle, growl, and snore, with which he astonishes people every day at three, have in some degree altered his face, sharpened his masticators, and given unto him the eye of the owl. More of him presently.

By way of being gallant, let us first mention the lady, who took but an inconsiderable part in the performances. She is, (as I have before said,) pretty, unassuming, and sings very nicely. Her higher notes are her best, and her intonation, as far as we could judge, was correct. Being at the back of the room, and not observing that she was seated, we were for shortening her a foot or two; but we afterwards found, that she was of reasonable stature, somewhat shorter than Michael; and Michael is not tall of his age.

The chin-melodist is said to have taken to practising on that instrument, for want of a penny to buy a jew's-harp. He had an uncontrollable propensity to music, from an early age, and could only indulge it by making a dulcimer of his face.

The following are his proceedings before commencing. He in the first place takes off his hat, which is an elegant improvement on that of the coal-heaver, and then developes a little box, into which he thrusts his knuckles, greasing with them his musical instrument. The violin then plays the introductory fugue, and Michael strikes up. His appearance, during the playing, is like that of a bad and infuriated boxer, obliged to hit his own face instead of his antagonist's. He shakes his head, looks vehement, and thumps his chin with ardour and exactitude. He can play the Chromatic scale, and can absolutely shake!!!—that is with his head.

We had been given to understand, that the sound which Michael produced resembled that of a musical-box. This is a libel on that fairy instrument; and we think there are few who have heard him but will agree with us in likening it to castanets; though we should say it beats *them* hollow. The power he possesses is absolutely extraordinary. The higher notes are, we think, the best; but he is never out of tune; and, when playing variations (as he did to "Nel cor piu non me sento") though he flourishes about, at a most extraordinary height, he gradually descends, hitting the original note with wonderful accuracy. He was *most* applauded in the Overture to 'Lodoiska,' though that applause was not extravagant: not that his performance did not warrant it, but the fashionables seem to look upon gloves as so very expensive, that they are willing to get a reputation for economy by observing a judicious silence. Madame Boai, who really sings very prettily, got no applause to speak of: which, as Mr Pepys would say, "was displeasing to observe." She and her husband seemed to entertain a mutual admiration of one another, which they occasionally testified by smiles, and other such evidences of a pleasing sympathy. Some of the songs which have his name to them in the bills are pretty, and he plays well on the guitar.

Signor Engels, a sort of auxiliary to Boai, plays very creditably on the violin. The Trio, in their national dresses, cut a picturesque appearance, especially when contrasted with the anti-elegant habiliments and extraordinary head-dresses of their audience.

Signor Joel is perhaps the most extraordinary of the four. He imitates birds, the skylark, thrush (which he at first told us he did not remember; "I have forgotten one," said he, "de trosh") the canary-bird, bullfinch, and the nightingale, &c. The bullfinch and thrush, which he afterwards gave us, were good; the nightingale excellent; though we missed the long, mellow, and beautiful note peculiar to that bird. Some of his tones were deliciously sweet. The canary-bird and the skylark, however, we looked upon as his master-pieces: the latter perhaps the best of the two. The imitation of the former was given in a sort of dialogue between the male and female. The long-drawn call of the male, and the answer of the female, with a beautiful string of notes which he sprinkled one after the other, were peculiarly effective. He signified when the skylark was ascending, by moving his fingers upwards; when in the air, by keeping them twittering at the same height; and when in coming down, by an analogous process. He shook us out a full *crowd* of notes, with wonderful rapidity and sweetness; and though they were not, as the poet so beautifully expresses it, "profuse strains of *unpremeditated* art," they were profuse, and very like their original.

Upon the whole, our party were much amused with their visit to these good-natured foreigners; and we recommend everybody, *pecuniâ volente*, to follow our example.

Vester.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A PROPHECY.

There is a mighty dawning on the earth,
Of human glory: dreams unknown before
Fill the mind's boundless world, and wondrous birth
Is given to great thought; and deep-drawn lore,
But late a hidden fount, at which a few
Quaff'd and were glad, is now a flowing river,
Which the parch'd nations may approach and view,
Kneel down and drink, or float in it for ever:
The bonds of Spirit are asunder broken,
And Matter makes a very sport of distance;
On every side appears a silent token
Of what will be hereafter, when existence
Shall even become a pure and equal thing,
And earth sweep high as heaven, on solemn wing.

* W *

A correspondent, from whom we were glad to hear, informs us, that Mr Clarkson's forthcoming lectures on the progress and prospects of society, will embrace some curious theories respecting the origin and tendency of social institutions. One feature of his lectures, will be an argument to show that the *co-operative system* entered into the constitution of all the most eminent early republics; that it may be traced to the first germs of social tendencies in a savage state; that as society began with it in its roughest form, so it tends towards it in its most refined development; and that it is not improbable that the last institutions of the human race, some centuries hence, may realise the eloquent apostrophe of Godwin to Lycurgus. "To this we come, oh illustrious legislator! Labour sufficient to procure all things, for all will be *subdivided* and comparatively nothing. It will be no longer necessary that some men should be toiling slaves, in order that others may be idle freemen. *Machines will be the only helots* of the last universal freemen."—We shall shortly have another word or two to say of these lectures.

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EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

PART OF A WALK THROUGH MADRID IN SEARCH OF LODGINGS.

Passing on, we came to a long row of *calesines*, a kind of gig, of grotesque Dutch figure. Many were oddly painted with the church of Buen Suceso, the fountain of the Sibyl, or the Virgin Mary on the back, and were named accordingly. They were furthermore profusely studded with brass tacks, and so was the harness of the horse, usually a long-tailed Andalusian, decorated with many bells, tassels, and a long plume of red woollen, erect between his ears. As for the drivers themselves, they wore hats adorned with buckles, beads, and tassels, jacket and breeches of velvet, worsted stockings, and long-quartered shoes. Each had a second jacket, either drawn on over the other, or more commonly, hanging negligently from the left shoulder. This was of brown cloth, singularly decorated with embroidered patches of red or yellow cloth, to protect the elbows, a tree and branches of the same upon the back, and, in front, instead of buttons, loops and cords, pointed with brass or silver, which were attached to strengthening pieces of red, in the shape of hearts. These *caleseros* were grouped together about the doors of the tabernas, cracking their whips and their jokes together. Nor did they fail to make us proffers of their services, calling our attention to the elegance of a *calesa*, and the good points of the caballo. The merry mood, hyperbolical language, and fantastic dress of these fellows, so greatly at variance with the habitual gravity of the Castilian, bespoke them natives of the mercurial region of Andalusia. Leaving this row of vehicles behind, we came to the Puerta del Sol. This is an open place in the heart of Madrid, where eight of the principal streets come together, and where the city may be said to have its focus. In the centre, is a fountain, from which the neighbourhood receives its supply of water. One of the forks is formed by the parish church of Buen Suceso, and the others by the Post office, and a variety of shops and dwellings. In former times it was the eastern gate of the city; hence its name of Gate of the Sun; but when the court came to Madrid, the nobility who followed in its train, constructed their palaces in the open plain to the east, so that Puerta del Sol, from being the extremity, became the centre of Madrid. From hence are streets leading directly to almost any place of which you may be in search; and put yourself in any street at the extremities of the city, and it is sure to discharge you here. In this way, all Madrid passes daily through this centre of circulation, so that a stranger may station himself here, and see the population of the whole capital passing as it were in review before him. Here the exchange is each day held, and the trader comes to talk of his affairs: the politician, rolled in his cloak, signifies, by a shrug, a significant look, or a whisper, the news which with us would be told with the hands in the breeches pockets, the legs striding apart, and the voice lifted up in loud declamation. Hither the *elegante* is mechanically drawn to shew off the last Parisian mode, or the idle thief, enveloped in his dingy cloak, to talk to a comrade of old achievements, or to plan future crimes and depredations. Here are constantly passing flocks of sheep and droves of swine going to the shambles, mules and asses laden with straw or charcoal or dead kids hooked by the legs, and always on the very end of the last beast of each row, a rough clad fellow, singing out with a grave accent on the last syllable, "*Paja! paja! carbon! cabrito!*"—Straw! straw! coals! kids! There are moreover, old women with oranges or pomegranates pushing their way through the crowd, and scolding those who run against their baskets; also aguadores, with jars of water, who deafen you with cries of "*Quien quiere agua?*"—Who wants water? Nor do beggars fail to frequent this resort, especially the blind, who vociferate some ballad which they have for sale, or demand alms in a peremptory tone and in the name of Maria Santissima. Here, too, may be seen all the costumes of Spain; the long red cap of the Catalans; the Valencian with his blanket, and airy bragas, though in the midst of winter; the Montera cap of the Manchego; the leathern cuirass of the old Castilian; the trunk hose of the Leones; the coarse garb and hobnailed shoes of the Gallego; and the round hat and embroidered finery of Andalusia. Nor does the Puerta del Sol fail to witness prouder sights than these. At one moment it is a regiment of the Royal Guard, going to review; in the next, a trumpet sounds, and the drums of the neighbouring picquets are heard beating the call. The coaches and six approach, guarded by a splendid accompaniment. The cry of "Los Reges" passes from mouth to mouth; and the Spaniards, unrolling their cloaks and doffing their hats, give place for the "Absolute King." Presently a bell rings, and every voice is hushed. A long procession of men, with each a burning taper, is seen, preceding a priest, who is carrying the reconciling sacrament to smooth the way for some dying sinner. Does it meet a carriage, though containing the first grandee of Spain, the owner descends, throws himself upon his knees in the middle of the street, and offers his carriage for the conveyance of the host. "*Su majestad,*"—His majesty!—to indicate the presence of the Saviour sacramentized, passes in a tremulous whisper from lip to lip. The faithful are all uncovered and kneeling, they smite their breasts with contrition, and hold down their heads as if unworthy to look upon the Lamb.

* * * * * * *

The unpleasant reflections excited by this rencontre were soon banished by strains of music, and the clatter of advancing hoofs. The body of cavalry which now attracted the attention of the multitude in Puerta del Sol, and for which a passage was soon opened by the long-bearded sappers who marched in front, was a regiment of lancers of the royal guard; a beautiful and well mounted corps in Polish uniforms, with high schakos, each bearing a lance decorated with a red and white pennon. Next came a band of some thirty musicians playing that most beautiful piece "*Di piacer mi balza il cor,*" from the *Gazza Ladra* of Rossini. I thought I had never heard any sounds so delightful: even the ardor of the horses seemed lulled by them. Presently however the cadence passed into a blast far livelier than the lovesong of Ninetta, and away they went at a gallop in the direction of the Prado.

Immediately behind the lancers came a regiment of cuirassiers mounted chiefly on powerful steeds, with long sweeping tails, and manes parted in the middle and flowing on both sides the whole width of the neck. The men were stout, fine looking fellows, incased in jackboots, with Grecian helmets, and cuirasses of steel, on the front of which were gilded images of the sun. Their offensive weapons consisted of stout horse pistols, and straight sabres of great length from the royal armoury of Toledo. There was to be a review on the Prado, and having always been fond of listening to music, and looking at the soldiers, I proposed that we should see it. Don Diego was one of those ready fellows of idle mood, and ample leisure, who are pleased with every proposition, so we went at once in quest of the soldiery. The review took place near the convent of Atocha. The Minister of War, with a brilliant staff mounted on splendid barbs from the meadows of the Tagus or the Guadalquivir, was posted in front of the convent, and received the salutations of the passing soldiery. It was one of those bright and cloudless days so common in the elevated region of Madrid. The sun shone full upon polished helmets, cuirasses, and sabres, or flickered round the ends of the lances, while the combined music of both corps, stationed at the point about which the platoons wheeled in succession, sent forth a martial melody.

The display was a brilliant one, and I enjoyed it without reservation. I looked not to the extortion and misery which among the industrious classes must pay for this glitter and pageantry; to the cause of injustice and oppression it might be called to support; to the rapine and murder, the famine and pestilence, the thousand crimes and thousand curses, that follow in the train of armies.—*A Year in Spain.*

CORK TREES.

This useful production is known in Spain by the name of "*alcornoque.*" It is a species of the *encina*, which, although of very different appearance from our oak, furnishes a wood of the same grain, and produces acorns, which are not so bitter as ours, and which, as an article of food, the poorer classes do not always abandon to the hogs. Thus we are told that Sancho was a great lover of *bellotas*. The cork-tree grows to the height of our apple-tree, and spreads its branches much in the same manner, but the trunk is of much greater dimensions, and the foliage of a more gloomy hue. Its trunk and branches are covered with a thick ragged bark, which would seem to indicate disease. The trunk alone, however, furnishes a bark of sufficient thickness to be of use in the arts. It is first stript away in the month of July, when the tree is fifteen years old, but is then of no use except to burn, and is only removed for the sake of producing a stouter growth. In the course of six or eight years the inner bark is grown into a cork of marketable quality, and continues to yield, at similar intervals, for more than a century.—*The same.*

A SUSPICIOUS MESSENGER.

Here (at Bouyoukdéré) we became acquainted with the hospodar of Wallachia, Prince Caragia, whom a singular turn of fortune had recently placed on the hospodarian throne. He was about to proceed to his principality, and invited me to visit him at Buchorest, where I little thought at that time, I should, in a few months, have occasion to proceed. The circumstances which led to the unexpected choice made of Caragia on this occasion are in too many respects interesting, to be passed over with a mere allusion to them. They were so many times related to me by well-informed persons at Constantinople, that the reader may rely on the statement of them, which I am about to offer to his perusal. * * * * * Sultan Mahmoud, who was a complete stranger to the pretensions of all the contending parties, very wisely resolved to accept none of the candidates offered to his notice under the auspices of French and Russian protection. He therefore desired his confidential minister, Halett-Effendi, to look out for some Greek of the Fannar, who was qualified for the appointment, and who had never connected himself with any foreign party. The venerable and much-respected prince Demetrius Ghika, son of a former hospodar of Moldavia, living in obscurity and poverty, with a numerous family, in one of the most retired villages near the Bosphorus, had, in former days of prosperity, been the friend and patron of Halett-Effendi, for whom he laid the foundation of the power he was now exercising, as the favorite companion and confidential adviser of the sultan. Halett thought of his benefactor Ghika on this occasion, proposed him to the sultan, and was commanded to send for him and intimate to him that the sultan's choice had fallen on him. The messenger despatched to Ghika to require his attendance, was one of the personages whose outward insignia of office announced him to be a capigee-bashi, or chamberlain, to whom the task is always intrusted of notifying his master's good-will and pleasure that certain persons

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should not continue to endure the miseries of life. Ghika did not happen to be at home on his arrival, and as the capigee-bashi appeared disposed to wait until he saw him, the whole family were seized with consternation, and secret messengers were despatched in all directions to prevent his return home. Halett-Effendi, after several days fruitless efforts to find out his old friend, was at length obliged to give up all thoughts of him; and as time pressed, and it was necessary to get rid of the importunities of the Russian and French embassies, by the announcement that the appointment had been filled up with a person of the sultan's own choice, Hallet-Effendi then thought of this Caragia, who was also living in obscurity and great poverty, and who had never occupied any conspicuous office. Caragia answered the summons with more alacrity than Ghika, and immediately received the glad tidings of his approaching elevation. I have been assured by persons who were well acquainted with Caragia and his family, that, until the day when he was informed of the good fortune which awaited him, he was in such a state of poverty, that his daughters were under the necessity of knitting stockings and purses for the purpose of earning the means of a scanty livelihood, and that frequently the whole family lived, for weeks, upon olives and brown bread.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

A NEW TRAP FOR THIEVES.

The road from Fragett to Lobosh had some years ago been rendered very unsafe, in consequence of its being made the scene of operations of a band of brigands who for a long time hovered about the confines of Transylvania, and of the Bannat of Temesvar. After a great number of fruitless efforts to find out the place of their retreat, it was discovered in a curious way. A shepherd from the neighbouring mountains was observed to come to Lobosh regularly once a week, and buy up a large quantity of wine, which he took back with him. Suspicion was at length awakened by the frequency and regularity of his purchases, and he was one day seized and brought before the governor of the district, who, by dint of threats and promises, succeeded in extorting from him the avowal, that he was the purveyor of the troop of robbers that had so long infested the neighbourhood. It appeared from his statement, that their number was about one hundred, and that the place of their retreat and concealment was one of the extensive caverns of which a great number exist in this part of Transylvania. They had so fortified the entrance of this cavern, that it appeared to the governor that the lives of a great number of the assailants must be sacrificed by any open attack upon it. Stratagem was therefore resolved on. The shepherd received a positive promise of oblivion, and of a pension for life, of a hundred florins, if he would co-operate with the governor, and not let the robbers suspect that they had been betrayed. Glad enough to save his neck on such terms, he promised to do everything that would be required of him; and as a guarantee for his good faith, he placed his wife and children as hostages in the governor's hands. He was then ordered to proceed to the cavern, with the accustomed supply of wine, into which a sufficient quantity of opium was infused. The banditti got drunk as usual: and when they awoke on the following morning, they found themselves within the walls of the prison of Lobosh. They were afterwards hung in chains on the very mountain under which was situated the cavern they had selected as their habitation.—*The same.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

MATRIMONY.—"They manage these things differently in France." The following advertisement appeared in the *Constitutionnel* in the course of the last week. We give name and number, for the information of travelling bachelors from England:—"Marriage.—Madame Houdard has succeeded, by zeal and discretion, in causing the torch of Hymen to be lighted, and in matching with promptness those who have addressed themselves to her.—Rue Ste. Appoline, No. 4."

INTELLIGENT DIGNITARIES.—Two worthy deacons in a neighbouring Burgh, talking of the reform measure, thus addressed each other:—"But, dear me, Mr ———, though you are against reform, every one is not of your opinion—you're but a mere individual." "What do you say, Sir!" replied Mr ———, "do you call me an *individual?*—then I say, Sir, that you are the *same;*" and turning his back on his opponent, marched off, highly delighted with having repaid the supposed insult.—*Scotch Paper.*

EMPIRICS.—Were we to judge by what we see and hear, by the number of the empirics with which we are infested, by the silence of the law on the offences they commit, and by the very general encouragement which they obtain from our enlightened countrymen, one would imagine that medicine was nothing better than a game of chances, which every fool may gain at, and that physicians are little better than useless incumbrances, which merit neither protection nor reward.—*Westminster Review* for April.

LEGAL PRECAUTION.—The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more than 1s. for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied provided it was a good one. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precaution to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one:—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God. Is this a good shilling? Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and handwriting?"—*Legal Observer.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Rob Roy Macgregor—Nettlewig Hall—And The Ice Witch.
COVENT GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

FRENCH PLAYS.

TO THE TATLER.

MR TATLER,—Suffer me to repair an involuntary breach of gallantry of which I have been guilty. The fashion I see is, in certain play-bills, to give precedence to the women,—like the old-fashioned ones, I gave it to the men. If you please, I will repair, all I can, so great a blunder. Madame Albert disappointed me, in what I may call the serious of French sentiment,—the effects of disappointed love. She wants both simplicity and power;—she studies too much, and has not the art to conceal her art: indeed, that is an impossibility, when actor or actress aims at producing effect by studying attitude, and not by giving way to the impulse excited naturally in the mind by the thought or action to be represented; this is so obvious, the actor should know it by intention almost. Madame Albert, however, does not rant; and, with more attention to nature, she would be a pleasing little actress. Her face is round, and rather plain, but expressive; though owing to the smallness of her features, the expression, except near to the stage, is lost in a great measure. In those light comic pieces in which the French so excel, she is very delightful, full of sprightliness and glee; it is, to my mind, in these little things that she excels,—though from the number of handkerchiefs put in requisition during the representation of Isaure, and of Valentine as well, I fancy I must admit, that, like the Ministerial majority, I am in a minority of one. She sings very prettily. Mademoiselle St Ange is a charming creature, and a picquant actress—so vivacious, so arch—she looks, too, unutterable things; and she trips so lightly about, she must have a heart teeming with gaiety and good humour,—but she can be shrewish: witness Blanchette, in Isaure. I like her fine lady characters least; she cannot throw off her nature and archness; and to discard nature is the finest effort your fine lady makes, and must accomplish, or she has no pretension to the character; if Mademoiselle St Ange is a pretender, she will take this as no compliment, of course. Mademoiselle Eliza personates young gentlemen cleverly; but still there is a womanishness about her, which she cannot conceal; and I never like to see a woman attempt to disguise it. But why are women thrusted into men's characters?—thrusted, by the way, is a Cobbettism,—but I swear by his admirable little grammar written for plough-boys. I hate to see a female in men's apparel—true, young boys formerly played the parts of women, but that has been discarded—and why perpetuate the worse habit of the two? Mademoiselle Florval is a pretty mannerist; and Mademoiselle Jamain can be arch and natural. Cloup is an excellent representative of the old gentleman of the old school, going, if not gone, whither I hope it will never return—along with the old order of things. I like Preval: there is much humour in him. It would be unpardonable to pass over M. Gamard, whose comic powers appear to me to be of the highest order; he never descends to broad farce, and yet he is irresistibly comic, because he never exceeds the modesty of nature;—that is the charm in everything. M. Alfred, too, makes a capital lover,—I have but just been made aware how well he is adapted to represent the character,—I like him none the worse for it, and trust the allusion may be excused. If men were true, as well as loving, what a being would man be! The sentiment is Shakspeare's—I forget the lines. Excuse the bit of Utilitarianism I would tag to it: if men were true, of how much misery would they avoid the infliction! I wish the world would agree to stamp him as of a bad heart, and to be shunned, who conceives of woman, that their existence is for the gratification alone of a passion which, licentiously indulged, degrades the Lord of the Creation beneath the brute that perisheth. I have been excessively disappointed in seeing so comparatively few English faces at the French Plays, which, as introducing sociabilities and pleasures common to most men, must tend to soften down, and I would fain hope in the end, obliterate, those bloody and bitter asperities, which, for the gain of the few, have been most sordidly, and basely, and wickedly engendered between two neighbouring people for centuries. Ever your's, faithfully,

7th April, 1831. THE STRANGER IN LONDON.

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PAGANINI.—It is said that one of the concerts given at the Opera in Paris, by Signor Paganini, produced him 16,500 francs. An amateur has made the following calculation upon this amount. The performer played during the evening three pieces, each covering about five pages of music, of six rows, giving about 91 measures to the page. The fifteen pages thus contained 1,365 measures, by which the 16,500 francs are to be divided. The quotient will be 12 francs for each measure, or the proportions will be as follow :—For a round, 12f ; a minim, or white note, 6f.; a black note, 3f.; a crotchet, 1f. 50c.; a double crotchet, 15 sous; a triple crotchet, 7½ sous. And, on the other hand :—For a pause, 15f.; a demi pause, 6f.; a minim rest, 3f.; a demi rest, 1f. 50c.; a quarter of a rest, 75c. There would still, out of the 16,500 francs, remain 420 francs, which is exactly the price of such a violin as the Conservatory awards as a prize to its most distinguished pupils.—*Le Furet de Londres.*

— Policy induced Bonaparte to re-establish religious worship in France, which he thought would be a powerful aid to the consolidation of his power; but he would never consent to the persecution of other religions. He wished to influence mankind in positive and temporal things, but not in points of belief.—*Bourrienne's Memoirs.*

— There are, besides the temper of our climate, two things peculiar to us, that contribute much to the beauty and elegance of our gardens; which are the gravel of our walks, and the fineness and almost perpetual greenness of our turf: the first is not known anywhere else, which leaves all their dry walks in other countries, very unpleasant and uneasy; the other cannot be found in France or in Holland as we have it, the soil not admitting that fineness of blade in Holland, nor the sun that greenness in France, during most of the summer; nor indeed is it to be found but in the finest of our soils.—*Temple on Gardening.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

A New Tragic Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

THE PLEDGE; OR, CASTILIAN HONOUR.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Donna Zanthe, Miss Phillips. Josepha, Mrs C. Jones. A Lady, Mrs Newcombe.
Hernani, Mr Wallack. Don Carlos, Mr Cooper.
Don Leo, Mr Macready. King of Bohemia, Mr Cowin.
Duke of Bavaria, Mr C. Jones. Duke of Gotha, Mr Thompson.
Don Mathias, Mr Bland, Don Henriques, Mr Younge.
Don Ricardo, Mr J. Vining. Don Juan de Haro, Mr Howard.
Page to Don Leo, Mr Honner. First Conspirator, Mr Hammerton.
Second Conspirator, Mr F. Cooke. Mountaineer, Mr Fenton.
Jeronymo, Mr Webster.

Previous to the Drama, Spontini's Overture to 'Ferdinand Cortez.'

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs Waylett.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Poole.
Principal Dancers—Miss Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, M'Henry, and Lydia.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, The Pledge; and the Ice Witch.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

[By Mr PEAKE.]

Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Parry. Sprayling, Mr Baker.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bompertz, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

L'AVARE.

Comédie en Cinq Actes, de MOLIERE, avec les Corrections du Théâtre Français.
Elise, Mlle. Jamain. Marianne, Mlle. Eliza. Frosine, Mlle St Ange.
Harpagon, M. Préval. Anselme, M. Cloup. Valère, M. Alfred.
Cléante, M. Albert. Lafleche, M. Guenée. Maître Jacqus, M. Laporte.
Maître Simon, M. Gamard. Le Notaire, M. Arnaud.

Suivie de

LES SUITES D'UN MARIAGE DE RAISON.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, de MM. DARTOIS et L'HERIE.
Mme. Albert remplira le Rôle de Suzette. Madame Pinchon, Mlle. St Ange.
Bertrand, M. Pélissie. Le Genéral Comte de Brémont, M. St Aubert.
Edouard, M. Alfred. Pinchon, M. Laporte. Michel, M. Arnaud.

On Finira par

LES RENDEZ-VOUS BOURGEOIS.

Opéra en Un Acte, Musique de NICOLO.
Mme. Albert remplira le Rôle de Rose. Reine, Mlle Florval.
Louise, Mlle. St Ange. Julie, Mlle. Herminie.
M. Dugravier, M. Préval. César. M. Laporte. Charles, M. Alfred.
Bertrand, M. Gamard. Jasmin, M. Arnaud.

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[By Mr ALMAR.]

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Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1831.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL HINT.

[From Mr Godwin's *Thought on Man*, &c. lately published.]

The following essay will be to a considerable degree in the nature of confession, like the confessions of St Augustine or of Jean Jacques Rousseau. It may therefore at first sight appear of small intrinsic value, and scarcely worthy of a place in the present series. But, as I have had occasion more than once to remark, we are all of us framed in a great measure on the same model, and the analysis of the individual may often stand for the analysis of a species. While I describe myself, therefore, I shall probably at the same time be describing no inconsiderable number of my fellow-beings.

It is true, that the duty of man under the head of Frankness, is of a very comprehensive nature. We ought all of us to tell to our neighbour whatever it may be of advantage to him to know, we ought to be the sincere and zealous advocates of absent merit and worth, and we are bound by every means in our power to contribute to the improvement of others, and to the diffusion of salutary truths through the world.

From the universality of these precepts many readers might be apt to infer, that I am in my own person the bold and unsparing preacher of truth, resolutely giving to every man his due, and, agreeably to the apostle's direction, "instant in season, and out of season." The individual who answers to this description will often be deemed troublesome, often annoying; he will produce a considerable sensation in the circle of those who know him; and it will depend upon various collateral circumstances, whether he shall ultimately be judged a rash and intemperate diturber of the contemplations of his neighbours, or a disinterested aud heroic suggester of new veins of thinking, by which his contemporaries and their posterity shall be essentially the gainers.

I have no desire to pass myself upon those who may have any curiosity respecting me for better than I am; and I will therefore here put down a few particulars, which may tend to enable them to form an equitable judgment.

One of the earliest passions of my mind was the love of truth and sound opinion. "Why should I," such was the language of my solitary meditations, "because I was born in a certain degree of latitude, in a certain century, in a country where certain institutions prevail, and of parents professing a certain faith, take it for granted that all this is right?—This is matter of accident. "Time and chance happeneth to all:" and I, the thinking principle within me, might, if such had been the order of events, have been born under circumstances the very reverse of those under which I was born. I will not, if I can help it, be the creature of accideut; I will not, like a shuttle-cock, be at the disposal of every impulse that is given me." I felt a certain disdain for the being thus directed; I could not endure the idea of being made a fool of, and of taking every *ignis fatuus* for a guide, and every stray notion, the meteor of the day, for everlasting truth. I am the person, spoken of in a preceding Essay, who early said to Truth, "Go on: whithersoever thou leadest, I am prepared to follow."

During my college-life, therefore, I read all sorts of books, on every side of any important question, or that were thrown in my way, that I could hear of. But the very passion that determined me to this mode of proceeding, made me wary and circumspect in coming to a conclusion. I knew that it would, if anything, be a more censurable and contemptible act, to yield to every seducing novelty, than to adhere obstinately to a prejudice because it had been instilled into me in youth. I was therefore slow of conviction, and by no means "given to change." I never willingly parted with a suggestion that was unexpectedly furnished to me; but I examined it again and again, before I consented that it should enter into the set of my principles.

In proportion, however, as I became acquainted with truth, or what appeared to me to be truth, I was like what I have read of Melancthon, who, when he was first converted to the tenets of Luther, became eager to go into all companies, that he might make them partakers of the same inestimable treasures, and set before them evidence that was to him irresistible. It is needless to say, that he often encountered the most mortifying disappointment.

Young and eager as I was in my mission, I received in this way many a bitter lesson. But the peculiarity of my temper rendered this doubly impressive to me. I could not pass over a hint, let it come from what quarter it would, without taking it into some consideration, and endeavouring to ascertain the precise weight that was to be attributed to it. It would however often happen, particularly in the question of the claims of a given individual to honour and respect, that I could see nothing but the most glaring injustice in the opposition I experienced. In canvassing the character of an individual, it is not for the most part general, abstract or moral, principles that are called into question: I am left in possession of the premises which taught me to admire the man whose character is contested; and conformably to those premises I see that his claim to the honour I have paid him is fully made out.

In my communications with others, in the endeavour to impart what I deemed to be truth, I began with boldness: but I often found that the evidence that was to me irresistible, was made small account of by others; and it not seldom happened, as candour was my principle, and a determination to receive what could be shewn to be truth, let it come from what quarter it would, that suggestions were presented to me, materially calculated to stagger the confidence with which I had set out. If I had been divinely inspired, if I had been secured by an omniscient spirit against the danger of error, my case would have been different. But I was not inspired. I often encountered an opposition I had not anticipated, and was often presented with objections, or had pointed out to me flaws and deficiencies in my reasonings, which, till they were so pointed out, I had not apprehended. I had not lungs enabling me to drown all contradiction; and, which was still more material, I had not a frame of mind, which should determine me to regard whatever could be urged against me as of no value. I therefore became cautious. As a human creature, I did not relish the being held up to others, or to myself, as rash, inconsiderate, and headlong, unaware of difficulties the most obvious, embracing propositions the most untenable, and "against hope believing in hope." And, as an apostle of truth, I distinctly perceived that a reputation for perspicacity and sound judgment was essential to my mission. I therefore often became less a speaker than a listener, and by no means made it a law with myself to defend principles and characters I honoured, on every occasion on which I might hear them attacked.

A new epoch occurred in my character, when I published, and at the time I was writing, my 'Enquiry concerning Political Justice.' My mind was wrought up to a certain elevation of tone; the speculations in which I was engaged, tending to embrace all that was most important to man in society, and the frame to which I had assiduously bent myself, of giving quarter to nothing because it was old, and shrinking from nothing because it was startling and astounding, gave a new bias to my character. The habit which I thus formed put me more on the alert even in the scenes of ordinary life, and gave me a boldness and an eloquence more than was natural to me. I then reverted to the principle which I stated in the beginning, of being ready to tell my neighbour whatever it might be of advantage to him to know, to shew myself the sincere and zealous advocate of absent merit and worth, and to contribute, by every means in my power, to the improvement of others and to the diffusion of salutary truths through the world. I desired that every hour that I lived should be turned to the best account, and was bent each day to examine whether I had conformed myself to this rule. I held on this course with tolerable constancy for five or six years: and, even when that constancy abated, it failed not to leave a beneficial effect on my subsequent conduct.

But, in pursuing this scheme of practice, I was acting a part somewhat foreign to my constitution. I was by nature more of a

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speculative than an active character, more inclined to reason within myself upon what I heard and saw, than to declaim concerning it. I loved to sit by unobserved, and to meditate upon the panorama before me. At first I associated chiefly with those who were more or less admirers of my work; and, as I had risen (to speak in the slang phrase) like "a star" upon my contemporaries without being expected, I was treated generally with a certain degree of deference, or, where not with deference and submission, yet as a person whose opinions and view of things were to be taken into the account. The individuals who most strenuously opposed me, acted with a consciousness that, if they affected to despise me, they must not expect that all the bystanders would participate in that feeling.

But this was to a considerable degree the effect of novelty. My lungs, as I have already said, were not of iron; my manner was not overbearing and despotic; there was nothing in it to deter him who differed from me from entering the field in turn, and telling the tale of his views and judgments in contradiction to mine. I descended into the arena, and stood on a level with the rest. Beyond this, it occasionally happened that, if I had not the stentorian lungs, and the petty artifices of rhetoric and conciliation, that should carry a cause independently of its merits, my antagonists were not deficient in these respects. I had nothing in my favour to balance this, but a sort of constitutional equanimity and imperturbableness of temper, which, if I was at any time silenced, made me not look like a captive to be dragged at the chariot-wheels of my adversary.

All this, however, had a tendency to subtract from my vocation as a missionary. I was no longer a knight-errant, prepared on all occasions by dint of arms to vindicate the cause of every principle that was unjustly handled, and every character that was wrongfully assailed. Meanwhile, I returned to the field, occasionally and uncertainly. It required some provocation and incitement to call me out; but there was the lion, or whatever combative animal may more justly prefigure me, sleeping, and that might be awakened.

There is another feature necessary to be mentioned, in order to make this a faithful representation. There are persons, it should seem, of whom it may be predicated, that they are *semper parati*. This has by no means been my case. My genius often deserted me. I was far from having the thought, the argument, or the illustration at all times ready, when it was required. I resembled to a certain degree the persons we read of, who are said to be struck as if with a divine judgment. I was for a moment changed into one of the mere herd, *de grege porcus*. My powers therefore were precarious; and I could not always be the intrepid and qualified advocate of truth, if I vehemently desired it. I have often, a few minutes afterwards, or on my return to my chambers, recollected the train of thinking, which would have shewn me off to advantage, and memorably done me honour, if I could have had it at my command the moment it was wanted.

And so much for confession. I am by no means vindicating myself. I honor much more the man who is at all times ready to tell his neighbour whatever it may be of advantage to him to know, to shew himself the sincere and untemporising advocate of absent merit and worth, aud to contribute by every means in his power to the improvement of others, and to the diffusion of salutary truths through the world.

This is what every man ought to be, and what the best devised scheme of republican institutions would have a tendency to make us all.

But, though the man here described is to a certain degree a deserter of his true place in society, and cannot be admitted to have played his part in all things well, we are by no means to pronounce upon him a more unfavourable judgment than he merits. Diffidence, though, where it disqualifies us in any way from doing justice to truth, either as it respects general principle or individual character, a defect, yet is on no account to be confounded in demerit with that suppression of truth, or misrepresentation, which grows out of actual craft and design.

The diffident man, in some cases seldomer, and in some oftener and in a more glaring manner, deserts the cause of truth, and by that means is the cause of misrepresentation, and indirectly the propagator of falsehood. But he is constant and sincere as far as he goes; he never lends his voice to falsehood, or intentionally to sophistry; he never for an instant goes over to the enemy's standard, or disgraces his honest front by shewing it in the ranks of tyranny or imposture. He may undoubtedly be accused, to a certain degree of dissimulation, or throwing into shade the thing that is, but never of simulation, or the pretending the thing to be that is not. He is plain and uniform in everything that he professes, or to which he gives utterance; but, from timidity or irresolution, he keeps back in part the offering which he owes at the shrine where it is most honourable and glorious for man to worship.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LAMENT.

Where is *She*—whom Fortune dowered
With the virgin wealth of Youth,
Beauty, and the love of Truth,
Golden Honour, spotless Fame,
Twenty-times-transmitted Name?
Where is *She?*—Alas! she's dead:
Dead, alas! and on her head
The cold and crumbling earth is showered.
Not a stone is at her feet,
Not a bud with summer sweet
Shrinketh on her winding-sheet;
Not a line to tell her tale!
Yet, what doth that poor want avail?
The sad-eyed widow, Pity pale,
Weepeth when her story's told,—
How her love was left for gold,
How, deserted and betrayed,
Underneath the green grass laid,
She left *him*, whose sordid pride
Left *her* for a less perfect bride.

ALCANZOR.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

FRIENDS.—Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes: they were easiest for his feet.—*Selden's Table-Talk.*

ATMOSPHERIC LETTER-CARRYING.—A curious model of a tunnel, through which the mail-bags might be projected, is now exhibiting in Glasgow by a Mr Reid. According to a calculation by Professor Stevelley, of Belfast, twelve minutes would be sufficient to transmit the letter-bags from London to Portsmouth, a distance of 70 miles!

MYSTERIOUS NUMBERS. — All those mysterious things they observe in numbers, come to nothing, upon this very ground; because number in itself is nothing, has not to do with nature, but is merely of human imposition, a mere sound: for example, when I cry "one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock," that is but one division of time; the time itself goes on, and it had been all one in nature if those hours had been called nine, ten, and eleven. So when they say the seventh son is fortunate, it means nothing; for if you count from the seventh backwards, then the first is the seventh: why is not he likewise fortunate?—*Selden.*

— Fox was one day expatiating to a company, in which Sheridan was present, on the impossibility of paying off the National Debt. "In fact," said he, "the creditors of the nation stand as little chance of being paid as ——"—he paused for a strong illustration, ere he could find one Sheridan supplied it—"*your own.*"

FRANKING LETTERS.—Of the privilege of franking letters, the following curious anecdote is recorded in the 23d volume of the "Parliamentary History." It occurred in the debate on the Post-office Bill, in the year 1660:—"Col. Titus reported the bill for the settlement of the Post-office, with the amendments. Sir Walter Earl delivered a proviso for the letters of all Members of Parliament to go free during the sitting. Sir Heneage Finch said, 'It was a poor mendicant proviso, and below the honour of the House.' Mr Prynne spoke also against the proviso. Mr Bunckley, Mr Boscawen, Sir George Downing, and Serjeant Charlton, for it; the latter saying, 'the Counsel's letters were free.' The question being called for, the Speaker, Sir Harbottle Grimstone, was unwilling to put it, saying he was ashamed of it; nevertheless, the proviso was carried, and made part of the bill, which was ordered to be engrossed. The Lords subsequently disagreed to this proviso, and it was ultimately thrown out. At a subsequent period, however, both Houses did not feel it to be below their honour to secure for themselves this exemption from postage."

PRESSURE AT GREAT DEPTHS IN THE SEA.—If an empty bottle, or rather one containing only air, be tightly corked, and be sunk by weights attached to it, to a considerable depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding water will either break the bottle, or force the cork into it through the neck. On drawing up the bottle, it will be found to be filled with water, and to have the cork within it below the neck. If the bottle have flat sides, and be square bottomed, it will be broken by the pressure, the form being unfavourable to strength; but if it be round, it will be more likely to resist the pressure, and to have the cork forced in. The shape in this case is conducive to strength, partaking of the qualities of an arch. *Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

FRENCH COOKERY.—I fancy the French would make the best cooks in the world if they had but good meat; as it is they can dress you out five different dishes from a nettle-top; seven from a dock-leaf; and twice as many from a frog's haunches; they eat prettily enough when one is used to them—are easy of digestion, and seldom overload the stomach with crudities.—*Goldsmith's Citizen of the World.*

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THE ATTACK ON THE ROTTEN TREE.—A very clever caricature has recently appeared, printed on silk, in the shape of a pocket-handkerchief. It is entitled "the attack of the reformers on the old rotten tree, or the foul nests of the cormorants in danger." The reformers are represented chopping down a large tree, on which is inscribed "rotten borough system." The Dukes of Wellington and Newcastle, the Marquis of Chandos, and Lords Eldon and Ellenberough, and Mr Peel, are attempting to prop it up, exclaiming "You take our house when you do take away the prop that doth sustain our house: you take our lives when you do take the means whereby we live," The branches of the tree are full of nests, intended to represent the different rotten boroughs, each nest containing one or two cormorants, apparently screaming in alarm at their approaching destruction. The likenesses of Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Lord Grey, Sir Francis Burdett, and the other principal characters are very good. Their Majesties appear in the back ground, standing on Constitution Hill, receiving the thanks and congratulations of their subjects.—*Daily Paper.*

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The slave-trade is here (the Bay of Benguela, on the western coast of Africa), carried on to a great extent. On our arrival we found seven vessels lying in the bay, with the undisguised purpose of receiving a cargo of human flesh—in fact, three of them were swarming with these wretched victims of their fellow-creatures' cupidity. Every evening, after their scanty repast, they were allowed to walk for a short time upon deck, when they appeared so close, that with difficulty they were enabled to move; below, the sufferings of these poor creatures must have been very great, judging by their numbers, and the compass in which they were confined. The profit arising from this inhuman traffic is a strong inducement for its continuance. The inhabitant Portuguese first buy them from the native chiefs for about five dollars, or commodities of that value in the opinion of the savage, but which, in England, would be purchased for as many halfpence. The Portuguese then sell them to the different vessels for about eight times the sum given to the native. As no slaves are exported without the Governor's sanction, I imagine some duty to be paid him upon them. This is, in a great measure, confirmed by his encouraging the trade by every possible means, and his precautions that no illicit traffic may be carried on, to prevent which a night-boat is constantly on the look-out. If we consider the Government under which he works, it is not an improbable conclusion that his whole salary arises from this disgraceful source.—*United Service Journal for April.*

TURKISH MARRIAGE.

I cannot better describe a marriage feast, than in the words of a friend of mine, who was present at one of some consequence in Constantinople. "I was invited by the haratshee-bushee, or capitation tax-gatherer, to attend the nuptials of his daughter. The feastings and rejoicings were to be conducted on a scale of unusual splendor, and to be continued three successive days. I found the extensive court-yard in front of the house, filled with a crowd of common people, in the midst of whom were squatted on the bare ground three Turkish musicians. One of them was exerting all the power of his lungs to force out of a squeaking hautboy certain goose-like notes, which were intended as a leading melody. His next neighbour was beating an accompaniment on an enormous drum, and the third had before him on the ground two very small kettle-drums, which he struck methodically with short sticks, as if to mark the time for the other two, and also serve as an accompaniment. Every part of the house was crowded with male visitors of all ranks, who made a very splendid display of rich clothes and costly ornaments. It was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in making my way to the upper end of the principal apartment, in one corner of which sat the bride on a velvet-covered sofa, nearly level with the floor. Her face, though without a veil, was completely concealed under a thick paste, the surface of which was painted in a variety of light colors. This kind of mask kept her eyes and mouth hermetically closed. As a friend of the house, I brought my present, consisting of a diamond ring, and a large gold coin called a mahmondiay. The former I placed on the bride's little finger, and the latter I endeavoured to fasten in front of her head-dress; but like many others which had preceded mine, it fell into her lap. The principal garment of the bride was an ample robe made of rich gold tissue. Her fingers were literally covered up to the nails with diamond rings. On her head-dress were heaps of diamond ornaments, some of which were her own, and others borrowed for the occasion. She wore round her neck some very rich pearl necklaces, joined with diamond clasps, and her long black hair hung in manifold tresses on her shoulders and back, intermingled with a profusion of gold tinsel. In this condition, exposed to the excessive heat of the weather, and of the crowded room, and having to endure all the torments of excessive thirst and hunger, was this poor creature to remain during two whole days, unattended by any one of her sex, excepting at night. At the close of the second day, the mask of paste was to be taken off; on the third she was to undergo the customary ceremonious purification at the vapour bath, and on the morning of the fourth the bridegroom was left at liberty to enter into his connubial rights. These ceremonies are always observed in Turkey on the occasion of a marriage, and only differ in point of splendor according to the condition and wealth of the parties."—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Pledge—And The Ice Witch.
COVENT GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

DOUBLE OR QUITS—QUEEN'S THEATRE.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR TATLER,—I looked in at the Queen's Theatre last night, and saw Mr BARNETT's pleasant little farce, *Double or Quits* (I believe adapted from the French). The plot is as follows:—

Miss Temple (Miss STOHWASSER) having received an intimation that *Captain Somerton* (Mr FORRESTER) to whom she is secretly married, will shortly be with her, shows the letter to *Mrs Properly* (Mrs GLOVER) who has pleasant old lady-like reminiscences of having dandled the Captain when a child on her knee. They are both in a state of blissful expectation, when "a gentleman" is announced. This is no other than *Mr Augustus Podger* (Mr WILKINSON) of Norton Falgate, who is immediately set down by the doting old lady for the Captain; *Miss Temple* making off with a most becoming propriety. *Mr Podger* sees that the old lady is labouring under a mistake, but is resolved to carry on the joke. She instals him as master of her house, and tells him that the lady has been hourly expecting him, and will be delighted to see him. A servant here announces, that the mail having broken down opposite the mansion, a lady and gentleman would be obliged if they could obtain accommodation for a short time. "Appeal to your master," says *Mrs P.* to the astonished footman. "Present my compliments to the lady and gentleman, and show them up," says the happy *Podger*. With infinite tact, he here sees that he may jump into a good thing; and making himself quite at home, immediately proceeds to a dressing-room "to put himself to rights," assuring *Mrs P.*, who expresses uneasiness on the point, that his shirt *is* aired.

At this crisis, the *Captain* himself and *Mrs Anna Maria Podger* make their appearance, the former hoping for a considerable time that the lady has experienced no injury, and the latter assuring him, for an equal length of time, that owing to his kindness, she has not. *Mr P.*, who is in the next room dressing, here calls aloud to *Mrs Properly;* and is thus recognized by his anxious spouse, who, in the most romantic style of *Billy Taylor*, is "kim for to seek her true love," who "ought to have been at home eight days ago." She goes to the door, and looks through the key-hole, to have ocular as well as oral demonstration of his identity; in the act of which she is surprised by the offended delicacy of *Mrs Properly*, *Mr P.* having completed his toilet, here comes out, and after his surprise has somewhat abated, resolves to get out of the scrape by turning the tables on his wife, whom he sees in close conversation with the gallant Captain. She pretends, however, not to know him; and *Podger* thus foiled in his attack, at last has recourse to entreaty, when they exit together to make it up. An interview then takes place between the *Captain* and *Miss Temple;* and after a few practical jokes, the mystery being solved to the coufused *Mrs Properly*, and a little fun between *Podger* and his dame, the piece concludes.

Mrs GLOVER enacted *Mrs Properly* very properly, except that her voice was rather too firm for a lady of seventy-six, and that she did not look above fifty. Her curtesy to *Mr Podger*, when she introduced herself, was the height of propriety. She appears, however, to err, as Mrs EDWIN does, in being *hard*, and uneasy when she is not speaking; though the want of animation in Miss STOHWASSER (who indeed never acts but when she is actually talking) may have in some degree been the cause of this, as she appeared to much greater advantage in the scene with WILKINSON.

Mr WILKINSON is always laughable. The way he has of smoothing the air with his hand, as if patronizing a succession of little boys, seems to have become a habit with him: it was

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by this action I recognised him, for though his name was whispered round about me, he seemed much fatter than the WILKINSON I had seen at the Adelphi. His imbecile anger at seeing the Captain toying with his wife was good It put me somewhat in mind of REEVE.

Miss STOHWASSER is a handsome girl, but, I should imagine, young in her profession. She is, as I have before said, totally motionless both as regards action and expression, unless she be herself talking. A sad tale may be told her, or a happy one, and she is entirely composed. This want of *gusto* gives her acting an appearance like patch-work; it is all in bits.

VESTER.

"NETTLEWIG HALL."

TO THE TATLER.

MR TATLER,—The *new* farce of *Nettlewig Hall*, produced on Thursday evening at Drury Lane, was produced three years ago at the *Surrey Theatre:* it was played *two nights*, and most heartily damned each night. I have at this moment in my possession the bill of the first night: the title of the piece on the Surrey bill is "*Nettlewig Hall, or the Guardian Outwitted:*" the names of the principal characters are the *same*, and the Drury Lane piece is *line* for *line* the same as the one produced at the Surrey Theatre. If you wish it, I will forward you the bill I allude to in a day or two.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

Saturday, April 9, 1831. JUSTITIA.

P.S. By the bye, there has been a singular *exposé* with respect to the authorship of "*The Ice Witch.*"

Miss FOOTE.—In contradiction to reports of a contrary description, we have the pleasure to state, on the authority of a correspondent on whose means of information we place reliance, "that that delightful actress and amiable woman, Miss Foote, became Countess of Harrington on Thursday last."

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

SEMIRAMIDE.

Semiramis, Queen of Babylon . . . Madame M. Lalande.
Arsaces, Commander in Chief of the Army . . . Mademoiselle Beck.
Asur, Prince of the Blood of Belus . Signor Santini.
Idrenus, King of India . Signor Curioni.
Azema, Princess of the Blood of Belus . . . . . Mademoiselle Neuville.
Oroe, Chief of the Magi . . Signor De Angeli.
Mitramus, Captain of the Royal Guard . Signor Deville.
Ghost of Ninus . . . Signor * * *

After which the Mythological Ballet of

FLORE ET ZEPHYRE.

The principal Characters by Mademoiselle Taglioni, Mademoiselle Kaniel, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Proche, and Mlle. Brocard, Monsieur Paul, Monsieur Emile, and Monsieur Lefebvre.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Tragic Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

THE PLEDGE; OR, CASTILIAN HONOUR.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Donna Zanthe, Miss Phillips. Josepha, Mrs C. Jones. Francesca, Mrs Newcombe.
Hernani, Mr Wallack. Don Carlos, Mr Cooper.
Don Leo, Mr Macready. King of Bohemia, Mr Cowin.
Duke of Bavaria, Mr C. Jones. Duke of Gotha, Mr Thompson.
Don Mathias, Mr Bland, Don Henriques, Mr Younge.
Don Ricardo, Mr Yarnold. Don Juan de Haro, Mr Howard.
Page to Don Leo, Mr Honner. First Conspirator, Mr Hammerton.
Second Conspirator, Mr F. Cooke.

In Act V.—Glee, 'Lady, Lady, weep no more!' By Messrs Robinson, Yarnold, Bland, Price, and Bedford.

In the course of the Evening, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveggles de Tolede.' and Cherubini's Overture to 'Faniska.'

To which will be added, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Plat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr J. Vining. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture (MS.) composed by H. Marschner. The rest of the Music composed and selected by Mr T. Cooke.

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs Waylett.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Poole.
Principal Dancers—Miss Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, M'Henry, and Lydia.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, [By Desire] The Brigand; Nettlewig Hall; and The Ice Witch.

REMARKS UPON THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF JURYMEN IN TRIALS FOR LIBEL.

IN A LETTER ADDRESSED TO JEREMY BENTHAM, Esq.

HEWARD, 2 Wellington Street, Strand.

BOTANICAL INSTRUCTION.

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THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Spraying, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Buntung, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, King John; Two Strings to Your Bow; and Neuha's Cave.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, entitled

ALWYN AND BERTHOLDY.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb.
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

Between the first and second Acts of 'Alwyn and Bertholdy,' the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Siffleur.

The Romantic Drama of 'Alwyn and Bertholdy' will be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels.

Between the first and second Acts of 'The Prophet of the Moor' will be performed an Air, with variations, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To conclude with a New Romantic Drama, called

THE PROPHET OF THE MOOR.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Catherine Gray, Miss Somerville. Crazy Ruth, Miss M. C. Poole.
Honor Jeykel, Miss Jordan. Dame Hetty Horner, Miss Nichol.
Elkanah White, Mr Osbaldiston. Colonel Launce Leolyn, Mr C. Hill.
Ralph Gayton, Mr Williams. Hal Hardenbrass, Mr Hosmer.
Dwarf Stephen, or Stephen Poynet, Mr Almar. Haveril Horner, Mr Gough.
Master John Horner, Mr Vale. Oliver Brown, Mr Lee.
Goliah Goodbody, sen. Mr Asbury. Goliah Goodbody, jun. Master Frank Carberry.
Piers Talbot, Mr Edwin. Joey Stokes, Mr Rogers. Thomas Green, Mr Hobbs.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Comedietta, (in One Act,) entitled

DELUSIONS.

[By Mr BARNARD.]

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Marshall. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

With Handel's celebrated Music, newly arranged by Mr C. Potter.

Galatea, Miss Vernon. Eudora, Mrs Humby. Doris, Mrs Garrick.
Acis, Mr Bennett. Damon, Mr J. Russell. Ulysses, Mr Spencer.
Lysander, Mr G. Lejeune. Telemon, Mr Munroe. Faunus, Mr G. Smith.
Polyphemus, the Fiend of Mount Etna, Mr E. Seguin.

To be succeeded by a New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

[By Mr BARNETT.]

Mrs Properly, Mrs Glover. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
Thomas, Mr Barnett. Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.

Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafout, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orsinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Don Giovanni.' Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.' And Rossini's Overture to 'Italiana in Algieri.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Murderers of Grenoble.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Farmer's Wife—The Black Spider—The Man Wolf.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Knight of Blood—The British Roscius—Roda.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1831.

MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON WITH MISS FOOTE.

We have been sorry to see, in a paper generally distinguished for its liberal sound sense, an ill-natured paragraph respecting this union. The question, at best, turns upon principles so little understood, so much modified by the manners of nations and even of classes, so gifted with privileges in behalf of the favoured and the legitimate, (or the legitimate illegitimate), and above all so beset with insincerities and hypocrisy, and so suggestive of delicacies towards the sex which most needs protection, that the noblest hearts will always put the most generous construction they can on the conduct of any woman, much more of one thrown into life under circumstances the most trying to youth, beauty, and good-heartedness. We always thought, as far as we knew anything of the matters in which she was concerned, (for we do not search into them with the industrious eyes of the censorious) that Miss Foote was more sinned against than sinning, and we desired no better evidence than her face to be convinced that she was good-hearted; for though it not seldom happens that faces are unjust to their owners, it is very rarely the case that a countenance can look ingenuous, and the extreme beauty of the eye seem to indicate a beautiful disposition, where the soul that looks through it, is of a different cast. Miss Foote has been a charming woman on the stage, and is most likely so in private life, for she has the reputation of being amiable. The Stanhopes are a family that have been accustomed to think for themselves, and we trust that the Noble Earl will be as happy as the lady seems calculated to make him. Miss Foote by her marriage will be sister-in-law to the Marchioness of Tavistock and the Duchess of Leinster.

We have never been among the number of those who wonder why lords should marry actresses. The reason is plain enough. The actresses have been charming women, who have shewn themselves superior to the common run of females; and they offer, in one respect, a peculiar temptation to love; namely, that the lover can raise the object of his passion in the eyes of the world.

We know not whether it was the Duke of Bolton, or the famous Earl of Peterborough, that first set the example of marrying in this line of life. Be this as it may, the first that ventured, was just of the rank and importance to cut the Gordian knot in this matter, and baffled objection.

The Duke of Beaufort married Lavinia Fenton, the famous Polly of the Beggar's Opera. She was the original performer of that character, and obtained a wonderful popularity. It is she of whom it is said, that the Duke once having an intention to quit her society, she fell on her knees, and sang "O, ponder well," in so touching a manner that he had not the heart to do it. He did not marry her till all the children that he had by her were born, so that the present family are not descended from this marriage. There are descendants, we believe, of the illegitimate children.

Lord Peterborough, the friend of Pope and Swift, and romantic conqueror in Spain, married Anastasia Robinson, a public singer, who resided with her mother in Golden square, where she gave concerts. The marriage was kept secret a long time, and only divulged a little before his death. They say that when he divulged it, which he did abruptly, though premeditatedly, to a circle of friends, the Countess fainted away. We have read somewhere that he made the disclosure in the room in St James's Palace immediately over the gate-way, leading into the court-yard, at the end of St James's street.

Lady Henrietta Herbert, daughter of the first Earl Waldegrave, and widow of a brother of the Marquis of Powis, married Beard, the famous singer, who was one of the best and most amiable of men, and respected by everybody. In the peerage books this marriage is omitted, as if there had been no such husband as Beard, though Herbert is carefully recorded, and his relationship to the Marquis. Yet so little has principle to do with this sort of pride, that in speaking of the Earl's father, due care is taken to mention that "his Lordship married Henrietta, natural daughter of James the Second, by Mrs Arabella Churchill, sister to John, Duke of Marlborough." Thus you may marry a natural daughter of a bad king, and be proud of it. But if your grand-child, named after that natural daughter, marries an honest man and a gentleman, who gets rich by an accomplishment, and is universally respected, it is a disgrace that must be anxiously concealed. However, this caution applies to former days rather than the present.

The Earl of Derby, who died the other day, married the celebrated Miss Farren, who was accounted on the stage a model of grace and gentility. The present Countess of Wilton is the daughter of this marriage. It is said (we know not with what truth) that the Earl never recovered his spirits after the loss of his wife.

The late Earl Craven married, in 1807, Miss Brunton of Covent Garden Theatre. She was one of those performers, who, like most that obtain fortunes of this nature, rather act well, because they are, in themselves, fine and pleasing women, than from any great professional talent. We remember her lounging about the stage, in the manner of Miss Chester, with an agreeable and unaffected consciousness of her beauty, playing with a flower.

The late Lord Thurlow, who in his eccentric productions evinced a more genuine talent for poetry than is commonly supposed, took to wife, in 1813, Miss Bolton, a pleasing actress, by whom he had the present lord, and two other sons.

The present Duke of St Albans, in 1827, married Mrs Coutts, formerly Miss Mellon; thus restoring to the profession the honours of which it had been the medium in his family: the first Duke, his Grace's ancestor, being the son of Charles the Second, by Nell Gwynn.

Lord William Lennox, brother to the Duke of Richmond, another descendant of Charles the Second, married Miss Paton, now Mrs Wood. To these unions, as indicative of the general rise which the profession has taken in what is called respectability, may be added that of Miss O'Neill to a Member of Parliament; of Miss Serle to the Rev. Mr Heathcote, brother to Sir Gilbert; and Lucretia Bradshaw to the celebrated Martin Folkes, the scholar and antiquary, who was one of the earliest to set this liberal example.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of a Journey across the Balcan, &c. By Major the Hon. George Keppel, F.S.A. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

[Final Extract.]

PRESENTATION OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE REIGNING SULTAN.

[*From an article in Major Keppel's Appendix, written by the Right Hon. Robert Grosvenor, M.P.*]

'On Monday the 13th of July, our ambassador's audience with the Grand Signior took place at the camp at Buyukdéré. Three tents were pitched for the ceremony. The first in front for the Sultan, the other two a little in the rear on either side; one of these was for the caimacan and ministers, the other for the ambassador and suite. Behind were encamped a regiment of cavalry, a company of light artillery, four regiments of infantry, and several companies of artillery. These were dotted about in different places amongst the trees and coppice which adorn the varied ground between the Sultan's house and the place of our reception.

'The Blonde and Rifleman had sailed up the Bosphorus a few days before, and had been moored astern of the line of the Turkish fleet just opposite.

'At nine o'clock our own and the Turkish ships were dressed out in flags.

'The shore was lined with troops, and crowded with people thronging to see the novel sight. The Bosphorus was covered with caiques.

'At ten o'clock the ambassador, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Gordon, embarked in the state caique, accompanied by Mr Parish, bearing the King's letter credential, M. Chabert, the principal dragoman, and Captain Lyons's two little sons, standard-bearers of the union jack, each holding a small silk flag. The marines were already landed; the whole party came ashore in the ship's boats. The procession then formed in the following order:—Twenty-four servants in state liveries; the interpreters; the marines in three ranks; the ambassador on horseback; three cavasses on each side; the

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attachés and "illustrious travellers;" the officers of our two ships: the rear was brought up by another party of marines. In this order we marched between two lines of Turkish troops to the tent of the caimacan. On a long ottoman sat the caimacan, the seraskier pasha, the cadi les mers (chancellors of Europe and Asia) the defterdar, and two or three others. They rose upon the entrance of the ambassador, and he was allowed to take his seat upon the divan on the right of the caimacan, an honour that former ambassadors were not granted.

'We remained standing at a little distance, and M. Chabert knelt before the ambassador and caimacan to interpret. A few compliments passed between them. The attendants now brought five things like casks, upon which silver trays were placed; each of these was furnished with a cloth and a few tortoise-shell spoons; chairs were placed, and dinner was served. The caimacan and ambassador, with M. Chabert as interpreter, occupied the first table. The seraskier, Lord Yarmouth, Captain Lyons, Mr Parish, and Mr Wood, interpreter, the second. The two cadi les mers the third. The defterdar, Lord Dunlo, Captain Mitchell, Mr Mellish, and myself, with M. Pisani, interpreter, the fourth. Mr Edward Villiers, Colonel Vernon, and the rest of the party, the fifth.

'The dinner was a most curious composition: the dishes, to the number of twenty-five, were placed separately on the table, and each of them was tasted, the fluids with the spoon, the solids with the fingers. The dishes were served in violation of all our rules of eating; soup after *entrées*, fish after jelly, the *rôti*, preceded by ice, the *pièce de résistance* by an *omelette aux confitures*. The Turks are very fond of sugar in almost all their ragoûts: the most curious dish of all was a transparent jelly placed on a glass dish containing water and little fishes, so that it conveyed the idea of fishes swimming in a lemon jelly.

'When the last dish was removed, the attendants brought round a basin and some rose-water, with which we washed our hands, and tables and train disappeared in a twinkling.

'From the caimacan's we went to a small tent to robe. A cloak with a diamond clasp was placed on the shoulders of the ambassador; yellow ones, with diamond clasps, were given the *attachés* and principal dragomans; pink and brown ones to the rest of the party.

'The cannon from a small battery near the Sultan's house announced that his Sublime Highness had embarked; and the roar of the salutes from the whole Turkish fleet, which enveloped the camp with a dusky cloud, proclaimed his approach to the place of debarkation.

'The captain of one of the Turkish corvettes had not withdrawn the cartridges with which his guns had been charged, and saluted his lord and master with ball: one struck the water, near the spot over which the Sultan passed a few minutes after; a second skimmed along the water in the midst of caiques full of parties of pleasure; a third went in the fort, but, almost by a miracle, no one was killed. The Sultan ordered the captain to be immediately put in irons.

'Three of the Blonde's boats formed part of the Grand Signior's *cortège* for the last quarter of a mile, and gave him nine cheers. The Sultan came in a boat something like the large Indian canoe, high fore and aft, rowed by fourteen men, two upon each bench: the craft is black outside, and has no other ornament than two small gilt eagles, one perched upon the top of the rudder, the other upon a small gilt staff near the prow.

'The boatmen wore a small red cap just covering the sacred lock on the top of the head; the shirt had no collar, but immense gigot sleeves made of a sort of elastic gauze of the finest texture; a red silk sash, and white muslin trousers of most capacious dimensions, confined at the knee by a string; the feet were bare. The simplicity of the boat and the boatmen's dresses contrasted forcibly, and gave a wonderful relief to the figure of the Sultan himself, reclining upon silks and cashmeres, blazing with the most magnificent brilliants. His Highness was accompanied by Mustapha, the favourite and Secretary; Achmet Bey, his Colonel of Hussars; and one or two others, in their gala apparel.

'A salute of twenty-one guns was fired the moment the Sultan landed. He now mounted a beautiful Arabian; the housings, bridle, bit, frontlet, breast-plate, and crupper, were covered with diamonds. The animal was painted a great variety of colours; two of his legs were white, the others streaked, his chest was spotted, as was also his nose; but he was beautiful, and the effect was decidedly good. The roar of cannon, and the clang of martial music, had excited all his warlike feelings; he pawed the ground, snorted, and threw the foam from his bit, and chafed as if he would dash from the hands that held him: but the moment the Sultan was on his back he became tranquil, and bore his courtly honours as proudly as the favourite Mustapha, who marched by his side.

'The Sultan was attended by his band of gentlemen pensioners: they were dressed in jacket and trousers of red cloth, with a good deal of gold embroidery: each of these carried a silver battle-axe.

'As the Sultan approached, there was a simultaneous cry of "Long live the invincible Mahmoud!"

'On dismounting, the Sultan went to his tent, where he robed himself for the ceremony. He here found the present from our King, worth about two thousand pounds, consisting of a magnificent aigrette. He was anxious to wear it on the occasion, but he broke the clasp in trying to pût it on.

'After some time spent in adorning his imperial person, he came to the grand tent and mounted his throne, which was an enormous mass of solid silver, with arms and back something like a raised sofa; upon it was a cushion so completely covered with pearls, that it was not till, by a subsequent inspection, I discovered its material to be red velvet.

'The acclamations were again repeated; and ten imaums, who stood in front of the tent, prostrated themselves before the successor of Mahomet. The caimacan, seraskier, and reis effendi, were then granted an audience. After that, we were desired to advance, and had the honour of being the first embassy that had been allowed to approach the imperial presence with swords on.

'Some Turkish officers entered with us; this is the remnant of an ancient, barbarous usuage, to prevent the ambassador or suite from attempting anything against the sacred person. Formerly it was customary to hold the arms of the party; but this part of the ceremony was dispensed with.

'The body-guard were drawn up on each side of the throne; they looked like so many statues, perfectly erect, not moving a muscle, their faces averted from the Sultan, who sat glittering upon his gorgeous throne.

'On his right hand stood the caimacan, on his left Mustapha the favourite, and another. The Sultan wore on his head a fez cap, surrounded by a train of diamonds, with an aigrette in the centre, surmounted by a most beautiful esprit feather. A large cashmere violet cloak enveloped nearly the rest of his person, except where it was opened to display a magnificent star of brilliants: one could also perceive that he wore an ample pair of Cossack trousers, Wellington boots, and heeled spurs. The present Sir Robert Gordon had brought him, lay in an open case by his side.

'The Sultan is about forty-five years of age. He has a handsome black beard, trimmed rather short, according to the fashion of the day, arched eyebrows, very fine eyes, and a full round face; his profile is very distinguished and handsome. He rides remarkably well, and it is on horseback that he looks best, as his greatest deficiency in figure, which is want of leg, is thereby concealed: his chest is very broad, and his whole bust gives a promise of great strength. He prides himself upon being able to shoot an arrow farther than any of his subjects. It is to be presumed that he has not many competitors.

'As we entered, he rather inclined forward, resting one hand on the cushion of his throne, thereby displaying a part of his person of which he is exceedingly proud, with sundry rings of untold value decorating the fingers thereof.

'When the ambassador arrived within eight or nine paces of his imperial presence, he stopped. The Sultan then beckoned to him very graciously, and he approached about half the distance of separation. Sir Robert now made his speech, which was translated by the principal dragoman of the Porte.

'The caimacan not repeating it fast enough, or to the satisfaction of the Sultan, it was taken up by his Highness, who finished the sentence himself. This is esteemed a very great compliment, as usually the Sultan is not supposed to vouchsafe even a look towards a Giaour.

'Without appearing to do so, he took a comprehensive view of us all: not seeing Captain Lyons, he inquired for him. Observing M. Chabert, who is an oldish man, and whom he knew very well by sight, he said, "I perceive Chabert dyes his mustaches; but he must put on a greater quantity before he can make himself look young again."

'When the Sultan had finished his speech, we withdrew, and he retired to a small tent immediately behind the large one, whence, after taking off his heavier ornaments, he mounted his horse, and returned to his boat, in the same state as he came.'

— One of the most celebrated Russian Generals now in Poland, it is said, was formerly a *dentist*; he now commands at *Pul-tusk*.—*Herald*.

— The Poles, in general, are much smaller men than the Russians, but equally well dressed. The lancers attract particular attention; the ease with which they manage the lance, and their graceful seat on horseback, have never been equalled by the lancers of any European power; they are mounted on excellent active horses from White Russia. The *chasseurs à cheval* have a very neat and plain uniform; the carbines are slung in their belts.—*Daily Paper*.

Horticultural Society.—At a meeting of this Society, notice was given, that medals would be awarded for the best exhibition of roses, camellias, dahlias, melons, pines, grapes, azaleas, and rhododendrons upon certain stated days throughout the year, provided any articles sufficiently worthy of a medal should be exhibited; and also that a large silver medal should be given for the most ornamental hardy plant, and a Banksian medal for the second best that might be exhibited before May 1, 1832. It was also announced that, in consequence of suggestions which had been offered to the council, the annual fête and exhibition of fruit would take place at the Garden on the 22d of June, instead of the 18th.

P. S.—Shortly after Sir Philip Stevens quitted the office of Secretary to the Admiralty (so long and so pertinaciously held by Mr Croker, till happily ejected in the late change of Ministry) one of the clerks having occasion to present a letter to his successor, Sir Evan Nepean, the latter observed that the letter terminated with a postscript commencing with the letters E. N.; and on asking the clerk the meaning of these mysterious initials, was answered, that in the time of his predecessor, Sir Philip Stevens, they were in the habit of putting P. S. but now, of course, E. N. was substituted

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Pledge—High Ways and By Ways—And The Ice Witch.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

"THE FRENCH SPY"—QUEEN'S THEATRE.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—Englishmen have had it forcibly impressed upon them of late, that they are not the only great nation in the world, and *The French Spy* is one of the thousand results of their conviction. It is a melo-drama of no very common order, containing various compliments to our illustrious neighbours, on their bravery and patriotism. The following is a sketch of the plot:—

Mathilde de Grammont is a dumb-lady, who follows her lover *Major Lafont* (Mr SPENCER), to the Siege of Algiers. She devotes her life to protect him. *Lafont* is taken prisoner, and she, disguising herself as an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, enters the Algerine camp, to attempt his release. While in the act of planning the escape, *Ben Mouza* (Mr KEPPELL), whom she has previously wounded when he was prisoner of the Christians, enters the yard beneath the prison window. He recognizes *Mathilde* as the boy that wounded him in the Christian camp; she also recognizes him, and they engage. During the combat, and when *Ben Mouza* is considerably weakened, the Algerine guards come in and take her prisoner. They are about to kill her, when *Serjeant Beauvine* (Mr MARSHALL)—who is in the secret of her sex,—upbraids them with their cowardice in killing *a woman*. The Dey, when he hears this, orders her to be dressed in the garb of her sex, and installed as one of the Ladies of the Harem. She rejects his advances with scorn; and her lover declares, that rather than betray the intentions of the Christians, they will suffer death. They have taken leave, and *Lafont* places his head on the block, when the Christians burst open the doors, and after a desperate struggle, the Algerines surrender. We have given this summary of the plot that the reader may form a better idea of the beautiful acting of the heroine.

Mademoiselle CELESTE is rather tall than otherwise, but exquisitely made, and very graceful. Her countenance is intellectual if not handsome, and she has eyes sparkling with good-nature. When she experiences any pleasurable feeling, her whole soul seems in her face, and she makes you as happy as herself;—when she would express scorn, (as she does at the proposals of the Dey), her countenance, so susceptible of passion, is dignified and determined; and during sadness, she equally impresses you with a sentiment of pity and tenderness.

Perhaps the best passage in her performance was where she takes leave of her lover, to go to the Algerine camp. Words could not have expressed her sorrow, or better told the hope she had that they might meet again. Her conversation with him at the prison window, and her description of the movements of the Christians, whom she pretended to see afar off, were hardly less beautiful. Mademoiselle may have defects,—great ones; but her beauties so greatly outshine them, that I am at a loss to know what they consist in. She certainly cannot disguise her sex,—the lady is always apparent. Whether she be judged by the feelings of fifty or twenty, she is charming, though the impression made in the latter case may be of a livelier nature.

Miss STOHWASSER acts better in this piece than in *Double or Quits*; she is more at her ease. Miss S. is a very pretty dancer.

Mr WILKINSON, as *Colin Coquinard*, a sort of excrescence on the plot, was admirable. His asking the guards, "What will my poor mother say? Cut off in the prime of life! Nipt i'the bud?"—and his telling them, when going at the point of the bayonet to prison, that "He'd rather be killed in France, *if you please*," were beautifully ludicrous. Mr MARSHALL played the Serjeant, and acted up to WILKINSON, which is "certainly saying a great deal."

Mr SPENCER looked the Major well. He's a good-looking fellow, only he is too much aware of it. A very just and liberal clap-trap (if we may use such a phrase) was put into his mouth:—"He's a Frenchman," said he—"no bad appellation now-a-days."

Mr KEPPELL's malicious laugh, when he had been baffled in his attempt to stab the General, was the best thing he did. Does this gentleman pique himself on his ocular intensity? JUVENIS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

FOURTH CONCERT, MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1831.

ACT I.

Sinfonia Pastorale	*Beethoven.*
Duetto, Mr SAPIO and Mr PHILLIPS, "Dove vai" (Guillaume Tell)	*Rossini.*
Concerto, Piano Forte, Mr SCHULZ (Op. 64)	*Moscheles.*
Cavatina, Miss CRAMER, "Il mio ben," (Nina)	*Paesiello.*
Overture in D (Op. 60)	*A. Romberg.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia in G minor	*Mozart.*
Recitative, "And God said," and Air, "With verdure clad" (Mad. STOCKHAUSEN (Creation))	*Haydn.*
Trio, Two Violoncellos and Double Bass, Messrs LINDLEY, BROOKS, & DRAGONETTI (No. XI)	*Corelli.*
Quartetto, MS. Madame STOCKHAUSEN, Miss CRAMER, Mr SAPIO, and Mr PHILLIPS, "Ecco che più" (composed for this Society)	*Cherubini.*
Overture, Semiramide	*Rossini.*

Leader, Mr SPAGNOLETTI.—Conductor, Mr ATTWOOD.

BEETHOVEN'S symphony, independently of its general masterly treatment, and delightful melodies, is a universal favourite, on account of the poetical manner in which the composer has treated his rural scenery, and out-of-door customs and effects. The description of the clear and vigorous youth of the summer morning, interspersed with charming subjects and modulations; with remote hints now and then of the "song of earliest birds," and the two "flutty notes" of the "plain-song Cuckoo gray;" the rustic dance; the gradual gathering, and the final out-pouring of the thunder-storm—a most vivid piece of musical painting, as fine in its way as one of GASPAR POUSSIN'S land-storms; the clearing off, and the calm, placid, beaming of the sunshine, triumphing like gentleness over turbulence;—are all calculated to attract the uncultivated as well as the refined musical understanding. Upon the present occasion it was admirably performed. The duet from the "Guillaume Tell," one of the most musician-like scenes ROSSINI ever composed, both for character, melody, and instrumentation, was but indifferently sung by Messrs SAPIO and PHILLIPS. Both were defective in energy, and the orchestra frequently overpowered them. The audience marked their disapprobation of the general performance. Mr SCHULZ is a fine performer on the pianoforte, so far as regards distinct as well as rapid execution. He gives every note on the instrument with a perfectly level accuracy; but—(and this exception must be considered as applying to a single hearing, and without our having a sufficiently favourable opportunity to decide) we should fear he will be found wanting in delicate and pathetic expression. We repeat—that we had not full means of judging upon the present occasion; for the concerto he selected contains little more than a succession of excessively difficult passages, written expressly for the purpose of showing the manual dexterity of the player. Now, we have no higher admiration for mere difficulty, than for an opera-dancer who can stand for five minutes with her toe at right angles with her eye, and at the same time is deficient in exhibiting the graceful undulations that attend a tender appeal to our sympathies, whether of love or pity. We would speak with forbearance of Miss CRAMER; yet a jealousy in behalf of the *best* interests of these fine concerts, compels us to say, that she has been introduced there too early. The assisting in private performances, however exalted they may be as regards station in society, are not warrant sufficient for her being worthy to take part in those of the Philharmonic Society. We may feel assured that, with other connections, and with the moderate accomplishments she now possesses, she would on no account have been introduced there. Romberg's overture is a masterly composition, and concludes with a finely-wrought fugue upon an energetic subject. We have no other remark to offer respecting Mozart's Symphony in G minor, than that it is matter of regret to think the immortal musician should never have heard it performed in the style it was upon the present occasion. Madame STOCKHAUSEN sang the recitative and air from the 'Creation' with admirable expression, neat and finished execution, and with exquisite purity and correctness of tone. She is a singer who never fails to please; both because she is sure to accomplish what she undertakes, and because of the strict justness of her intonation. It was great pleasure to listen to the combined excellence of her performance of this lovely air, with that of the effects of the accompaniments, particularly the wind instruments. The trio from CORELLI was most rapturously received; and so it should have been. The rich and large tones from those three noble instruments in the opening adagio will never pass from our recollection. It was one of those overwhelming appeals to the senses which leave the patient at a disadvantage in endeavouring to communicate his ideas and feelings. Of the quartett by CHERUBINI we feel incompetent to pronounce an opinion, for it did not go well, and we were uneasy at the performance. The last movement, however, seemed to be worthy of the great German-Italian.

NEW DIVING BELL.—Gayer Starbuck, Esq. agent for Lloyd's at Milford, has an apparatus made for working under water, by which means he has recovered many tons of copper ore out of a vessel sunk in St Bride's bay, on her voyage to Swansea.—*Cambrian.*

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A LOVE MESSAGE.

"Little bird! Lonely bird!
Wherefore come to *me?*
Why hast thou left thy warm nest
In the pine tree?
Is it joy that thou dost bring?
Is it sorrow thou dost sing
Unto me?

Is it hope that thou dost borrow
From the ever-bright to-morrow,—
Chaining thus for *me*
A spirit that doth ever flee
From other men? Ah! if 't be so,
Sing again, sweet and low,
Cease not thou thy pretty song;
Sweetest airs are never long.

But hast thou not, thou wanderer bird,
Brought from Love a little word,
Sent by *Blanche* to *me*,—
When her thoughts were in their spring,
Sweet, and soft, and free,
As unfettered love should be?"

"— But one little word have I,
(Uttered 'tween a smile and sigh)
Brought unto thee here,—
Something between joy and fear,
Something between hope and doubt, !
Such as Love ne'er lives without;
Sunshine with a little shade,
Such as may become a maid."

Thus quoth she—
'Whisper in the twilight air,
Lover young, beware, beware,
Of *Inconstancy!*
Bid him not forget there's one
Who's with him aye at set of sun!
Tell him there may be—there *are*—
Others thrice as good and fair,
But not one
Who can love as *I* have done.'"

ALCANZOR.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Ottavia, Miss Faucit. Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicolo, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert, Mr H. Wallack. Theodore, Mr J. Vining.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack.
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford. Spoletto, Mr Bland.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Semiramide,' and Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

NETTLEWIG HALL; OR TEN TO ONE.

[By Mr M. WESTMACOTT.]

Miss Emily Constant, Mrs Waylett. Mrs Deborah, Mrs C. Jones.
Maria, Mrs Orger. Old Nancy, Mrs Broad. Cook, Miss Neville.
Housemaid, Miss Cooke. Chambermaids, Mesdames James and Hammerton.
Sir John Julius Nettlewig, Mr Farren. Frederick Ramble, Mr Vining.
Tim Transit, Mr Harley. Patrick O'Doherty, Mr H. Wallack.
Ben Backstay, Mr Bedford.
Coachman, Mr Tayleure. Footman, Mr S. Jones. Gardener, Mr Bishop.
Grooms, Messrs Price and Cramer. Undertaker, Mr Stanley.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture (MS.) composed by H. Marschner. The rest of the Music composed and selected by Mr T. Cooke.
Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs Waylett.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips.
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Poole.
Principal Dancers—Miss Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, M'Henry, and Lydia.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, The Legion of Honour; Turning the Tables; and The Ice Witch.

DOMESTIC INSTRUCTION.

A GENTLEWOMAN whose residence adjoins Kensington Gardens, and who has brought up and educated a large family, being at present découvrè from her sons having gone out into the world, wishes to RECEIVE into her domestic circle, now consisting only of herself and daughter, TWO LITTLE BOYS, from five to ten years of age, whom she would instruct in the Latin Accidence, and such rudiments as are fitted to prepare them for large or public schools. This arrangement is particularly desirable for little boys whose delicacy of constitution may unfit them for encountering the habits and discipline of a school. The advertiser has been accustomed to pay great attention to the health of her own children, and the same care would be extended to those confided to her charge.—Address A. B. C., 45 Broad street, Golden square.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

KING JOHN.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Queen Elinor, Mrs Vining. The Lady Constance, Miss Fanny Kemble.
Blanch, Miss Lawrence. Lady Faulconbridge, Mrs Daly.
King John, Mr Warde. Prince Henry, Master Watson.
Earl of Pembroke, Mr Duruset. Earl of Essex, Mr Henry.
Earl of Salisbury, Mr Parry. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Faulconbridge, Mr C. Kemble.
Robert Faulconbridge, Mr Irwin. English Herald, Mr Mears.
James Gurney, Mr Addison. Executioner, Mr Norris. Chatillon, Mr Baker.
King of France. Mr Egerton. The Dauphin, Mr Abbott.
Prince Arthur, Miss P. Horton. Archduke of Austria, Mr Fuller.
Cardinal Pandulph, Mr Evans. French Herald, Mr Holl.
Citizens of Angiers, Messrs. Turnour, Collet, and Cooper.

Previous to the Tragedy, A Grand Overture by Louis Spohr.
After the Tragedy, A. Romberg's Overture to 'E Rovine di Palussi.'

After which, the Farce of

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

Donna Clara, Miss Taylor. Leonora, Miss Lawrence. Maid, Mrs Brown.
Lazarillo, Mr Keeley. Don Pedro, Mr F. Matthews.
Don Sancho, Mr Barnes. Ferdinand, Mr Duruset. Borachio, Mr Evans.
Octavio, Mr Parry. Porter, Mr Fuller. Waiters, Messrs. Heath and Mears.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.
Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bompertz, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely new Romantic Drama, entitled

ALWYN AND BERTHOLDY.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb.
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

Between the first and second Acts of 'Alwyn and Bertholdy,' the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Sifflleur.
The Romantic Drama of 'Alwyn and Bertholdy' will be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels.
Between the first and second Acts of 'The Prophet of the Moor' will be performed an Air, with variations, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To conclude with a New Romantic Drama, called

THE PROPHET OF THE MOOR.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Catherine Gray, Miss Somerville. Crazy Ruth, Miss M. C. Poole.
Honor Jeykel, Miss Jordan. Dame Hetty Horner, Miss Nichol.
Elkanah White, Mr Osbaldiston. Colonel Launce Leolyn, Mr C. Hill.
Ralph Gayton, Mr Williams. Hal Hardenbrass, Mr Horner.
Dwarf Stephen, or Stephen Poynet, Mr Almar. Haveril Horner, Mr Gough.
Master John Horner, Mr Vale. Oliver Brown, Mr Lee.
Goliah Goodbody, sen. Mr Asbury. Goliah Goodbody, jun. Master Frank Carberry.
Piers Talbot, Mr Edwin. Joey Stokes, Mr Rogers. Thomas Green, Mr Hobbs.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Comic Operetta, to be called,

PECCADILLOES.

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.
Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

After which, a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

Mrs Pimpernel, Mrs Glover.
Mr Theophilus Bunbury, Mr Marshall. And Mr Alexis Twisselton, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.
French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafout, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orsinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.
In the course of the Evening, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles.' And Rossini's Overture to 'Cenerentola,' and to 'Italiana in Algieri.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Murderers of Grenoble.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Farmer's Wife—The Black Spider—The Man Wolf.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Knight of Blood—The British Roscius—Roda.

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Nº 191.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1831.

THE PUBLIC PRESS.

THE following passage appeared in the *Spectator* of Sunday last:—

'"Journalism" is nothing but the expression of public opinion. A newspaper that should attempt to dictate, must soon perish. Every now and then, indeed, a journal is started for the enforcement of some opinion not accepted out of the narrow circle which establishes the paper. But the speculation invariably fails, both in a political and in a pecuniary sense. Dictation is hateful to all the world; and a newspaper cannot dictate, because, if it dictates, it dies. True, many a newspaper *appears* to dictate,—as, for instance, the *Times*, in its late "thundering" articles against the poor Boroughmongers; but to call this dictation, would be like saying that it is the hatchet, and not the woodsman, who fells the tree. Newspapers are but an instrument to express the opinions of their readers on either side of whatever may be the question; and, taken altogether, where the Press is free, they constitute the public voice.'

There is a good deal of truth in these remarks; but it is not the whole truth. If journals had never been in advance of public opinion, public opinion would not have been so advanced as it is. We grant that, for the most part, and with more or less credit to the sincerity of their conductors, journals express nothing but the sentiments of their readers. One editor shall think just as his readers do; that is to say, he shall have been one of a class, who have such and such a set of opinions, and he shall say, "I will set up a paper, and do my best to enforce these opinions." Whatever the opinions of such an editor may be, he is an honest man, provided they have not originated in a motive indifferent to the common good. Another editor shall say, "I will set up a paper in furtherance of such and such opinions, but I must not express them all, because it would injure their ultimate success." This too is an honest man, provided he thinks what he says, and takes care never to say what he does not think; for the moment a man plays fast and loose with a principle, he has no claim to our belief in saying that he does it from a good motive. His self-deception (supposing him to have succeeded in producing it) becomes naturally attributed to self-interest. A third shall advocate a reigning set of opinions through thick and thin, with every species of partiality towards its supporters, and injustice towards those who oppose it. This man is a rascal. A fourth shall uphold an unfavoured cause, in the same spirit. This editor may be concluded honest as to money, but not as to passion and self-indulgence. There is a bad part in his disposition, which he indulges in the spirit of an outlaw. Other editors, of various parties, shall look chiefly or entirely to the pecuniary profit, regarding the principles they advocate as an accident of education or intercourse, and perhaps regretting that they have not moved in a more profitable circle. These are mere tradesmen, and to be tolerated or disliked, personally, according to their private qualities. Finally, a man here and there, shall write in the spirit of a martyr, or of one whose conscience lives within the bond of an oath, speaking what appears to him to be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." We should say that such a writer was bound to be either a man of exalted genius, or of spotless life, or of consummate prudence in every other respect but this one; otherwise he stands a chance of injuring his cause for a time, and is almost certain to ruin himself. And in no man have we a greater right to demand that he should be of a good disposition, and not likely to confound an overweening self-love and impatient will with the necessary good of mankind. If his disposition be what it ought to be, we need not say what reverence such a man deserves. At all events, without martyrs of some sort, society has hitherto been unable to advance; not as that reverend and facetious gentleman, Mr Sidney Smith, seems to think, because mankind "object to every species of gratuitous happiness, and consider every advantage as too cheap which is not purchased by some calamity" (which is an observation tending to give us such an impression of human folly, as to assist in perpetuating it), but because, as the great poet has told us,' men are not easily disposed to fly from known evils, however great, to the chance of unknown, which may be greater; and furthermore, because it is not to the ultimate advantage of the world, that this globe should be blown about by "every wind of doctrine." It is not undesirable, however impatient it may sometimes make reformers, that mankind should be slow to change. It only shews how necessary the change must be when the propriety of it is admitted, and how fast they may adhere to a new and better system.

If a man who is not of the exalted genius above-mentioned, or of the requisite perfection of life, chooses to make a martyr of himself, out of some honourable and energetic principle, which he mingles with his infirmities, we shall not be able to withhold a certain portion of our esteem from him, perhaps of our admiration; but he must be content to suffer all the drawbacks upon his fame, which his infirmities deserve, and to have it doubted, whether his advocacy of the principle does not, in its very strength, partake of the weakness of the rest of his will. But unquestionably such a man may sow the seed of a great deal of ultimate good, and cannot be considered dishonest or worldly.

We confess, for our parts, that lovers as we are of truth, and incapable as we believe ourselves to be of deliberately compromising it, however our prejudices may dim our perceptions, we respect the line that is drawn between sincerity and wholesale speaking, and do not consider the abrupt utterance of the whole truth to be essentially necessary, either to the reputation for honesty, or to the well-being of the world. We may, however, be wrong on that point; but we are sure we cannot be wrong when we demand that a writer shall be sincere, and speak nothing which he does not hold to be true. Whatever trespasses upon *that* principle is justly to be laid to the account of a selfish and mercenary spirit, and is only pardonable in proportion to the folly of the individual. But upon this we have touched already. We believe, however, that a writer, anxious for the public good, and advanced by his studies beyond the common run of opinion, will do everything he can, consistent with a due regard to the feelings of the community, and the prosperity of that good, to bring society up to him; and therefore will insinuate to them all the attractions in his power, equally consistent with his regard for veracity. This we hold to be the full duty of a journalist; and taking the provincial press into account, we believe there are *many* journalists who perform it, even in this country, to say nothing of our gallant and patriotic neighbours in France. A Saintly Borough-monger has talked of "that profligate thing the public press." The press despised, as they had a right to do, the profligate thing that said it,—the more profligate, on account of his saintliness. What has a saint to do with a sinecure? or what profligacy can surpass his, who will pocket thousands for doing nothing, while the producers of the thousands are starving! The poor famished wretches in England and Ireland should make out a bill, and send it in to this man.

There are doubtless profligate men to be found among the proprietors of journals. Who is to wonder at it, when the press can be made a vehicle of trade, and sheer money getting? And yet such is the unavoidable humanity of the medium through which these men speculate, that we will venture to say there are none of them so profligate as he who charged the whole press with their delinquencies. They cannot be; for their situation is at all events no sinecure. The most mercenary proprietor of a periodical work has his business to go through, has his cares and anxieties, his accounts to keep and his writers to look after, his prosecutions to avoid or to compromise, his enemies to conciliate or oppose, his rivals to keep up with. What has the sinecure saint to do all this while, but to cant and to pray, and to thank God that he is not like "this publican?" The most profligate of all journalists, is he who makes a trade of scandal; and yet though he may cant in behalf of church and state, there is generally an air in his cant which lets out the secret of his disbelief; and though the harm he does is great and horrible, he is, perhaps, not only of that reckless disposition which loses sight of

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half the evil it inflicts, but he too encounters care and anxiety, fine, obloquies, and imprisonments, and a retributive chance of blows. From all these, except the obloquies, the snug and "respectable" saint keeps free; and when the obloquy comes, he has so played the hypocrite with himself, as to thank God for it. You may always know a saint of a certain order, high or low, by his thanking God for the worst things about him. Orator Henley was an impudent dog, yet he sometimes met with people more impudent. It is said that he once encountered a man in conversation, who talked with such a triumphant ignorance, that Henley told him, he seemed to pique himself upon it. "Well, Sir;" said the man, "suppose I do, and what then?"—"Nay, you may thank God for it, for what I care," says Henley. "Well, Sir," returns the man, "suppose I do thank God for it, what then?"—"Why, then," concluded the orator, "you've a great deal to thank God for." Upon this inverted principle of the desirable, the gratitude of a saint ought to be boundless.

We have rambled somewhat from our intention in these remarks. What we meant to say was, that although the Press, for the most part, does not "dictate" to the public, yet the whole of it may be said, more or less, to insinuate a kind of dictation; that is to say, it at once accompanies and leads the opinion of the public. It must do so, by the very fact of its discussion of principles, which naturally lead the community into new trains of thought. Secondly, we have to observe, that there are some periodical works which are professedly in advance of public opinion, and yet have not failed of success. It is true, their success may not be of the highest mercenary kind; but the writers obtain honour and gratitude, and have means withal of entertaining their thoughts, which the mere money-getter despairs of. The *Westminster Review* is in advance of the public, yet it succeeds. The *Chronicle*, of late years, has been in advance of its old Whig readers, and perhaps it has lost some of them; yet it lives and flourishes. Yes; it may be said, because the public is with it. True; but it has helped to bring the public into that position: opinion must manifest itself somewhere: there must be leaders, as well as the led. The growth of public opinion implies the fostering of it. The *Examiner* has always advocated the cause of reform. For many years it advocated it to a comparatively small circle. So did some of the country papers. But are we to suppose that this circle was not enlarged by the advocacy? and that the Editors of those papers have not a right to be proud of having assisted to lead as well as to accompany opinion? The wit and talents of the present Editor of the *Examiner* have most likely enlarged the sale of that paper. Do we think he has not enlarged the opinions of its new purchasers, or that he could have enlarged them, if he merely had acquiesced in the opinions they held already?

The English Press has its defects,—some portion of it very deplorable ones, particularly that of the old Tory school; "which it is pretty to observe." We need not add that we allude to the lying, scandalizing, and bullying part of the Press. But upon the whole, the periodical literature of this country, particularly the newspaper portion of it, and always including the Provincial Press, is an honour to the spirit as well as the prudence of all connected with it.

AMERICAN DRAWING-ROOMS.

The following description of a Drawing-room at the American Court, will probably afford some amusement, from the marked contrast it affords to everything we are here accustomed to think fashionable:—

WASHINGTON, JAN. 5.—There have been, since my arrival here, three levees, or drawing-rooms, held at the President's house, all of which I attended; and I know not how I can better fill my letter than by giving you a description of what I saw, &c.

On entering the house, you find yourself in a very large room, which I believe is called the hall, the floor of which is covered with smooth oil cloth. The appearance of the room is somewhat naked, as there is but little furniture in it. On the opposite side from the entrance there are three doors, which open into rooms in which the company is received. The door to the right opens into a lofty square room, furnished with elegant cushioned chairs, sofas, and settees—it is hung with splendid crimson curtains, corresponding with the dress of the furniture—the chimney ornaments are of the most beautiful workmanship, and the mantel-piece, and the work about the fire-place, all of which is of the finest marble, may be ranked with the best specimens of sculpture. In this room, also, there is a full-length likeness of Washington, a very large mirror, a superb glass chandelier, a circular table of handsome marble, and a variety of rich furniture, which I cannot think of putting into one letter. If you go from the large ante-room or hall, to the left door, you enter a square room of about the same dimensions as the one described. The hangings of this room are blue, and the dress of the furniture corresponds. Here, too, there is a superb glass chandelier, a large mirror, and a variety of elegant decorations. I approached a piano which stood against the wall, and found upon it a number of books, containing a choice collection of Italian music. It occurred to me that there should have been, in company with these foreigners, at least one book of American songs, marches, and airs. The centre door from the hall opens into a beautiful saloon, which is illuminated with a very costly glass chandelier. It is furnished with two large mirrors, elegant cushioned chairs, sofas, and settees, placed round the wall. The hangings are crimson, supported in a magnificent manner. Here it is that the President and his lady take their stand to receive company.

On entering the hall, your first business is to select a place in which to deposit your hat, &c. You then follow the friend whom you have selected to introduce you to the high personages of the mansion, and are immediately ushered into the saloon, where, if you have arrived late, you will probably find a most uncomfortable crowd, all standing, with the exception, perhaps, of a few invalids. In a moment all sort of diffidence which you may have felt, being a stranger—all fear and trembling—vanishes; and, in the place of ceremony and etiquette,—instead of being stared at because you are a backwoodsman,—you find yourself a component part of one of the most unceremonious, careless, talking, laughing, democratic assemblages that can be found anywhere. Indeed, a stranger to you will scarcely ask your pardon, even were he to step on your sorest corn; and so far from being gazed at too much, you feel half angry on account of the little notice that is taken of you: yet you can easily console yourself; for, on looking about, you see scores of individuals not a whit more important than yourself, and as much alone.

Having followed your friend into the saloon, you have only to keep in his wake until he has, like a vessel among masses of moving ice, edged and crowded his way into the vicinity of the President and his lady, where you stand until an opportunity offers of being introduced. When this arrives your friend names you—the President takes you by the hand, which he gives what may be called a very slight "pump handle" shake, at the same time asking, "How do you do, Sir?" or something to that amount.—You are then named to Mrs A.* who receives you with a graceful curtsey, while you bow as well as you have been taught. You are now at liberty to look around, and soon discover all that is to be seen. The dress of the ladies who attend the Drawing-rooms, resembles very much that worn by the ladies of the Northern States at parties, assemblies, &c. There are, however, about their heads, more ornaments, such as feathers, or ringlets, rich combs, bands, &c. than the ladies of the north are in the habit of wearing; and the dress is cut so as to expose more of the shoulders and back than I have been accustomed to seeing in our part of the country. But there did not appear to be anything like extravagance in the dresses of the ladies—indeed, many had a remarkably neat and economical appearance; and they were no doubt adopted either to set off to advantage the pretty forms and faces of the wearers, or because they were not liable to receive damage in a squeeze. I need not mention the dress of the gentlemen, who are only required (by what authority I know not) to appear in a dress-coat; and it is at their option to wear smallclothes, silk-stockings and pumps, or pantaloons and boots. Those of the navy and army, with some of the foreign ministers, appear in military costume—the latter wearing decorations of certain orders to which they belong. You must not expect me to give you a description of the beauty that is to be seen at a Drawing-room. I can only say that there is a great deal to be found there—yet it is impossible to particularize—it is impossible to single out a nymph from among the crowd that attends, and pronounce her the most graceful or the most beautiful—for, to use the expression of an honest young Irishman, "they eclipse each other" in such a manner that you are bewildered in the attempt at selection—and for this reason I think no young man will ever be in danger of losing his heart at a Presidential Levee.

There is no such thing as a game at cards to be seen—seldom any music—no dancing—all is buzz, quiz, squeeze, laugh, and jostle, yet all behave well—everything goes on in an orderly manner, and you cannot feel angry at any one, for no one misbehaves. The novelty of the scene having passed off, you ascertain that your legs are aching, and seat yourself on an elegant chair or sofa, when it occurs to you to look at the President and his lady, to see what they are doing. In a short time you get a glimpse of them—they are standing in about the same place that you found them in at your introduction—the former with a countenance expressive of much patience and resignation, yet with some symptoms of fatigue, and a sort of *I-wish-it-was-over* look. His lady, though apparently not in good health, seems to be equally resigned, and equally determined to do the duties of a kind and hospitable hostess. How long they keep their feet I know not; but I have formed the opinion that the duties of the Drawing-room are by far the most tedious and laborious among all those that our Presidents are, by their stations, called on to perform.

During the stay of the company, refreshments are carried about by black servants—they consist of tea, coffee, bread and butter, various cakes, creams, &c. with wine and other drinks. But it requires

* This letter was written in the time of the late President Adams.

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some experience in a visitor to obtain a taste of anything; for the servants, who bear the refreshments, pass through the crowd with such velocity, that unless you are well practised in the art of shooting on the wing, you will return home dry and hungry.

To the several European ministers, and the gentlemen composing their suites, the scene presented at a Drawing-room must be truly novel, and, I should hope, instructive. They can there witness a practical illustration of the spirit of freedom which pervades our institutions, and predominates in the American character —there they behold the head elect of our mighty nation, standing uncovered, in the plain garb of a Republican magistrate, and on the same floor with the humble citizen who made his coat—there they see our legislators, the heroes of our navy and army, the learned in the law, and the props of religion, all giving the friendly grasp to the hard hand of the agriculturalist and the mechanic—and there, too, they learn that pure republican freedom is not incompatible with the virtue, the strength or the durability of a vast empire. How different this scene from the levees of the despotic rulers which they have so often witnessed in their own countries!—*American Paper.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SHELLEY.

Holy and mighty Poet of the Spirit
That broods and breathes along the universe!
In the least portion of whose starry verse
Is the great breath the sphered heavens inherit—
No human song is eloquent as thine;
For, by a reasoning instinct all divine,
Thou feel'st the soul of things; and thereof singing,
With all the madness of a skylark, springing
From earth to heaven, the intenseness of thy strain,
Like the lark's music all around us ringing,
Laps us in God's own heart, and we regain
Our primal life etherial! Men profane
Blaspheme thee: I have heard thee *Dreamer* styled—
I've mused upon this wakefulness—and smiled.

• W •

[We have been much gratified with the communications of this poetical correspondent; and shall be glad to hear from him as often as his Muse is inclined.]

— While General Skzrynecki is harassing the Russians on the side of Warsaw, General Dwernicki leaves them no rest at Lublin; at this rate, the Russians stand fair to be beaten from *Pole* to *Pole*.

— We have somewhere seen it remarked, that Marshal Diebitsch's name, when translated into plain English, means nothing more nor less than *Thievish*. Why do not our translators translate the German names as well as news? How well it would read at the end of a dispatch—"With every respect, I have the honour to remain, at your service, *Thievish!*"—*Herald.*

THE THING ESSENTIAL.—The ingratitude of mankind is sometimes alleged as an excuse for neglecting good offices; but it is the business of a man to perform his own part, not to answer for the returns which others may, or may not, be disposed to make.—*Ferguson's Moral Philosophy.*

OTAHEITAN MODE OF LIGHTING A FIRE.—A man took two pieces of wood of different degrees of hardness, laid the softer upon the ground, and very rapidly rubbed its length backwards and forwards with the harder. This made a furrow, in which the dust rubbed from the wood collected, and soon became hot; it was then shaken among dry leaves and burst into a flame. The whole process seemed easy and quick; but Mr Hoffman could not succeed in it, though he made many attempts.—*Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World.*

FACILITY OF SWIMMING.—The lighter the body is in relation to its magnitude, the more easily will it float, and a greater portion of the head will remain above the surface. As the weight of the human body does not always bear the same proportion to its bulk, the skill of the swimmer is not always to be estimated by his success; some of the constituent parts of the human body are heavier, while others are lighter, bulk for bulk, than water. Those persons in whom the quantity of the latter bear a greater proportion to the former, will swim with a proportionate facility.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

TO COOL WINE.—When ice is used to cool wine, it will be ineffectual if it be applied, as is frequently the case, only to the bottom of the bottle; in that case, the only part of the wine which will be cooled is that nearest the bottom. As the application of ice to the top of the bottle establishes two currents, upwards and downwards, the liquid will undergo an effect in some degree similar to that which would be produced by shaking the bottle. If there be any deposit in the bottom, whose weight, bulk for bulk, nearly equals that of the wine, such deposit will be mixed through the liquid as effectually as if it had been shaken; in such cases, therefore, the wine should be transferred into a clean bottle before it is cooled.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.*

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Brigand—Nettlewig Hall—And The Ice Witch.
COVENT GARDEN.—King John—Two Strings to Your Bow—And Nesha's Cave.

COVENT GARDEN.

King John was performed here last night for the second time,—the part of *Constance* by Miss KEMBLE. We did not see it; and we have already spoken of that lady's performance; but we take the opportunity of supplying an omission in our former notice, by saying a word or two of Mr WARDE, who enacts the part of the English Monarch.

King John is the best character that we remember to have seen this player perform; yet we cannot congratulate him on his having the right notion of it. It is indeed a high difficulty for any actor to attain to the right performance of one of SHAKSPEARE's characters; and Mr WARDE, like many a one before him, is to seek in the whole matter. He takes any stage King for SHAKSPEARE's. He does not ventriloquise with the King in the play. He does not throw himself into it, and become part of it; he crowns himself, WARDE,—takes a sceptre into his hand, or an additional elevation into his head,—and thinks that the tip-top of Mr WARDE's manner is the perfection of the poet's design. Oh let him not believe it. The best *King John* we ever saw was MACREADY's. There was more of the weakness and vacillation of the real historical character in it, than in any other; and the very hair was so dressed, as to resemble the King's upon the coin. What it wanted was the poetry: we do not mean the mouthing and the declamation, but the imaginative grace, —not the consciousness of the wording, but the rich aud varied consciousness of the thoughts. The late Mr KEMBLE's *King John* was the *beau ideal* of the King theatrical; very clever too, and not unimpressive in parts, but *too* conscious, and putting the manner before the matter. Mr WARDE's *King John* is Mr KEMBLE's, with the ideal taken out of it, and a coarse grain put in. JOHN KEMBLE, though he always gave you the idea of an actor, gave you that of an actor who had something of the romantic or elevated in his own personal character: Mr WARDE succeeds only in giving you that of something peremptory and assuming. The best passage which we saw in his *King John* was to this effect. It was where he dismissed the Pope's *Nuncio*, and indignantly thumped the arm of the royal chair in saying that he alone would oppose the church:—

"Yet I alone, *alone*, do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes."

This repetition of the word *alone* was given with good emphasis and truth. Now if Mr WARDE could have given other passages as well, we should have had to praise his general performance; but in truth he has but one or two ideas in his head, and this luckily fell in with one of them. He is all for pomp, and peremptoriness, and declamation. He thinks of himself, "alone," and how he does a character; not what the character has done for itself. The scene with *Hubert*, for instance, was a mere mistake. During the greater part of it, he did not even go close to the man. He stood at royal distance, and was evidently all the while preparing to work up the dialogue to the proper patronizing climax, such as actors for effect "get up," not such as crossed the face of a GARRICK with a thousand emotions, or such as KEAN fills with all the suffering of passion, and the graces of excited thought. The scene being carried thus systematically to its close, Mr WARDE expressed his princely satisfaction by a smiling stalk apart, and the galleries took their cue, and applauded.

Mr WARDE is one of those actors designated by the titles of useful and respectable, who sometimes get spoilt by being employed too much, and obtaining too great a salary. In theatres of a pro-

* We have mechanically retained this head to our theatrical article, long after we intended to do so. It was originally put, that we might lose no help to the recollections of our old Play-going readers. In future it will be omitted.

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per size, and where there was no horror of a "brother near the throne," or none of the mysteries adverted to in the passage as quoted the other day from the *Dramatic Annual*, he would find his level, and the critics would respect him more. At present there is an assumption in his bearing, which the premises do not warrant, and which provokes at last the critic to speak out. He has a good person, marked features, and an iron voice not very malleable. When he wishes to be natural in his tones, he can only put them into a state of *up and down* and sing-song. When he would be forcible, he is only loud and vehement. When he is pathetic, his want of feeling amounts to the ludicrous. He stooped to embrace a child one evening in some melo-dramatic piece (*Comrades and Friends*, we think) and did it in such a manner, that a gentleman who sat next us turned and said, with a peculiar smile, "Very different from MACREADY!"—No criticism could have been completer.

NETTLEWIG HALL, OR TEN TO ONE.

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—Your correspondent *Justitia*, in yesterday's TATLER, has imposed an infamous falsehood upon you. The farce of *Nettlewig Hall* is in every respect my own; nor do I believe the title has ever before been used. Seven years since, during the management of Mr WILLIAMS, I wrote a musical interlude for the Surrey Theatre, intitled, *Maids and Bachelors*, which was successfully played twenty nights or more. (My name appeared to it in the bills of the theatre.) Since then, up to the production of *Nettlewig Hall*, I have not perpetrated any dramatic offence.

The plot of both pieces was my own invention; and I hope it will not be considered a very heinous crime to have attempted an improved edition of my own works.—I am,

Yours, &c.
C. M. WESTMACOTT.

Adam street, Adelphi, Tuesday, April 12, 1831.

THE ICE-WITCH.

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—Perceiving a P.S. to a letter signed *Justitia*, reflecting upon Mr BUCKSTONE, as to the authorship of *The Ice-Witch*, in your valuable publication, I beg to observe, with a feeling of regret, that I have been the only avowed accuser of that gentleman with regard to it, and that I am now sorry that I can only do him the imperfect justice of stating that my suspicions were utterly unfounded, and beg to refer you to my letter of apology in the *Theatrical Observer* of to-day, where my unjust accusation originated.

Yours obediently,
HENRY THOMAS FORD.

87 Hatton garden, April 13, 1831.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. M. to-morrow.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, in Two Acts, entitled
IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.
[By ROSSINI.]

Rosina, Ward of Doctor Bartolo . . . . . Madame Meric Lalande.
Bertha, the Gouvernante . . Madame Castelli.
Count Almaviva, the Lover of Rosina . . . . . Signor Curioni.
Doctor Bartolo . . . . M. Levasseur.
Basilio, a Music Master . . . Signor De Angeli.
Figaro, the Barber . . . . . Signor Santini.
Florello, a Servant . . . . . Signor Deville.

Between the Acts, a favorite
DIVERTISEMENT.
Principal Dancers—Mademoiselle Taglioni, Mademoiselle Clara, and Mademoiselle Brocard,
Monsieur Paul and Monsieur Lefebvre.

After the Opera will be presented the Second Act of
GUILLAUME TELL.
In which Mademoiselle Taglioni will dance the Tyrolienne.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called
AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.
The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.
[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called
NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.
Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'
[By Mr PEAKE.]
The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.
Neuha, Miss Taylor.

Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bompertz, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, The Gamester; Two Strings to Your Bow; and Neuha's Cave.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Tragic Drama, in Five Acts, entitled
THE PLEDGE; OR, CASTILIAN HONOUR.
[By Mr KENNEY.]

Donna Zanthe, Miss Phillips. Josepha, Mrs C. Jones. Francesca, Mrs Newcombe.
Hernani, Mr Wallack. Don Carlos, Mr Cooper.
Don Leo, Mr Macready. King of Bohemia, Mr Cowin.
Duke of Bavaria, Mr C. Jones. Duke of Gotha, Mr Thompson.
Don Mathias, Mr Bland, Don Henriques, Mr Younge.
Don Ricardo, Mr Yarnold. Don Juan de Haro, Mr Howard.
Page to Don Leo, Mr Honner. First Conspirator, Mr Hammerton.
Second Conspirator, Mr F. Cooke.

In Act V.—Glee, 'Lady, Lady, weep no more!' By Messrs Robinson, Yarnold, Bland, Price, and Bedford.

In the course of the Evening, [by Desire] Rossini's Overture to 'Guillaume Tell;' and Lindpaintner's Overture to 'Joko le Singe du Bresil.'

To conclude with a New Farce, called
TURNING THE TABLES.
[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called
THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.
[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture (MS.) composed by H. Marschner. The rest of the Music composed and selected by Mr T. Cooke.
Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Mrs Waylett.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Lane.
Principal Dancers—Mlle. R. Guet, Miss A. O'Brien, Miss Barnett, and Miss Basske
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, The Pledge; Nettlewig Hall; and the Ice Witch.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Entertainments will commence with the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Siffleur.

After which an entirely new Romantic Drama, entitled
ALWYN AND BERTHOLDY.
[By Mr ALMAR.]

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb.
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

The Romantic Drama of 'Alwyn and Bertholdy' will be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels, in the following order. Rondo, Violin, M. Engels. German Song, Madame Boai. Air, by Michel Boai, on his Chin. 'Nel cor piu,' with variations, and the Overture to Lodoiska.

To which will be added an entirely New Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled
"SWING."
[By J. ALFRED and C. Z. BARNETT.]

Lucy, Miss Vincent. Landlady, Miss Rumens.
Daniel Roper, Mr Vale. Timothy Sidewing, Mr C. Hill. Jokely, Mr Honner.
Jorum, Mr Webb. Frank, Mr Rogers. Justice, Mr Gough.
Prompter, Mr Emden. Constable, Mr Asbury.
Countrymen, Messrs Young, Webb, Tully, Hobbs, &c.

To conclude with a New Historical, Musical Drama, called
THE BEGGAR OF CRIPPLEGATE.

Marian, Miss Somerville, in which she will introduce, 'Tell me my heart.'
Millicent, Miss Vincent. Mother Mildoll, Mrs Rogers. Alison, Miss Perry.
Annot, Miss Nicol. Kate, Miss Rumens.
King Henry VIII, Mr D. Pitt. Sir Piers Maltravers, Mr Almar.
Vincent Lorimer, Mr Honor. Godfrey Osgood, Mr Gough.
The Beggar of Cripplegate, Mr C. Hill. Barnaby, Mr Williams.
Cocke Lorell, Mr Vale. Father Ignatius, Mr Ransford. Fabian, Mr Asbury.
Valentine, Mr Rogers. Wynkin Cross-eye, Mr Webb. Ambrose, Mr Young.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Comic Operetta, to be called,
PECCADILLOES.
The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

After which, a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called
EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.
Mrs Pimpernel, Mrs Glover.
Mr Theophilus Bunbury, Mr Marshall. And Mr Alexis Twisselton, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called
THE FRENCH SPY.
The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stobwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafout, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles.' And Rossini's Overture to 'Cenerentola,' and to 'Italiana in Algieri.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Murderers of Grenoble.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Farmer's Wife—The Black Spider—The Man Wolf.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Knight of Blood—The British Roscius—Roda.

CITY VAUDEVILLE. — The Fox and the Wolf — The Night Journey—The Two Citizens—Fairy Land.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Arcana of Science and Art: or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies, and from the Scientific Journals, British and Foreign, of the past year. With several Engravings. Fourth Year. 12mo. pp. 312. Limbird.

Mr Limbird pleaseth us, for he provideth food both for the reason and the imagination. He knoweth that all the faculties of man must be nourished: he wisely discerneth that the public are pleased both with novels and with new science; and the popularity of the strongly contrasted works which he publisheth accordingly, is one among the numerous refutations of the fallacy so invidiously broached a short time since, that the growth of science would be the choking of fancy. Believe it not. Nay, the public no longer believe it. The delusion is gone by. They have had too many proofs of the abundant companionship in which the *utile* and *dulce* go together; and they no more expect to see the one rooted out because the other flourishes, than to see the wild flowers vanish from the woods that produce timber for shipping; or to hear the nightingale hush, because it has lighted upon boughs which will be cut up for mathematical instruments! Mr Limbird at one time, gives us a book of Science; at another, an Arabian Nights, for six and sixpence, all in one volume, full of pictures, thumbed, and to be eternally thumbed of children, and other wise men; at the next, Bacon's Essays for eightpence! then Mrs Inchbald's charming novel of Nature and Art, for the same money; then another volume of Science, containing, for five shillings, the most curious extracts from Journals that cost twelve guineas: and then again the Castle of Otranto, or the Castles of Athlyn and Dunbayne, for sixpence! Cheapness and contrast can go no further than this, unless he should give us the poetry of Gray and Collins, at a penny a piece, which might be done in his comprehensive typography. Gray and Collins would hardly make more of one of his sixpenny publications, than would amount to twopence. We are surprised that he has done nothing yet for the Poets. There is a continental edition of the four great Italian Poets, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, all in one reasonably sized book in double columns. There is a similar edition in England, we believe, of the *whole* of the Latin poets. The most popular poets of this country might appear in a similar manner: only if Mr Limbird should speculate upon such a publication, let him get a good author to edit it, otherwise something will be added or left out, without a proper reason. It has been suggested to us, and we think not unhappily, that a folio volume, containing the whole body of English poetry, in double or treble columns, would succeed as a general bookselling speculation.

The volume before us is the fourth of an Annual Series, containing an account of the newest discoveries and observations in science, natural history, domestic economy, &c. It is not a mere set of extracts. Many of the articles appear to be abstracts or abridgments; and the whole is evidently got up in an attentive manner. There is no quackery in the way in which it is put forth. As an obvious instance, the title-page, with modest truth, speaks of the book's having "several engravings;" whereas a less scrupulous editor would have called them numerous. Merit of this kind ought not to be passed over. We proceed to lay before our readers one or two of the most curious passages.

It has often surprised us, that occasion has not been taken from the buoyancy of certain substances in water, to provide against the submersion of great as well as small vessels at sea:—

'On February 26th, at the Royal Institution, Mr Watson gave an account of the means of preventing ships from foundering at seat He illustrated his proposed method by the use of numerous models. and by experimental illustrations of the actual floatage or buoyan, power of certain bulks of different kinds of wood used in shipbuilding. The principle which he adopts, and upon which everything rests, is the buoyant power of tight copper tubes, filled with air, and built in with the vessel, in the variouss convenient situations afforded in the lower part, as between the timbers, under the decks, &c. He illustrated his calculations by a model of an eighty-gun ship, and then drew the results as to expense, saving, &c. upon the same scale. His conclusion was, that the saving of property and lives would be very great, and the adaptation very practicable.'—P. 47.

In the present volume of the 'Arcana,' we have seen for the first time a portion of a treatise which has made a considerable noise, to wit, Mr Babbage's observations on the Decline of Science in this country. They are very curious, and smartly put. We have added to the number of Italics, in order to point out the singular political analogies that are suggested by this criticism upon intellectual bodies corporate. The conclusions to be drawn from them we leave to the reader. He knows our opinion of those societies in general, and how sure they are to degenerate into unintellectual conspiracies of busy-bodies. But we cannot help noticing the laughable subject of fees and bought honours, so well ridiculed by Mr Babbage. Men of mere science are fond of arrogating to themselves the title of philosophers or lovers of wisdom, to which they have no more pretension than to that of lovers of modesty or public spirit. If a Newton were to arise and were to be poor, he could not, it seems, be an F.R.S. because he had not fifty pounds! Even to be a Member of the Royal Society of Literature (a *Royal* Society of *Literature!*) demands the meritorious possession of thirty-six pounds fifteen shillings! a sum which anybody who could spare it, would give, *not* to be a member of that society.

'The progress of knowledge,' observes Mr Babbage, 'having convinced the world that the system of the division of labour and of co-operation, was as applicable to science, as it had been found available for the improvement of manufactures, the want of competition in science produced effects similar to those which the same cause gives birth to in the arts. The cultivators of botany were the first to feel that the range of knowledge embraced by the Royal Society was too comprehensive to admit of sufficient attention to their favourite subject, and they established the Linnean Society. After many years, a new science arose, and the Geological Society was produced. At another, and more recent epoch, the friends of astronomy, urged by the wants of their science, united to establish the Astronomical Society. Each of these bodies found, that the attention devoted to their science by the parent establishment was insufficient for their wants, and each in succession experienced from the Royal Society the most determined opposition.

'Instituted by the most enlightened philosophers solely for the promotion of the natural sciences, that learned body justly conceived that nothing could be more likely to render these young institutions permanently successful, than discouragement and opposition at their commencement. Finding their first attempts so eminently successful, they redoubled the severity of their persecution, and the result was commensurate with their exertions, and surpassed even their wildest anticipations. The Astronomical Society in six years became known and respected throughout Europe, not from the halo of reputation which the glory of its vigorous youth had thrown round the weakness of its declining years; but from the sterling merit of its unpretending deeds, from the sympathy it claimed and received from every practical astronomer, whose labours it relieves and whose calculations it lightened.

'But the system which worked so well is now changed, and the the Zoological and Medico-Botanical Societies were established without opposition: perhaps, indeed, the total failure of the latter society is the best proof of the wisdom which guided the councils of the Royal Society. At present, the various societies exist with no feelings of rivalry or hostility, each pursuing its separate objects, and all uniting in deploring with filial regret the second childhood of their common parent, and the evil councils by which that sad event has been anticipated.

'It is the custom to attach certain letters to the names of those who belong to different societies, and these marks of ownership are by many considered the only valuable part of their purchase on entry. The following is a list of some of these societies. The second column gives the ready-money prices of the tale-pieces indicated in the third:—

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SOCIETIES.	Fees on Admission, including Composition for annual Payments. £.	s.	d.	Appended Letters.
Royal Society	50	0	0	F.R.S.
Royal Society of Edinburgh	25	4	0*	F.R.S E.
Royal Academy of Dublin	26	5	0	M.R.I.A.
Royal Society of Literature	36	15	0	F.R.S. Lit.
Antiquarian	50	8	0	F.A.S.
Linnean	36	0	0	F.L.S.
Geological	34	13	0	F.G.S.
Astronomical	25	4	0	M.A.S.
Zoological	26	5	0	F.Z.S.
Royal Institution	50	0	0	M.R.I.
Royal Asiatic	31	10	0	F.R.A.S.
Horticultural	48	6	0	F.H.S.
Medico-Botanical	21	0	0	F.M.B.S.

'Thus, those who are ambitious of scientific distinction, may, according to their fancy, render their name a kind of comet, carrying with it a tail of upwards of forty letters, at the average cost of 10*l.* 9*s.* 9¼*d.* per letter.

'Perhaps the reader will remark, that science cannot be declining in a country which supports so many institutions for its cultivation. It is indeed creditable to us, that the greater part of these societies are maintained by the voluntary contributions of their members. But, unless the enquiries which have recently taken place in some of them should rectify the *system of management* by which several have been oppressed, it is not difficult to predict that their duration will be short. Full *publicity, printed statements of accounts,* and occasional *discussions* and enquiries at general meetings, are the only safeguard; and a due degree of *vigilance* should be exercised on those who *discourage* these principles.

'On the next five societies on the list I shall offer no remarks. Of the geological I shall say a few words. It possesses all the freshness, the vigour, and the ardour of youth, in the pursuit of a youthful science, and has succeeded in a most difficult experiment, that of having an oral discussion on the subject of each paper read at its meetings. To say of these discussions that they are very entertaining, is the least part of the praise that is due to them. They are generally very instructive, and sometimes bring together isolated facts in the science, which, though insignificant when separate, mutually illustrate each other, and ultimately lead to important conclusions. The continuance of these discussions evidently depends on the taste, the temper, and the good sense of the speakers. The things to be avoided are chiefly verbal criticisms—praise of each other beyond its reasonable limits, and contest for victory. This latter is, perhaps, the most important of the three, both for the interests of society and of truth. With regard to the published volumes of their transactions, it may be remarked, that if members were in the habit of communicating their papers to the society in a more finished state, it would be attended with several advantages; amongst others, with that of lightening the heavy duties of the officers, which are perhaps more laborious in this society than in any others. To court publicity in their accounts and proceedings, and to endeavour to represent all the feelings of the society in the council, and to avoid permanent presidents, is a recommendation not peculiarly addressed to this society, but would contribute to the well being of all.

'Of the Astronomical Society, which, from the nature of its pursuits, could scarcely admit of discussions similar to those of the geological, I shall merely observe, that I know of no secret which has caused its great success, unless it be attention to the maxims which have just been stated.

'On the Zoological Society, which affords much rational amusement to the public, a few hints may at present suffice. *The largeness of its income is a frightful consideration. It is too tempting as the subject for jobs,* and it is too fluctuating and uncertain in its amount, not to render embarrassments in the affairs of the society a circumstance likely to occur, without the greatest circumspection. It is most probable, from the very recent formation of this institution, that its officers and councils are, at present, all that its best friends could wish; but it is still right to mention that in such a society, it is essentially necessary to have men of business on the council, as well as persons possessing extensive knowledge of its pursuits. It is more dangerous in such a society than in any other, to pay compliments, *by placing gentlemen on the council who have not the qualifications which are requisite; a frequent change in the members of the council is desirable,* in order to find out who are the most regular attendants, and most qualified to conduct its business. *Publicity in its accounts and proceedings is, from the magnitude of its funds,* more essential to the Zoological than to any other society; and it is rather a fearful omen, that a check was attempted to be given to such enquiries at the last anniversary meeting. If it is to be a scientific body, the friends of science should not for an instant tolerate such attempts.

'The Horticultural Society has been ridden almost to death, and is now rousing itself; but its constitution seems to have been somewhat impaired. There are hopes of its purgation and ultimate restoration, notwithstanding a debt of 19,000*l.* which the Committee of Enquiry have ascertained to exist. This, after all, will not be without its advantage to science, if it puts a stop to *house-lists named by one or two persons,*—to making *complimentary* councillors,—and to auditing the accounts, *without examining every item,* or to omitting even that form altogether.

'The Medico-Botanical Society suddenly claimed the attention of the public; its pretensions were great,—its assurance unbounded. It speedily became distinguished, not by its publications or discoveries, but by the number of Princes it enrolled in its list. It is needless now to expose the extent of its short-lived quackery; but the evil deeds of that institution will long remain in the impression they have contributed to confirm throughout Europe, of the character of our scientific establishments."

Mr Babbage also institutes a fair comparison between the national encouragement of science in England and in France. We have only room for one of his illustrations :—

'The estimation in which the public hold literary claims in France and England, was curiously illustrated by an expression in the translation of the debates in the House of Lords, on the occasion of his Majesty's Speech at the commencement of the Session of 1830. The *Gazette de France* stated that the address was moved by the Duc de Buccleugh, "*Chef de la maison de Walter Scott.*" Had an English editor wished to particularize that Nobleman, he would undoubtedly have employed the term *wealthy,* or some other epithets characteristic of that quality most esteemed among his countrymen."—P. 62.

We believe we have given this last paragraph before, but it is worth repeating.

MISS TREE, (NOW MRS BRADSHAW).

TO THE TATLER.

Dear Mr Tatler,—Permit me to remind you of having overlooked Miss Tree in your interesting account of favorite actresses who have been raised by marriage to a rank, which, if they have been ennobled by it in title, some of them have ennobled by their fine qualities, and almost all have adorned.

You will remember, that Miss Tree was married to Mr Bradshaw, a gentleman of fortune, if not of high birth.

This omission will perhaps procure for your readers one of your delightful reminiscences of the Viola and the Clari of the stage; and of the pretty bird-like look and voice, which were rendered more sweet by the feeling which breathed in the earnest tones of the one, and the gentle expression that animated the other. Her graceful figure, and modest ardency of manner—a sort of maiden energy, like that of Imogen,—will doubtless have enshrined her in your memory.

Your admirer, and constant reader,
Wednesday morning. M. E. M.

[Our correspondent has done so well what he (or she) wishes us to do, and painted such an agreeable portrait, that we shall not hazard the spoiling it. We remember Miss Tree very well, and admired her. If there was ever any drawback upon her manner, in our eyes, it was an expression of fastidiousness that we think was occasionally discernable about the mouth. But she was a graceful and interesting actress, with an unusual portion in her style of what may be called the natural ideal. We did not forget her in our list, but we were not sure of the rank of her husband. Martin Folkes, who married a namesake of that gentleman's, was a sort of titled man, for he was a President of the Royal Society.]

THE BOROUGHMONGERS AND CORPORATE RIGHTS OF CARTHAGE.

[We have been favoured with the following interesting memorandum from the Lectures of Mr Edward Clarkson on the Prospects of Society. The Lectures commenced last night at the Mechanics' Institute. We are sorry we are unable to attend. But we trust some of our friends will do so. From what we have seen of their *prolegomena,* they seem well worthy the attention of a liberal curiosity. The second and third evenings are on the 21st and 28th instant.]

We know little of the internal policy of Carthage. Her external policy is depicted by an enemy—Livy—and many lights on the subject might be thrown by the recovery of his lost books. The little we know of her internal policy is derived from Aristotle's 'Politics,' slightly corroborated by Polybius; but that little is curious; and Mr Clarkson, while analyzing the Carthaginian Constitution, among others, will adduce a curious Analogy between the Ancient Sovereign of the Seas and the Modern. Carthage was at first a *pure Republic, with Common tables*; but a close corporation of 104 Oligarchs gradually usurped all the offices and patronage of the State; dictated to the popular Assembly and the Monarch, (the *Suffetes*) and filled the colonies* with their tools; occasionally

* The Royal Society of Edinburgh now requires, for contributions in lieu of annual contributions, a sum dependent on the value of the life of the member.

* Query. Had Carthage colonies in America? Her known colonies were, however, flourishing, and widely diffused in Europe (including England) Asia, and Africa.

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giving distant offices to the Opposition, in order to "*stop their mouths.*" Hannibal's family belonged to the Reformers, or Opposition party, and so exasperated were the 104 State Harpies with the thought of disgorging their public plunder, through that party's means, that they stimulated the Romans to oppose their own general; betrayed their country's defender, and caused the obliteration of this great and originally free commercial empire from the face of the earth,—a striking warning to England!!

"In the fall
Of *Carthage*, think of thine, despite thy watery wall."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[It is not necessary for us to say, that there is a great deal of merit in the following poem; but we say so to express our pleasure. We need not add, that the anonymous author has our thanks for it.—*Ed. Tatler.*]

REALITY.

Reality's slave
From the womb to the grave,
Awake! awake! awake!
Wouldst thou nothing but feed
And sleep at thy need?
Awake! for thy soul's sake.

Art thou not a spirit
Ordain'd to inherit
The universe for ever?
And from birth wilt thou creep
To thy worm-tended sleep,
And from thy clay pass never?

The past, the to-come
Inform and illume
Thy present path, pale sleeper!
But thine apathy dull
Makes thy life-cloud more full,
And thy soul's shadow deeper.

From Reality's trance
Thy spirit advance!
Be dreaming! dreaming! dreaming!
Let thy thought's rapid wave
Far, far o'er the grave
Be streaming! streaming! streaming!

• W •

ERRATUM in the Sonnet in yesterday's paper. For—
I've mused upon *this* wakefulness, and smiled—
read
I've mused upon *their* wakefulness, and smiled.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Pledge—Turning the Tables—And The Ice Witch.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

THE new operetta, called *Peccadilloes*, which was imperfectly performed on Wednesday, on account of the indisposition of Miss DIX, was last night, for the same reason, postponed. Our criticism is therefore postponed with it.

We saw, in the room of this piece, the farce entitled *Every Body's Husband*. It is improbable beyond the usual improbabilities of its generation, and not overloaded with humour to make up for it. Yet it has pleasant points too. *Mr Alexis Twiselton* (Mr GREEN) who comes into the lodging-house of *Mrs Pimpernel* (Mrs GLOVER) finds himself, to his great astonishment, successively requested by two young ladies, to enact the part of a husband "for half an hour or so," in order to break the first blow of their guardian's anger, on account of marriages which they have contracted with certain non-apparent spouses, whom the old gentlemen have not seen, and whom the audience never do see. *Mr Twiselton*, who is a gentleman of a sprightly acquiescence, very much at people's service, agrees to do what the ladies require; and accordingly he stands the fire of the two guardians in succession, equally to their amazement and his own. He has no sooner frightened off this pair of square-toes (who, it must be confessed, interfere to very little purpose) than he is requested by the jovial lady of the house, who has a turn for theatricals, to give her the cue in a part which she has in rehearsal. He does so, and a scene of the most energetic tragedy ensues; during which, *Mr Theophilus Bunbury* (Mr MARSHALL), who comes to lead *Mrs Pimpernel's* daughter to the altar, enters, unseen by the declaiming parties, and being a gentleman of a mystified turn of mind, is rooted to the spot with amazement, to hear his mother-in-law talk of two sons which he had never heard of, and see her groan, and flounce about, and welter in floods of tears before this dreadful unknown,—her supposed secret husband. He goes away, still unseen, to tell his lawyer, and returns to mystify the lady and her daughter by talking in a style which makes them think him mad. However, he consents at last to go on with the marriage, but departs for a few minutes to speak again with his lawyer, purposely, as it should seem, to gift *Mr Twiselton* with a *fourth* imaginary wife, for he asks him to lead the bride to church in his room, to wait there till he rejoins them. Our innocent Lothario acquiesces of course; and being seen in his bridal progress, is reported to the real *Mrs Twiselton* as a monster of *quadrigamy*, all his wives being disclosed to her by a succession of complainants. On the return from church however, all the parties are brought together, by favour of the facilities of a lodging-house, and the secret is cleared up.

Mrs GLOVER performs her part admirably well, especially in the scene of the rehearsal. We really think she acts better and better the older she grows; and she is young enough too, in spite of a jovial person, to retain a countenance, the good-humoured freshness of which surprised us, when we saw it the other evening among the spectators at one of the large theatres. Mrs GLOVER is still a good-looking woman on the stage, and she is a better off. Her good-humour must be the secret of her good looks.

Mr GREEN seconded her very well in the scene we have particularized. He always succeeds best, where the scene is intended to be artificial,—to give one the idea of something got up. In general, he is too indiscriminately on the alert. His ease wants ease. He is too full of angles and little hits, nods, becks, &c.; and in all this he does not seem actuated by irresistible animal spirits. That would make the affair a different one. He seems only resolved "to fill up," and to be in motion for fear of betraying a want of substance in his repose. Nevertheless, he is very clever; and contrives, one way or another, not to let the interest flag with the general audience; which is no ordinary merit. Mr GREEN would be useful anywhere, and must be of great value in a small theatre like this.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

KOSCIUSKO AND THE COSSACKS.—On the invasion of France by the allied troops, a party of Cossacks entered a little village, called Cugny, near Berville, where they pursued their course of spoliation and plunder. They reached a rural habitation, and having broken down the fence which enclosed the grounds, they marched towards the house. At the door they were met by an old man, who endeavoured to point out to them the injustice and cruelty of their unsoldier-like conduct. But the lawless herd brandishing their spears over his head, declared their determination to pillage the cottage. "Soldiers," said the old man, uncovering his bosom, which was scarred by wounds, "you must respect the dwelling of a soldier, or dishonour yourselves by a crime."—"Who are you?" said the leader of the Cossacks, "who know our language, and dare presume to address us thus?"—"I am Kosciusco!" On hearing that name, which is synonymous with glory and virtue, the savage soldiers threw themselves at the hero's feet, and implored his pardon. —*Journal of a Nobleman.*

EAST WIND.—It is remarkable that good astronomical observations must be made when the wind is east. And frequently when the celestial objects seem to wave and move about in the field of the telescope, an east wind is found to follow, for it has already begun above in the higher regions of the air.—*Forster's Natural Phœnomena.*

— Moral evil is the blemish of man's nature, short of what is perfect or right; and what he himself feels on this subject, is an evidence that he is not at once what he is destined to become. Complaints of moral evil, are the symptoms of a progressive or improving nature. A being that perceived no moral evil, or no defect, could have no principle of improvement.—*Ferguson's Moral Philosophy.*

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MERIT AND DEMERIT.—Actions are said to have merit or demerit, according to the nature and degree of the moral quality they bear. Actions that express good-will to mankind in the highest degree, have the highest merit. Actions that proceed from malice, and give examples of mischiefs done without inducement or provocation, are of the highest demerit. We express our sense of demerit in the different degrees of crimes, offences, and faults. A crime is an injury done from malice, jealousy, revenge, avarice, or some other passion that sets mankind at variance. An offence is a wrong done in the gratification of some passion in its own nature consistent with amity. A fault is a wrong done from inattention or ignorance.—*Ferguson's Moral Philosophy.*

PETRARCH'S LIBRARY.—The commencement of the reign of Lorenzo Celsi was distinguished by a magnificent bequest from Petrarch, of which the Venetians have proved themselves but little worthy. The poet appears to have contemplated his visits to the Lagune with no ordinary satisfaction; and, in order more substantially to testify his grateful sense of the frequent hospitality of the Republic, he offered his library as a legacy. In 1362, while the plague was raging at Padua, he had fixed his abode at Venice, which was free from infection; his books accompanied him, and for their conveyance, he was obliged to retain a numerous and expensive stud of baggage horses. On the 4th of September in that year he wrote to the Senate, "I wish, with the good-will of our Saviour, and of the Evangelist himself, to make St Mark heir of my library." His chief stipulations were, that the books should neither be sold nor dispersed, and that a building should be provided, in which they might be secure against fire and weather. The Great Council gladly accepted this liberal donation, and addressed its thanks in terms of courtesy (perhaps not exaggerated, if we remember the times in which they were written) "To a Scholar unrivalled in poetry, in moral philosophy, and iu theology." A palace which belonged to the family of Molina, and in later years was converted into a monastery for the Nuns of St Sepulchre, was assigned as a residence for the poet, and as a depository for his books. * * * * This collection, which formed the nucleus of the now inestimable library of St Mark, though by no means extensive, still contained many treasures of no small price. Among them are enumerated a MS. of Homer, given to Petrarch by Nicolaus Sigeros, Ambassador of the Greek Emperor; a beautiful copy of Sophocles; the entire Iliad, and great part of the Odyssey, translated by Leontius Pilato, and copied in the hand-writing of Boccaccio, whom the translator had instructed in Greek; an imperfect Quinctilian; and most of the works of Cicero, transcribed by Petrarch himself, who professed most unbounded admiration for the great Roman philosopher. The Venetians, to their shame, grievously neglected the poet's gift. When Tomasini requested permission to inspect the books, in the early part of the seventeenth century, he was led to the roof of St Mark's, where he found them, to use his own words, 'partly reduced to dust, partly petrified'—*dictu mirum! in saxa mutatos;* and he adds a catalogue of such as were afterwards rescued from destruction.—*Sketches from Venetian History.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Tragic Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

THE PLEDGE; OR, CASTILIAN HONOUR.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Donna Zanthe, Miss Phillips. Josepha, Mrs C. Jones. Francesca, Mrs Newcombe.
Hernani, Mr Wallack. Don Carlos, Mr Cooper.
Don Leo, Mr Macready. King of Bohemia, Mr Cowin.
Duke of Bavaria, Mr C. Jones. Duke of Gotha, Mr Thompson.
Don Mathias, Mr Bland, Don Henriques, Mr Younge.
Don Ricardo, Mr Yarnold. Don Juan de Haro, Mr Howard.
Page to Don Leo, Mr Honner. First Conspirator, Mr Hammerton.
Second Conspirator, Mr F. Cooke.

In Act V.—Glee, 'Lady, Lady, weep no more!' By Messrs Robinson, Yarnold Bland, Price, and Bedford.

In the course of the evening will be performed Spontini's Overture to 'Ferdinand Cortes' and G. Onslow's Overture to 'L'Alcade de la Vega.'

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

NETTLEWIG HALL; OR TEN TO ONE.

[By Mr C. M. WESTMACOTT.]

Miss Emily Constant, Mrs Waylett. Mrs Deborah, Mrs C. Jones.
Maria, Mrs Orger. Old Nancy, Mrs Broad. Cook, Miss Neville.
Housemaid, Miss Cooke. Chambermaids, Mesdames James and Hammerton.
Sir John Julius Nettlewig, Mr Farren. Frederick Ramble, Mr Vining.
Tim Transit, Mr Harley. Patrick O'Doherty, Mr H. Wallack.
Ben Backstay, Mr Bedford.
Coachman, Mr Tayleure. Footman, Mr S. Jones. Gardener, Mr Bishop.
Grooms, Messrs Price and Cramer. Undertaker, Mr Stanley.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture (MS.) composed by H. Marschner. The rest of the Music composed and selected by Mr T. Cooke.

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Miss Byfeld.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Lane.
Principal Dancers—Mlle. R. Guet, Miss A. O'Brien, Miss Barnett, and Miss Baseke.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, the Legion of Honour, High Ways and By Ways, and Der Freischuts.

DOMESTIC INSTRUCTION.

A GENTLEWOMAN whose residence adjoins Kensington Gardens, and who has brought up and educated a large family, being at present deserted from her sons having gone out into the world, wishes to RECEIVE into her domestic circle, now consisting only of herself and daughter, TWO LITTLE BOYS, from five to ten years of age, whom she would instruct in the Latin Accidence, and such rudiments as are fitted to prepare them for large or public schools. This arrangement is particularly desirable for little boys whose delicacy of constitution may unfit them for encountering the habits and discipline of a school. The advertiser has been accustomed to pay great attention to the health of her own children, and the same care would be extended to those confided to her charge.—Address A. B. C., 45 Broad street, Golden square.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

THE GAMESTER.

[By Mr MOORE.]

Mrs Beverley, Miss F. Kemble. Charlotte, Miss Lawrence.
Lucy, Mrs Daly.
Beverley, Mr C. Kemble. Stukely, Mr Warde. Lewson, Mr Abbott.
Bates, Mr F. Matthews. Jarvis, Mr Egerton.
Dawson, Mr Baker. Waiter, Mr Heath.

Previous to the Tragedy, Cherubini's Overture to 'Les Deux Journees;' after the Tragedy, A. Romberg's Overture to 'Le Rovine di Palussi.'

After which, the Farce of

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

Donna Clara, Miss Taylor. Leonora, Miss Lawrence. Maid, Mrs Brown.
Lasarillo, Mr Keeley. Don Pedro, Mr F. Matthews.
Don Sancho, Mr Barnes. Ferdinand, Mr Duruset. Borachio, Mr Evans.
Octavio, Mr Parry. Porter, Mr Fuller. Waiters, Messrs. Heath and Mears.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Islanders.—Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Asor and Zemira.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

BRUEIS ET PALAPRAT.

Comédie en Un Acte, du Théâtre Français.

Madame de Beauval, Mlle. St Ange.
Palaprat, M. Albert. Brueis, M. Alfred. Le Duc de Vendôme, M. St Aubert.
Grapin, M. Gamard.

Suivie de la Première Représentation de

MADAME DU BARRY.

Comédie Vandeville, en Trois Actes, par M. ANCELOT.

Madame du Barry, Mme. Albert. La Maréchal de Mirepoix, Mme. Baudin.
Cécile, Mlle. Florval. Mathilde, Mlle. Eliza. Marie, Mlle. St Ange.
Eulalie, Mlle. Corra. Hortense, Mme. Gamard. Délia, Mlle. Emma.
Adèle, Mlle. Jamain. Une Femme de la Comtesse Du Barry, Mme. Préval.
Louis XV, M. Albert. Le Maréchal de Richelieu, M. St Aubert.
Le Duc d'Aiguillon, M. Alfred. Le Duc de Lavrillière, M. Préval.
Le Chancelier Meaupou, M. Guenée. Le Comte Jean du Barry, M. Laporte.
Cazotte, M. Cloup. Adrien Mirval, M. Paulin.
Le Nonce du Pape, M. Gamard. Un Coureur, M. Arnaud.
Un Huissier, M. Granville. Un Valet, M. Edouard.

On Finira par

LE MARIAGE EXTRAVAGANT.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de DESAUGIER.

Betsy, Madame Albert.
Le Docteur Verner, M. Cloup. Blinval, M. Pelissié.
Dermancé, M. Laporte. Simplet, M. Gamard.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An Original Serious Drama, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell. Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

With Handel's celebrated Music, newly arranged by Mr C. Potter.

Galatea, Miss Vernon. Eudora, Mrs Humby. Doris, Mrs Garrick.
Acis, Mr Bennett. Damon, Mr J. Russell. Ulysses, Mr Spencer.
Lysander, Mr G. Lejeune. Telemon, Mr Munroe. Faunus, Mr G. Smith.
Polyphemus, the Fiend of Mount Etna, Mr E. Seguin.

THE FRENCH SPY.

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houssh, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

SURREY THEATRE.—Alwyn and Bertholdy—The Italian Wife—The Woodman's Hut.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Murderers of Grenoble.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Farmer's Wife—The Black Spider—The Man Wolf.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—The Knight of Blood—The British Roscius—Roda.

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Nº 193.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Arcana of Science and Art: or an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies, and from the Scientific Journals, British and Foreign, of the past year. With several Engravings. Fourth Year. 12mo. pp. 312. Limbird.

[Concluded.]

AT page 68 is a prodigious puzzle; to wit, Mr Edwards's announcement of his proposed *Auticatelephor*, or engine for the *instantaneous* conveyance of intelligence to *any distance*; that is to say, from a few yards to *ten thousand miles or upwards!* Mr Edwards tells us, that he has "explained (in confidence) the secret of his invention to several very scientific men, and as competent as any to judge of its merits: among others, the Vice-President of the Royal Society, the Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in the University of London, and the President of the Mechanics' Institution." He also informs us, that he had previously made an offer to His Majesty's Government upon the subject, without success. He does not say, however, whether the gentlemen to whom he imparted the secret of the invention, expressed their approbation of it; nor why the Government refused to entertain his offer.

'When it is considered,' says Mr Edwards, 'that sound travels only 1,142 feet in a second, or about thirteen miles in a minute; and that the greatest velocity of a cannon-ball has never exceeded 4,000 feet per second; and that light, the fleetest of all things known, requires nearly seven minutes and a half to speed its way from the sun to the earth: few persons will believe it possible for man to have discovered a means of holding, at the distance of hundreds or even thousands of miles, and across the sea, converse with a friend, in the most perfect manner, and on any subject whatever, *instantaneously*, either by day or night.

'But, before the discovery of the properties of the load-stone, who could have believed that a needle should one day be the seaman's unerring guide, in all sorts of weather, and even the darkest night, to regions the most remote; and over seas that scarcely own a shore? Or who, before the invention of gunpowder, would have ever believed it possible for man to throw a sixty-four pound shot, or a shell weighing two hundred weight, to the distance of a mile and upwards in a few seconds? Or who, before the expansive force of steam was proved, could have believed that the vapour of water should ever give a rapid and continued motion to machinery which the combined strength of more than 100 horses could not stir? Or who, even half a century ago, would have deemed it possible for a human being to have ascended 10,000 feet into the air, and after soaring for an hour above the clouds, to have alighted, in perfect safety, fifty miles from the place of his ascent? Yet all these things have been done, and we no longer wonder at the effect. The public ought not, therefore, to look with *too much* severity upon a project, though apparently impracticable; but should rather encourage a spirit of *laudable research*.

'The inventor of the Auticatelephor undertakes to demonstrate clearly and briefly, in the work which he has now in the press, the practicability and facility of transmitting from London, *instantaneously*, to an agent at Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, Vienna, St Petersburg, Constantinople, the Cape of Good Hope, Madras, Calcutta, &c. any question or message whatever; and of receiving back again at London, within the short space of one minute, an acknowledgment of the arrival of such question or message at the place intended; and a distinct answer to it in a few minutes.

'In principle this engine is altogether different from every kind of telegraph or semaphor, and requires neither intermediate station nor repetition. In its action it is totally unconnected with electricity, magnetism, galvanism, or any other subtle species of matter; and, although the communication from place to place is instantaneous, and capable of ringing a bell, firing a gun, or hoisting a flag, if required, yet this is not effected by the transit of anything whatever *to* or *fro*—nor in the operation is aught either audible or visible except to the persons communicating. It may be proper, however, to state, that a channel or way must previously be prepared, by sinking a series of rods *of a peculiar description* in the ground, *or dropping them in the sea*; but these, after the first cost, will remain good for ages to come, if substantial when laid down.'

This is a marvel beyond marvels, taking away one's breath with a vengeance! Here follows a phenomenon, however, of small practical dimensions, but of an inconceivability almost as gigantic as any other:—

'The effect described in the first part of the following communication, for which we are indebted to an officer of the army, and an eye-witness, is so extremely peculiar, that we feel induced to point it out to the attention of our scientific readers, as well worthy of investigation.

'The natives of New South Wales have the art of throwing a curved flat stick, made of very heavy wood, and in the form of a crescent, with such force and accuracy as to break a man's leg at sixty or eighty yards; but the strange peculiarity of it is, that it can also be thrown to the distance of a hundred yards and upwards in the air, and, without striking anything, *will return to the person who threw it*, and even pass beyond him twenty or thirty yards. A similar stick is used by a people to the southward of Trichinopoly, the Colareese: they, however, only use it for straightforward purposes, and do not understand how to make it return.'

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

TWO HAPPY VICTIMS OF WAR AND DISEASE.

The son of Count Hadik, and the daughter of his intimate friend the Count Amady, had been brought up in such habits of regard for each other, that the strongest possible attachment subsisted between them by the time they had ceased to feel as children. Before the period fixed for their union had arrived, war broke out between Austria and France, and the Emperor called in the aid of his Hungarian troops. According to a custom prevalent in Hungary, the nobility are bound to take a personal part in every war in which the national independence is at stake. Young Hadik was, therefore, obliged immediately to obey the Emperor's call, and remained absent two years. During that period, the beautiful young Countess had been attacked by the small-pox, which committed such ravages on her face, that she herself experienced a feeling of horror when she first saw the dreadful change in a glass. So great was the impression made on her mind by this untoward event, that she had fully resolved never more to suffer young Hadik to set his eyes on her. But before she had been allowed to execute a plan of retreat which she had formed, her lover returned. She consented to see him again; but for the purpose of declaring to him that, as it was impossible for him to expect happiness from his union with one whose appearance had undergone so great a change, she released him from his engagement, and had determined to pass her days in a convent. When the young lovers were brought into each others presence, the young Countess kept her face concealed in her handkerchief, and could not for a long time, prevail upon herself to raise her eyes upon her lover. But when at last she did so, she then perceived for the first time that he was deprived of sight! The explosion of a powder canister had some time before destroyed his powers of vision. The young Countess experienced a mixed feeling of sorrow and delight; but she vowed at once that she would never more leave him, and that she would be his companion and conductor through life. They were immediately married, since when they reside sometimes at the château of the Count Amady at Soreskan, and at others, with the Count Hadik in another part of the country, the one delighted in having secured the continuance of her lover's affection, by his loss of power to appreciate her loss of beauty, and the other happy in finding a partner and constant companion in one whose former love for him was not likely to be diminished from his own misfortune.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

CHINESE COURTESY.

Besides the stated periods for drinking, they take wine with one another occasionally, as in England. But when it is done ceremoniously, the parties rise from their chairs with their wine-cups held in both hands, and proceed to the middle of the room. They then raise their cups as high as their mouths, and lower them again until they almost touch the ground,—the lower the more polite. This process is repeated three, six, or nine times, each watching the other's motions with the greatest exactness, nor will one of them drink before the other; after repeated attempts, their cups meet their mouths at one and the same instant, when they empty them, and turn them up so as to expose the inside, and show that every drop has been drunk. After this, they hold the empty cups, and salute one another in the same manner, retreating by degrees towards their chairs, when they sit down to resume their functions at

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the repast. Here, sometimes, a polite contention takes place who shall be seated the first, and is not decided until after a number of ceremonious bows, nods, curvings of the body, and motions of the hands, when they contrive to lower themselves into their chairs at one and the same moment. At the commencement of the ceremony, when the parties approach one another so as almost to touch their wine cups, they very often exchange them before they begin their salutations.—*Dobell's Travels in China.*

THE PURPLE MARTIN.

In North America, some birds are enticed to nestle near the houses, by some hospitable preparation for their convenience; more particularly the house-wren, the blue-bird, and the purple martin. Some of the Anglo-Americans have large conveniences constructed for these birds, consisting of numerous apartments, which are for the most part fully tenanted every Spring; and in such swallowries individual birds have been noted to return to the same box for several successive years. This practice of harbouring and protecting the purple martin does not appear to be of European origin, as the aboriginal Americans had adopted a similar practice from time immemorial. The Chataw and Chickasaw Indians, for example, cut off all the top branches from a sapling near their cabins, leaving the prongs a foot or two in length, in each of which they hang a gourd or calabash, properly hollowed out for these birds to nestle in. On the banks of the Mississippi, again, the negroes stick up long canes, with the same species of apartment fixed to their tops, in which the purple martins regularly breed. "Wherever," says Wilson, "I have travelled in this country, I have seen with pleasure the hospitality of the inhabitants to this favourite bird." The following little trait of its domestic history was communicated by Mr Henry, Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania:—"In 1800," says he, "I removed from Lancaster to a farm a few miles above Harrisburgh. Knowing the benefit derivable to a farmer from the neighbourhood of the martin in preventing the depredations of the bold eagle, the hawks, and even the crows, my carpenter was obliged to form a large box, with a number of apartments, for the martin. The box was put up in the autumn. Near and around the house were a number of well-grown apple-trees and much shrubbery, a very fit haunt for the feathered race. About the middle of February the blue-birds came; in a short time they were very familiar, and took possession of the box: these consisted of two or three pairs. By the 15th of May the blue-birds had eggs, if not young. Now the martins arrived in numbers, visited the box, and a severe conflict took place. The blue-birds, seemingly animated by their right of possession, or for the protection of their young, were victorious. The martins regularly arrived about the middle of May, for the eight following years, examined the apartments of the box, in the absence of the blue-birds, but were uniformly compelled to fly upon the return of the latter. The trouble caused you by reading this note, you will be pleased to charge to the martins. A box replete with those beautiful travellers is not very distant from my bed-head. Their notes seem discordant, because of their numbers; yet to me they are pleasing. The industrious farmer and mechanic would do well to have a box fixed near the apartments of their drowsy labourers. Just as the dawn approaches, the martin begins its notes, which last half a minute or more; and then subside until the twilight is fairly broken. An animated and incessant musical chattering now ensues, sufficient to arouse the most sleepy person. Perhaps chanticleer is not their superior in this beneficial qualification; and he is far beneath the martin in his powers of annoying birds of prey."—*The Architecture of Birds (Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vol IX.)*

—[In the same work another passage is quoted from Wilson, on the subject of the purple martin, which presents a pleasing picture; for mutual affection or domestic harmony is always pleasing to contemplate, whether in man, beast, or bird:—"During the period in which the female is laying, and before she commences incubation, they are both from home the greater part of the day. When the female is sitting, she is frequently visited by the male, who also occupies her place while she takes a short recreation abroad. He also often passes a quarter of an hour in the apartment beside her, and has become quite domesticated since her confinement. He sits on the outside, dressing and arranging his plumage, occasionally passing to the door of her apartment, as if to enquire how she does. His notes at this time seem to have assumed a peculiar softness, and his gratulations are expressive of much tenderness."]

A TURKISH PASHA IN RUSSIA.

"A Turkish pasha had arrived for the purpose of directing the arrangement relative to the exchange of prisoners made during the late war. This man was one morning put out of humour by one of his Mahometan attendants, whom he forthwith ordered to be beheaded in the yard of the house which he inhabited. Fortunately for the poor violator of the pasha's peace of mind, two Russian soldiers who, as a mark of honor conferred on the *three tails* of this Ottoman grandee, were standing as sentinels at his door, in sight of the spot chosen for the execution, interfered in time to prevent the shedding of blood. The Duke de Richelieu was soon made acquainted with the matter, and immediately despatched the *commandant de la place*, General Kobley, to the pasha, to remonstrate with him on this extraordinary conduct The pasha, however, could not be made to understand that his three tails did not authorize him in Russia to take away the life of any of his own Mahometan dependants. He asserted his right of doing so with so much vehemence, that the General, seeing him bent upon the immediate display of it, found it prudent to place his Mahometan excellency in a state of restraint. A military guard was stationed in his room to watch his actions, and was only removed on the pasha's making a solemn promise, not to think again of cutting off any heads in Russia. Many days did not elapse, however, before this same man outstepped the bounds of his authority, in a manner which forced the Duke de Richelieu to give him orders to quit the Russian territory immediately. A young and beautiful Turkish woman, who had been taken prisoner at the storming of Razgrad, was residing at Odessa with the family of General Rajeffsky, who treated her with so much kindness that, having no home of her own, and her parents being both dead, she had no wish or inducement to return to her native country. She had embraced Christianity, had adopted the European costume, and was betrothed to one of the General's aides-de-camp, to whom she was to be speedily united. The pasha made proposals to her that she should return to Turkey, which were rejected without hesitation. One morning, while she was passing by the pasha's residence, some of his attendants seized her, forced her into the house, and brought her into the presence of the pasha, who loaded her with reproaches for her infidelity and treachery to the Mahometan cause, and ordered her to be placed under confinement in another room, from thence to be taken the next day to one of the vessels on board of which the Turkish prisoners were to be embarked. It fortunately happened that Madame Rajeffsky obtained immediate knowledge of these proceedings, and she hastened to the Duke de Richelieu to request his assistance in rescuing the poor girl from the grasp of this despot. A demand was instantly made of the pasha in the Duke's name for the girl's liberation, which was peremptorily refused. The pasha's house was therefore surrounded with soldiers, and the commissary of the police forced his entrance into it, and rescued the captive from the hands of the Turks. On the following day, the pasha was sent under an escort on board of one of the Turkish vessels, and compelled to set sail immediately for Constantinople.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

PATERNAL JEALOUSY AND FILIAL PIETY.

The accession of the Doge Celsi occasioned a singular domestic jealousy. His father, accustomed to the exercise of paternal authority, felt reluctant to acknowledge the elevation which his son had attained above himself; and the churlish old man, unable to brook a superiority which he considered to be a violation of the course of Nature, in order to avoid uncovering himself in the presence of the Doge, adopted a habit of going always bare-headed. Lorenzo, actuated by a better feeling, ingeniously devised a pretext which might at once relieve his father's ridiculous scruple, and obtain for himself the honour due to his station. He embroidered a Cross upon the Ducal cap, and the superstitious dotard no longer refused the customary mark of respect. 'It is not,' he said, 'to you, my son, that I bow, but to the Cross. Having given you life, it is not possible that I should be your inferior.' The conduct of the Doge was wise and affectionate; but how far more touching was the unextorted filial piety which Roper has so simply and beautifully recorded of Sir Thomas More, when filling the exalted post of Lord Chancellor. 'Whensoever he passed through Westminster Hall to his palace in the Chancery, by the Court of King's Bench, if his father (one of the Judges thereof) had been seated ere he came, he would go into the same court, and there reverently kneeling down in the sight of them all, duly ask his father's blessing; and if it fortuned that his father and he, at pleadings in Lincoln's Inn, met together (as they sometimes did) notwithstanding his high office, he would offer in argument the pre-eminence to his father, though he, for his office-sake, would refuse to take it.'—*Sketches from Venetian History.*

LA FONTAINE.

La Fontaine, the celebrated French fabulist, is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men, and Furetière relates a circumstance, which, if true, is one of the most singular distractions possible. Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and sometime afterwards he called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death, but recovering from his surprise, he observed, "It is true enough, for now I recollect I went to his burial."—The generous and witty Madame de la Sablière furnished him with a commodious apartment in her house; and one day having discharged all her servants in a pet, declared that she had only retained three animals in her house, which were her dog, her cat, and La Fontaine. In this situation he continued twenty years. * * * * * * It was difficult to restrain him sometimes when on a particular subject. One day, dining with Molière and Despreaux, he inveighed against the absurdity of making performers speak "*aside*" what is heard by the stage and the whole house. Heated with this idea, he would listen to no argument. "It cannot be denied," exclaimed Despreaux in a loud key—"it cannot be denied that La Fontaine is a rogue, a great rogue, a villain, a rascal, &c." multiplying his terms of abuse, and encreasing the loudness of his voice. Fontaine, without paying any regard to his abuse, went on declaiming. At last the company's roar of laughter recalled him to himself. "What is this burst of laughter about?" said he. "At what?" cried Despreaux, "why, at you, to be sure: you have not heard a word of the abuse which I have been bawling in your ears, yet you are surprised at the folly of supposing a performer not to hear what another actor whispers

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at the opposite side of the stage." * * * * * *

La Fontaine being one day with Boileau, Racine, and other men of eminence, among whom were ecclesiastics, St Austin was talked of for a considerable time, and with the highest commendation. Fontaine listened with his natural air; and at last after a profound silence, asked one of the ecclesiastics, with the most unaffected seriousness, whether he thought that St Austin had more wit than Rabelais? The doctor, eyeing Fontaine from head to foot, answered only by observing, "that he had put on one of his stockings the wrong side out," which happened to be the case.—The nurse who attended Fontaine in his illness, observing the fervour of the priest in his exhortations, said to him, "Ah, good sir, don't disturb him so; he is rather stupid than wicked;" and at another time—"God won't have the heart to damn him."—In the year 1692, he was seized with a dangerous illness; and when the priest came to converse with him about religion, concerning which he had hitherto been totally unconcerned, though he had never been considered either an infidel or a libertine, Fontaine told him that he had lately bestowed some hours in reading the New Testament, which he thought a good book. The priest some time after represented to him that he had received intelligence of a certain dramatic piece of his, which was soon to be acted, but that he could not be admitted to the sacraments of the church unless he suppressed it. This appeared too rigid, and La Fontaine appealed to the Sorbonne, who confirming what the priest had said, the penitent threw the piece into the fire without keeping even a copy. The priest then laid before him the evil tendency of his Tales; he told him that while the French language subsisted, they would be a most dangerous inducement to vice; and that he could not justify administering the sacrament to him, unless he would promise to make a public acknowledgment of his crime at the time of receiving it, and a public acknowledgment before the Academy of which he was a member in case he recovered; and to exert his utmost endeavours to suppress the book. Fontaine thought these very severe terms, but at length yielded to them all. He died on the 13th of April 1695.

TORY ANOMALY.

TO THE TATLER.

Sir,—It appears to me that the word "Reform" bears an anomalous import in the mouth of a Tory, or (as there have been "right and left-hand defections," causing that name to have an indefinite signification) an anti-Reformer,—one of that class upon whom the mantle of Muggleton and his associates has fallen,—a Millenium man, who, without mincing matters, roundly asserts, that whatever our Constitutions may be, our Institutions have arrived at their state of perfection; who holds that "the greatest-happiness principle" is already in full operation; that however change, revolution, or alteration may have *been* justifiable, they are so no longer, because, having after a six thousand years' walk reached the top of the hill, our next step must be downwards. Now I submit, Mr Tatler, to the good sense of your readers, whether such a word as reform ought to find a place in your political vocabulary of such persons. (I do not include a minority, who, allowing evil, apprehend from its overthrow a counterbalancing subversion of "social distinctions;" and who, doubtless, in espousing the cause of mother church, bear in mind having heard within her walls, a sermon from "Do thou not evil, that good may come.") Johnson, in defining "Reform," quotes from Arbuthnot, "to pass, by change, from worse to better;" but as with the anti-Reformers, "the worse" already appears "the better side," it is plain that there *can* be with them no sort or degree of reformation. The argument, Sir, gains strength from the successive epithets applied to the word "Revolution," which though "glorious" in 1688, became less so as years rolled on, up to the Duke of Wellington's Administration, when the tables are turned, and Revolution becomes "unfortunate." The sacred recollections, too, which cling to the term "Reformation," are not sufficient to shield from contumely its descendant, "Reform." Having thus proved the "*de jure*" extirpation of Reform and Revolution from the Tory Dictionary, I think we have a slice of evidence also on the "*de facto*" side, in Mr John Wilson Croker's attack on Johnson; for, after such an introduction, it will be very easy for the Right Honourable Gentleman to invade his Dictionary, and make us all nameless by expunging the obnoxious words. I would seriously recommend this plan to the Opposis tion. The name of a Tory is becoming now a bye-word; can its possessor revenge himself better on your Reformer than by making his name one also? The objection as to robbery will be done away with, by the acute Sir Charles Wetherell, who will define a Dictionary to be "not a corporation;" and ("*sub rosâ*" to Mr Croker) the plan is as likely to succeed as any which will again make the "predicating" Prince Prime Minister, or restore *him* to the Treasury benches.

I am, Mr Tatler,
Your constant reader and well-wisher,
Agis.

An Ill Omen Explained.—When an owl hoots or screeches, sitting on the top of a house, or by the side of a window, it is said to foretell death. The fact seems to be this:—The owl, as Virgil justly observes, is more noisy at the change of weather, so the owl seems, by a mistaken association of ideas, to forebode the calamity. —*Forster's Natural Phœnomena.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Russian Population.—It is asserted that the Russian Empire has acquired forty millions of inhabitants in the course of a century. —*Edinburgh Journal of Science.*

— All the oak in Sweden belongs to the King, or the proprietors of estates can only dispose of it to Government; so that, when not wanted for the navy, it is often left to decay, and indeed is generally much neglected.

Susceptibility.—There is now living in Spalding an old widow lady, upwards of eighty years of age, who declares she never shed a tear these fifty years, during which time she has buried three loving husbands.

Polite Intimation.—In a late number of the *Sydney Gazette*, appears the following amusing advertisement:—"Notice to Gentlemen Housebreakers and Thieves.—J. Warman will feel obliged to the intruders that broke into his domicile on Sunday morning last, between the hours of one and two, to return him the small quantity of plate they took that morning. J. Warman would not trouble them, but the articles are family presents."

Bituminous Spring in the United States.—The *Louisville Advertiser* states, that a spring of rock oil has been discovered in the county of Cumberland, while boring a rock for water On reaching a depth of 130 feet, the oil gushed out, forming a jet of twelve or fourteen feet above the ground. It flowed out at the rate of seventy-five gallons in a minute, and very soon formed a little stream, which ran into the Cumberland river, and covered its surface to a considerable distance. The oil burns well, and gives a brilliant light. Abundance of salt water has been found in the neighbourhood, on boring to 200 feet, and rising to the height of 25 feet above the level of the Cumberland river.

Floral Calendar.—By a familiar acquaintance with flowers, we may know not only the coming weather, but the time of day, and the time of year. Linnæus is said to have possessed such a knowledge of the period and indication of flowers, that he wanted neither a watch, a calendar, nor a weather-glass.—*Forster's Natural Phœnomena.*—[It is very true that those who are surrounded by a variety of plants may gain all this information from them, but then it should be observed, that this natural calendar or time-piece varies with the climate, not only of different countries, but of different parts of the same country.]

— A scene, in which there were no accessions of good to be gained, or, what is equivalent, no apparent evils to be removed, would be a scene of inaction adverse to the nature of man. In other words, a being that perceived no evil, or had no want, could have no principle of activity. The enjoyments of men are observed to depend, not on the measure of external accommodations, but on the part they act; not on their safety, but on the degree of courage they possess; not on what they gain for themselves or others, but on the degree of ardour and affection they exert.—*Ferguson's Moral Philosophy.*

Paradise.—Where Paradise was, has been much debated and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it, as what was much in delight among the kings of those Eastern countries. * * * So that a Paradise among them seems to have been a large space of ground, adorned and beautified with all sorts of trees, both of fruits and of forest, either found there before it was enclosed or planted after; either cultivated like gardens for shades and for walks, with fountains or streams, and all sorts of plants usual in the climate, and pleasant to the eye, the smell, or the taste; or else employed, like our parks, for enclosure and harbour of all sorts of wild beasts, as well as for the pleasure of riding and walking; and so they were of more or less extent, and of different entertainment, according to the several humours of the princes that ordered and enclosed them. Semiramis is the first we are told of in story that brought them in use through her empire, and was so fond of them, as to make one wherever she built, and in all or most of the provinces she subdued—which are said to have been from Babylon as far as India. The Assyrian kings continued this custom and care, or rather this pleasure, till one of them brought in the use of smaller and more regular gardens: for, having married a wife he was fond of, out of one of the provinces, where such paradises or gardens were much in use, and the country lady not well bearing the air or enclosure of the palace in Babylon, to which the Assyrian kings used to confine themselves—he made her gardens, not only within the palace, but upon terraces raised with earth, over the arched roofs, and even upon the top of the highest tower: planted them with all sorts of fruit-trees, as well as other plants and flowers, the most pleasant of that country; and thereby made at least the most airy gardens, as well as the most costly, that have been heard of in the world. This lady may probably have been a native of the provinces of Chasimer or of Damascus, which have, in all times, been the happiest regions for fruits of all the East, by the excellence of soil, the position of mountains, the frequency of streams, rather than the advantages of climate: and it is a great pity we do not see the history of Chasimer, which Monsieur Bernier assured me he had translated out of Persian, and intended to publish; and of which he has given such a taste, in his excellent Memoirs of the Mogul's country.—*Sir William Temple on Gardening.*

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SUCCESSIVE CHANGES OF WIND.—Kites made of paper, such as are usually flown by boys, may be converted into useful prognostics of the wind. When several of them are let up together, the higher ones being successively tied to the back sticks of those below them, they will ascend to a vast height. We have known the upper kite in these cases ascend to above 1000 feet high. When the upper one gets a different direction from the lower one, the wind will frequently be found to get into the quarter indicated by the upper kite. This law respecting winds is more strikingly manifested by means of small air-balloons, whose varying directions, as they ascend, portend the successive changes of the wind, which often take place first in the higher regions of the air.—*Forster's Natural Phœnomena.*

TRAVELLING IN KAMTSCHATKA.—The winter, as I have already said, is very unpleasant, from the heavy snows, which, drifting from the mountains, often bury the houses, so that the inhabitants are compelled to dig a passage out, while the cattle walk on its frozen surface over their roofs. Travelling in this season is very rapid and convenient. The usual mode is in sledges drawn by six or more dogs. The only danger is from snow-storms. The traveller, surprised by this sudden visitation, has no chance for safety, except in quietly allowing himself and his dogs to be buried in the snow, and relieving himself from his covering when the storm is past. This, however, is not always practicable; should the storm, or, as it is called here, *purga*, overtake him in the ravine of a mountain, such an immense quantity of snow becomes heaped upon him, that he has no power to extricate himself from his tomb. These accidents, however, seldom occur; for the Kamtschatkans have acquired, of necessity, great foresight in meteorology, and of course never undertake a journey when they do not consider themselves sure of the weather.—*Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World, in* 1823, &c.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Semi Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

LA GAZZA LADRA.

[By ROSSINI.]

Ninetta, Madame Meric Lalande. Ostessa, Madame Castelli.
Pippo, Mlle. Beck. Oste, Signor De Angeli.
Giannetti, Signor Curioni. Fernando, Mr Lavasseur.
Carceriere, Signor Galli. Podesta, Signor Santini. Antonio, Signor De Ville.

Between the Acts, a favorite

DIVERTISEMENT.

Principal Dancers—Mademoiselle Taglioni, Mademoiselle Clara, and Mademoiselle Brocard,
Monsieur Paul, Monsieur Emile, and Monsieur Lefebvre.

After the Opera will be presented the Second Act of

GUILLAUME TELL.

In which Mademoiselle Taglioni will dance the Tyrolienne.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Phillippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antome Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr Benson Hill.
Hector, Miss Poole. Guillaume, Master Richardson.

To which will be added, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

HIGH WAYS AND BY WAYS.

[By Mr WEBSTER.]

Eliza Gordon, Miss S. Phillips. Miss Primly, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Susan Plat, Mrs Orger. Housemaid, Mrs Webster.
Charles Stapleton, Mr J. Vining. Narcissus Stubble, Mr Liston.
James, Mr Yarnold. Robert, Mr Eaton. John, Mr S. Jones.

To conclude with the Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

[By C. M. VON WEBER.]

Linda, Miss Bruce. Rose, Mrs Bedford.
Bridesmaids—Miss Absolon, Miss Butline, Mrs East, &c.
Ottocar, Mr Yarnold. Bernhard, Mr Bedford.
Adolph, Mr T. Cooke. Caspar, Mr Horn.
Hermit, Mr Dowsing. Kilian, Mr Webster. Zamiel, Mr Howell.
Principal Foresters—Mr Honner, Mr Eaton, Mr Wieland, Mr Chikini.

On Monday, The Pledge; Nettlewig Hall; and Masaniello.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bompertz, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

On Monday, King John; Hide and Seek; and Neuha's Cave.

ANNUAL OF SCIENCE.

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The Entertainments will commence with the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Sifflleur.

After which an entirely new Romantic Drama, entitled

ALWYN AND BERTHOLDY.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb.
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

The Romantic Drama of 'Alwyn and Bertholdy' will be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels, in the following order. Rondo, Violin, M. Engels. German Song, Madame Boai. Air, by Michel Boai, on his Chin. 'The Swiss Boy,' with variations, and 'Rule Britannia.'

To which will be added, an entirely New Interlude, called

"MY OWN BLUE BELL;" OR, THE ARMY AND NAVY.

[By Mr D. PITT.]

Lucy Lance, Miss Nicol.
Miss Bella Blue, Ensign Blue, of the Guards, and David Allan, by Miss L. Slade, In which she will introduce 'My own Blue Bell,' 'All among the Hottentots,' and A Sailor's Hornpipe.
[illegible] Basil Blue, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Sergeant Bang, with the Song of 'Who'll serve the King,' Mr Vale.

To conclude with a Drama, entitled

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Hermion, Miss M. C. Poole. Calanthe, Miss Scott. Phygenia, Miss Vincent.
Eudosia, Miss Somerville. Arria, Miss Rumens.
Rygcia, Madame Simon. Lyphrasia, Mrs Vale. Listea, Miss Nicol.
Damon, Mr Osbaldiston. Philistius, Mr Almar. Damocles, Mr Gough.
Procles, Mr Honner. Dionysius, Mr D. Pitt. Pythias, Mr C. Hill.
Lucullus, Mr Lee. Fabius, Mr Webb. Pellagus, Mr Young.
Arcus, Mr Hobbs. Melchton, Mr Edwin. Aranthon, Mr Ransford.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An Original Serious Drama, called

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The Overture and Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell. Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

After which, a New Operatic Piece, entitled

GALATEA.

With Handel's celebrated Music, newly arranged by Mr C. Potter.

Galatea, Miss Vernon. Eudora, Mrs Humby. Doris, Mrs Garrick.
Acis, Mr Bennett. Damon, Mr J. Russell. Ulysses, Mr Spencer.
Lysander, Mr G. Lejeune. Telemon, Mr Munroe. Faunus, Mr G. Smith.
Polyphemus, the Fiend of Mount Etna, Mr E. Seguin.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'La Clemenza di Tito.' And Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Murderers of Grenoble.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Farmer's Wife—The Black Spider—The Man Wolf.

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A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Speech of M. D. Hill, Esq. at a Public Dinner, given to him by the Electors of Newark, on Thursday, March 10, 1831. 8vo. pp. 28. Effingham Wilson.

This lively speech was made at Newark by Mr Hill, the Barrister, after one of the struggles in that town to prevent the Duke of Newcastle from sending a man to represent his Grace in Parliament, instead of the inhabitants. Mr Hill is one of the sons of the estimable Mr Hill of Birmingham, who has done so much to diffuse liberal education; and perhaps there is nothing of which his father has more reason to be proud, than that his son has remained liberal in spite of being a lawyer. None ought to know more of the good as well as mistaken side of human nature, than lawyers; and none are more able to serve it, than those who act in the spirit of this gentleman: but owing to the license which they allow themselves, of pleading all causes indiscriminately, they become at last too willing to think ill of human nature, in order to reconcile to themselves their own degradation. If a bad construction is to be put upon a man's conduct, the lawyers are generally the men to put it. If a virtue is to be recognized in its struggle with adversity, they are not the gods to take delight in the spectacle, or the worshippers to believe in it. If a good is to be done the world, they are never the first proposers of it, rarely the advocates, and it would be laughable to expect them to be the martyrs. Were they martyrs to anything, it would be in behalf of a custom or a precedent; and this is possible: for most men are more virtuous than they take themselves to be; if they cannot dare to be good on a great scale, or for a purpose in which they doubt whether opinion will go with them, they can shew the immortal spark within them, by the endurance of the last blows for some corporate absurdity. But as to what concerns the interests of the world at large, lawyers generally think as little, and know as little about it, as the spider weaving his web in a corner to catch flies. They even resent a supposition to the reverse, as a slur on their understandings; and owe you, not unnaturally, a grudge for thinking too well of them. Therefore, as Bacon (who by the way could not help praising like a lawyer, and leaving us in doubt whether his panegyric was not an irony) said of King James, that so much learning as his Majesty possessed, would have been marvellous in any king, but in a king born, was miraculous; so we may say of two or three lawyers whom we now happen to possess, the gentleman before us included, that to see a lawyer, at any time, come forward with liberal sentiments, is extraordinary; but to know that he has been bred a lawyer, and yet advocated them in times unfavourable, must give us such an opinion of him, as may well induce him to triumph at a moment like the present. The extraordinary spectacle, now presented to the community, of worldly success on the side of unworldly opinion, must, to a lawyer above all other men, be the most transporting, if he has had the unprofessional virtue to stand by it, when it was a bankrupt in the courts.

'Sir,' says Mr Hill, to the chairman at this public dinner, 'I observed the health of his Majesty's ministers, which was received with so much enthusiasm, was new to your lips. Your character, as an old and steady reformer, is my guarantee that I am not mistaken. It was new to me: for I, like yourself, have the proud recollection that I did not take up my principles because I saw them adopted in high places; nor am I of that large and powerful class who, it now seems, were always the friends of Parliamentary Reform, although they kept the secret so strictly from all the world and from each other, that one sometimes doubts if they entrusted it even to themselves. I have the honour to be surrounded by many men who have been called on to give severer proofs of their attachment to public liberty than any which have been required from me; and I ask them with confidence, if they would now change the memory of those sacrifices, for the possession of all the benefits which could have flowed from cowardice and servility. Such men may claim from the world a just confidence in their integrity, which cannot be given to the tardy convert, however pure his motives, or sincere his conviction. When, therefore, we use the language of praise and confidence towards the holders of power, we shall fear no suspicion of our motives, however rare it has been in the history of the world that the honest advocate of the people could speak of the government of this or any other country with thanks and congratulation. Sir, I do speak of that great measure, which ministers have offered to Parliament and the nation, with unbounded gratitude; not that I find my private and peculiar notions have been entertained by the framers of the bill—not but that I disapprove of several important particulars. I speak thus, Sir, because I feel the deep conviction in my mind, that the Bill proves itself to be the work of honest, sincere reformers; because I feel that the great end of all Reform will be obtained,—a House of Commons substantially representing the people. With this conviction, I am almost glad to be called on to sacrifice, in some points, my own long-cherished speculations. I am proud to show, in common with all my fellow reformers, that we are not factious and unreasonable sticklers for our own opinions—more anxious for the adoption of our *nostrums*, than for preserving that unanimity of feeling on which the success of our common cause depends. Sir, I cannot witness without emotion that rare and interesting phenomenon, the possessors of unhallowed power calling aloud for its abolition. I could not without shame behold the sacrifices of wealth and influence made by the Russells, the Howards, and the Smiths, if I refused to give all that I have to offer, and all that is demanded of me,—my speculative opinions. This I believe to be the feeling which animates every English heart; and nowhere, judging from experience, do I expect the feeling to be stronger than in the town of Newark.'

We do not conceive that the reformers have given up their "speculative opinions," to the extent that Mr Hill supposes,—much less, that they would allow them to be called "nostrums;" but perhaps he only means that they waive them for the present, or merge them in that great measure, which is to fetch out whatever good may be in them at last. Of this, however, we shall speak more presently. We shall first make two or three more extracts from the speech of Mr Hill; two of them containing good memorandums for Mr Croker; and the third, an excellent answer to the cant about the men of talent, which Boroughmongering enables to enter Parliament; one of the absurdest, by the way, of all cants, and which was overthrown by one sturdy blow from Mr O'Connell, when he said that the house might have been better without such men as Burke and Canning. Mr Hill has put the case still more strongly, when he says that he might dislike such men in exact proportion to their talents; and he has illustrated it in a happy manner, by the metaphor of the cannon:—

'I ought, Sir, to apologise for taking up so much of your time; but I cannot sit down without making one or two remarks on the arguments, as I will in courtesy call them, which have been used in the discussion by the opponents of the Bill.

'The first in order is, that the demand for Reform is the creation of a few weeks of extraordinary excitement, which a little firmness on the part of the Parliament would show to be evanescent, and which may, therefore, be refused with perfect safety. This notable statement was made at the greatest length, and enforced with the greatest earnestness, by Mr Croker, who had taken the trouble to ascertain the number of petitions for Reform which have been presented in the last few years. He told the House, that until the present year, 1831, these petitions were so few, as to show that the public had been indifferent on the subject, until a very recent period. Truly, one would have supposed the Right Honorable Gentleman must have himself forgotten, or have supposed that everybody else had forgotten, the events of his own parliamentary life;—not a very short one, as I remember his name in the debates from my boyhood. If I mistake not, he made his parliamentary *debut* by cross-examining the celebrated Mrs Clarke—this was the public service to which I believe he owed his appointment as secretary to the Admiralty. Does Mr Croker forget the events of the year 1817, 1818, and 1819, when petitions for Reform in Parliament, signed by three millions of Englishmen, were laid on the table of the House of Commons? Does he forget the species of redress produced by these petitions?—the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the Six Acts, and the Manchester massacre! Did he suppose us so stupid as to proceed for ever in the hopeless course of petitioning, after this convincing proof of its being worse than futile? I can tell Mr Croker, that many sincere and enlightened

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Reformers resolved never more to petition Parliament on any subject. I think the only difficulty which was felt in renewing the habit of presenting petitions in favour of Reform, was the difficulty of removing that settled determination from the minds of some of the best and most ardent friends to the measure, although the altered state of circumstances invited and justified the most active exertions.

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'A statement appeared a day or two ago in some of the newspapers, which must have startled those who were unprepared for it. By that statement, it was shewn that the number of the journals in favour of the Reform, compared with those which opposite, was in the proportion of five or six to one; and when the number of copies dispersed by each journal is taken into account, the proportions of newspapers representing readers are much greater, probably more than ten to one. Now, will it be said that the newspapers do not speak the opinions of their readers? Surely if there ever were a fair mode of election invented, it is that by which every man chooses the newspaper which he believes to be the best representative of his opinions and wishes. No one is bribed to read the *Times* or the *Morning Herald*, or turned out of his house if he does not vote for the *Standard*. Now I would ask Mr Croker, if this change in the public press of England is a thing of yesterday? Has it not been gradually going on for years, hastened and retarded at particular times, no doubt varying its rate, and perhaps for a moment receding, but on the whole moving onwards? The hasty observer of the tide of politics may be deceived, as you may be if you stand on the beach and look carelessly at the flux and reflux of the waves. You may suppose the tide to be on the ebb when it is in full flow, and you may chance to get a ducking for your inadvertence, fortunate if you escape without more serious injury. Those, however, who are not so absorbed in the present moment, but that they have the power of comparing it accurately with the past, will be at no loss to trace the gradual and natural progress towards that state of things, which has produced such astonishment, real or affected, on the minds of our opponents.'

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'I am amused, Sir, at the necessity for close boroughs, so often reiterated in the House, and so seldom mentioned elsewhere, viz. that they are the only portals by which men of talent can enter Parliament. At first sight one does not see what peculiar aptitude Boroughmongers have for discovering talent. It cannot be that like attracts like; for, as a body, they never were suspected of any brilliancy.

'It is pleasant to think of Sir Mark Wood or Sir Masseh Lopez going abroad, like old Hopkins the witch-finder, looking out for those secret marks of talent which are concealed from the profane eyes of the people at Manchester and Birmingham.

'Suppose, however, the Boroughholders have this preternatural power of discovering talent, I must be assured of the manner in which that talent is to be employed, before I admit that the people are benefitted: perhaps I may dislike the Boroughmonger's representative in exact proportion to his talent. If a town were called on to consent to a fort being erected in their neighbourhood, it would not be quite sufficient to tell the inhabitants that the cannon should be of large bore and well supplied with ammunition: nor would it be enough to add, that the gunners would be excellent marksmen, the flash peculiarly brilliant, and the report exceedingly sonorous. It would not be impertinent in the townsmen to inquire which way the muzzles were to be turned; and if it was found that they were likely to point towards them, instead of their enemies, it would be hard to impugn their taste, though they should prefer those dull and silent imitations of artillery, called by the seamen, with more humour than decorum, *Quakers*, and which might well typify a dumb member of the House of Commons, if you could deprive him of his vote.'

After thanking Mr Hill for these lively and sensible remarks, we, shall now repeat, without agreeing with the startling sallies lately made by Mr Henry Hunt against the Reform Bill (which we have been sorry to see) that so far from conceiving the reformers to have given up their "speculative opinions," we believe them to consider those opinions as containing the ultimate good to be produced by this bill. At least, this is the case with ourselves, who, if we belong to any party, may, perhaps, claim the honour of being entitled Benthamites; and we feel certain, that it is equally the case with all who have strongly advocated the Ballot, and felt for the poor. Nor from this admission, let any boroughmongering slave suppose that we are affording him another particle of ground on which to exult against Ministers; for it is our firm belief, and we shall express it as plainly as we can, to shew the strength of it, that if the Reform contemplated by Ministers were not to take place, *the gutters of Piccadilly and St James's street would run with blood*. In other words, if the meditated revolution, as they call it, does not take place, a revolution most awful will take place, and one that will pay no more respect to the rich and their privileges, that to so many puppets of St Januarius, stuck into the mud of Mount Etna to hinder its eruption. The great flood of knowledge is increased; it is rising every day; the noise is in all ears but those that are deaf and ringing with the congestion of their luxuries; and if this timely and quiet measure be not taken to let it in, and turn it into sources of fertility, it will burst down every barrier before it, and make a frightful devastation,—

'It mare proruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti.'

We like the present Reform, because we think it will bring a better, and bring it in a good and kindly manner; and because we think, that without it there will be a change, destructive to many, and, for a period, worse for all. We are very honest in saying this, for we are not at all sure, that the final improvements we look to would not be hastened by a convulsion; but all the mistakes that human beings are liable to, and all the evils they suffer in consequence, come across our imaginations, and soften us towards the most heartless of the corruptionists; and we feel, in the impressive language of Scripture, that God or Good (for the terms, like the Spirit, are synonimous) "desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness, and live."

This is the answer the Reformers should make to charges of ulterior views. They should shew their enemies, that it is for the common good of all, enemies included, that they wish this measure to take place; and that if it does not take place, their enemies will be worse off than they. Lord Caernarvon, whose brother, by the way, has six livings in the church worth three thousand a year, has asked, what the Birmingham Reformers meant, by saying that they could raise an army larger than that of Waterloo, in case of necessity? and whether people's houses were to be battered about their ears? The Birmingham Reformers meant, that if the Boroughmongers should act as unconstitutionally in their resistance to the will of king and people, as they do in the fact of their boroughmongering, the people would fight like good and loyal subjects against bad ones: and certainly if they were to do so, it is not the Reformers' houses that would be the most likely to suffer. The holders of those houses are, therefore, kind to their enemies in advocating a measure which they think will prevent the necessity of those legal assaults and batteries. They would fain save the misguided innocence of my Lord Carnarvon, who does not know, it seems, what the oligarchy means; and who thinks, that to get warm with "an excellent dinner," is the way to argue properly respecting the interests of those who have neither meat nor fire. His lordship is like the king in the story, of whom the poet says, that when he had dined, he concluded all his subjects must be as happy as himself;—

'Quand il avoit dîné, croyoit son peuple heureux.'

We grant, with regard to "speculative opinions," that it is impossible for an honest reformer to say how much his opinions might be modified by what took place in a truly National Parliament. We are at present as strong advocates for the Ballot as before, and do not see how the country can dispense with it, any more than the Parliament itself, which has found it necessary for its own internal convenience. But the more corrupt the Parliament, the more necessary, we allow, the Ballot has been for it. If a perfectly incorruptible Parliament could be found, or rather, a Parliament above all the known weaknesses of individual self-interest and self-love, then a Parliament would have no need of the Ballot. And if the community were improved in its condition to a degree far below this, Ballot might not be necessary for the electors of a Parliament. We should be heartily glad that such should be the case. Nothing pleases us better at this moment, than the belief that Society will one day be able to dispense with precautions of this nature. We only think, in the meantime, that Ballot is one of the passages through which it must proceed to that state of things. It is the pain before the pleasure,—the husk that encloses the nut. We cannot see any ultimate security for a just state of things between man and man, or for the real comfort of any description of persons, as long as primogeniture shall exist: and yet if an honest Parliament could shew us good reasons why it should, we have a right to believe ourselves capable of being convinced by them, because we have a mathematical passion for the truth, and have been convinced many times, in the course of our existence, by the arguments of a private conversation. What we desire, is sincerity in the words of law-givers, and happiness in the cheeks of the people. It has lately been said, and by many persons believed, in consequence of the insincerity that prevails in politics, that our "patriot king," at present so beloved, and with so much apparent justice, is hostile to the measure to which he has given his countenance, and that he will fail in standing by it at the last moment. We have always thought that in King William, the natural joviality and good-humour of the man must have dashed aside the ordinary prejudices of the sovereign, and enabled him to sympathize with the honest flesh and blood, to which

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he naturally belongs; but we never thought, that "being a king," as Bacon says, he would be without the misgivings of a king; or not doubt, now and then, whether all that was to be done for the many, at the seeming expense of the few, would not take some unknown good or satisfaction from princes who are the crown of the few. We always thought, that there would be occasionally some struggle in him to this effect, especially when we saw him riding about with his guards, or read of him in levees, or at dinners, or otherwise occupied in the pomp and circumstance of his station. A King is made to feel himself so different from all other men, in everything that constitutes his kingship, that we thought it impossible that he should at all hours, and under every circumstance, be equally able to consider himself as a man among men, a fellow creature who was simply to do good to his fellow-creatures, and be content with their homage accordingly. Nor shall we be astonished, nor lay it very grievously to his charge, if he should not come up to the expectations of the Reformers after all; but we should be grievously sorry. The reasons we need not mention, after what we have written above. There is a King now in France, who is reigning because kingship has misbehaved itself; and yet so perilous does this quality seem to be to princes, however bred up, that it is clear to us at the present moment, he cares much more for his kingship than for anything else, and that France would have told a very different story to Europe, about Italy and the Poles, had the Three Glorious Days of July been followed by a republic. We were among those who applauded the setting up of a "citizen king," because, under all the circumstances, we thought it better for France, at the moment, than a republic. We grieve to say, that we are sorry we did so, especially as our heart misgave us while we did it. The Poles are doing gloriously without them; and so far, so good. But why must the many be eternally working out their salvation through blood and tears, while the few are bowing in court dresses to one another, and consolidating their paltry conveniences?

May no such question be ever asked, to the subversion of the fair fame, and the happy auspices, of the reign of William the Fourth.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.
DRURY-LANE.—The Legion of Honour—High Ways and By Ways—And Der Freischutz.
COVENT GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW operatic drama, of an agreeable description, and containing more novelty than usual, was produced here on Saturday night, under the title of the *Legion of Honour*. It is taken from a French piece called *Le Centenaire*, and has been adapted to the English stage by Mr PLANCHE. The first part of the list of the *dramatis personæ* is a curiosity:—

Phillippe Galliard, aged 102 - -	Mr FARREN.
Jerome Galliard, his son - - -	Mr DOWTON.
Pierre Galliard, his grandson - -	Mr LISTON.
Antoine Galliard, his great-grandson -	Mr BLAND.

There is a little boy in the piece, whom it is a pity they did not make the great-great-grandson. It might have been contrived without injury to the story, by making him the son of a great-granddaughter. The sight of the family-series in the play-bill reminded us of the old story of the elderly man, who was seen coming out of a house, pursued by an older man that was beating him; upon which the latter, being asked why he did it, said, "Ungracious boy! He has been beating his grandfather." There is a stick going forward in the present story, but it is always in due order.

Phillippe Galliard, the Centenaire, is a retired soldier living in a village, where his son *Jerome* is in love with the landlady of the auberge, (Mrs ORGER), and his grandson with the landlady's niece, (Mrs WAYLETT), who rejects him for a gallant young gardener, (Mr HARLEY), who was formerly a corporal of dragoons. The graver interest of the piece turns upon the old soldierly feelings and venerable feebleness of the great-grandfather; and the jokes of it, upon the disinclination of the son and grandson to consider themselves elderly, the son, (who is seventy), constantly complaining that he has been in love to no purpose with *Madame la Ronde* ever since he was sixty-five; and the grandson, (who is fifty) piquing himself on being in the prime of life, and saying how natural it is in him to "run after the girls," which is an offence that his father is always charging him with. The reader may guess how many pleasantries arise out of a perversion of ideas, at once so extravagant, and yet, considering the great age of the progenitor, not unnatural. The grandson, in a fit of unusual candour, excited by indignation, tells his father that he has been "at the age of discretion these thirty years." *Madame la Ronde*, who is a very gentle landlady, such as an English author would not have been likely to paint, is afraid of saying nay to her peppery lover the father, but puts him off whenever he presses her to name the wedding day, with, "Well, we shall see—we shall see:" a burthen to her song, which he repeats with great bitterness. The grandson is equally mortified at his non-success with the fair niece; and a quarrel springs up between him and the gardener, which produces an agreement between them to fight a duel in a gravel-pit.

Affairs are in this posture, when a company of soldiers comes into the village, the Captain of whom is the great-grandson. He has risen to that rank by his merit, and is decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. Furthermore, he brings with him another cross, to be given to an elder Galliard, in return for his services in the year 1777. He first discloses himself to his father, who, though no very pleasant person, is delighted to see his son, and quite overcome with the thought of receiving the cross; but his transport is turned into a double mortification, when he finds the cross given him for some supposed services in the year seventy-seven, a period, he scornfully says, when he was not even born! They conclude, therefore, that it must be for the grandfather. The grandfather is equally delighted, and equally mortified, having been but a mere infant, he says, at that time (to wit, sixteen years of age); and moreover, he calls to mind that he never performed any military service that he was aware of, except having once assisted in getting a baggage-waggon out of a ditch. The conclusion, therefore, is, that the cross must belong to the great grandfather; and it does so; and is received with a pleasure amounting to suffering. Meanwhile a great change has taken place in the love affair with the landlady. Among the heroes who have come into the village is a mighty little drummer (Miss POOLE), who is eight years of age, and fights duels: at least he proposes to fight one with another drummer (Master RICHARDSON) who says that the drum-major (Mr BENSON HILL), is not his father. The drum-major pacifying the little *Hector*, whom he is very fond of, confesses that he is not his father. He picked him up, during some military devastation, from the side of a dead mother. The mother, however, is not dead, for she turns out to have been no other than *Madame La Ronde*. The regiment is about to quit the village, and a dilemma ensues between the inability of the mother to part with her child, and the disconsolateness of the drum-major at leaving him. The little boy, whose wits equal his valour, and who drinks brandy, suddenly cries out that he has found a remedy for the evil, and both asking him what it is, he claps his hands and cries out, "You must marry." The drum-major apologizes, with a gallant modesty, to *Madame La Ronde*, for the child's indiscretion: Madame is equally distressed, and out of a like consideration for the drum-major's feelings. In short, good-nature, perplexity, reasonableness, and a mature understanding on both sides, bring the affair to a conclusion, which the genial hostess confesses to be a little abrupt, but natural. The rejected lover gets into a passion, which he satisfies by certain caperings, and kicks at the air. The duel between his son and the gardener is postponed under all the circumstances, evidently *sine die*; and the piece concludes with the decoration of the great grandfather in his new honours, and a chorus of the soldiers to his praise.

We have not been more agreeably or *equably* entertained for a long time, than with this piece. We augured well of it, from seeing such a good cast in the playbill; for though DOWTON has not much to do, it is desirable to see as many parts as possible filled up with good actors and; we need not add, that what little he has to do, he does well. So do all the rest. We have praise to give them, all and every one. LISTON is good; HARLEY is good; Mr BLAND makes a very proper, new captain; Mr BENSON HILL hits the matter to a nicety in making the drum-major's gentlemanly apology to his fair hostess; Mrs WAYLETT makes an attractive niece of a landlady; Mrs ORGER is always excellent in natural and good-humoured characters, without artficial refinement; little Miss POOLE encreases every day her promise of being no ordinary actress, and makes a capital little drummer, full of tack and smartness, yet not coarse; the very beau-ideal of an infant gallant; and Mr FARREN'S "old, old man" is above praise. The lumpish inability of his legs, the spareness of the rest of his body, the withered inefficiency of his voice and face, the pardonable self-love and little deciding nods of heads retained by extreme

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old-age, and lastly, the almost inaudible, but on that account highly real and touching manner, in which he sang his songs, are all admirable, perhaps a little too much so for the perfect pleasure of the beholders. We agree with the critic in the *Spectator*, in thinking that in passages, at least, if not altogether, his performance was "painfully natural."

We cannot say much for the music by Mr LEE. It is agreeable, but wants novelty, and leaves no impression. There is nothing in it so good as his 'Quivering Aspens,' and his 'Away to the Mountain.'

Drury Lane is fortunate in its new pieces. The present one, we doubt not, will have a run, alternately with the Tragedy of the *Pledge*.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Tragic Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

THE PLEDGE; OR, CASTILIAN HONOUR.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Donna Zanthe, Miss Phillips. Josepha, Mrs C. Jones. Francesca, Mrs Newcombe.
Hernani, Mr Wallack. Don Carlos, Mr Cooper.
Don Leo, Mr Macready. King of Bohemia, Mr Cowin.
Duke of Bavaria, Mr C. Jones. Duke of Gotha, Mr Thompson.
Don Mathias, Mr Bland, Don Henriques, Mr Younge.
Don Ricardo, Mr Yarnold. Don Juan de Haro, Mr Howard.
Page to Don Leo, Mr Honner. First Conspirator, Mr Hammerton.
Second Conspirator, Mr F. Cooke.

In Act V.—Glee, 'Lady, Lady, weep no more!' By Messrs Robinson, Yarnold, Bland, Price, and Bedford.

In the course of the Evening, Spontini's Overture to 'Nurmahal;' C. M. Von Weber's Overture to 'Preciosa;' and Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

NETTLEWIG HALL; OR TEN TO ONE.

[By Mr C. M. WESTMACOTT.]

Miss Emily Constant, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing, 'Tis sweet when the Moon is beaming, to list to the Nightingale's song.' Mrs Deborah, Mrs C. Jones.
Maria, Mrs Orger. Old Nancy, Mrs Broad. Cook, Miss Neville.
Housemaid, Miss Cooke. Chambermaids, Mesdames James and Hammerton.
Sir John Julius Nettlewig, Mr Farren. Frederick Ramble, Mr Vining.
Tim Transit, Mr Harley. Patrick O'Doherty, Mr H. Wallack.
Ben Backstay, Mr Bedford.
Coachman, Mr Tayleure. Footman, Mr S. Jones. Gardener, Mr Bishop.
Grooms, Messrs Price and Cramer. Undertaker, Mr Stanley.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

[By M. AUBER.]

Elvira, Miss Byfeld. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chikini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.
Ruffino, Mr Bland. Lorenzo, Mr Howard. Moreno, Mr Yarnold.

To-morrow, The Legion of Honour; Charles the Twelfth; and Hofer.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

KING JOHN.

[By W. SHAKSPEARE.]

Queen Elinor, Mrs Vining. The Lady Constance, Miss Fanny Kemble.
Blanch, Miss Lawrence. Lady Faulconbridge, Mrs Daly.
King John, Mr Warde. Prince Henry, Master Watson.
Earl of Pembroke, Mr Duruset. Earl of Essex, Mr Henry.
Earl of Salisbury, Mr Parry. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Faulconbridge, Mr C. Kemble.
Robert Faulconbridge, Mr Irwin. English Herald, Mr Mears.
James Gurney, Mr Addison. Executioner, Mr Norris. Chatillon, Mr Baker.
King of France, Mr Egerton. The Dauphin, Mr Abbott.
Prince Arthur, Miss P. Horton. Archduke of Austria, Mr Fuller.
Cardinal Pandulph, Mr Evans. French Herald, Mr Holl.
Citizens of Angiers, Messrs. Turnour, Collet, and Cooper.

Previous to the Tragedy, A Grand Overture by Louis Spohr.
After the Tragedy, Mozart's Overture to 'La Clemenza di Tito.

After which, an Interlude, called

HIDE AND SEEK.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree. Charlotte, Miss Laurence.
Mordaunt, Mr Baker. Merton, Mr Duruset. Moses, Mr Keeley.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ladwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Buntung, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LES RIVAUX DEUX-MEMES.

Comédie en Un Acte, de M. PIGAULT LEBRUN.

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Derval, M. Albert. Florville, M. Cloup. Dupont, M. Guenée.
Un Garçon, M. Arnaud.

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Laurent, M. Guenée. Lafleur, M. Granville. Henry, M. Arnaud.

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Opéra en Un Acte, Musique de NICOLO.

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Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

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In One Part, embellished with New Designs, and Humourous Cuts.

In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' 'Armagh Assizes,' and 'The Omnibus.'

After which, a New Monopolologue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BAR MAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
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To conclude with a Novel Entertainment, a Diapolologue, to be called

No. 26 and No. 27, OR, NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

In which Messrs MATHEWS and YATES will sustain the following Dramatis Personæ.

Tim Wasp; Mr O'Rapparee; Poker; Phelim M'Quill; Miss Mildew; Mrs Beaklinton Bombasin; Mr Capsicum; Cleopatra; Miss Capsicum; Old File; and Mr Cæsar Le Blond, &c. &c.

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The Entertainments will commence with the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Siffleur.

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Lady Macbeth, Miss M. C. Poole. Gentlewoman, Miss Nicol.
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Macbeth, Mr Osbaldiston. Macduff, Mr C. Hill. Banquo, Mr D. Pitt.
Lenox, Mr Maitland. Rosse, Mr Rogers. Fleance, Miss Ellis.
Seyton, Mr Lee. Physician, Mr Gough.
Hecate, Mr Ransford. Three Witches, Messrs Vale, Williams, and Young.
Singing Witches, Miss Somerville, Miss Vincent, Mrs Vale, and Mr Edwin.

To be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels, in the following order. Rondo, Violin, M. Engels. German Song, Madame Boai. Air, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To which will be added, an entirely New Interlude, called

"MY OWN BLUE BELL;" OR, THE ARMY AND NAVY.

[By Mr D. PITT.]

Lucy Lance, Miss Nicol.

Miss Bella Blue, Ensign Blue, of the Guards, and David Allan, by Miss L. Slade, In which she will introduce 'My own Blue Bell,' 'All among the Hottentots,' and A Sailor's Hornpipe.

Major-General Sir Basil Blue, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Sergeant Bang, with the Song of 'Who'll serve the King,' Mr Vale.
Miss Vincent will sing 'The Savoyard Boy and his Monkey.'
An Air, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

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[By JOSEPH ESWORTH.]

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Count de Reustbach, Mr D. Pitt. Leopold, Mr C. Hill. Delowitz, Mr Gough.
Mulderff, Mr Maitland. Fritz, Mr Rogers. Dolo, Mr Mobbs.
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The New Burletta, in One Act, called

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The Music selected from BOIELDIEU, and composed by B. LIVIUS, Esq.

Julian, Madame Vestris. Alise, Miss Sydney.
The Duke, Mr Hodges. The Seneschal, Mr Marshall.
Antoine and Blaise, Mr Spencer and Mr Wilkinson.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflöte,' and Auber's Overture to 'Masaniello.'

After which, the favourite Divertissement Ballet of

THE TROUBADOUR.

With New and selected Music by Mr Harreway.

Donna Clara, Mademoiselle Constance. Florio, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Spanish Peasants, by the Corps de Ballet.

To be followed by the popular Burletta, called

THE GRENADIER.

[By T. H. BAYLY, Esq.]

The Music by Mr S. Nelson.

Fanny Bolton, Madame Vestris, with the Songs of 'O! they march'd through the Town,' a Savoyard Song, and 'Listen, dear Fanny.'
Delia, Miss Ayres. Captain Doughty, Mr Green. Will Wilks, Mr Forrester.

To which will be added, an Original Serious Drama, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

The Overture and Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby. Alexis, Miss Lane.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer.
Godfrid, Mr Keppell. Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

Mrs Pimpernel, Mrs Glover.
Mr Theophilus Bunbury, Mr Marshall. And Mr Alexis Twiselton, Mr Green.

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Nº 195.]

[Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19, 1831.

SUCCESS OF PERIODICALS.

It was said the other day, in a weekly paper, that the best way to obtain a sale for a critical journal, was to praise everything. The journal, it was stated, thus got quoted and used by the booksellers, and a good sale was the consequence. Undoubtedly the frequent mention of a journal in any way is of use to it, and favourable reviews will be quoted in preference to others. But the critic would make a sad mistake, who should go upon this ground of success at the present moment. It was otherwise when the system alluded to first began,—we mean the system of laudation upon a trading principle. Party criticism had run so high, that everybody began to doubt both the praise and the blame of the cleverest reviews: it was discerned that the bookselling proprietors of those reviews had benefitted by the partizanship: their brethren set up periodical publications of their own, in self-defence: the public, disgusted with the previous unfairness, were seduced by the fairer pretences which were then made: booksellers and authors gradually came to play into one another's hands: and hence arose what may be styled the *accommodating* system of criticism, which consisted in giving a good word to all the connexions of the reigning parties, and being as iniquitously bitter or timidly silent upon writers, who were out of the pale of wordly influence.

In one or two journals, this accommodating system still flourishes, with more or less of the other qualifications; and doubtless great and preposterous use is still made of their criticisms, together with those of newspaper puffs, which are the least honourable of all these delusions, inasmuch as they are directly paid for the imposition in money, and present themselves, to the thousands whom they delude, under no apparent circumstances connecting them with a suspicion of partiality.

And yet there is something to be said for the booksellers in all this; nor does the blame even of the newspaper puffing always lie where it might be supposed to do. In the latter case, the Editor very likely differs with the proprietor of the newspaper; or if he is part-proprietor, differs with him who has the principal voice in it. Perhaps it is a source of constant annoyance with him, and even of dispute. It might be said, that he should not connect himself with a paper under such circumstances: but perhaps the paper is bought over his head, by some proprietor less worthy than the last; or perhaps, it is in consequence of his honest exertions as an Editor, that he has attained to a part-proprietorship; and to throw up his interest in the paper, might be to encounter one of those martyrdoms of self-sacrifice and poverty, which even the honest men of this world are at least not in the habit of encouraging.

As to the booksellers, they would have been glad in the first instance, had there been no such thing as criticism. It was the severity of the critic that gave rise to the counter-system, and it was the mere commercial policy of tradesmen, pretending to be nothing but tradesmen, which increased it to such a height. When we talk of the iniquity of booksellers, we should talk of the iniquity of hosiers and tea-dealers; for all are traders alike. It is only by an accident that booksellers have become mixed up with those intellectual questions, with which they have really nothing more in common than the porters in their warehouses. A bookseller laughs at you, if you talk to him of independence, or self-sacrifice, or anything but money-getting: and why should he not? He has been taught no better. He has been taught by a tradesman, and a tradesman he remains. To suppose even that he reads the books that he publishes, is a fancy about as sensible as that of the little boys, who think that the pastry-cooks are always eating tarts. The pastry-cook, through the poetical medium of his raspberry and gooseberry, sees only the amount at his banker's; and 'tis the same with the bookseller, let him publish the "sweetest" of poetrys. An exception once in a century proves nothing. We speak of what is emphatically called "The Trade."

Now the present commercial state of literature, is, we confess, a provoking one; and there is nothing more provoking about it, than to see authors helping booksellers in their impositions upon the public. The bookseller has been taught to think the imposition "just and necessary;" as the traders in coalitions are taught to think their wars; but it seems hard that authorship should become a party to the abuse. Nevertheless, it would be easy to shew, that many of our authors and existing critics are almost as illiterate and as mere tradesmen as the booksellers; and this, not because they have deserted their natural call, but because they have obeyed it, and were never intended for anything better than fellow-workers commercial. The present commercial state of the press, as far as it still exists, (for we look upon it as having received a great blow, in common with many other abuses that little suspect it, from the extraordinary events in the political world), has not been an unnatural, but a natural state; and, as far as it promises a condition of things very different, not an undesirable one; for it simply originates in the diffusion of knowledge, and the thirst for it excited among all classes. It has sometimes been a matter of provoking surprise, that writers who would not have been listened to in the times of Pope and Swift, beyond the sphere of Grub street, or known to these times but for the Dunciad, should have re-appeared among us as influential critics. But the matter is easily explained, when we consider the enormous multitude of new and uninformed readers, and how natural it is, even on a principle of self-love, that they should suffer themselves to be directed by men so little above their own standard. They are not unwilling to read a better, provided his style is amusing, and his thoughts not too far above them; but the other man meets them, at once, with a ready-made fitness; he is loud, he is industrious, he has the vivacity, if not of wit, yet of an ignorant confidence; some bookseller furnishes him with money to trumpet himself; he trumpets the bookseller; and it is the fault of the dunce's pretences to company and champaigne, if he does not ride in his carriage.

Among other proofs, however, that this state of a vulgar but influential part of the press, is a transitary one, is the fact that it sprang up in illiberal times, and in connexion with illiberal opinions. And we believe it can last long in no other; for it is the nature of liberal opinion to liberalize even its conventional advocates, and in despite of the tendencies they would have had under another system. But more of this presently. What we meant to say was, that although the journals alluded to, commenced a system of panegyric in behalf of their employers, and maintained it for the common benefit of those who would in any way subserve to them, it was accompanied by great deference to the then existing opinions in church and state, and a due intolerance towards those who differed with them. In other words, the praise would not have done, without the conventional deference; and even now, when better opinions have given the laudatory tendency a better character, we are no less certain, that a journal set up upon a panegyrical principle, would in vain think to succeed upon the strength of it. There are three things that are necessary to secure success to a journal,—money to make it known; industry, in order to lose no good that it acquires; and such a set of opinions as shall alienate no considerable body of men. Talents alone, with industry, may give a journal partial success; industry without talents, shall give it greater, if it has the other advantages; scandal may give it without either, provided it consent to be infamous: but what gives the greatest of all, is the union of money, industry, and talents, not with a system of indiscriminate panegyric, but with a thick and thin support of reigning opinions, and as violent an abuse of their opponents. Praise may assist to act the part of advertisements, and will be more or less successful for a time, in proportion as it pleases the booksellers: but to please any class of men finally, and to the greatest purpose, you must please them after the fashion they like best; and as the booksellers are but a speck in number compared with the community, lasting success with the latter can only be secured by reflecting the flower of their opinions in the most agreeable manner. Writers whose consciences lead

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them to have opinions of their own, and will allow them to express nothing at variance with those opinions, may succeed in the smaller circles they influence, and their success may be sufficient to themselves, accompanied with the sense they may entertain of their honour and usefulness: but this is not the question before us.

We are conscious ourselves of a tendency to the laudatory side, yet we certainly look for no success from it, equal to that which might be obtained without. Our tendency itself, we may venture to say, is of a description wholly unmercenary, otherwise we should not be silent about many books that are sent us, and which have obtained no mean praise from critics that have been severer than we upon works that we have passed over. The tendency to praise, like any other, may arise from various causes; and the truth is, that as we are of a temperament inclined to like rather than to dislike, and are really more pleased than otherwise with the greater number of publications, so we are of opinion that publications in general, even though of fugitive merit, deserve to be treated far more indulgently than otherwise,—to have their good brought forward, if they contain any, and their defects put aside as lightly as possible, as matters of no importance if we do not make them so. What we want is something good, not something ill. If there be any good, let us get it. If there be nothing but ill, or dullness, it will die of itself; the sooner for our letting it alone. Should the ill, indeed, consist of clever sophistications, then we may combat it, and perhaps in the discussion, what seemed to us ill may turn out to be good. But how seldom do books of this doubtful character come before us? We confess that our criticism was not always so good-natured as it is now. In our youth, we were bitten with an admiration of wits and satirists, and not having tasted of the evils of men, we fancied that in being severe we should only shew our wit, to our own classical honour, and the discomfiture of so many men made of paper and ink; for no more substantial in our eyes did the objects of our petulant vanity appear at that time. We imagined ourselves future Boileaus and Juvenals, and took it in our head that everybody who differed with us was no better than a Cotin or a Codrus. The criticism directed against ourselves, the same vanity rendered harmless to us. In the course of a few years, reflection and suffering began to make us feel it more: the implication of others and their fortunes, rendered it bitter to us; the great cause of freedom and liberality, for which we had still occasion to contend, we found to be the only thing worth contending for,—the only struggle in which we could warrant ourselves either in giving or receiving blows; and hence we were brought round to the better spirit of our earliest days, when our unconscious object was to be happy with as many as we could, and we knew of no hostility but in standing by a friend against his oppressor. On this oldest and happiest ground of our experience, loving as much as we did then, hating as little, and strong to abide by a principle as pertinaciously, we have again set up our tents, like persons returned home from a long voyage, whose bitterest merchandise is yet spices and gums; and here we are contented to be thought childish, by those who have more experience than we, satisfied that they will criticise us in a different spirit from those who have less. We therefore wish to criticise others, in as uncritical a spirit of the old fashion as we can. We discover what good we are able; we like, and profess to like, good-nature and sprightliness, for its own sake, even if an author should possess little more: we will give him credit for it, and bring him into company, as we would the pleasant face of a friend, and because, among other truths, it is true that such qualities are pleasant for their own sakes, or ought to be where they are not. The same love of truth will hinder us from saying that an author has qualities which he has not, or that a bad poem is a good one. Whenever we find fault, it is for something that looks like ill-nature, or a lie.

The truth is, that criticism itself, for the most part, is a nuisance, and an impertinence: and no good-natured, reflecting men would be critics, if it were not that there are worse. It would be better if there were no criticism on books at all; for the bad ones would die of themselves, and the good ones would have a better chance of making their way. Critics, for the most part, are not of the first order of literati, otherwise they would be better occupied: they are often of the very worst order, and therefore are perniciously occupied. Who would attend to the opinions of the critics that have flourished for the last thirty years, if their names had been known? And what mistakes have not they all made, the worst and the best?

Our design in the *Tatler* is to give as many entertaining extracts from books as we can find, to be honest but not ill-natured critics, and to furnish the reader with such glimpses into the regions of pleasant and improving thoughts as experience may have helped us to. As there are "more things in heaven and earth" than are dreamt of in most philosophies, so there are more truths than lie on the surface of common sense or conversational polish; and the more we become acquainted with these, the more we love truth in its largest sense, and despise falsehood in any. Our object next to the one we have earned a right to attend to, is to assist in keeping humanity in heart and hope for the diviner times, which liberality is producing.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

DELIGHTS.

Rock'd on the salt deep
Into a sunny sleep,
And a dream sublime
Of the flow of Time,
Whose billows without number
Bear all things in a slumber
Into eternity,
As we
Over the glowing sea
Are wafted sleepingly:

Pillow'd, with leaves and stars above us,
Upon hearts that love us;
Clasp'd and folden
In arms and eyes,
Till from full-cupp'd pleasure's brink
Into a trance we sink,
With visions golden
Peopling the shadow of our ecstacies—
Redeeming sleep from death,
And doubling every joy that perisheth:

Upon an oaken bough
In the fierce wind swinging,
Shouting to earth below,
To the clouds on high
And the birds that round us fly
Rejoicingly,
Words of a clear-tongued poet's singing,
Lofty flights of madness winging:
These are delights divine—
They have been mine.

W

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— These Types are useful things, but now and then they will get awry. A single letter sometimes,—"haud inexperti loquimur,"—makes sad mischief. An article before us, in a Philadelphia paper, which was intended for a neat notice of a poem, contains the following odoriferous sentence:—"But the extracts abound with *sweat* and touching poetry"—wherein we see that the alteration of one letter hath robbed the expression of half its *e*'s and all its *sweetness*.—*New York Gazette.*

A Royal Hunting Party.—The game had been all collected on the preceding day, and when we arrived, the exalted personages for whom the amusement was destined, were seated in a vast space prepared for the purpose, behind which was an amphitheatre for the company invited by the court. Each hunter was attended by four pages, who loaded the guns for them; and behind the pages, *piqueurs* armed with lances guarded against any possibility of danger. At a given signal the *batteurs* drew together, and at the same moment there issued, from the various outlets of the woods, a countless number of wild boars, deer, hares, and other kinds of game, which were shot by the privileged sportsmen. The sport was kept up until the number of animals killed amounted to several thousands. My friends and I were stationed at a little distance from the Empress of Austria. She always aimed at hares, or some small kind of game, and rarely missed her mark! On our return home, Ypsilanti expressed himself surprised at the extraordinary dexterity of the Empress. "Doubtless," observed I, "she takes her aim with wonderful accuracy; but in the arsenal at Stockholm I have seen a carbine, with which, it is affirmed, Queen Christina amused herself by shooting flies in her chamber! Her Majesty, it is said, was an excellent markswoman, and never missed her aim! This, it must be confessed, was a novel sort of sporting."—"Yes," added the Count de Witt; "but that innocent amusement was very different from her sanguinary revenge on Monaldechi at Fontainebleau, the cause of which has never been accurately ascertained."—*Journal of a Nobleman.*—[The Count de Witt ill deserved his name, if he did not see that the "innocent amusement" of shooting flies was quite cause enough for any "sanguinary revenge" on the part of the person who indulged in it.]

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— A meteor was seen a few days since at Fayetteville, N. C., which shed a blaze of light. It passed over the town between 12 and 1 o'clock, and a loud explosion was heard at the time. During the eclipse there the thermometer fell rapidly; and the weather became so very cold, that water thrown up into the air froze almost immediately. Several stars were distinctly visible. The eclipse was not annular.—*American Paper.*

ANECDOTE OF A KAMTSCHATKAN BEAR.—The following anecdote evinces the hardihood of the bears. Fish, which forms their chief nourishment, and which they procure for themselves from the rivers, was last year excessively scarce. A great famine consequently existed among them, and instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter through, even in the streets of St Peter and St Paul. One of them finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just placed a large tea-machine,* full of boiling water. in the court, the bear smelt to it, and burned his nose; provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury upon the kettle, folded his fore-paws round it, pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it, and burnt himself, of course, still more and more. The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him, brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighbourhood to the spot, and poor bruin was soon despatched by shots from the windows. He has, however, immortalized his memory, and become a proverb among the town's-people, for when any one injures himself by his own violence, they call him "the bear with the tea-kettle."—*Kotzebue's New Voyage Round the World, in* 1823, *&c.*

METHOD OF CONVERSION IN THE MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA.—He described to us their method of conversion. The monks, he said, send dragoons into the mountains to catch the free heathens, that they may convert them into Christian slaves. For this species of chase, the huntsman is provided with a strong leathern noose fastened to his saddle, long enough to throw to a great distance, and acquires such dexterity in the practice, as seldom to miss his aim. As soon as he perceives a troop of Indians, he throws his noose over one of them before he has time to defend himself, then setting spurs to his horse, rides back to his mission with his prisoner, and is fortunate if he bring them there alive. I can myself bear witness to the skill and boldness of the dragoons, in the management of their horses, and in the use of the noose, with which two or three of them, in conjunction, will catch even bears and wild bulls; a single man is sufficient to capture an Indian.—*Kotzebue's New Voyage Round the World, in* 1823, *&c.*

OTAHEITAN COSTUME.—It is almost impossible for an European seeing them (the Otaheitans,) for the first time in their Sunday attire, to refrain from laughter. The high value which they set on clothes of our manufacture, has already been remarked; they are more proud of possessing them than are our ladies of diamonds and Persian shawls, or our gentlemen of stars and garters. As they know nothing of our fashions, they pay no sort of attention to the art; and even age and wear do not diminish their estimation of their attire; a ripped out seam or a hole, is no drawback in the elegance of the article. These clothes, which are brought to Otaheite by merchant ships, are purchased at a rag market, and sold here at an enormous profit. The Otaheitan therefore, finding a complete suit of clothes very expensive, contents himself with a single garment, whoever can obtain an English military coat, or even a plain one, goes about with the rest of his body naked, except the universally-worn girdle; the happy owner of a waistcoat or a pair of trowsers, thinks his wardrobe amply furnished. Some have nothing more than a shirt, and others as much oppressed by the heat, under a heavy cloth mantle, as they would be in a Russian bath, are far too vain of their finery to lay it aside. Shoes, boots, or stockings are rarely met with, and the coats mostly too tight and too short, make the oddest appearance imaginable; many of their wearers can hardly move their arms, and are forced to stretch them out like the sails of a windmill, while their elbows, curious to see the world, peep through slits in the seams. Let any one imagine such an assembly, perfectly satisfied of the propriety of their costume, and to complete the effect, wearing an ultra-serious expression of countenance, and he will easily believe that it was impossible to be very devout in their presence. The attire of the females, though not quite so absurd, was by no means picturesque; some wore white or striped men's shirts, which did not conceal their knees, and others were wrapped in sheets. Their hair was cut quite close to the roots, according to a fashion introduced by the Missionaries, and their heads covered by little European chip hats of a most tasteless form, and decorated with ribbons and flowers made in Otaheite. But the most valuable article of dress was a coloured gown, an indubitable sign of the possessor's opulence, and the object of her unbounded vanity. * * * * * During a visit, the young princess (the king's sister) had found an opportunity to bargain with a sailor for a sheet; having secured this treasure, she ran with it upon deck, in the most extravagant joy, viewed it over and over with delight, and formed it into a really very becoming drapery. She appeared quite conscious of her increased attractions in this attire, leaped about in the most sprightly manner, and called on all the persons of the Court to admire her. In short, a young European lady on first decorating herself with the most costly Persian shawl, would not have been so happy as this young princess dressed in the sailor's sheet.—*Kotzebue's New Voyage Round the World.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.
DRURY-LANE.—The Pledge—Nettlewig Hall—And Masaniello.
COVENT-GARDEN.—King John—Hide and Seek—And Neuha's Cave.

ADELPHI.

MESSIEURS MATHEWS and YATES commenced their entertainment for the season last night;—we regret to say, not with their usual success. They began admirably; got poor towards the middle (for want of stuff in the writing to act upon); and before the curtain dropped, were assailed with objections unusual to the ears of these performers, and painful to old play-goers to hear.

The entertainments were divided into three parts. Mr MATHEWS had the first part to himself, and succeeded as of old. It consisted of the customary whimsicalities, anecdotes, and traits of character, illustrated with his usual various and surpassing mimicry. One of his portraits was a Mr Littlemiff, who hates people for singing under his windows, being postmen with bells, &c. not so much on account of what they do, but because they have "a *right* to do it." Another is an Irishman, accompanied with an imitation of the crowding, noise, and oratory of a Dublin court of law (all admirable,—from the eternal babble of the man in the witness-box, up through the varieties of blandness, indifference, and florid bluster in the Counsel, to the silence-creating tones, the spectacled remonstrances, and neutralizing summing up, of the Judge.) A third exhibition, very ludicrous, was that of a fantastic lover of the stage, who brings forward a little boy dressed up as *Norval*; and speaks the famous speech *for* him, substituting the words "this young gentleman" for the personal pronouns referring to himself.—"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you this *young* gentleman,

> Whose name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
> His father feeds his flocks, a frugal swain,
> Whose constant care was to keep this young gentleman
> at home
> His only son. But the young gentleman had heard
> of arms,
> And much he longed to join the battle field.
> Therefore, one evening, when the moon had risen,
> Round as this young gentleman's shield."

The odd effect of this whim was completed by the round, unwitting look of the boy's face, who stood as unmoved all the while as if he was stupid, and produced an impression of his really being so.

The second part consisted of a little mimic drama, performed all by Mr YATES, who appeared at various times in the character of a Neapolitan Hostess, an Alderman, an ogling Admiral, an Anglo-Italian Dancer, a deformed Dillettante, in love with handsome proportions, a handsome bar-maid in love with everything operatic, a retired dandy, and the famous *Fra Diavolo*. All these gentlemen, but the last, are in love with the bar-maid; the bar-maid is enamoured of *Jacksonnini* the dancer; and *Fra Diavolo* is bent on robbing the Alderman. A series of exits and entrances in different characters takes place accordingly; the dancer succeeds beyond them all; and the house is ultimately set on fire, to enable the piece to end with proper vivacity. It wanted substance and dialogue, and was unusually barren of jokes. It is a pity that Mr YATES, in justice to himself, had not provided something better. In the character of the Dandy, he introduced a string of BRUMMELL'S *bon mots*; but for want of a cue given to the audience, perhaps for want of an audience from the West End, nobody seemed to understand them. The best thing was the theatrical sighing and dying of the handsome (videlicet, horse godmother) bar-maid, her affected tripping, and other mimicries of the female stage manner. And the dancing of *Jacksonnini* was good. Some of Mr YATES's rapid changes of dress were also admired; bnt upon the whole, he acted to a house in a state of extraordinary silence. Words and *points* were deplorably wanting.

This was unfortunately too much the case with the Third Part, which consisted of another attempt at a drama got up between Mr YATES and MATHEWS, in which they performed the parts of a cobler, a widow, an Irishman and his servant, a Quakeress, a negro and

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a watchman. It was a pity to see such good mimicry thrown away, for want of some stuff in the writing. The audience became so tired that many went away before it was half over, and others at length hissed and cried "off! off!" a manifestation of contempt, however, which the major part instantly drowned with their applause, out of a natural sympathy with old favourites in so unusual a position. Nevertheless, this, though repeated, did not enable the piece to go comfortably to a conclusion. The hisses returned; and the performers, happening to be on the stage together, wisely took the opportunity of making their obedience, and letting the curtain fall.

We would advise them, if possible, to halt the entertainments at once, and have the second and third parts made entirely new. Their failure is probably owing to the confidence which such performers naturally put in their mimicry, and the notion that, by their relishing style alone, they can pepper an indifferent dish up to the palates of their visitors. But this is a mistake. They are sensible men; and cannot do better than rectify it at once. ☞

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MADCAP to-morrow.

M. V. C. received with many thanks, as will be otherwise acknowledged.

We congratulate our friend "W" on the success and the handsomeness of his revenge. We flatter ourselves however, that nobody by and by will agree with us more on the point he alludes to, than himself; as indeed he already confesses a tendency to do.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

BY COMMAND OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

An Opera Semi-Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

LA GAZZA LADRA.

[By ROSSINI.]

Ninette, a Servant in the family of Fabrizio . . . . Madame Meric Lalande.
Lucia, wife of Fabrizio . . . Madame Castelli.
Fabrizio Vingradito, a rich Farmer . . Signor De Angeli.
Giannetto, Son of Fabrizio, a Young Officer . . . . . Signor Curioni.
Fernando Villabella, Father of Ninette; a Soldier Mr Le Vasseur.
Magistrate of the Village . . . Signor Santini.
Pippo, a Country Lad in the service of Fabrizio . . Mlle Beck.
Isaac, a Jew Pedlar . . . . Signor Deville.
Antonio, a Goaler; Giorgio, Servant of the Magistrate; and Gregorio, the Magistrate's Clerk . . Signor Galli.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT's Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

Principal Characters—Mademoiselle Brocard, Mlle Kaniel, Mlle Clara, Mlle Proche, and Mlle Zoe Beaupré.

In the First Act, Mademoiselle Taglioni will introduce the Tyrollenne, and in the Third, a Pas de Deux, with M. Paul.

Monsieur Lefebvre,
M. Simon, M. Gouriet, M. O'Brien, M. George, M. Bertram, M. Emile, M. Venafra, M. Edouard, M. D'Albert, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr Benson Hill.
Hector, Miss Poole. Guillaume, Master Richardson.

In the course of the Evening, A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles;' Boieldieu's Overture to 'La Dame Blanche;' and Rossini's Overture to 'Guillaume Tell.'

After which, the Drama of

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Ulrica, Miss Faucit. Eudiga, Mrs Waylett.
Charles the Twelfth, Mr Farren. Major Vanberg, Mr Cooper.
Triptolemus Muddlework, Mr Harley. Adam Brock, Mr Liston.
Gustavus, Mr J. Vining. Colonel Reichel, Mr Cooke.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

HOFER.

[By ROSSINI.]

Bertha, Miss Pearson. Josephine Negretti, Miss Russell.
Margaretta, Mrs Newcombe. Therese, Mrs Bedford. Maria, Miss Faucit.
Principal Dancers—Misses Barnett, Baseke, Ballin, Lidia, M'Henry, &c.
The Commandant of Innspruck, Mr Thompson. Colonel Donner, Mr Bland.
Herr Stetten, Mr Webster. Bats, Mr Salter.
Officers, Messrs. Howell, Fenton, Wieland, and Chikini.
Andreas Hofer, Mr Phillips. Walther, Mr Sinclair.
Father Joachim Haspinger, Mr Bedford. Gottlieb, Mr Yarnold.
Stephen, Mr Tayleure. Karl, Miss Chikini.

To-morrow, The Pledge; The Jenkinses; and The Ice Witch.

FRENCH CONVERSATION.

A PARISIAN LADY wishes to devote some hours in the week either in improving Ladies in the Grammatical Part of her own language, or in ELEGANT CONVERSATION. The same Lady also gives Lessons in Drawing. The most respectable references will be given. Address, A. B. Y. Z., 45 Broad street, Golden square.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inversarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarab, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON's Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ladwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, The Maid of Honour; Blue Devils; and Neuha's Cave.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play of

THE STRANGER.

Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. Poole. Countess Winterstein, Miss Scott.
Charlotte, Mrs Vale. Savoyard, Miss Somerville, with the original Ballad, 'I have a silent sorrow here'
The Stranger, Mr Osbaldiston. Count Winterstein, Mr Honner. Peter, Mr Vale.
Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Solomon, Mr Williams. Francis, Mr C. Hill.
Tobias, Mr Gough. The Count's Son, Master F. Carbery.
The Stranger's Children, Misses Clarke and E. Clarke.

After which, the Drama, entitled

LAW AND LIONS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Mrs Mammoth, Mrs Vale. Miss Jane, Miss Vincent.
in which Character she will sing "Oh men, what silly things ye are."
Mr James, Mr C. Hill. Mr Suavey, Mr Williams. Robert, Mr Hicks.
Ensign Pudor, Mr Honner. Mr James, sen. Mr Almar.
Mr Pudor, sen. Mr Gough. Sam Smoothface, Mr Rogers.
Jemmy Mammoth, Mr Vale.

After which (by particular desire) a Comic Dance by Mr R. Phillips.

To conclude with the Nautico Domestic Drama, entitled

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

[By Mr G. ALMAR.]

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice Manners, Miss Scott. Bella Manners, Miss Somerville.
Dame Bellerton, Miss Nicol. Nancy Blackberry, Miss Ellis.
Lawrence Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Miles Bellerton, Mr C. Hill. Marmaduke Magog, Mr Vale.
Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honner. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.

[Between the First and Second Acts, a lapse of Five Years is supposed to take place.]

Act II.—SUMMER.

Alice Manners, Miss Scott. Bella, Miss Somerville.
Mary Blackberry, Miss Rumens. Kitty Sniteful, Mrs Rogers.
Captain Glennon, Mr D. Pitt.
Barbelot, Mr Almer Diedrick Van Voorn. Mr Honner.
Culverdine and Avery, Mr Ranford and Mr Lee.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr Vale. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.
Bluff Laconic, Mr C. Hill. Master Marmaduke Magog, jun. Master Carbery.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Musical Entertainment, called

MRS G——.

Miss G—. Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick. Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick.
Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells. Miss Félicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Smith. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Mr Alexis Chasse, Mr Forrester. Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune.
Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, a Farcical Entertainment, called,

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

Peggy Darnwell, Mrs Humby. Mrs Griskin, Miss Wells.
Mrs Tally, Miss Garrick. Mrs Ringlett, Miss Stohwasser.
Mrs Vamp, Miss Brothers. Mother Gray, Mrs Garrick.
Johnny Ogle, Mr J. Russell.

To be succeeded by a New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

[By Mr BARNETT.]

Mrs Properly, Mrs Glover. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
Thomas, Mr Barnett. Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orsinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

SADLER'S WELLS.—A Divertissement—The Brothers of Turin—Love and Laudanum—The Knight of Blood.

NEW CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.—Thompson and Co.—Mischief Making—A Lesson for Lovers—Quadrupeds.

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Nº 196.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1831.

The Editor is prevented by illness from contributing the usual articles to-day. His duties will be resumed to-morrow.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Historical Traveller: comprising Narratives connected with the most curious Epochs of European History, and with the Phenomena of European Countries. By Mrs Charles Gore. 2 vols. 12mo. Colburn and Bentley.

AGNES BERNAUER.

STRAUBING is a town of Lower Bavaria, situated on an arm of the Danube, twenty-five miles south east of Ratisbon. It is conjectured to have been the Serviodurum Augusti of the Romans; and the name of Straubinga first occurs in an instrument dated A.D. 902. From the possession of Otto, Bishop of Augsburg, it became a fief annexed to the cathedral of that city, by which it was governed by an officer called a Vice Dom; but in the beginning of the thirteenth century the new town of Straubing was built, and the old city reannexed to the duchy of Bavaria. In 1319 it was captured by the Austrians; and in 1332 was besieged by Louis the Bavarian for the space of a month, and eventually taken by storm. The castle of Straubing on the Danube was built in 1356, by his son by Matilda of Lancaster. The city has been twice destroyed by fire, but at present retains a cheerful and prosperous air.

In a small chapel in the churchyard of St. Peter's, in the Altstadt or old town, is a tablet of red marble, surmounted by a female effigy, and surrounded by an inscription to the memory of Agnes Bernauer; a victim to the domestic tyranny of the middle ages, under circumstances of highly romantic interest.

Albert, only son to Duke Ernest of Bavaria, was one of the most accomplished and heroic princes of his time. By the intervention of his family he was betrothed to the Countess Elizabeth of Wirtemburg, whose affections being otherwise engaged, she eloped previous to the signature of the contract of marriage, with the young Count of Werdenberg. This mortifying intelligence was conveyed to Albert at the moment he was presiding at a tournament given by the city of Augsburg in commemoration of his approaching nuptials; but it failed to exasperate the forsaken bridegroom. He had been already captivated by the extreme beauty of Agnes Bernauer, a damsel who happened to grace the festival with her presence.

This beautiful girl was the daughter of a bath-keeper of Augsburg; and was distinguished in the city by the appellation of "The Angel," in honour of the virtues by which the charms of her person were enhanced. Notwithstanding the degradation of her birth, Prince Albert did not hesitate to acknowledge his attachment, and their nuptials were shortly afterwards privately celebrated at his castle at Vohberg. The Duke of Bavaria soon penetrated the mystery, and prepared to visit the offence with the greatest severity. He required his son to sign a deed of divorce, that he might immediately espouse the daughter of Duke Eric of Brunswick; and on the steadfast refusal of Albert, proceeded to further acts of rigour.

The young prince having been soon afterwards denied admittance to a tournament in Ratisbon on the plea of being degraded from his rank by a dishonourable alliance, rode into the lists in defiance of all opposition, and boldly declared Agnes Bernauer his lawful wife; after which, he conducted her with much pomp and ceremony to his palace at Straubing. But the court of Munich was indefatigable in its malicious persecution of the youthful couple, and left no effort unattempted to work the ruin of the unfortunate Agnes. Of the whole ducal family, William, the brother of Ernest and uncle of Albert, having alone given tokens of an inclination to become her protector, she was accused by the Duke of Bavaria of having administered poison to a sickly child, the only son of her generous patron. Duke William was not misled by this vile misrepresentation; but dying shortly afterwards, the unfortunate Agnes was left without a friend.

During the temporary absence of Prince Albert in the administration of his estates, the authorities of Straubing, under the influence of the Duke of Bavaria, caused her to be arrested and torn from the palace, on some frivolous pretext; and when Agnes, resenting with indignation this insolent usage, presumed to impeach their authority over the wife of their prince, the judges declared her contumacy to be an act of high treason. She was condemned to death; and amid the lamentations of the populace, was precipitated over the bridge into the Danube. The efforts of the struggling victim succeeded in withdrawing one of her feet from the cords by which she was bound, when shrieking for help and mercy, she attempted to swim towards the shore; but just as she effected a landing, a wretch employed by the iniquitous tribunal entangled a hooked pole in her long hair, and dragging her back into the river, kept her under water till she expired. This cruel assassination occurred on the 12th of October 1436, as recorded on her monument.

On his return to Straubing, the rage of the injured husband knew no bounds. He flew to Ingoldstadt, entered into an alliance with Louis the Bearded, the inveterate enemy of the reigning Duke of Bavaria, and returned to his native country at the head of a hostile army; nor could his indignation be pacified till the Emperor Sigismond effected a reconciliation between the father and son. The old duke, tormented by remorse, was induced to give public tokens of his repentance by founding a perpetual mass for the soul of the murdered Agnes Bernauer.—Vol. II. pp. 257—260.

HUGO GROTIUS, THE CELEBRATED PATRIOT AND PHILOSOPHER.

GORCUM, a town of the United Provinces, situated at the junction of the rivers Meuse and Wahal, on the road from Nimeguen to Rotterdam, derives its celebrity from having been the retreat of the learned Grotius, after his escape from the neighbouring castle of Loevenstein.

Hugo Grotius, or De Groot, was born in 1583, the son of a burgomaster of Delft; and after distinguishing himself by precocity of talent at the schools of the Hague and Leyden, and attracting the notice of Joseph Scaliger and other eminent scholars, he accompanied the embassy of Count Justin of Nassau and the Grand Pensionary Barnevelt, to Paris. Although scarcely more than fifteen years of age, he was complimented by the University with a doctor's degree; and by Henri IV with the gift of his portrait and a gold chain. At seventeen he pleaded and gained his first cause in the civil court of Delft; and before his countrymen had surmounted their amazement at his eloquence and learning, he increased their surprise by the production of several works of polite literature. At the age of twenty, he was appointed historiographer to the States of Holland.

Ten years afterwards, Hugo Grotius, whose name had now become eminent for the brilliancy and variety of his attainments, was elected Pensionary of Rotterdam, and obtained a seat in the States-general. His abilities and legal acquirements were employed for the benefit of his country, in the settlement of certain disputes between the Dutch and English, relative to the whale-fisheries of the northern seas; but unfortunately about this period there arose schisms in the Protestant church, in which Grotius, as one of the most learned and venerated scholars of the age, was required to take an active part.

Having publicly embraced the tenets of Arminius,—a Leyden professor of divinity, who warmly advocated the free agency of mankind, in opposition to the doctrines of Calvin—the Pensionary of Rotterdam—(who, in a mission from the States-general to the court of Great Britain, had received the qualified sanction of King James and his Bishops to the cause of Arminianism) was employed, on his return to Holland, to draw up an edict on the part of the States, calculated to pacify the religious dissensions now beginning to agitate that country.

Unfortunately, this political measure proved peculiarly injurious to the cause. The Gomarists, or opponents of the Arminian sect, were so disgusted by the partiality displayed by the States-general, in their manifesto, towards the advocates of free agency and general toleration, that they broke out into fresh riot; and Barnevelt, the Grand Pensionary, having proposed to the States a levy of troops for the suppression of the disturbances, and obtained a decree to that effect, the cities of Dort and Amsterdam, which were chiefly inhabited by Gomarists, affected to regard these measures as a declaration of war; while Prince Maurice of Nassau, resenting as Governor-General this independent measure on the part of the States, conceived an implacable enmity against its instigators, Barnevelt and Grotius.

The States-general, sincerely desirous of appeasing these national irritations, sent Grotius to Amsterdam to plead the cause of toleration. But neither his eloquence, nor the deputation of which he was he was the head, were able to alter the sentiments of the town council, which declared its intention to convoke a National Synod; while Prince Maurice, enraged by the levy of the militia, marched into the proviuce of Gueldres, subdued it, and proceeded towards Utrecht. The States of Holland, on their part, despatched thither Hugo Grotius, and Hoogarbetz the Pensionary of Leyden, to prepare for its defence. But their efforts against Maurice proved ineffectual; and they were made prisoners, and sent to the castle of the Hague, where Barnevelt was confined.

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The States finding resistance unavailing, now consented to the opening of the National Synod; which took place at Dort, Nov. 15, 1618, and was attended by commissioners from England, France, Saxony, and several other European kingdoms. It consisted of fourteen Arminian members, and seventy Gomarists, or contra-remonstrants, to whom the celebrated Heinsius acted as secretary; and, after a variety of learned arguments on both sides, the synod was closed on the 29th of May 1619, having passed a formal condemnation upon the five articles of the Arminian belief. Two months afterwards, the sentence was ratified by the States-general; and such were the severities exercised against the heretics, that to avoid persecution, the majority of the Arminians or Remonstrants, emigrated to France, Holstein, or Antwerp.

In the mean time, the three prisoners, Barnevelt, Grotius, and Hoogarbetz, were removed from the Hague to the fortress of Loevenstein; twenty-six commissioners were appointed for their trial; and, in spite of the able and pathetic defence of the Grand Pensionary—in which he proved that his accuser, Prince Maurice of Nassau, was indebted to him for the Stadtholderate—he was condemned to death, as a disturber of the tranquillity of the republic, and a counsellor of schemes hostile to its welfare. Several princes of the continent expressed the greatest dissatisfaction at this decision, and remonstrated, through their ambassadors, with the states: the King of France, moreover, despatched an ambassador extraordinary to advocate the cause of a man whose merits had been long known to him:—but the influence of Prince Maurice proved permanent.

Barnevelt, who was executed on a scaffold fronting the palace of the Stadtholder at the Hague, died asserting his martyrdom in defence of the rights and liberties of his native country; and it is said that his enemy, the prince, surveyed the execution through a glass, and that the populace eagerly sought and treasured the sand wet with the blood of their champion. Towards the close of his life, however, the ill-success of Prince Maurice against Spinola, at the siege of Breda, brought on a delirious fever; and he was frequently heard to exclaim in his dying moments, "Take away that bloody head; remove Barnevelt from my side." His death was embittered by the severest remorse!

Meanwhile the two friends and fellow prisoners of the unfortunate Grand Pensionary were saved from participation in his fate, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment and confiscation of their estates. On the 6th of June 1619, Grotius was conveyed to the fortress of Loevenstein, near Gorcum—an unhealthy spot at the point of an island formed by the Meuse. A shilling per day was parsimoniously allotted for his maintenance: but his wife, Mary Reygersburg, a lady of an illustrious family in Zealand, not only agreed to provide for his necessities, but insisted on sharing his captivity. Her request was granted, upon condition that she should in every respect participate in the consequences of his sentence;—and for some time their imprisonment was of the most rigid nature. At length she was allowed to quit the castle for a few hours in the course of the week; a relaxation which soon induced her to project the escape of her husband.

Having formed an intimate acquaintance with the family of the commandant of Gorcum, she took occasion to lament, in their presence, the intense application of Grotius to his studies; and even circulated a report that he had incurred a fit of illness by his sedentary habits. She was aware that the chest containing the exchange of his books and linen, which had been at first rigorously examined by the guards, in the course of twenty months became less actively searched, and was finally suffered to pass to its destination without inquiry, and she now stated her intention of taking away his books, and restoring them to the persons in Gorcum, from whom they had been borrowed. The trunk was usually sent in a boat from the fortress to the town: and holes having been bored in it for the admission of air, she intrusted the maid-servant and valet of Grotius with the secret, and prevailed upon her husband to conceal himself in the chest—which was passed with some slight difficulty into the ferry-boat, and removed from the waterside to Gorcum upon a horse-sledge. The maid servant, who directed the undertaking, stated that this case required especial care, from being filled with glass; and succeeded in causing it to be deposited in the house of one Bazelaer, an Arminian friend of her master, resident in the town, who received him with open arms.

Grotius, by the advice of Bazelaer, having disguised himself as a mason, quitted the house with a rule and trowel in his hand; and reached the market-place in safety, where a boat had been previously engaged for his reception, in which he soon reached Vervic in Brabant, and was restored to liberty and security.

His wife, as soon as she was satisfied by the return of the servant of their success, apprized the commandant of the escape of his prisoner, and was immediately condemned to a rigorous confinement for her share in the plot. But a decree of the States-general shortly afterwards restored her to liberty; permitting her to quit the castle of Leovenstein with all her property, and to rejoin her husband.

From Vervic, Grotius and his family proceeded to Antwerp; and having finally taken up his abode in Paris, he addressed an apology to the States-general, which provoked their indignation to such a degree, that the paper and its author were proscribed, and all persons condemned to death in whose possession it might be found. Thus exiled, he was honoured by overtures of protection by Spain, Poland, Denmark, and Holstein; but inclining towards Gustavus of Sweden, Grotius formed a friendship with Chancellor Oxenstiern, and was eventually appointed Counsellor to the Queen, and her ambassador to the court of France—where he upheld the rights and distinctions of that honourable post for a period of ten years.

Recalled at length, by his own desire, from his appointment, he had frequent and friendly interviews with Queen Christina, who would willingly have persuaded him to naturalize himself in Sweden: but Grotius asserted that the delicacy of his wife's health would not permit him to settle in so cold a country. After receiving some costly presents in plate and money from the queen, he embarked for Lubeck, and was driven by a storm upon the coast of Pomerania, near Dantzig, which he quitted for Lubeck, in an open post-waggon; and, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, this great man was attacked by a severe ague, and died at Rostock, on the road, after an illness of three days. His body was embalmed, and interred in the vault of his ancestors at Delft.

Two medals were struck in honour of Hugo Grotius; and he left behind him the reputation of the most learned and able jurisconsult of his age. His sufferings in the cause of religious liberty have shed a halo of peculiar sanctity around his memory.—Vol. I. pp. 12—21.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMN TO GOD.

In thy large Temple, the blue depth of space,
And on the Altar of thy quiet fields
(Fit shrine to grace the beauty of thy love)
Great Spirit! with earnest cheerfulness I place
This off'ring, which a grateful heart now yields.—
For all those high and gracious thoughts that rove
O'er all thy works; for all the rare delights
Of eye and ear—harmonious forms, and strains
Of deepest breath; for this ensuing Spring,
With all its tender leaves and blossoming,
And dainty smells that steam from dropping rains;
For sunny days, and silent, shining nights;
For youth, and mirth, and health—though dash'd with smarts,
As luscious creams are tinged with bitterness;
For Hope—sweet Hope! unconscious of alloy;
For peaceful thoughts, kind faces, loving hearts,
That suck out all the poison from distress:
For all these gifts I offer gratitude and joy. C.

A DILEMMA.

Which is the maiden I love best?
Twenty now are buzzing round me:—
Three in their milky arms have wound me;
One hath showered her black locks o'er me;
Ten are on the ground before me;
Casting forth such darts of blue,
That I'm pierced through and through.
Bacchus! Gods! what *can* I do?
Which must I love best?

Tell me—(ah! more gently take me,
Sweet one, in thy warm white arms!)
Tell me which will ne'er forsake me,
Through all life's ills and harms?
Is it *she* whose blood's retreating
From that forehead crowned with pride?
Is it *she* whose pulse is beating
Full against my unarm'd side?
What do all these looks betide?
Strong my doubts grow—strong—and stronger—
Quick! Give answer to my call!
If ye pause a moment longer,
I shall love them—ALL! MADCAP.

SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN WATER IN THE DESERT BETWEEN SUEZ AND CAIRO.

Extract from the *Malta Government Gazette*, dated 16th March 1831:—

'We have been favoured with an interesting account of some successful attempts made by the energy and perseverance of Mr Samuel Briggs, of Alexandria, to find water in the Desert, between Suez and Cairo. This is not only an important discovery for the natives of the country, but will no doubt facilitate the intercourse with India by way of Egypt.

'The first experiments were made in the Valley of Kesche, where the workmen bored, in one instance, to the depth of 160 feet, through a fine sand-stone, mixed with clay, without finding any humidity; and in another place to the depth of 50 feet, principally through a rock composed of fragments of silex and jaspar, when they met with a hard rock which broke the instruments, and the

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attempt was consequently relinquished in that spot. Nothing discouraged, however, the operations were transferred to the Valley of Candelli. Here water has been found in a clayey stratum, at the depth of only 13 feet, where a well is already established, to which the Arabs come for their daily supply. Above the clay is a bed of calcareous sand-stone, five feet thick, through which the water filters; and in the stratum of clay three lateral galleries have been ingeniously struck to the extent of 12 or 14 feet, which not only serve to collect the water, but, together with a further continuation of the well, to the total depth of 21 feet, form a reservoir of 1,200 cubic feet of water. The whole is to be lined with stone and mortar, which will render it a work of perfect art; and what is most important is, that the water being found so near the surface, neither the labour of camels nor machinery will be required to draw it.

'Two other wells have been commenced in the same valley, with the same prospect of success. It is believed that, as the spot is only an hour, or an hour and a half's journey from the great chain of mountains which stretches across the Desert from the Nile to the Red Sea, the waters have thence their sourse.

'This enterprise has been projected by, and carried into execution at the sole expense of Mr Briggs. He has in his employ an able mineralogist, Mr Albert Ginsberg (a Swiss, we believe), who is still continuing his researches, and is confident of finding water, and establishing wells, at other points of the route. The practical artificers are two Englishmen, named Hancock and Wood. The place of their labours will most probably soon become stations or villages, where man and animal will not only be supplied with water, but with all other necessaries in their painful journeyings; and the names of the projector and executors of this work will be remembered with gratitude by all future travellers in this hitherto sterile desert.

'Above all, it is to be hoped that the enlightened Ruler of Egypt will not fail to appreciate the zeal and perseverance of Mr Briggs, the success of whose undertaking will tend greatly to facilitate the commerce and promote the prosperity of that country.'

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

The Saddle converted into a Parapluie.—When they (the Peons) are out on the plains, and a heavy rain is about to descend, they take off their clothes, and place them under the saddle; they then ride about stark naked, under a plentiful shower-bath, and after this is exhausted, they resume their dry clothes.—*Beaumont's Buenos Ayres.*

Seamless Boots.—The native Indians make boots from the hind legs of young horses. The skin is cut round in the middle of the thigh, and again about nine inches above the fetlock; it is then stripped off. The upper part forms the leg of the boot, the hock forms the heel, and the remainder covers the foot, leaving a hole at the end, through which they thrust the great toe. This boot is cleared of the hair, and drawn over the leg and foot while the skin is yet moist, to the shape of which it comforms itself, without any further trouble. The great toe alone they rest in the stirrup when riding, which from that use of it requires extraordinary strength, and stands apart from the others.—*Beaumont's Buenos Ayres.*

Wild Bees at Buenos Ayres.—Honey-bees are numerous near the rivers; their nests are of the consistence of a swallow's nest, about the size of a man's head, and are seen fixed to the branches of trees, at about twelve feet from the ground. * * * * The natives take the bees' nests by enveloping them in their ponchos, except the hole at which the bees enter; this they hold behind them, and running in the opposite direction to the wind, the bees, on sallying forth, are carried away from their enemy, who is out of their reach in a short time. The wild honey is not highly-flavoured, and the wax is softer than in Europe.—*Beaumont's Buenos Ayres.*

— In Forster's *Encyclopædia of Natural Phœnomena*, is a curious catalogue of names for every day in the year, "according to the phœnomena which happen on an average of years on each day." An English explanation is added to the few examples here given.

Feb. 15.—	Corvinidus - - -	Rooks build.
25.—	Ornithogamia - -	Birds pair.
March 5.—	Ranicoaxus - - -	Frogs croak.
12.—	Ulularia - - -	Owls hoot.
24.—	Bellidiflora - - -	Daisies flower.
25.—	Papilionifera - - -	Butterflies appear.
April 4.—	Cerasiflora - - -	Cherry blossoms.
12.—	Philomelicantus - -	Nightingales sing.
15.—	Chelidonophoria - -	Swallows arrive.

Saturn's New Moon.—A vulgar prejudice has prevailed, from time immemorial, in Sussex, that a *Saturday's moon* brings blowing and wet weather. By some accident this has proved very true for the last twenty years. To ascribe such a phœnomena to the occurrence of the new moon on the day specially dedicated to Saturn, must, of course, obviously appear superstitious; but there may be natural causes why the conjunction of the sun and moon at some such diurnal periods may, in the long run, turn out to be connected with rough weather; and these periods once falling on a Saturday, would for a long time continue to do so; hence may have arisen this vulgar notion. Old shepherds, gardeners, hunters, and men of education, have alike testified to the fact.—*Forster's Natural Phœnomena.*

Buenos Ayres Immortality.—Mr Beaumont, in his 'Travels in Buenos Ayres,' quotes a curious passage from Mr Secretary Nunez, who, according to the author, seems a little,—no, not a *little*,—given to exaggeration, boasting of certain large potatoes, large trees, and large grains of gold, of which no other person has any knowledge:—"The first quality of the air in this country produces an effect among the inhabitants, which is easily felt, but difficult to express—we call it a confidence of living. Several foreigners have told us that they have enjoyed that exquisite sensation; and the writer of the present article has compared it with another feeling diametrically opposite, which he experienced in some of the *other unwholesome countries* of America, where, on the contrary, was felt a mistrust of living, and an almost incessant notification of the necessity of dying. It would appear that the people of Buenos Ayres, as is the case with young persons, have no practical idea of death."—In ranking this country among the *unwholesome* ones of America, Mr Secretary Nunez refers, probably, to the moral effect of this vital air; meaning to say, that it is unwholesome for man to live without the fear of death before his eyes.

Vision of the Mole.—Does the mole see? Aristotle, and all the Greek philosophers, thought it blind. Galen, on the other hand, maintained that the mole saw. He affirmed that it has all the known means of sight. The question has been resumed in modern times. Naturalists have found the eye of the animal. It is very small—not larger than a millet seed; its colour is an ebony black; it is hard to the touch; and can scarcely be depressed by squeezing it between the fingers. Besides the eyelid which covers, it is protected by long hairs, which crossing each other, form a thick and strong bandage. Such an eye ought to be destined to see. But anatomists do not find the optic nerve. What use could an eye be of, deprived of a nerve, which in other animals transmits the visual sensations to the brain, which nevertheless exist?—*Atlas.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

King's Theatre.—La Gazza Ladra—And Kenilworth.

Drury-Lane.—The Legion of Honour—Charles the Twelfth—And The National Guard.

Covent Garden.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

ORCHESTRA AT THE HAYMARKET.

TO THE TATLER.

Sir,—Can any of your readers tell me the reason why the gentlemen of the band at the French Theatre do not play between the pieces till just before the performance is about to commence? Between the first play and the Vaudeville of 'Madame du Barry' I saw two people go away; and a third and fourth were about making their exit, after *at least half-an-hour's patience*, when the band struck up. The delay on the part of the performers is accounted for by the unusual attention necessary to arrive at that perfection of ugliness and powder characteristic of the costume of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth; but one of the uses of an orchestra is to fill up these gaps, and make us rather anticipate them with pleasure, than with horror. To people who are fond of music this is a serious privation; and (if it be the custom in the French Theatre), is not to the French Theatre's advantage.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

Vester.

"NETTLEWIG HALL."

TO THE TATLER.

Dear Mr Tatler,—Allow me to call your attention to a most scandalous and imposing "*puff*" that daily appears in the bills of Drury Lane Theatre; videlicet, "*Nettlewig Hall, or Ten to One*, having been received with *universal approbation*," &c. &c.

Now, my dear Tatler, I happened to be present at the last representation of the above piece, and more insipid trash I never witnessed in any theatre. Believe me, that I am not actuated by any private feeling, as my opinion was often borne out by the repeated marks of disapprobation with which the piece was received by nearly three-fourths of the too good-humoured audience. What can be the Manager's motive for thrusting anything so unpalateable (as it proves itself on every representation) before the public, I cannot guess. A notification of this kind from your journal, so eminently and justly famed for impartial criticism, will perhaps have the effect of the Manager's withdrawing that piece, which certainly is only calculated to deteriorate from the well-earned fame of the establishment. Your delighted reader,

Philo-Tatler & Dramaticus.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Tragic Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

THE PLEDGE; OR, CASTILIAN HONOUR.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Donna Zanthe, Miss Phillips. Josepha, Mrs C. Jones. Francesca, Mrs Newcombe.
Hernani, Mr Wallack. Don Carlos, Mr Cooper.
Don Leo, Mr Macready. King of Bohemia, Mr Cowin.
Duke of Bavaria, Mr C. Jones. Duke of Gotha, Mr Thompson.
Don Mathias, Mr Bland, Don Henriques, Mr Younge.
Don Ricardo, Mr Yarnold. Don Juan de Haro, Mr Howard.
Page to Don Leo, Mr Honner. First Conspirator, Mr Hammerton.
Second Conspirator, Mr F. Cooke.

In Act V.—Glee, 'Lady, Lady, weep no more!' By Messrs Robinson, Yarnold, Bland, Price, and Bedford.

In the course of the Evening, Spohr's Overture to 'Der Berggeist;' and Rossini's Overture to 'Semiramide.'

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

THE JENKINSES.

Mrs John Jenkins, Mrs Orger. Miss Georgiana Jenkins, [Miss Crawford.
Martha, Mrs Broad.
Mr Carraway, Mr Farren. Augustus Gingham, Mr J. Vining.
Mr John Jenkins, Mr Cooper. Master John Jenkins, Master Fenton.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture (MS.) composed by H. Marschner. The rest of the Music composed and selected by Mr T. Cooke.

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Miss Byfeld.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Lane.
Principal Dancers—Mlle. R. Guet, Miss A. O'Brien, Miss Barnett, and Miss Baseke.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, The Legion of Honour; The Illustrious Stranger; [and The Brigand.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Will be revived the Tragi-Comedy, called

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

[By Mr MASSINGER.]

Aurelia, Mrs Lovell. Clarinda, Miss Lawrence. Camiola, Miss F. Kemble.
Roberto, Mr Egerton. Ferdinand, Mr Baker. Bertoldo, Mr C. Kemble.
Gonsaga, Mr Warde. Astutio, Mr Blanchard. Fulgentio, Mr Abbott.
Adorni, Mr G. Bennett. Signor Sylli, Mr Keeley. Antonio, Mr Parry.
Gasparo, Mr Duruset. Pierio, Mr Fuller. Roderigo, Mr Henry.
Jacomo, Mr Holl. Druso, Mr F. Sutton. Livio, Mr Irwin.
Father Paulo, Mr Evans. Ambassador, Mr F. Matthews. Page, Master Watson.
Soldier, Mr Mears. Scout, Mr Heath. Servants, Mess. Cooper and Addison.

After which, the Interlude of

THE BLUE DEVILS.

Annette, Miss Taylor.
James Megrim, Mr Warde. Demisou, Mr F. Matthews. James, Mr Meadows.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Asor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LE DEPIT AMOUREUX.

Comédie en Deux Actes, de MOLIERE.

Lucille, Mlle. Jamain. Marinette, Mlle. St Ange.
Grós Réné, M. Laporte. Eraste, M. Albert.
Valère, M. Guenée. Mascarille, M. Arnaud.

Suivie de la Seconde Représentation de

MADAME DU BARRY.

Comédie Vaudeville, en Trois Actes, par M. ANCELOT.

Madame du Barry, Mme. Albert. Le Maréchal de Mirepoix, Mme. Baudin.
Cécile, Mlle. Florval. Mathilde, Mlle. Eliza. Marie, Mlle. St Ange.
Eulalie, Mlle. Corra. Hortense, Mme. Gamard. Délia, Mlle. Emma.
Adèle, Mlle. Jamain. Une Femme de la Comtesse Du Barry, Mme. Préval.
Louis XV., M. Albert. Le Maréchal de Richelieu, M. St Aubert.
Le Duc d'Aiguillon, M. Alfred. Le Duc de Lavrillière, M. Préval.
Le Chancelier Meaupou, M. Guenée. Le Comte Jean du Barry, M. Laporte.
Cazotte, M. Cloup. Adrien Mirval, M. Paulin.
Le Nonce du Pape, M. Gamard. Un Coureur, M. Arnaud.
Un Hussier, M. Granville. Un Valet, M. Edouard.

Dans le cours de la Soirée, UN DIVERTISSEMENT, composé D'un Pas de Deux, par M. Emile et Mlle. Proch; et D'un Second Pas de Deux, par M. Lefebvre et Mlle. Clara, du Théatre du Roi, qui (avec la permission de M. Laporte) ont obligemment offert leur talent pour cette Soirée.

On Finira par

LE FUTUR DE LA GRAND'MAMAN.

Vaudeville nouveau en un Acte, de M. Dartois.

Marianne, Mme. Albert.
Madame Darbel, Mlle. Eliza. La Comtesse Emilie, Mlle. St Ange.
Delmare, M. Laporte. Le Comte Adolphe, M. Alfred. Mignot, M. Gamard.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE'S NEW CHARACTER.

The MAID OF HONOUR, by MASSINGER, which is to be performed to-night, will be found in Mr MURRAY'S Family Library, Dramatic Series, No. I. The purified Text of this Edition has been followed in adapting the play for representation.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In One Part, embellished with New Designs, and Humourous Cuts.

In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' 'Armagh Assises,' and 'The Omnibus.'

After which, a New Monopolologue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BAR MAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Lord Phidias Crackstone; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Capt. Cloudesly Ogle; Beau Flamington; Signor Tomma Jacksonnini; Fra Diavolo; Terrence Gossoon; Madame Pompeydoor Locandieri; and Signora Catterina.

To conclude with a Novel Entertainment, a Diapolologue, to be called

No. 26 and No. 27, OR, NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

In which Messrs MATHEWS and YATES will sustain the following Dramatis Personæ:—

Tim Wasp; Mr O'Rapparee; Poker; Phelim M'Quill; Miss Mildew; Mrs Bankinton Bombasin; Mr Capsicum; Cleopatra; Miss Capsicum; Old File; and Mr Cæsar Le Blond, &c. &c.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Entertainments will commence with the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Siffleur.

After which, the celebrated Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

VIRGINIUS! THE ROMAN FATHER.

Virginia, Miss Vincent. Servia, Miss M. C. Poole. Female Slave, Miss Rumens.
Appius Claudius, Mr D. Pitt. Caius Claudius, Mr Honner.
Marcus, Mr Almar. Virginius, Mr Osbaldiston.
Dentatus, Mr Williams. Icilius, Mr C. Hill. Numitorius, Mr Gough.
Lucius, Mr Lee. Titus, Mr Webb. Servius, Mr Rogers.
Cneius, Mr Maitland. Publius, Mr Asbury.

To be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels, in the following order. Rondo, Violin, M. Engels. German Song, Madame Boai. Overture to Lodoiska, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To which will be added the Comedy of

THE DEAF LOVER.

Sophia, Miss Vincent. Betsy Blossom, Mrs Vale. Letty, Madame Simon.
Young Meadows, Mr Elliston. Old Wrongward, Mr D. Pitt.
Young Wrongward, Mr Maitland Canteen, Mr Honner. John, Mr Gough.
William, Mr Lee. Cook, Mr Webb. Sternhold, Mr Asbury.
Groom, Mr Rogers. Bob, Mr Collier.

Spring Waltz, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To conclude with an entirely new Romantic Drama, entitled

ALWYN AND BERTHOLDY.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb.
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Musical Entertainment, called

MRS G——.

Mrs G—. Mrs Glover. Mariette, Miss Garrick. Mrs Tendre, Mrs Garrick.
Mrs Perigorge, Miss Wells. Miss Félicite Ronjon, Miss Stohwasser.
Mr Timid Tendre, Mr Marshall. Mr Perigorge, Mr Munroe. Peter, Mr G. Smith.
Mr Alexis Chasse, Mr Forrester. Corporal Cartouche, Mr Lejeune.
Achilles Bellerose, Mr J. Russell.

To which will be added, a Farcical Entertainment, called,

THE MERRY WIVES OF BARBICAN.

Peggy Darnwell, Mrs Humby. Mrs Griskin, Miss Wells.
Mrs Tally, Miss Garrick. Mrs Ringlett, Miss Stohwasser.
Mrs Vamp, Miss Brothers. Mother Gray, Mrs Garrick.
Johnny Ogle, Mr J. Russell.

To be succeeded by a New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

[By Mr BARNETT.]

Mrs Properly, Mrs Glover. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
Thomas, Mr Barnett. Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.—The Assassins of Dijon.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Basket Maker—The Farmer's Daughter—The Black Spider.

SADLER'S WELLS.—A Divertissement—The Brothers of Turin—Love and Laudanum—The Knight of Blood.

NEW CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.—Thompson and Co.—Mischief Making—A Lesson for Lovers—Quadrupeds.

CITY VAUDEVILLE. — The Fox and the Wolf — The Night Journey—The Two Citizens—Fairy Land.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. LL. D. late President of the Royal Society, Foreign Associate of the Royal Institute of France, &c. &c. &c. By John Ayrton Paris, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. &c. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

The appearance of this new edition has given us an opportunity of noticing a work, the subject of which, though not exactly of the importance which the author would assign to it, is of no common or fugitive interest. If a biography concerned only the writer and his hero, we hardly know whether the perusal of this life would have given us greater pain or pleasure. Dr Paris does not scruple to be severe upon persons who thought they had reason to find fault, and in our opinion justly, with the character of Sir Humphrey Davy, and we shall therefore not hesitate to say, that besides omitting to give a sufficient idea of the grounds which they had for their objections, the Doctor has left an impression upon us, neither in favour of the work as a biography, nor of his hero as a man; certainly not as a philosopher. The Doctor is zealous in behalf of his friend, and would fain make him out to be everything that is good and great: he has, at the same time, a love of truth, which hinders him from doing so, and gives us an insight into his weaknesses; but as he has neither let the whole truth come out, nor thinks very deeply in his remarks upon what he has told us, we rise from the perusal of the work, with the sense of its being at once friendly and timid, ingenuous and disingenuous, interesting and provoking. What the writer takes for common remarks, are very common ones: what he takes for profundity, may be sounded by an angling-rod!

Dr Paris has discovered that war is a bad thing, and that conquerors are greatly overvalued; but because conquerors fight, and men of science do not, it never strikes him, that the latter may be overrated, for the same reason as conquerors; to wit, the extent of their operations, and the importance of their effects to mankind. A warrior can fire a town and massacre the inhabitants: the least thing he does, if he gains a victory, is to leave hundreds of dead and wounded on the field; and as the disputes of nations, or rather of kings, have been hitherto settled by brute force, the scientific talents of a general, wielding that brute force in its most formidable shape, and covered with all the glory that kings and vulgar opinion can heap on them, it is not easy to estimate according to their real merits. There has always been a suspicion among philosophers that conquerors were unduly valued; and the more the world has seen of their intellectual operation, upon matters not connected with their profession, especially of late years, the more they have begun to doubt, whether the amount of the means has not been confounded with the magnitude of the result. Now the results of scientific discovery are of a magnitude far exceeding those of mere warfare, and their admirers justly claim for them a greater veneration, on account of their utility. But the more the world gain an insight into the general intellectual powers and moral rank of the peaceful as well as warlike men of science, the more, we suspect, they are inclined to doubt whether the degree of superior admiration demanded of them in behalf of the former, be not founded on a mistake, similar to that which has given an undue renown to the characters of the Wellingtons and Napoleons.

It is a wonderful thing to discover a new metal; it is a mighty thing to set in operation the enormous giants of steam; it is a blessed thing to invent a lamp which shall realize the marvels of enchantment, and enable people in safety to walk the subterranean world: but is the genius so mighty that does all this! Do the discoveries really demand powers of discernment so extraordinary? Have the numbers of scientific men, like those who speculate on mind and morals, been so great, and their intellects so remarkable, as to render excellence in this department of knowledge so very wonderful? Have those men of science, who have really surprised the world, turned out, upon a close acquaintance with their history, men of such enlarged minds, and exalted characters, as the leaders in ethics and metaphysics? Will the celebrated French and English chymists, admirable though they are, bear comparison in these respects, with the Montaignes, the Bayles, the Lockes, the Humes, and the Adam Smiths? Have men of science at any time, generally speaking, exhibited the same universality of apprehension, government of the passions, and identification of themselves with the public good, apart from worldliness and vanity, as the moral and intellectual philosophers? Do we not, with a fear that blushes to doubt his consecrated name, but which ought not to be turned against us on that account, suspect that the extent of the mind of Newton himself, has been confounded with that of the sphere he worked in, and that the reposer in Arianism, who had a tendency to believe in the French prophets, who sneered at poetry, who took off his *hat* at the name of God, as he would to a king, and who makes the weak figure lately presented to us in the work published by Lord King, could not have had the vast, and all but divine understanding, which has formed part of his renown? In a word, is there not a little term, which has been gratuitously bestowed upon men of science, and which is likely to make them suffer for it beyond what they should? We mean the word *philosopher*. Chemists, natural historians, and others, have plentifully bestowed this title on one another, and their friends have echoed it. But how far is it, or is it not, an assumption? Has not a similar confusion of ideas taken place in this instance, to the one we have been speaking of; and the knowledge which of necessity produces glimpses into the regions of wisdom, been confounded with the love of it? Philosopher implies a lover of wisdom, but the man of science is not of necessity a lover of wisdom. He may be one; but the history of Sir Humphrey Davy is alone sufficient to shew, that the love of science and the love of wisdom, are not identical propositions: nay, that the amount of the one proves nothing in favour of the extent of the other. Men, far less scientific than he, have been far wiser, both in their speculations and their conduct. Dr Paris would fain make out that his friend was a metaphysician, a great speculative moralist, and a poet: at least he thinks, that if he was not actually a poet, he might have been one. The Doctor may be assured, that if Sir Humphrey could have been a great poet, he would have been. There was nothing to hinder him. There was only the little drawback of his having a passion to be something unpoetical.

We are far from wishing to undervalue science. We only wish to understand the truth of the matter. We delight in witnessing the progress of science, and in thinking of the infinite good it may produce: we delight in reading of the discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy, and think him an extraordinary and admirable person. But all this does not make him a great philosopher, or a man who would have rivalled the greatest poets; that is to say, men whose reputation is founded upon the completest of all universalities, and who can do justice even to the half-knowledge that mocks them. Sir Humphrey Davy's poetry was sheer common-place, as his biographer has proved, though he does not know it; we mean by the specimens he has given us in his first volume. The Baronet's ethics we take to be an emanation from those of his friend Mr Coleridge, with the disadvantage of all the vitality being taken out of it, and a pure inability to follow the original stream; that is to say, Sir Humphrey's ethics are a sluggish, limited, and heavy-bodied cut, out of the shallower side of his friend's wonderful flow of thought. The quality of Sir Humphrey's mind, notwithstanding the air of his speculations, was as unetherial as possible: in fact, he was absorbed, like all men of science, in the formal and tangible,—subdued

"To what he worked in, like the dyer's hand;"

and this, as in their instance, was the excuse for what was weak and worldly in his character. There was nothing in his studies which

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of necessity involved wisdom; there was much in his discoveries, calculated, without wisdom, to injure him in its effect upon the marvelling beholders, and to make him pretend to what he did not possess. He was an admirable chemist, an ingenious writer, and, we take it, not an unkind or ungenerous man; but it is evident, from Dr Paris's work, that prosperity played the most unphilosophical tricks with him; made his unworldliness and even his kindness doubted; led him into foppery, at a time of life when other men are leaving off that puerility; and enabled him to see no deeper into a reason than was sufficient to reconcile him to his favourite pastime of angling! the propriety of which he sufficiently doubted, at the same time, to give a zest to the weakness of his will.

Dr Paris has not entered, nor was it necessary that he should, into all the domestic particulars of Sir Humphrey's life. Too many persons are concerned in such particulars, to have them canvassed with delicacy; and the most ignorant and partial conclusions might be drawn from them, if they were canvassed. We do not mean to cast a shadow of blame upon Sir Humphrey, on account of anything omitted in that respect; but as the doctor has been severe upon Sir Humphrey's rebukers, he should not have left others to tell the stories on which they founded their disapprobation; that of his treatment of Borzelius, for one. It is alluded to in these volumes, but we have none of the particulars that made it so coxcombical and inexecusable. It is easy to answer on these occasions, that the greatest men have their weaknesses. Nobody doubts that. The question is, were such weaknesses as those of Sir Humphrey, those of the greatest men. Were they not those of a man who had nothing great in him, but his science? and is not this an additional proof, that we ought to find out some new compound term for men of science, (if something *philo* be necessary to them), and no longer assume that they must be *philosophers?*

The most admirable thing about the discoverers in science, is the courage with which they will undergo the chance of being killed and blown up. There is some philosophy, we grant, in this, making allowance even for *military* ardour! for it is connected with a liberal curiosity. In justice to Sir Humphrey, our first extract shall consist of accounts he has given us, to this effect; the second of which, is surely more "terrible and appalling" than the first, though his biographer thinks otherwise. At least, the circumstances act more forcibly upon the imagination of the reader.

'"Having observed," says Davy, "that no painful effects were produced by the application of nitrous gas to the bare muscular fibre, I began to imagine that this gas might also be breathed with impunity, provided it were possible in any way to free the lungs of common air before inspiration, so as to prevent the formation of nitrous acid.

'"On this supposition, during a fit of enthusiasm produced by the respiration of nitrous oxide, I resolved to endeavour to breathe nitrous gas: one hundred and fourteen cubic inches of it were accordingly introduced into the large mercurial air-holder; two small silk bags of the capacity of seven quarts were filled with nitrous oxide.

'"After a forced exhaustion of my lungs, my nose being accurately closed, I made three inspirations and expirations of nitrous oxide in one of the bags, in order to free my lungs, as much as possible, from atmospheric oxygen; then, after a full expiration of the nitrous oxide, I transferred my lips from the mouth-piece of the bag to that of the air-holder, and, turning the stop-cock, attempted to inspire the nitrous gas. In passing through my mouth and fauces, it tasted astringent and highly disagreeable; it occasioned a sense of burning in the throat, and produced a spasm of the epiglottis, so painful as to oblige me to desist immediately from attempts to inspire it. After removing my lips from the mouth-piece, when I opened them to inspire common air, *nitrous acid* was immediately formed in my mouth, which burnt the tongue and palate, injured the teeth, and produced an inflammation of the mucous membrane, which lasted for some hours.

'"As, after the respiration of nitrous oxide, a small portion of the residual atmospheric air always remained in the lungs mingled with the gas, so is it probable that, in the experiment just related, a minute portion of nitrous acid was formed; and if so, I perhaps owe the preservation of my life to the circumstance; for, supposing that I had succeeded in taking a full inspiration of the nitrous gas, and even that it had not produced any positive effects, it is not likely that I should, by breathing nitrous oxide, have so completely freed my lungs from it, as to have prevented the formation of nitrous acid when I again inspired common air. I never design again to attempt so rash an experiment."

'His attempt to breathe carburetted hydrogen gas was scarcely less terrific and appalling.

'"Mr Watt's observations on the respiration of diluted *hydro-carbonate* by man, and the experiments of Dr Beddoes on the destruction of animals by the same gas, proved that its effects were highly deleterious.

'"As it destroyed life, apparently by rendering the muscular fibre inirritable, without producing any previous excitement, I was anxious to compare its sensible effects with those of nitrous oxide, which at this time I believed to destroy life by producing the highest possible excitement.

'"In the first experiment, I breathed for nearly a minute three quarts of *hydro-carbonate*, mingled with nearly two quarts of atmospheric air.* It produced a slight giddiness, pain in the head, and a momentary loss of voluntary power; my pulse was rendered much quicker and more feeble. These effects, however, went off in five minutes, and I had no return of giddiness.

'"Emboldened by this trial, I introduced into a silk bag four quarts of gas nearly pure, which was carefully produced from the decomposition of water by charcoal an hour before, and which had a very strong and disagreeable smell.

'"My friend Mr James Tobin, junior, being present, after a forced exhaustion of my lungs, the nose being accurately closed, I made three inspirations and expirations of the hydro-carbonate. The first inspiration produced a sort of numbness and loss of feeling in the chest, and about the pectoral muscles. After the second, I lost all power of perceiving external things, and had no distinct sensation, except that of a terrible oppression on the chest. During the third expiration, this feeling subsided, I seemed sinking into annihilation, and had just power enough to cast off the mouth-piece from my unclosed lips.

'"A short interval must have passed, during which I respired common air, before the objects around me were distinguishable. On recollecting myself, I faintly articulated, '*I do not think I shall die.*' Placing my finger on the wrist, I found my pulse thread-like, and beating with excessive quickness. In less than a minute I was able to walk, and the painful oppression on the chest directed me to the open air.

'"After making a few steps, which carried me to the garden, my head became giddy, my knees trembled, and I had just sufficient voluntary power to throw myself on the grass. Here the painful feelings of the chest increased with such violence as to threaten suffocation. At this moment I asked for some nitrous oxide. Mr Dwyer brought me a mixture of the gas with oxygen, and I breathed it for a minute, and believed myself recovered.

'"In five minutes the painful feelings began gradually to diminish; in an hour they had nearly disappeared, and I felt only excessive weakness, and a slight swimming of the head. My voice was very feeble and indistinct.

'"I afterwards walked slowly for half an hour with Mr Tobin, and on my return was so much stronger and better as to believe that the effects of the gas had entirely passed off; though my pulse was 120, and very feeble. I continued without pain for nearly three quarters of an hour, when the giddiness returned with such violence as to oblige me to lie on the bed; it was accompanied with nausea, loss of memory, and deficient sensation.

'"In about an hour and a half the giddiness went off, and was succeeded by an excruciating pain in the forehead, and between the eyes, with transient pains in the chest and extremities.

'"Towards night these affections gradually diminished; and at ten no disagreeable feeling, except weakness, remained. I slept sound, and awoke in the morning very feeble and very hungry. No recurrence of the symptoms took place, and I had nearly recovered my strength by the evening.

'"I have been minute in the account of this experiment, because it proves that *hydro-carbonate* acts as a sedative; that is, it produces diminution of vital action, and consequent debility, without previously exciting. There is every reason to believe that, had I taken four or five inspirations, instead of three, they would have destroyed life immediately, without producing any painful sensation."'

* '"I believe it had never been breathed before by any individual in a state so little diluted."'

MINING IN SOUTH AMERICA.—For three hundred years, mining has been the favourite pursuit of the Spanish Americans; it is a species of gambling in which they delight; but the wiser of their race have a good saying on the subject, to this effect:—"If a man find only dirt on his land, he may grow rich,—if he find silver, he is sure to become poor,—and if gold, to be ruined."—*Beaumont's Buenos Ayres.*

PASSAGES FROM COWPER'S LETTERS.—I remember having been told by Colman, that when he once dined with Garrick, he repeatedly pressed him to eat more of a certain dish that he was known to be particularly fond of; Colman as often refused, and at last declared he could not.—"But could not you," says Garrick, "if you were in a dark closet by yourself."

— An officer of a regiment, part of which is quartered here, gave one of the soldiers leave to be drunk six weeks, in hopes of curing him by satiety;—he *was* drunk six weeks, and is so still, as often as he can find an opportunity. One vice may swallow up another, but no coroner, in the state of Ethics, ever brought in his verdict, when a vice died, that it was—*felo de se.*

— I told you I read the book with great pleasure, which may be accounted for from its own merit; but perhaps it pleased me the more, because you had travelled the same road before me. You know there is such a pleasure as this, which would want great explanation to some folks, being, perhaps, a mystery to those whose hearts are a mere muscle, and serve only for the purposes of an even circulation.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PAUPERS' JUBILEE.

TO THE TATLER.

E——— Workhouse, April 9, 1831.

SIR,—Having lately seen in the papers several pieces of verse by "uneducated poets," I am encouraged to send you a specimen of what we can do in our parish. It is not, I confess, a *first* attempt; nor will it, probably, if I have health and strength, be the last.

I am, Sir, your constant reader, for nearly 20 years,

JOHN DANTON.

HURRAH! Who was e'er so gay
As we merry folks to-day?
Brother beggars, do not stare,
But toss your rags into the air,
And cry, "No work, and better fare!"
Each man, be he saint or sinner,
Shall to-day have—MEAT *for dinner!!!*

Yesterday, oh, yesterday!
That indeed was a bad day;
Iron bread, and rascal gruel,
Water drink, and scanty fuel,
With the beadle at our backs,
Cursing us as we beat flax,
Just like twelve Old Bailey varlets,
Amongst ochre-picking harlots.

Why should we such things endure?
Though we be the Parish Poor,
This is usage bad and rough:
Are not age and pain enough—
Lonely age, unpitied pain,
With the *Ban*, that like a chain,
To our prison bare hath bound us,
And the unwelcomed Winter round us?

Why should we for ever work?
Do we starve beneath the Turk,
That, with one foot in the grave,
We should still toil like the slave?
Seventy winters on our heads,
Yet we freeze on wooden beds,
With one blanket for a fold,
That lets in the horrid cold,
And cramps and agues manifold.

Yet,—*sometimes* we're merry people,
When the chimes clang in the steeple:
If 't be summer-time, we all
(Dropsied, palsied, crippled) crawl
Underneath the sunny wall;
Up and down, like worms, we creep,
Or stand still and fall asleep,
With our faces in the sun,
Forgetting all the world has done!

If 't be May, with hawthorn blooms
In our breasts, we sit on tombs,
And spell o'er, with eager ken,
The epitaphs of older men
(Choosing those, for some strange reasons,
Who've weather'd ninety—a hundred seasons)
Till forth at last we shout in chorus,
"*We've thirty good years* STILL *before us!*"

But to-day's a bonny day;
What shall we be doing?
What's the use of saving money,
When rivers flow with milk and honey?
Prudence is our ruin:
What have we to do with Care?
Who, to be a Pauper's heir,
Would mask his false face in a smile,
Or hide his honest hate in guile?

But come,—Why do we loiter here?
Boy! go get us some small beer:
Quick! 'Twill make our bloods run quicker,
And drown the devil Pain in liquor.
March, so cold, is almost past,
April will be here at last;
And May must come,
When bees do hum,
And Summer over Cold victorious:
Hurrah! 'Tis a prospect glorious:—
Meat! Small Beer! and Warmer Weather!
Come, boys,—let's be mad together!

J. D—N.

[J. D—n is not one of those, of whom it can be said "Videri vult pauper, et *est* pauper." His poverties are rich and admirable. There is capital stuff in this poem, and a reach of feeling and thought far deeper than its merriment seems to announce.—EDIT. TATLER.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Pledge—The Jenkinses—And the Ice Witch.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Maid of Honour—The Blue Devils—And Newbo's Cave.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE play of the *Maid of Honour*, which was performed at this theatre last night for the first time since the year 1785 (when we understand the KEMBLES first revived it) is a curious instance of the perversity of design attributed to MASSINGER'S genius by a late eminent critic. We allude to the opinion quoted from Mr HAZLITT in a late number of the *Tatler*. The heroine, who gives the title to the piece, is a young lady of Palermo, who has secretly fixed her affections on a young Knight of Malta (Mr C. KEMBLE), and *refuses* him when he seeks her in marriage, because his order implies a vow of celibacy. He says he can get a dispensation from the Pope; but this she will not hear of, because vows made to heaven ought not to be broken for earthly purposes. This is a pious sentiment, though unfortunately not very Catholic; but the Pope is not to stand in the way of the lady's perversity. *Bertoldo* (so the Knight is named), goes to the wars in despair, and gets taken prisoner. The *King of Sicily*, his brother (he was a natural son of the late King) refuses to ransom him, because the war he assisted in was an unjust one, and even in violation of his knightly oath, having been waged against a woman. *Camiola*, the *Maid of Honour*, hearing of his captivity, generously sends two-thirds of her fortune to effect his deliverance, adding, in contempt of her former scruples and of his new infidelity to his order, a request that he will marry. To complete the self-will of this arrangement, the messenger who is despatched on this errand of love and joy is a poor gentleman, her kinsman and unsuccessful adorer (Mr BENNETT). *Bertoldo*, in raptures, willingly signs a bond to be made happy; but the Princess, against whom he had fought, seeing him, falls in love, and offers him her crown, which, with the shortest possible fit of remorse, (not more than three minutes or so) he accepts. She accompanies him home to Sicily, and they present themselves as future man and wife to the King, who pardons him for the sake of his alliance. Meanwhile, the poor messenger has returned to *Camiola* with intelligence of his rival's deliverance and faithlessness; and because he owns that he did not grieve at the man's villainy, as she wishes him to have done, she tells him he is of a malicious disposition, and reads him a formal lecture upon it, sixteen lines long. She then proceeds to court, confronts *Bertoldo* before his Princess and the King, succeeds in preventing his marriage, and making him penitent, and finally, directs a certain friar to be called for, in order that she may be "married." *Bertoldo* has the grace to suppose that the marriage cannot be intended for himself; *Signor Sylli*, a rich fool (KEELEY), who has long been a fantastic suitor to her, concludes that *he* is to be the happy man; and the spectator makes up his mind that she is to do one reasonable thing in the course of her life, and marry her true lover, the poor kinsman. No: she makes her parade, completes her perversity, and marries *heaven!* videlicet, turns nun. However, she leaves the poor man some money. She then, in order to leave no piece of pragmaticalness undone, gives an injunction to *Bertoldo* to resume the cross of his order (and of course the celibacy with it) which he, like an accommodating miserable gentleman, agrees to; and so the curtain falls.

As this is one of the most foolishly perverse, so it is altogether one of the poorest plays of MASSINGER, having nothing worthy of his reputation in incident, character, or dialogue. Its morals are fantastic; its impression, except at the last moment, feeble; and then, when it excites attention, it disappoints it.

It was heard, for the most part, with little interest. Miss KEMBLE was more pleasingly dressed than we remember to have seen her; her black locks were very gracefully arranged, and her yellow robe suited them. But she made few "points," as they are called; none, till the conclusion; and the other performers can

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hardly be said to have done more, taken all together. KEELEY's part was well done, but there was little to do in it. CHARLES KEMBLE was dressed with his usual gallant good taste, and looked like a very knight. There was nothing so good as his look, in the author's share of him. The getting up of the play, in point of scenes and decorations, is excellent; and there was considerable approbation when the curtain fell; but we cannot anticipate a long run for it. One of Mr KNOWLES's tragedies beats this production of a celebrated name, all to pieces.

NAMES OF SHIPS.—The names of ships are sometimes rendered very ludicrous by the context. In looking into Beaumont's *Buenos Ayres* this morning, the first passage I opened upon, was this:—"The arrival of the Countess of Morley is looked forward to at Buenos Ayres, as an addition to their navy."—In the same page, we are told that the *Harmony* is a war-ship. Sometimes we are given to understand that princes, kings, queens, and emperors, are subject to the command of Captains Smith, or Jenkins; that the Invincible has been taken by the enemy; that Aurora disappeared at day-break, that the Zephyr is seen advancing from the east, and that Apollo went down at noon-day; the Sophias, Janes, and Arabellas, are made to carry heavy cargoes; and Mercury and Camilla are left behind, being unable to keep pace with John Bull.

ANECDOTES OF POPE.—During Pope's residence at Binfield, he passed many hours at Oakingham, in a little back parlour, at the Rose Inn, called the Mitre. In the wall of the room was a small recess, called Pope's Repository, in which he frequently committed to paper ideas that occasionally occurred to him. In that room was written Molly Mogg, the joint production of Pope, Gray, and Swift, in their moments of hilarity. The Rose Inn was kept by two sisters, and it was to celebrate the beauty of the younger that this song was composed. * * * * Mr B. a respectable barber at Oakingham, frequently declared that he dreaded going to Mr Pope's house to shave him, as he scarcely ever could perform it under an hour, and very often it would take him an hour and a half, and sometimes two hours, as during the operation, he was continually ordered to stop, while Mr Pope penned down his occasional thoughts.—*Life of Gilbert Wakefield.*

PLEASURE OF BEING AN EMPEROR.—When the Emperor Joseph the Second was in Paris, in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, he was in the habit of walking about the city incognito. One morning, he went into an elegant coffee-house, and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, saying it was too early. Without making any reply, he walked out, and went into a little coffee-house, nicknamed the one-eyed. He asked for a cup of chocolate, and the landlord politely answered that it should be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance. The Emperor wished her a good day, according to the French mode; and observed to her father that it was time she should be married. "Ah!" replied the old man; "if I had but a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a man who is very fond of her—but, Sir,—the chocolate is ready." The Emperor called for pen, ink, and paper; the girl ran to fetch them; and he gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr Benson Hill.
Hector, Miss Poole. Guillaume, Master Richardson.

In the course of the Evening, A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles.' H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'The Law of Java,' and Cherubini's Overture to 'Anacreon.'

After which, a Musical Farce, in Two Acts, called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Fatima, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Irza, Miss Faucit. Aboulifar, Mr Thompson. Arsan, Mr Bland.
Alibajou, Mr Webster. Bowbell, Mr Liston. Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To conclude with the Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Ottavia, Miss Faucit. Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicole, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert, Mr H. Wallack. Theodore, Mr J. Vining.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack.
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford. Spoletto, Mr Bland.

To-morrow, The Pledge; Nettlewig Hall; and The Ice Witch.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE'S NEW CHARACTER.

The MAID OF HONOUR, by MASSINGER, which will be repeated To-morrow night, will be found in Mr MURRAY's Family Library, Dramatic Series, No. I. The purified Text of this Edition has been followed in adapting the play for representation.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosedelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON's Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ladwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Buntung, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, The Maid of Honour; Two Strings to Your Bow; and Neuha's Cave

SURREY THEATRE.

The Entertainments will commence with the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Siffleur.

After which the Comedy of

THE BENEVOLENT JEW.

[By CUMBERLAND.]

Mrs Ratcliffe, Mrs Vale. Eliza, Miss Scott. Dorcas, Madame Simon.
Mrs Goodison, Miss Nicol.
Sheva, Mr Elliston. Sir Stephen Bertram, Mr D. Pitt. Frederick, Mr C. Hill.
Charles Ratcliffe, Mr Osbaldiston.
Jabal, Mr Vale. Saunders, Mr Almar. Waiter, Mr Lee.

Previous to the Comedy, Cherubini's Overture to 'Anacreon.'

To be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels, in the following order. Rondo, Violin, M. Engels. German Song, Madame Boai. Rule Britannia, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To which will be added, an entirely New Interlude, called

"MY OWN BLUE BELL;" OR, THE ARMY AND NAVY.

[By Mr D. PITT.]

Lucy Lance, Miss Nicol.
Miss Bella Blue, Ensign Blue, of the Guards, and David Allan, by Miss L. Slade, In which she will introduce 'My own Blue Bell,' 'All among the Hottentots,' and A Sailor's Hornpipe.
Major-General Sir Basil Blue, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Sergeant Bang, with the Song of 'Who'll serve the King,' Mr Vale.
College Hornpipe, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To conclude with the Historical Drama, entitled

WILLIAM TELL.

Austrians.—Anneli, Miss Vincent. Agnes, Miss Scott.
Gesler, Mr D. Pitt. Sarnam, Mr Almar. Struth, Mr Hobbs.
Braun, Mr Rogers. Rudolph, Mr Lee. Leitold, Mr Richards.
Swiss.—Emma, Miss C. Poole. William Tell, Mr Osbaldiston.
Albert, Miss Ellis. Waldman, Mr Webb. Michael, Mr C. Hill. Erni, Mr Tully.
Melctal, Mr Gough. Verner, Mr Maitland. Furst, Mr Young.
Jaghelli, Mr Honner. Pierre, Mr Ransford. Theodore, Mr Asbury.

In Act II.—Savoyards' Glee, by Mesdames Rumens, Nicol, Rogers, Boden, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music by Mr G. Cooke.

Lady Evergreen, Miss Wells. The Hon. Miss Frankly, Mrs Glover.
Rose, Miss Ayres. Colonel Faircourt, Mr Forrester.

After which a New Comic Operetta, to be called,

PECCADILLOES.

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

To which will be added an Original Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

DELUSIONS.

[By Mr BARNARD.]

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Marshall. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Grasiot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Il Barbiere,' Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflöte, and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.—The Assassins of Dijon.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Basket Maker—102; or, the Veteran and his Progeny——The Black Spider.

CITY VAUDEVILLE.—Intrigue—The Breakfast Table—The Bee Hive—William and Mary.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. LL.D. late President of the Royal Society, Foreign Associate of the Royal Institute of France, &c. &c. &c. By John Ayrton Paris, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. &c. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

(Continued from yesterday.)

We shall now give a few specimens of the universalities of this illustrious chemist,—a few among many, from which the reader may judge of his right to the title of philosopher. A philosopher is not bound to love pictures, or to be without those tendencies to superstition which may be generated, we grant, in a wise as well as an ignorant consciousness of the unknown. Neither is it incumbent upon him to have a perfect address, especially after early habits of rusticity. But he is bound to know the value and dignity of art: he is bound not to give himself airs in the presence of its noblest productions; he is bound to controul his tendencies to superstition, instead of giving way to them: and when he finds his personal manners at a disadvantage with those who think less of themselves, or have received a luckier breeding, he is bound to rate address at what it is worth; or at all events, to make the simplest and most rational compromise with his awkwardness, avoiding an air of arrogance above all things.

'Sir Humphrey was conducted by Mr Underwood to the Louvre. The English philosopher walked with a rapid step across the gallery, and to the great astonishment and mortification of his friend and *cicerone*, did not direct his attention to a single painting. The only exclamation of surprise that escaped him was—"What an extraordinary collection of fine frames!" On arriving opposite to Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration, Mr Underwood could no longer suppress his surprise, and in a tone of enthusiasm he directed the attention of the philosopher to that most sublime production of art, and the chef-d'œuvre of the collection. Davy's reply was as laconic as it was chilling.—"Indeed, I am glad I have seen it;" and then hurried forward, as if he were desirous of escaping from any critical remarks upon its excellencies.

'They afterwards descended to view the statues in the lower apartments; here he displayed the same frigid indifference towards the higher works of art. A spectator of the scene might have well imagined that some mighty spell was in operation, by which the order of nature had been reversed:—while the marble glowed with more than human passion, the living man was colder than stone. The apathy, the total want of feeling he betrayed on having his attention directed to the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, and Venus de Medicis, was as inexplicable as it was provoking, but an exclamation of the most vivid surprise escaped him at the sight of an Antinous, treated in the Egyptian style, and sculptured in *alubaster*. "Gracious powers," said he, "what a beautiful stalactite!"

'What a strange—what a discordant anomaly in the construction of the human mind do these anecdotes unfold! we have here presented to us a philosopher, who, with the glowing fancy of a poet, is insensible to the divine beauties of the sister-arts! Let the metaphysician, if he can, unravel the mystery,—the biographer has only to observe, that the Muses could never have danced in chorus at his birth.'—Vol. II. p. 10.

No: the biographer should first have ascertained whether there was any mystery to unravel. Dr Paris begs the question, and then wonders at it. He has first to prove to us that Sir Humphrey *was* a philosopher, and *had* the glowing fancy of a poet; neither of which we take his book to have done.

'November 17th.—Mr Underwood states that on this day he met Humboldt at dinner at Davy's hotel, and he adds—"I do not know whether you are aware that Sir Humphrey had a superstitious dislike at seeing a knife and fork placed cross-wise on a plate at dinner, or upon any other occasion; but I can assure you that such was the fact; and when it occurred in the company of his intimate friends, he always requested that they might be displaced; whenever this could not be done, he was evidently very uncomfortable.'*—P. 17.

* I repeat this as I received it: from my own personal knowledge I can neither confirm nor refute it; although I am inclined to believe that Davy was tinged with a degree of superstitious feeling, or a certain undefined species of credulity, which shelters itself under the acknowledged inadequacy of human reason, to connect causes with effects.'

* * * * * * *

'It was on the 13th of December 1813, that Davy was elected a corresponding member of the first class of the Institute; there were forty-eight members present, and he had forty-seven votes: Guyton de Morveau being the only person who opposed his election.

'Nothing ever exceeded the liberality and unaffected kindness and attention with which the *savans* of France had received and caressed the English philosopher. Their conduct was the triumph of science over national animosity,—a homage to genius, alike honourable to those who bestowed, and to him who received it; and it would be an act of ingratitude, a violation of historical justice, on the part of the English biographer, did he omit to express the pride and admiration with which every philosopher in his country continues to regard it. It would have been fortunate for the cause of science, and fortunate to the historian, could he have terminated the subject with these remarks; but the biographer has an act of justice to perform, which he must not suffer his friendship to evade, nor his partialities to compromise.

'It would be an act of literary dishonesty, to say that Sir Humphrey Davy returned the kindness of the *savans* of France, in a manner which the friends of science could have expected and desired. There was a flippancy in his manner, and superciliousness and hauteur in his deportment, which surprised as much as they offended. Whatever opinions he might have formed as to the talents of the leading chemists, it was weakness to betray, and arrogance to avow them.

'He had, by a single blow, fatally mutilated the system which was the pride and glory of the nation; it was ungenerous to remind them of his triumph. It required but little tact to have reconciled the French philosophers to the revolution he had effected; but, unfortunately, that cannot be said of Davy, which was so wittily observed of Voltaire,—that if he trod upon the toes of their prejudices, he touched his hat at the same time: even the affair of Jodine, had it been skilfully managed, would never have left an angry feeling. It was not his success, but the manner in which he spoke of it, that rendered it so offensive. He should have acted according to the judicious advice given to a member of the clerical profession, upon his consulting a friend as to the propriety of his continuing his field sports, should he become a dignitary of the church—"You may hunt, but you must not holloa."

'It may be supposed that the unguarded conduct of Davy reached the ear of the Emperor, for in a conversation with one of the leading members of the Institute, Napoleon took occasion to observe, that he understood the young English chemist held them all in low repute.

'Having thus candidly avowed the errors of Davy, I may be justified in claiming from the reader his confidence in the sincerity with which I shall attempt to palliate them. From my personal knowledge of his character, I am inclined to refer much of that unfortunate manner, which has been considered as the expression of a haughty consciousness of superiority, to the desire of concealing a *mauvaise honte* and *gaucherie*—an ungraceful timidity which he could never conquer. The bashful man, if he possess strong passions, will frequently force himself into a state of effrontery, by a violence of effort, which passes amongst ordinary observers for the sallies of pride, or the ebullitions of temper; whereas, if, on the contrary, his temper be cold and passionless, he will exhibit traits of the most painful reserve. This proposition cannot, perhaps, be more forcibly illustrated than by a comparison of the manners of Davy and Cavendish, whose temperaments were certainly as much opposed to each other, as fire is to ice: the latter, however, was shy and bashful to a degree bordering upon disease, and nothing so much distressed him as an introduction to strangers, or as his being pointed out as a person distinguished in science. On one of the Sunday evening soirées of Sir Joseph Banks, he happened to be conversing with his friend Mr Hatchett, when Dr Ingenhouz, who was rather remarkable for pomposity of manner, approached him with an Austrian gentleman in his hand, and introduced him formally to Mr Cavendish. He recounted the titles and qualifications of his foreign friend at great length, and concluded by saying, that he had been particularly anxious to be introduced to a philosopher so universally celebrated throughout Europe as Mr Cavendish. As soon as Dr Ingenhouz had finished, the Austrian gentleman began; he assured Mr Cavendish, that one of his principal inducements in coming to London, was to see and converse with one whom he considered the most distin-

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guished chemist of the age. To all these high-flown addresses, Mr Cavendish answered not a single word, but stood with his eyes cast down on the floor, in a state of the most painful confusion. At length, espying an opening in the crowd, he darted through it with all the speed he could command, and never stopped until he reached his carriage, which immediately drove him home.

'From the same cause, probably, arose Davy's inattention and carelessness in those little observances of etiquette, which many may treat as empty and unmeaning ceremonials, but which the members of a polished community regard as the delicate expression of feeling and the language of sentiment.

'It is said that on conversing in the chamber of the Institute, he received one of its most distinguished and venerable members, who approached him with the air of salutation, without rising from his seat; a circumstance, perhaps, in itself of a very trifling importance, but it was considered a mark of disrespect, which is not readily forgiven, when a spirit of rivalry may be supposed to sharpen the affront. It will be remembered that Cæsar might date his loss of popularity to the fact of his having received the Senate, while sitting in the porch of the Temple of Venus, and that it formed one of the chief pretences of those who organised the conspiracy against his person.'—P. 26.

A courtesy may be a trifle, and yet the omission of it a great matter. It may show the temper of a man's mind to a painful excess, and warrant the most benignant wisdom, in thinking him ill qualified to pretend to an equality of rank with it, much less a superiority.

DOCTOR BURNEY'S INTERVIEW WITH VOLTAIRE, IN 1770.

My going to Mr Fritz, broke into a plan which I had formed of visiting M. de Voltaire, at the same hour with some other strangers, who were then going to Ferney. But, to say the truth, besides the visit to M. Fritz being more *my business*, I did not much like going with these people, who had only a bookseller to introduce them; and I had heard that some English had lately met with a rebuff from M. de Voltaire, by going without any letter of recommendation, or anything to recommend themselves. He asked them what they wanted? Upon their replying they wished only to see so extraordinary a man, he said—"Well, gentlemen, you now see me—did you take me for a wild beast, or monster that was fit only to be stared at as a show?" This story very much frightened me; for not having any intention of going to Geneva, when I left London, or even Paris, I was quite unprovided with a recommendation: however I was determined to see the place of his residence, which I took to be—

Cette maison d'Aristippe, ces jardins d'Epicure:

to which he had retired in 1755, but was mistaken. I drove to it alone, after I had left M. Fritz. This house is three or four miles from Geneva, but near the lake. I approached it with reverence, and a curiosity of the most minute kind. I inquired *when* I first trod on his domain; I had an intelligent and talkative postillion, who answered all my questions very satisfactorily. His estate is very large here, and he is building pretty farm-houses upon it. He has erected on the Geneva side a quadrangular *justice*, or gallows, to show that he is the *seigneur*. One of his farms, or rather manufacturing houses, for he is establishing a manufacture upon his estate, was so handsome that I thought it was his *château*. We drove to Ferney, through a charming country, covered with corn and vines, in view of the lake and mountains of Gex, Switzerland, and Savoy. On the left hand, approaching the house, is a neat chapel, with this inscription:—

DEO
EREXIT
VOLTAIRE
MDCCLXI.*

I sent to enquire whether a stranger might be allowed to see the house and gardens, and was answered in the affirmative. A servant soon came, and conducted me into the cabinet or closet where his master had just been writing, which is never shown when he is at home; but having walked out, I was allowed that privilege. From thence I passed to the library, which is not a very large one, but well filled. Here I found a whole length figure in marble of himself, recumbent, in one of the windows; and many curiosities in another room; a bust of himself, made not two years since; his mother's picture; that of his niece, Madame Denis; his brother, M. Dupuis; the Calas family, and others. It is a very neat and elegant house, not large, nor affectedly decorated.

I should first have remarked, that close to the chapel, between that and the house, is the theatre, which he built some years ago, where he treated his friends with some of his own tragedies: it is now only used as a receptacle for wood and lumber, there having been no play acted in it these four years. The servant told me his master was seventy-eight, but very well. "*Il travaille*," said he, "*pendant dix heures chaque jour.*" He studies ten hours every day; writes constantly without spectacles, and walks out with only a domestic, often a mile or two—"*Et le voila, là bas!*" and see, yonder where he is.

* When this building was constructed, M. de Voltaire gave a curious reason for placing upon it this inscription. He said that it was high time to dedicate *one church to God*, after so many had been dedicated to Saints.

He was going to his workmen. My heart leaped at the sight of so extraordinary a man. He had just then quitted his garden, and was crossing the court before his house. Seeing my chaise, and me on the point of mounting it, he made a sign to his servant, who had been my *cicerone*, to go to him, in order, I suppose, to enquire who I was. After they had exchanged a few words together, he approached the place where I stood motionless, in order to contemplate his person as much as I could when his eyes were turned from me; but on seeing him move towards me, I found myself drawn by some irresistible power towards him, and, without knowing what I did, I insensibly met him half-way.

It is not easy to conceive it possible for life to subsist in a form so nearly composed of mere skin and bone, as that of M. de Voltaire. He complained of decrepitude, and said he supposed I was anxious to form an idea of the figure of one walking after death. However, his eyes and whole countenance are still full of fire; and though so emaciated, a more lively expression cannot be imagined.

He enquired after English news, and observed that poetical squabbles had given way to political ones; but seemed to think the spirit of opposition as necessary in poetry as in politics. "*Les querelles d'auteurs sont pour le bien de la littérature, comme dans un gouvernement libre, les querelles des grands, et les clameurs des petits, sont nécessaire à la liberté.** And added, "when critics are silent, it does not so much prove the age to be correct, as dull." He enquired what poets we had now; I told him we had Mason and Gray. They write but little, said he; and you seem to have no one who lords it over the rest like Dryden, Pope, and Swift. I told him that it was one of the inconveniences of periodical journals, however well executed, that they often silenced modest men of genius, while impudent blockheads were impenetrable, and unable to feel the critic's scourge: that Mr Gray and Mr Mason had both been illiberally treated by mechanical critics, even in newspapers; and added, that modesty and love of quiet seemed in these gentlemen to have got the better even of their love of fame.

During this conversation, we approached the buildings that he was constructing near the road to his *château*. These, said he, pointing to them, are the most innocent, and perhaps the most useful of all my works. I observed that he had other works, which were of far more extensive use, and would be much more durable than those. He was so obliging as to show me several farm-houses that he had built, and the plans of others; after which I took my leave, for fear of breaking in upon his time, being unwilling to rob the public of things so precious as the few remaining moments of this great and universal genius.—*Burney's Musical Tour in France and Italy.*

* Disputes among authors are of use to literature; as the quarrels of the great, and the clamours of the little, in a free government, are necessary to liberty.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO MY COUNTRY.

ENGLAND! that in thy confidence of power
Dost lie like guarded sleep—keep wide thine eyes!
Time on his grey wing bears a whirlwind hour,
That shall make chaff of all thy vanities:
But of that scattering, whether smiles or sighs
Shall be the issue, doth depend on thee—
Awake, old country! from thine apathy;
And, gentle mother! make thine offspring blest
With more of equal plenty and sweet rest
Than is their dowry now, that they may feel
A filial heart beat for their parent's weal:
Let not a few wax gross with luxury,
Whilst thousands famish on one scanty meal—
Old parent, wake! and hear thy children's cry.

W

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT.—Were I asked who is the most arbitrary sovereign on earth, I should answer, neither the King of France nor the Grand Signior, but an overseer of the poor in England.—*Cowper.*

A LIBERAL ACTION LIBERALLY REWARDED.—The celebrated banker, Tortonia, of Rome, was the son of a *valet de place*. Tortonia, who was an active and intelligent young man, at first entered into business in a small way as a jeweller. In course of time, he became a sort of banker; and an unexpected circumstance brought him in contact with Cardinal Chiaramonti. On the death of Pius VI, a conclave was to be held at Venice for the election of a new Pope. Chiaramonti was unable to attend for want of money, and Tortonia advanced him a few hundred crowns. The Cardinal accordingly repaired to Venice, where in the church of St George, he was elected Pope, under the title of Pius VII. In gratitude for this act of service, the Sovereign Pontiff, on his return to Rome, appointed him banker to the court. He was created a marquis, and afterwards a duke, and is now perhaps one of the richest capitalists in Europe.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

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A Poet's Hermitage.—When poets talk of cottages, hermitages, and such like things, they mean a house with six sashes in front, two comfortable parlours, a smart staircase, and three bedchambers, of convenient dimensions; in short, such a house as this [the poet's house at Weston.]—*Cowper.*

French Politeness in Low Life.—I accompanied two ladies to the Champs Elysees, to see the sports upon the occasion of the Fête St Louis. From various booths they were distributing, as is customary, bread, sausages, and wine, to the populace. A charbonnier—one of the lowest of the low—who had been unsuccessful in getting his little barrel filled at one of the booths, was hastening to another. His clothes were begrimed; and from head to foot was he discoloured by the wine which had been spilt over him. He looked like the Red Demon in *Der Freischutz.* As his path lay immediately in the direction where we were standing, and I had a lady on each arm, it was impossible for him to pass, on either side, without leaving on the dress of one of them a disagreeable recollection of his transit. Now, I have no hesitation in saying that not an individual of the whole body of English coal-heavers—for whom I entertain, in all other respects, profound veneration—but would have made his way (especially if it had led to a pot of porter) without consideration of consequences to silk or muslin; nor am I quite certain but that he would have derived a savage pleasure from the mischief he might have committed. Not so Monsieur le charbonnier. On approaching us he stopped; and gently touching my elbow with a tip of a finger, at the same time taking off his hat and making a bow to the ladies, he said—"*Pardon, Monsieur; c'est pour ne par salir ces dames.*" We drew aside, in order that he might pass. He took the opportunity as gingerly as possible; and honouring us with another bow, and a "*Merci, Monsieur et Mesdames,*" away he scampered. Now I think it may safely be said that the finest courtier in Europe—though his bow might have been more graceful, and his manner altogether more refined—could not have done the thing in better taste or with better feeling. It was a specimen of the truest politeness—the politeness of the heart.—*After-dinner Chat—New Monthly Magazine.*

Another Musical Duel.—Since I wrote last, we have had a visit from ——— I did not feel myself vehemently disposed to receive him with that complaisance from which a stranger generally infers that he is welcome. By his manner, which was rather bold than easy, I judged that there was no occasion for it, and that it was a trifle which, if he did not meet with, neither would he feel the want of. He has the air of a travelled man, but not of a travelled gentleman; is quite delivered from that reserve which is so common an ingredient in the English character, yet does not open himself gently and gradually, as men of polite behaviour do, but bursts upon you all at once. He talks very loud, and when our poor little robins hear a great noise, they are immediately seized with an ambition to surpass it;—the increase of their vociferation occasioned an increase of his, and his in return acted as a stimulus upon theirs—neither side entertained a thought of giving up the contest, which became continually more interesting to our ears during the whole visit. The birds however survived it, and so did we. They, perhaps, flatter themselves they gained a complete victory, but I believe Mr ———, could have killed them both in another hour.—[It is melancholy to contrast the melancholy of Cowper's latter years, with the easy cheerfulness observable in this, and very many other of Cowper's letters to his friends. It is scarcely possible to write with a more amiable and confiding familiarity; he has—(to use his own words, in speaking of another writer "an air of pleasantry, good-nature, and humanity, that makes him, in my mind, one of the most amiable writers in the world."]

A Swallow's Nest at Sea.—In the harbour of St Peter and St Paul there is sufficient depth of water close to the shore to admit of landing by means of a plank only. This proximity led a pair of swallows to mistake our frigate for a building upon terra firma, and, to the infinite delight of the sailors, who regarded it as a lucky omen, they deliberately built themselves a nest close to my cabin. Undisturbed by the noise in the ship, the loving pair hatched their brood in safety, fed their young ones with the tenderest care, and cheered them with joyous songs. But when on a sudden they saw their peaceful dwelling removing from the land, they seemed astonished, and hovered anxiously about the ship, yet still fetched food for their young from the shore, till the distance became too great. The struggle between the instincts of self-preservation and parental love then became perceptible. They flew round the vessel, then vanished for a while, then suddenly returned to their hungry family, and stretching their open beaks towards them, seemed to lament that no food was to be found. This alternate disappearing and returning continued some time, and terminated in the parents returning no more. The sailors then took on themselves the care of the deserted orphans. They removed them from the nest, where the parents' warmth was necessary, to another lined with cotton, and fixed in a warm place, and fed them with flies, which seemed to please their palates very well. The system at first appeared to have perfectly succeeded, and we were in hopes of carrying them safely to America; when, in spite of the most careful attention, they fell sick, and on the eighth day, to the general sorrow, not one of our nurslings remained alive.—*Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury-Lane.—The Legion of Honour—The Illustrious Stranger — And The Brigand.

Covent-Garden.—Asor and Zemira—And Nouha's Cave.

Queen's Theatre.

We have little to say of the new musical piece here, entitled *Pescadilloes.* It is the old story of two gallants (Mr E. Seguin and Mr Bennett) in love with each other's wives (Miss Dix and Miss Vernon), and led by the contrivances of a chambermaid (Mrs Humby) to have hopeful assignations with *their own!* With this chambermaid, there is of course an intriguing valet to match (Mr Green). The substance of the action and dialogue is thinly scattered over a larger surface than is quite warrantable; and the dialogue is not remarkable for originality, any more than the plot; but it is neat, and we should say, in some parts, gives evidences of a taste in style above the vulgar. The best, though not the most probable thing in the piece, is the appearance of the two gallants suddenly confronting one another on the balconies of each other's houses, and drawing their swords in the vain distance. This amused the audience a good deal, and with reason.

The music, by Mr Grattan Cooke, does not impress us with much sense of its novelty; and yet it strikes us as some of the most promising we have heard a long time from a young composer (which we understand him to be). There is an elegance above the common in many of the harmonies: we should say, that there is something unvulgar about the style of the whole of it; and we should not wonder, if the opening bass song, sung by Mr Seguin became a favourite.

Mr Seguin, who has got as genuine a sonorous bass voice as if he sang inside a cauldron, did justice to this composition; but we cannot say so much for his acting in the piece, as in *Galatea.* He seems less at home as he approaches to common life. We hardly know what to say to Miss Dix. She seems a painstaking singer, and ambitious to be a speaker as well; which is a good ambition. We should say at present, that she promised to be a better actress than singer; for there is a crudeness in her voice, which makes it seem as if it had been prematurely brought forward, and she does not assist it by any great ripeness of feeling or richness of execution. Mr Green sang a song about ladies and the moon with better skill than we had looked for, and with more success perhaps than he himself expected; for he hazarded some doubtful jocosities of manner at the conclusion, of which it is not easy to see the zest; but they turned out well. He got an encore.

Adelphi.

We were not aware the first night of the new entertainments here, that one of the reasons why the last part of them failed, was an offence strongly and justly taken by some of the audience, at Mr Yates's exhibition of a poor woman known in the city as a sufferer under mental alienation. How a man of his sense could think of introducing such a character, is hardly conceivable; but as we understand it has been dropped in the last performance (together with a mistake of a similar kind on the part of Mr Mathews) we are glad to be relieved from the necessity of saying anything more about it. The warmth with which the objectors took the matter up, especially one gentleman in the front seat of the pit, whose fervour did him honour, may be easily understood, when we read the following account of this unfortunate woman, which has been furnished us by an estimable correspondent:—

'The hapless female is well known at the Bank, and in its vicinity. Her brother was some years ago a clerk there—committed a forgery—was tried, and executed. This poor creature, then a handsome and interesting girl, became *insane*; and from that time has haunted the offices and purlieus of the place in a black, shroud-like dress, the spectre of her former self, gibbering of claims and bonds and frauds, and startling some of the "gentlemen" with strange expressions allusive to her brother's fate. She is daily in the City, except on Sundays; you may then see her, in all weathers, going along the Kent road towards Greenwich. When she arrives there, she takes a seat in the park, on a bench by herself: the deer know her, and stricken as she is, come to her; she feeds them from her little scrip of a basket, and I have seen them lick her hands. She is harmless and friendless—God help her, and God forgive those who ridicule her.'

Mr Yates could surely not have been aware of the extent of these circumstances. She must have been represented to him as a woman merely fantastic. ☞

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Tragic Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

THE PLEDGE; OR, CASTILIAN HONOUR.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Donna Zanthe, Miss Phillips. Josepha, Mrs C. Jones. Francesca, Mrs Newcombe.
Hernani, Mr Wallack. Don Carlos, Mr Cooper.
Don Leo, Mr Macready. King of Bohemia, Mr Cowin.
Duke of Bavaria, Mr C. Jones. Duke of Gotha, Mr Thompson.
Don Mathias, Mr Bland, Don Henriquez, Mr Younge.
Don Ricardo, Mr Yarnold. Don Juan de Haro, Mr Howard.
Page to Don Leo, Mr Hoaner, First Conspirator, Mr Hammerton.
Second Conspirator, Mr P. Cooke.

In Act V.—Glee, 'Lady, Lady, weep no more!' By Messrs Robinson, Yarnold, Bland, Price, and Bedford.

In the course of Evening, Spohr's Overture to "Pietro Von Abano;" and Auber's Overture to "La Muette de Portici."

After which, a New Farce, in Two Acts, called

NETTLEWIG HALL; OR TEN TO ONE.

[By Mr C. M. WESTMACOTT.]

Miss Emily Constant, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing, 'Tis sweet when the Moon is beaming, to list to the Nightingale's song.' Mrs Deborah, Mrs C. Jones.
Maria, Mrs Orger. Old Nancy, Mrs Broad. Cook, Miss Neville.
Housemaid, Miss Cooke. Chambermaids, Mesdames Jackson and Hammerton.
Sir John Julius Nettlewig, Mr Farren. Frederick Ramble, Mr Vining.
Tim Transit, Mr Harley. Patrick O'Doherty, Mr H. Wallack.
Ben Backstay, Mr Bedford.
Coachman, Mr Tayleure. Footman, Mr S. Jones. Gardener, Mr Bishop.
Grooms, Messrs Price and Cramer. Undertaker, Mr Stanley.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture (MS.) composed by H. Marschner. The rest of the Music composed and selected by Mr T. Cooke.

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Miss Byfield.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips.
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Lane.
Principal Dancers—Mlle. R. Guet, Miss A. O'Brien, Miss Barnett, and Miss Baseke
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, The Hypocrite; The Legion of Honour; and Turning the Tables.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragi-Comedy, called

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

[By MASSINGER.]

Aurelia, Mrs Lovell. Clarinda, Miss Lawrence. Camiola, Miss F. Kemble.
Roberto, Mr Egerton. Ferdinand, Mr Baker. Bertoldo, Mr C. Kemble.
Gonzaga, Mr Warde. Astutio, Mr Blanchard. Fulgentio, Mr Abbott.
Adorni, Mr G. Bennett. Signor Sylli, Mr Keeley. Antonio, Mr Parry.
Gasparo, Mr Duruset. Pierio, Mr Fuller. Roderigo, Mr Henry.
Jacomo, Mr Holl. Druso, Mr F. Sutton. Livio, Mr Irwin.
Father Paulo, Mr Evans. Ambassador, Mr F. Matthews. Page, Master Watson.
Soldier, Mr Mears. Scout, Mr Heath. Servants, Mess. Cooper and Addison.

Previous to the Play, C. M. Von Weber's Overture to "Der Beherrscher der Geister."

After the Play, Andrea Romberg's Overture to "De Roviae di Palussi."

After which, the Farce of

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

Donna Clara, Miss Taylor. Leonora, Miss Lawrence. Maid, Mrs Brown.
Lazarillo, Mr Keeley. Don Pedro, Mr F. Matthews.
Don Sancho, Mr Barnes. Ferdinand, Mr Duruset. Borachio, Mr Evans.
Octavio, Mr Parry. Porter, Mr Fuller. Waiters, Messrs. Heath and Mears.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuhà, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Turquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Asor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LE PAYSAN PICARD.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. BRAZIER.

Eliza, Mlle. Cora. Marton, Mlle. Eliza.
M. Gercour, M. Cloup. Ernest, M. Gamard. St Léon, M. Paulin.
Frontin, M. Arnaud.

Suivi de la Première Représentation de

LE PROCUREUR ET L'AVOUE.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. SCRIBE et DUPIN.

Auguste, Mademoiselle Eliza.
Victor, Madame Cora. Piedléger, Mlle. St Ange. Rose, Madame Gamard.
M. Brunet remplira le Rôle de Jollvet.
Derville, M. Alfred. Franval, M. St Aubert. Dubelair, M. Paulin.

Suivi de

VALENTINE: OU, LA CHUTE DES FEUILLES.

Drame nouveau en Deux Actes, Mêlé de Chante, par MM. St HILAIRE et VILLENEUVE.

Mme. Albert remplira le Rôle de Valentine.
Mathilde de Lemits, Mlle. Jarmain. Marguerite, Madame Préval.
Georgette, Mlle. St. Ange.
Alfred, M. Alfred. M. de Valhen, M. Cloup. Muller, M. St. Aubert.
Ludwie, M. Gamard. Un Valet, M. Granville.

On Finira par la Première Représentation de

LE DESESPOIR DE JOCRISSE.

Folie en Deux Actes, du Théâtre des Variétés.

Sophie, Mademoiselle Florval. La Mère de Jocrisse, Madame Bandin.
Nicette, Mademoiselle St Ange.
M. Brunet remplira le Rôle de Jocrisse. M. Duval, M. Préval.
M. Dupont, M. Cloup. Dupont Fils, M. Paulin.
Le petite Colin, Frère de Jocrisse, le petite Auguste.

DOMESTIC INSTRUCTION.

A GENTLEWOMAN whose residence adjoins Kensington Gardens, and who has brought up and educated a large family, being at present découvrè from her sons having gone out into the world, wishes to RECEIVE into her domestic circle, now consisting only of herself and daughter, TWO LITTLE BOYS, from five to ten years of age, whom she would instruct in the Latin Accidence, and such rudiments as are fitted to prepare them for large or public schools. This arrangement is particularly desirable for little boys whose delicacy of constitution may unfit them for encountering the habits and discipline of a school. The advertiser been has accustomed to pay great attention to the health of her own children, and the same care would be extended to those confided, to her charge.—References will be given.—Address—A. B. C., 45 Broad street, Golden square.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humourous Cuts.

PART I.

In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.

'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolologue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BAR MAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gomeen; Bean Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Entertainments will commence with the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Siffleur.

After which the Comedy of

THE BENEVOLENT JEW.

[By CUMBERLAND.]

Mrs Ratcliffe, Mrs Vale. Eliza, Miss Scott. Dorcas, Madame Simon.
Mrs Goodison, Miss Nicol.
Sheva, Mr Elliston. Sir Stephen Bertram, Mr D. Pitt. Frederick, Mr C. Hill.
Charles Ratcliffe, Mr Osbaldiston.
Jabal, Mr Vale. Saunders, Mr Almar. Waiter, Mr Lee.

To be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Bosi and Monsieur Engels, in the following order. Rondo, Violin, M. Engels. German Song, Madame Bosi. The Swiss Boy, by Michel Bosi, on his Chin.

To which will be added the Comedy of

THE DEAF LOVER.

Sophia, Miss Vincent. Betsy Blossom, Mrs Vale. Letty, Madame Simon.
Young Meadows, Mr Elliston. Old Wrongward, Mr D. Pitt.
Young Wrongward, Mr Maitland. Canteen, Mr Honner. John, Mr Gough.
William, Mr Lee. Cook, Mr Webb. Sternhold, Mr Asbury.
Groom, Mr Rogers. Bob, Mr Collier.
Queen of Prussia's Waltz, by Michael Bosi, on his Chin.
To conclude with a new Nautico-Domestic Drama, entitled

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

ACT I.—WINTER.

Alice Manners, Miss Scott.
Bella Manners, Miss Somerville. Dame Bellerton, Miss Nicol.
Nancy Blackberry, Miss Ellis. Lawrence Glennon, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Miles Bellerton, Mr C. Hill. Marmaduke Magog, Mr Vale.
Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honner. Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.

Between the First and Second Acts a lapse of Five Years is supposed to take place.

ACT II.—SUMMER.

Alice Manners, Miss Scott. Bella, Miss Somerville.
Mary Blackberry, Miss Rumens. Kitty Spiteful, Mrs Rogers.
Captain Glennon, Mr Dibdin Pitt. Barbelot, Mr Almar.
Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honner.
Calvesdine and Avery, Mr Ransford and Mr Lee. Marmaduke Magog, Mr Vale.
Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers. Bluff Laconic, Mr C. Hill.
Master Marmaduke Magog, jun. Master Carberry.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music by Mr G. Cooke.

Lady Evergreen, Miss Wells. The Hon. Miss Frankly, Mrs Glover.
Rose, Miss Ayres. Colonel Faircourt, Mr Forrester.

After which a New Comic Operetta, to be called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorensa, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

To which will be added an Original Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

DELUSIONS.

[By Mr BARNARD.]

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Marshall. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overtue to 'Il Barbiere,' Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflöte, and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.—The Assassins of Dijon.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Basket Maker—The Farmer's Daughter—The Black Spider.

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Nº 199.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1831.

EFFECT OF THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

ENTHUSIASTIC EXPRESSION OF PUBLIC FEELING AT DRURY LANE LAST NIGHT.

DEAR MR TATLER,—I have just come from the Theatre. The whole audience, after the performance of "Nettlewig Hall" (which, by the bye, has been damned half a dozen times) rose as if by previous concert, and amidst cries of "Reform! Reform!" called for 'God save the King.' Cheering continued loud and lustily for about ten minutes, after which the curtain drew up, and presented a crowded stage, among whom were Mrs Waylett, Mr Bedford, and (I believe) Miss Pearson. Their appearance was greeted with great applause, interrupted, however, by occasional cries of "Hear, hear!" The latter lady sang the first verse (as uncomposedly as the suddenness of the occasion would lead one to expect) Bedford gave the second, and Mrs Waylett, in her usual pleasing style, sang the third, the audience joining in the chorus, in a glorious strain of patriotic discord.

I am, dear Mr T.

Your constant Reader,

Half-past eleven, Friday night. VESTER.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A FORTUNATE RENCONTRE.

In a gloomy day, in the month of November, a traveller on horseback stopped at the door of an inn in the village of Ruelle, which adjoins the park of Malmaison. The hostess went out to receive him, and having given his horse to the stable boy, he ordered dinner. He was shewn into the best room in the house, and the busy hostess set about preparing his repast. In a few minutes another traveller on horseback stopped at the inn, and also ordered dinner. "I am very sorry that I cannot accommodate you, Sir," said the hostess, "but everything we have in the house has been bespoke by a gentleman who arrived a few minutes before you."—"Go up stairs," said the traveller, "and tell your guest I shall be obliged to him if he will permit me to share his dinner, and I will defray my portion of the expense." The hostess delivered the message to the first traveller, who politely replied, "Tell the gentleman I shall be glad of his company, but that it is not my practice to accept payment from persons whom I invite to dine with me." The second traveller accordingly went up stairs, and, having expressed his acknowledgments for the kind reception he had experienced, they both sat down to table. The dinner was as cheerful as could be expected, considering the short acquaintance of the parties; but during the dessert, when some excellent wine was placed before them, the conversation became more unrestrained, and the second traveller ventured to ask his obliging Amphytrion what had brought him to that part of the country, where he appeared to be a stranger. "I have been ordered here," he replied, "by the cardinal" [de Richelieu].—"By the cardinal!" resumed his companion, in a tone of surprise. "Pardon my curiosity, Sir, if I inquire whether you suppose you have given his eminence any offence?"—"By no means," replied the first traveller; "and it is to free myself from any such imputation, that I have come here. The fact is, there has been published at Rochelle, my native town, a virulent satire upon the public conduct and personal character of the cardinal, several copies of which have been addressed to the king; and though I never in my life wrote a single word that has appeared in print, I am unjustly accused of being the author of this pamphlet. Nothing obtains such ready belief as the whisperings of folly and ill-nature; and I have therefore lost no time in obeying the summons of his eminence, in the hope of effectually refuting the absurd charge that has been brought against me."—"Sir," said his companion, with an expression of marked anxiety, "return thanks to providence for the fortunate accident which has introduced me to you to-day. I also have been summoned hither by the cardinal, and for no other purpose, I am convinced, than that of beheading you!" A thrill of horror passed through the frame of the person to whom these words were addressed. "Yes, sir," resumed the speaker, "I again say, my task would have been to behead you. I am the executioner of a neighbouring town; and whenever the cardinal has any secret act of vengeance to perform, I receive orders to repair to the castle. The particulars I have just heard you relate, together with the hour of your appointment here, all convince me, beyond a doubt, that you are marked out as a victim. But fear nothing; I will secure your escape. Order your horse instantly, and go with me. I will acquit myself of the debt of gratitude which your courtesy has imposed on me."

The horror and alarm of the poor traveller may be more easily conceived than described. He instantly ordered the horses to be saddled, and having paid the bill, he and his companion set out, taking a private way through the wood of Bretard. "Do you see," said his guide, as they approached the castle, "that grated window which almost reaches the crannies of the central turret? In that dungeon sentences, against which there is no appeal, are pronounced and executed, and the mutilated bodies of the victims are hurled into the moat below, where they are speedily destroyed by quicklime. Neglect not to observe my instructions. Conceal yourself behind that hedge; and if, within the space of an hour, you see a light glimmering at the window which I have pointed out, then you may conclude that I am ordered here to execute vengeance on another; but if, on the contrary, you see no light, rely on it that you yourself are the intended victim. In that case, lose not a moment. Profit by the darkness of the night and the swiftness of your horse. Gain the frontier, and then plead your cause as you think fit. But permit me to tell you, that it is absurd to seek to justify yourself against the imputation of an offence which you have not committed; for, where despotism reigns, law and justice are powerless." Having expressed unbounded gratitude to his tutelary saint, the traveller withdrew to his hiding-place. The suspicions of the cardinal's agent were correct. No light appeared at the window of the turret; and at the expiration of the hour the traveller galloped off. He immediately quitted France, and did not venture back until after the death of the cardinal. On returning to his native country, his first business was to visit the inn of Ruelle, and to make enquiries respecting his benefactor, who, however, had not been seen or heard of for several years. He then related his adventure, which has since become a local tradition, and has conferred celebrity on the inn of Ruelle, known by the name of the *Cheval Blanc*. The room in which the two travellers dined is shown to this day, and is called *la salle de bon secours*.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

ANECDOTE OF THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

After supper I again joined the Prince de Ligne, whom I met in one of the ball-rooms, admiring the dancing of some of the ladies of the tournament. "Observe," said I to him, "how beautiful the Countess Rezewouski looks this evening: the elegance of her dress is rivalled only by the charms and graces of her person."—"To see her surrounded by all this splendour and happiness," said the Prince, "you would not suppose her to be the heroine of one of the most extraordinary adventures of this extraordinary age; but I can assure you that a prison was her cradle, and a poor laundress's garret her first school." As I expressed some surprise on hearing this, he added, drawing me aside, "Come this way, and I will relate to you an episode of her life, which I have heard twenty times from her own lips.—At that period of the reign of terror, when France was covered with scaffolds, Princess Fanny Lubomirska, who was as celebrated for beauty as she was illustrious by birth, resided in Paris. She had with her her only daughter Rosalie, who was then five years of age; and for her safety she confidently relied on the sacred law of nations. She was, however, denounced to the revolutionary committee, on the charge of conspiring against the republic, and arraigned before that sanguinary tribunal: to be suspected, accused, and condemned to death, was in a few days the fate of the unfortunate victim. During her imprisonment in the Conciergerie she was separated from all her servants, but she was allowed to have her daughter with her; and the day on which she was carried to the scaffold, she recommended Rosalie to the care of some of her fellow-prisoners. But the latter, in their turns, speedily experienced the same fate as the Princess, and left Rosalie as a dying bequest to their companions in misfortune. The poor child was at length consigned to the charitable care of the laundress of the prison, whose name was Bertot. This poor woman, though she had five children of her own to maintain, generously took charge of the poor orphan, and removed her from the prison to her own obscure lodging. Rosalie, who was now consigned to a sphere of life very different from that which fate had marked out for her, was alike remarkable for her beauty and amiable disposition. She diligently assisted her benefactress in her domestic occupations, and her adopted mother cherished the same affection for her as for her

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own children. The reign of blood had ceased, and the list of the victims, which was at that period published throughout Europe, informed the friends of the Countess, that in a country which was called free, an illustrious Polish lady had paid the forfeit of her head for her imprudent confidence in a misguided people.

On being made acquainted with the horrible intelligence, Count Rezewouski, the princess's brother, hastened to Paris, where, with the assistance of the magisterial authorities, he actively endeavoured to discover the daughter of his unfortunate sister. For several weeks, however, his efforts were unavailing: advertisements, promises of reward, nothing had been neglected. But the advertisements never reached the eye of the poor laundress, and the jailer of the Conciergerie, the only person who could give him any account of the orphan, was dead, and had had two successors. The count almost relinquished every hope of attaining his object, and began to fear that misery had hastened the death of his niece. However, Rosalie's trials were drawing to a close: it happened that the laundress of the Conciergerie, also washed for the hotel *Grange Batelliere*, where the count had put up on his arrival at Paris. One morning, when Rosalie, accompanied by her adopted mother, brought home some linen to the hotel, the count saw her as she crossed the court-yard. He was struck with her beauty, and thought he could trace in her features some resemblance to those of his sister. "What is your name, my little girl?" said he. "Rosalie."—"Rosalie!" repeated the count, with surprise. "My good woman," continued he, addressing himself to the laundress, is this your child?"—"I might say she is mine, sir, for I have brought her up since she was five years old: however, I am not her mother, she is the daughter of a lady, who died a prisoner in the Conciergerie, and she has now neither father nor mother."—"A lady, who was a prisoner in the Conciergerie?"—"Yes, sir, and a lady of quality, too; but she was guillotined like many others, by Robespierre." The count no longer doubted that his niece stood before him. He immediately addressed Rosalie in the Polish language, the accents of which revived all the impressions of her childhood. She burst into tears, and running into the arms of the count, she exclaimed, "I understand you, sir, I understand you, that is the language that my mother used to speak!" The count pressed the child to his bosom, saying, "Have I at length found thee, Rosalie! the child of my beloved sister!" Then turning to the laundress, who stood motionless with surprise, he said, "Bertot, continue still to be her mother—she shall not leave you. She has been a part of your family,—you shall henceforth be a part of hers. Rosalie shall now begin to share her bettered fortune with you!" With these words he put into her hand a purse of gold, and desired her to remove, with her children, to the hotel *Grange Batelliere*. A few days afterwards he left Paris to return to Poland, whither Bertot and her family accompanied Rosalie. The children of the laundress were brought up under the eyes of the Count. The boys were placed at the University of Wilna, and afterwards having entered the Polish army, they became the aides-de-camp of Prince Poniatowski; and the girls, to whom handsome portions were given, married Polish gentlemen. The beautiful Countess Rosalie, who is very naturally the object of your admiration, married her cousin, Count Rezewouski. Since, happiness has spread its golden veil over her destiny: her benefactress, the estimable Bertot, continues to reside with her, and the Countess, who loves her as a mother, calls her her Providence." This, added the Prince, is an anecdote that deserves to be engraven on the hearts of all women.—*The same.*

NAPOLEON A FORMIDABLE PLAYMATE.

After making a few visits, we called on Isabey, to see his fine collection of portraits * * * * I saw also a likeness of the Prince de Ligne, animated by all the fine expression of the original, and a full-length of Napoleon himself, walking in the gardens of Malmaison. "Then he really had the habit of walking with his arms crossed in this manner?" said I.—"Unquestionably," replied Isabey, "and that, together with his other remarkable habit of stooping his head, at one time well nigh proved fatal to me. During the consulate, I had been dining one day with some of Bonaparte's young aides-de-camp at Malmaison. After dinner, we went on the lawn fronting the château, to play at leap-frog: you know that was a favourite college game of ours. I had leaped over the heads of several of my companions, when, a little further on, between an avenue of trees, I saw another, apparently waiting for me, in the requisite position. Thinking I had not yet completed my task, I ran forward, but unfortunately missed my mark, springing only to the height of his neck. I knocked him down, and we both rolled along the grass to the distance of at least ten yards. What was my horror on discovering that the victim of my unlucky blunder was no other than Bonaparte himself! At that period he had not even dreamed of the possibility of a fall; and this first lesson was naturally calculated to rouse his indignation to the utmost degree. Foaming with rage, he drew his sword, and had I not proved myself a better runner than a leaper, I have no doubt but he would soon have made an end of me. He pursued me as far as the ditch, which I speedily cleared, and fortunately for me, he did not think fit to follow my example. I proceeded straight to Paris, and so great was my alarm, that I scarcely ventured to look behind me until I reached the gates of the Tuileries. I immediately ascended to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, for the persons of the household were accustomed to admit me at all times. On seeing my agitation, Josephine at first concluded that I was the bearer of some fatal news. I related my adventure, which, in spite of my distress, appeared to her so irresistibly comic, that she burst into a fit of laughter. When her merriment had somewhat subsided, she promised, with her natural kindness of heart, to intercede with the Consul in my behalf. But knowing her husband's irascible temper, she advised me to keep out of the way, until she should have an opportunity of appeasing him, which to her was no very difficult task, for at that time Napoleon loved her most tenderly. Indeed her angelic disposition always gave her a powerful ascendancy over him, and she was frequently the means of averting those acts of violence to which his ungovernable temper would otherwise have driven him. On my return home, I found lying on my table an order not to appear again at the Tuileries; and it was during my temporary retirement that I finished the portrait you were just now looking at. Madame Bonaparte, on presenting it to the Consul, obtained my pardon, and my recall to court. The first time Bonaparte saw me after this affair was in Josephine's apartments, and, stepping up to me goodnaturedly, he patted me on the cheek, saying, "Really, Sir, if people will play tricks, they ought at least to do them cleverly."—"*Mon Dieu*," said Josephine laughing, "if you had seen his look of terror when he first presented himself to me, you would have thought him sufficiently punished for his intended feat of agility."—*The same.*

LOVE CHANGING SIDES.

Count Pletenberg was enjoined by his uncle's will to marry, before he had completed his twenty-fifth year, a young lady of noble descent; and if he failed to do this, he was to forfeit the whole inheritance which, fulfilling that condition, he was to enjoy. Being reminded of this clause in the will, by his steward, at a period when he had no time to lose, the count commenced a diligent search after a bride. All his friends were set to work, and after a few days' search, their choice fell upon Mademoiselle Adelaide de Gallemberg. The decayed fortunes of the young lady's family made the proposal a desirable one, and, accordingly, the preliminaries were settled without delay; after which, the count repaired to Neustadt to pay his respects to his future spouse, who was still in a convent there for the completion of her education. Adelaide was only fifteen; it had been intimated to her that she was to be immediately united to a handsome young man, possessing an immense fortune, and with it, sovereign power;—her imagination had been so much excited by these representations, that she became deeply enamoured of the count, the first moment she saw him. Notwithstanding her extreme beauty, however, the count himself considered the union only as an affair of necessity. Soon after his marriage, therefore, he left his wife under the care of her governess, and the guidance of her mother. He plunged into every kind of dissipation, gloried in his excesses, and openly exulted in his unfeeling conduct towards his young and lovely wife. She suffered without complaint, and answered only by tears to the consolations offered her. By the exercise of every domestic virtue, by resignation, and the most devoted attachment, she hoped in time to win the heart, of the possession of which she thought herself deserving. But her hopes were vain; and rather than continue to endure the wretchedness of beholding every day the man who made so cold a return to her affections, she solicited and obtained his permission, at the age of eighteen, to retire to one of his estates in Bohemia. Misfortune operates on elevated minds, as the storm does on the atmosphere, which it purifies. During the many years that she lived in this solitude, she devoted herself to the continual exercises of piety and charity. The count, having exhausted every enjoyment that Vienna could afford, travelled in search of new ones. Thus fourteen years elapsed; when at last Count Pletenberg became weary of his dissipated life, and thought of his country and his wife. He repaired to Bohemia, and beheld once more the woman to whom he had been united by the most sacred vows. He found the countess still in her bloom. Time and reflection had soothed her sorrows; and in the tranquil life she had led, her personal charms had preserved their primitive freshness. The most extraordinary part of the story is, that Pletenberg now fell desperately in love with his wife. But time had operated very differently on the countess; her tenderness was changed to aversion. His dissolute habits had been regularly reported to her, by those who wished that they might produce on her their due impression; and it was to no purpose that the count now resorted to every demonstration of repentance, affection, and sincerity. She remained insensible to his entreaties, and to the solicitations of her friends that she would consent to a reconciliation. The count urged a visit to Vienna, in the hope that in the tumult of festivity, her heart would more easily open itself again to that feeling, which formerly it cherished. She consented to accompany him, and even to take part with him in all the gaieties which now abound in this splendid capital; but she continues insensible to all the demonstrations of his affection, and seems to look upon their present fruitless ardour, as a punishment of which he has no right to complain. The poor man has become an object of ridicule by the servile excess of his devotion. Always sighing as at the age of eighteen, and as jealous as a sexagenarian, he never moves from her side. He is ever taking up her gloves, her handkerchief, &c., and pressing them to his bosom in public. But all this tends to increase the aversion he has raised. Proscribed from the nuptial bed, which he had so long disdained, he complains of this rigour in prose, and laments his fate in verse. In short, his enthusiasm has become so great, that if it continues for any length of time, his intellects must become affected by it. You now understand the

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origin of the extreme paleness in the lady's countenance, which so much attracted your notice. In her situation, there is something infinitely more natural in the settled melancholy her face evinces, than in a more animated expression —*Abridged from the Journal of a Nobleman.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— Napoleon related that a few days before the battle of Austerlitz, some agitation had prevailed, particularly in Paris. "The warmth of the court party," said he, "had fallen to temperate; but on hearing of my success, they rallied round me as if they had been charged by the Cossacks. This is the way of the world."—*Madame Campan.*

— It was a saying of Napoleon's, that if you but scratched the skin of a Russian, you would instantly discern the barbarian.

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—One day, when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate speech in Chancery, Lord Clare (the then Chancellor of Ireland) brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him; and during the progress of the argument he leant his ear much more to the dog than to the barrister. At last, the Chancellor seemed to lose all regard to decency; he turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case, and begun in full court to fondle the animal. Curran stopped short. "Go on, go on, Mr Curran," said Lord Clare. "Oh," replied Curran, "I beg a thousand pardons, my lord; I really took it for granted that your lordship was *employed in consultation.*"

MISSIONARIES IN OTAHEITE.—It is painful to contemplate the great change which has taken place in the habits of the natives of Otaheite since the Missionaries have been established there. Kotzebue and Captain Beechey both represent the change as a melancholy one; and whatever good may have been effected by their influence, in the prevention of theft, &c. seems infinitely overbalanced by the mischief they have done in other respects. The persons who have settled there as Missionaries, appeared to have been mere fanatics, having no other object in view than to acquire power by the inspiration of fear. The people, formerly cheerful and happy, are now melancholy and demure. The most innocent recreations are forbidden them; their dramatic amusements, their singing, dancing, &c. have wholly ceased. Some English Missionaries (of which there are now six residing in the island) contrived to gain over the King, who then governed in peace and tranquillity, but, under the influence of these mistaken men, the King gave orders for the destruction of every memorial of the former worship; the new religion was by order established, and every one who would not embrace it was *put to death.* "Streams of blood flowed, whole races were exterminated," says Kotzebue; "many resolutely met the death they preferred to the renunciation of their ancient faith. Some few escaped by flight to the recesses of the lofty mountains, where they still live in seclusion, faithful to the gods of their ancestors." When the King had thus forced upon his subjects what he called Christianity, he was smitten with an ambition of conquest, that he might force it upon the neighbouring islands also; but his schemes failed; he was not only repulsed, but, after some successes, conquered by Pomareh, the young King of Tabua, who "offered the zealot murderer of his innocent subjects as a sacrifice to their manes." After the death of Pomareh, his successor being yet in his infancy, the Missionaries contrived to get the power entirely into their own hands, and are to be considered rather as fanatical tyrants than religious or moral instructors. "The religion taught by these Missionaries is not true Christianity. That it was established by force, is of itself an evidence against its Christian principle. A religion which consists in the eternal repetition of prescribed prayers, which forbids every innocent pleasure, and cramps or annihilates every mental power, is a libel on the Divine Founder of Christianity, the Benign Friend of human kind." Both the travellers above-mentioned speak at some length on this subject, and agree in lamenting the melancholy change produced. Their representations are interesting, but too long to extract. The following mode of spending the Sunday is from Kotzebue's 'New Voyage round the World,' in 1823, &c. He first describes the beauty of the morning, and his surprise at the deadly stillness that reigned on shore, "At length we obtained, from the boat sent off to us at break of day with provisions, an explanation of this enigma. The inhabitants of Tahaiti (Otaheite) were celebrating the Sunday, on which account they did not leave their houses, where they lay on their bellies, reading the Bible and howling aloud; laying aside every species of occupation, they devoted, as they said, the whole day to prayer."—The Captain goes on shore.—"The loud prayer of the Tahaiti Christians reached my ears as I approached their habitations. All the doors were closed, and not even the children allowed to enjoy the beauty of the morning."—In another part of his work this writer says—"Wilson (one of the Missionaries) was originally a common sailor, but has zealously devoted himself to theology. * * * * * * Besides the English Missionaries, some native Tahaitians, after receiving a suitable education, are sent to spread Christianity among the islands of the dangerous Archipelago. In Russia, a careful education, and diligent study at schools and universities, is necessary to qualify any one to be a teacher of religion. The London Missionary Society is more easily satisfied; a half-savage, confused by the dogmas of an uneducated sailor, is, according to them, perfectly fitted for the sacred office."

A GALLANT INFORMER.—A diligence on the point of passing the French frontiers, to enter a neighbouring kingdom, where several articles of French manufacture were not admitted, a lady, who was one of the passengers, had a fine lace veil concealed about her person. One of the passengers who had smuggled articles to a large amount with him, unknown to any of the other passengers, on alighting entered the custom-house, and informed against the lady, who in consequence lost her veil. On resuming their seats the informer was most violently assailed by all the passengers for what he had done. When they had reached a considerable distance from the frontier, the informer enquired of the lady the value of her loss. "Nearly a hundred louis," said she—"monster that you are!" He then gave the lady one of the value of a thousand crowns, informing her that his denunciation had turned aside all suspicion from himself. The fair traveller was delighted, and cried out, in which all the other passengers joined, *Charmant Voleur!*

EXTRACT FROM COWPER'S LETTERS.—In the Memoirs of Fuseli, lately published, it is said that he corrected the sheets of Cowper's translation of the Iliad. In one of the poet's letters, printed in Mr Hayley's life of him, this circumstance is mentioned: "I know not whether I told you before, or now tell you for the first time, that I am in the hands of a very extraordinary person. He is intimate with my bookseller, and voluntarily offered his service. I was at first doubtful whether to accept it or not, but finding that my friends abovesaid were not to be satisfied on any other terms, though myself a perfect stranger to the man and his qualifications, except as he was recommended by Johnson, I at length consented, and have since found great reason to rejoice that I did. I call him an extraordinary person, and such he is. For he is not only versed in Homer, and accurate in his knowledge of the Greek to a degree that entitles him to that appellation, but, though a foreigner, is a perfect master of our language, and has exquisite taste in English poetry. By his assistance, I have improved many passages, supplied many oversights, and corrected many mistakes, such as will of course escape the most diligent and attentive labourer in such a work. I ought to add, because it affords the best assurance of his zeal and fidelity, that he does not toil for hire, nor will accept of any premium, but has entered on this business merely for his amusement. * * * * * F. does me the honour to say that the most difficult and the most interesting parts of the poem are admirably rendered. But because he did not express himself equally pleased with the more pedestrian parts of it, my labour has been principally given to the dignification of them."

AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—Kotzebue, speaking of the Mission of Santa Clare, in California, after mentioning a large store, a spacious dwelling-house for the monks, large gardens, and a large magazine for the preservation of corn, goes on to speak of the barracks in which the Indian families are lodged, "where each family is allowed a space scarcely large enough to enable them to lie down to repose." He then proceeds to describe a building, without any windows on the outside, and with only one safely closed door, which resembled a prison; and this, he says,—"proved to be the residence appropriated by the monks, the severe guardians of chastity, to the young unmarried Indian women, whom they keep under their peculiar superintendence, making their time useful to the community by spinning, weaving, and similar occupations. These dungeons are opened two or three times a day, but only to allow the prisoners to pass to and from the church. I have occasionally seen the poor girls rushing out eagerly to breathe the fresh air, and driven immediately into the church like a flock of sheep, by an old ragged Spaniard armed with a stick. After mass, they are, in the same manner, hurried back to their prisons. Yet, notwithstanding all the care of the ghostly fathers, the feet of some of these uninviting fair ones were cumbered with bars of iron, the penal consequence, as I was informed, of detected transgression. Only on their marriage are these cloistered virgins allowed to issue from their confinement, and associate with their own people in the barracks. Three times a-day a bell summons the Indians to their meals, which are prepared in large kettles, and served out in portions to each family. They are seldom allowed meat; their ordinary and not very wholesome food consisting of wheaten flour, maize, peas, and beans, mixed together and boiled to a thick soup. The mission of Santa Clara contains 1500 male Indians, of whom about one half are married. All these men are governed by three monks, and guarded by four soldiers and a subaltern officer. Since this force is found sufficient, it follows either that the Indians of the mission are happier than their free countrymen, or that, no way superior to the domestic animals, they are chained by their instincts to the place where their food is provided. The first supposition can hardly be well founded. Hard labour every day, Sundays only excepted, when labour is superseded by prayer; corporal chastisement, imprisonment, and fetters on the slightest demonstration of disobedience; unwholesome nourishment, miserable lodging, deprivation of all property, and of all the enjoyments of life. These are not boons which diffuse content. Many, indeed, of these unfortunate victims prove, by their attempts to escape, that their submission is involuntary; but the soldiers, as I have before observed, generally hunt them from their place of refuge, and bring them back to undergo the severe punishment their transgression has incurred. To the most stupid apathy, then, must the patience of these Indians be ascribed; and in this distinguishing characteristic, they exceed every race of men I have ever known, not excepting the degraded natives of Terra del Fuego, or Van Dieman's Land.—*Kotzebue's New Voyage.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Pledge—Nettlewig Hall—And the Ice Witch.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Maid of Honour—Two Strings to your Bow.—And Neuha's Cave.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

Out of a few notes, great musicians make a wonderful variety of sweet sounds. It not seldom happens, that the fewer they are, the more original the composition. Dramatists are not in the habit of surprising us with an equal diversity in the treatment of characters. If you see a footman, for instance, in a play, you know directly what relationship he stands in with his master, and his master's mistress's maid:—if an old hunks, there is a ward; and if a testy old gentleman, there is a young one to plague him.

Happening the other night to see the conclusion of a little piece, the announcement of which we had overlooked, we last night went to see the rest of it, being curious to know whether it was possible for the author to give us anything about an aunt, a niece, and a gallant colonel, that we had not witnessed before: for of such materials is this new trifle composed. We found two additions,—one, pleasant enough, to wit, a good-humoured grandmother, who pretends not to know to which of the *three* the Colonel is making love; the other not so agreeable,—a fondness for talking in sea metaphor, on the part of the aunt, who we presume (though we did not observe it) is the widow of a sea-captain. Miss WELLS performs the part of the grandmother very well; and Mrs GLOVER makes, as usual, an admirable jovial plenitude of an aunt.

For the rest, this *very* little piece (*Three to One*) is a mere butterfly; and we certainly shall not break it upon the wheel.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Semi-Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

LA GAZZA LADRA.

[By ROSSINI.]

Ninette, a Servant in the family of Fabrizio . . . . Madame Merlc Lalande.
Lucia, wife of Fabrizio . . . Madame Castelli.
Fabrizio Vingradito, a rich Farmer . . Signor De Angeli.
Giannetto, Son of Fabrizio, a Young Officer . . . . . Signor Curioni.
Fernando Villabella, Father of Ninette; a Soldier Mr Le Vasseur.
Magistrate of the Village . . . Signor Santini.
Pippo, a Country Lad in the service of Fabrizio . . Mlle Beck.
Isaac, a Jew Pedlar . . . . Signor Deville.
Antonio, a Gaoler; Giorgio, Servant of the Magistrate; and Gregorio, the Magistrate's Clerk . . Signor Galli.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

Principal Characters—Mademoiselle Brocard, Mlle Kaniel, Mlle Clara, Mlle Proche, and Mlle Zoe Beaupré.

In the First Act, Mademoiselle Taglioni will introduce a Pas de Deux, with M. Paul, and in the Third, the Tyrolienne.

Monsieur Lefebvre,
M. Simon, M. Gouriet, M. O'Brien, M. George, M. Bertram, M. Emile, M. Venafra, M. Edouard, M. D'Albert, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of

THE HYPOCRITE.

[By BICKERSTAFF.]

Old Lady Lambert, Mrs C. Jones. Young Lady Lambert, Mrs Orger.
Charlotte, Miss Chester. Betty, Mrs East.
Doctor Cantwell, Mr Dowton. Maw-worm, Mr Liston. Darnley, Mr J. Vining.
Sir John Lambert, Mr Andrews. Colonel Lambert, Mr Cooper.
Seward, Mr Younge. Tipstaff, Mr C. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Cherubini's Overture to "Les Deux Journees;" A. Lee's Overture to "The Invincibles;" And Mehul's Overture to "La Chasse du Jeune Henri."

After which a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard, (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr Benson Hill.
Hector, Miss Poole. Guillaume, Master Richardson.

To conclude with a New Farce, called

TURNING THE TABLES.

[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Coucy, Mr Vining.

On Monday, William Tell; and the Ice Witch.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Beady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

On Monday, The Maid of Honour; The Omnibus; and Neuha's Cave.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Entertainments will commence with the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Siffleur.

After which the Comedy of

THE BENEVOLENT JEW.

[By CUMBERLAND.]

Mrs Ratcliffe, Mrs Vale. Eliza, Miss Scott. Dorcas, Madame Simon.
Mrs Goodison, Miss Nicol.
Sheva, Mr Elliston. Sir Stephen Bertram, Mr D. Pitt. Frederick, Mr C. Hill.
Charles Ratcliffe, Mr Osbaldiston.
Jabal, Mr Vale. Saunders, Mr Almar. Waiter, Mr Lee.

Previous to the Comedy, Cherubini's Grand Overture to "Anacreon."

To be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels, in the following order. Rondo, Violin, M. Engels. German Song, Madame Boai. Boai's Quick March, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To which will be added an entirely new Petite Drama, entitled

THE COBLER OF MUNICH.

Liska, Miss Vincent.
Claus Kellerman, Mr C. Hill. Wynkin Plaus, Mr Vale. Franz, Mr Rogers.
Steibelt, Mr Lee. Soldiers, &c.

German Waltz, with Variations, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To conclude with the Comic, Local and Musical Entertainment, entitled

SHAKSPEARE'S FESTIVAL.

Preceded by Mozart's Grand Overture to "Il Don Giovanni."

Rosalind Arden, Miss Somerville. Anne Hathaway, Miss Vincent.
Miss Simper, Miss Nicol. Sally, Miss Jordan. Betty, Miss Rumens.
Mr Shakspeare Arden, Mr Williams. George Hart, Mr Maitland.
Frederick Montague, Mr Dibdin Pitt. Guy Colthead, Mr Vale.
Gaius, Mr Gough. Cauliflower, Mr C. Hill.
Glump, Mr Webb. Mortoloth, Mr Asbury.

In Act I.—A Dance, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Musical Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

THREE TO ONE.

The Music by Mr G. Cooke.

Lady Evergreen, Miss Wells. The Hon. Miss Frankly, Mrs Glover.
Rose, Miss Ayres. Colonel Faircourt, Mr Forrester.

After which a New Comic Operetta, to be called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Hamby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

To which will be added an Original Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

DELUSIONS.

[By Mr BARNARD.]

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stokwasser. Mary, Miss Wells. Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick.
Frank, Mr Marshall. Mr Drax, Mr Munroe.
Mr John Fraser, Mr Spenser. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Character of Philippe Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stokwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orringa, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Il Barbiere,' Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflöte, and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.—The Assassins of Dijon.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Basket Maker — 102; or, The Veteran's Progeny—The Black Spider.

SADLER'S WELLS.—A Divertissement—The Brothers' of Turin—Love and Laudanum—The Knight of Blood.

CITY VAUDEVILLE.—Intrigue—The Breakfast Table—The Bee Hive—William and Mary.

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Nº 200.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, APRIL 25, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Edinburgh Review for March 1831. Longman.

We have not read this number through. We take occasion to observe that there is an excellent article in it, on Mr William Taylor's 'Historic Survey of German Poetry,' which, with many compliments to the author, throws great doubts on the profundity of his views of the subject; not, however, without leaving upon us a strong desire to consult Mr Taylor's book for ourselves. What we mention the Review for, however, at the present moment, is to take one of the old unreviewing licenses, of which it set the example, and in reference to its usual political article, congratulate our readers on the great and gallant measure which has just taken place. We have reason perhaps for being delighted with it beyond the delight of most; for, thorough-going reformers as we are, and prepared to abide by the good cause through all chances and perils, we have as great a dislike of convulsion as the most timid of the acquiescent, and we have felt great uneasiness for some weeks past, lest this dissolution should not take place; for we are persuaded, that if it had not, there would have been bloodshed, and that very speedily. The public have been startled by witnessing the vagaries of certain lords and others, who have been getting "more and more absurd every minute," and calling their betters fools. If some of these lavishers 'of their own title, who furthermore have called the people mad, and who have claimed a right of laughing at the poor and famished, had been seen in public the second day after it had been certain that there would be no dissolution, we verily believe it probable, that before they could have well had time to put off their stupid pride, and cry out for mercy, and before their assailants had time to think of the excesses they were committing, they would have been torn out of their carriages, and reduced to shapeless lumps. It is horrible to think of the mischief they would have done to themselves, to their assailants, and to the whole English community; and we rejoice to think, that like proper madmen, they have been guarded against themselves. The success of Reform, as we before stated, we hold to have been inevitable under any circumstances. The dissolution will only make it smoother to all parties; non-dissolution would have made it uneasy to all, and personally fatal to many. We rejoice to think there is now no danger of this. The King, the People, and the Army are united; and though it was in the last possible degree of bad taste, convicted silliness, and conscious iniquity, that the corruptionists raged and howled as they did the other day, and ran their fists into the air, we felt, after the first movement of indignation, nothing but an inclination to laugh; and the next thing to laughter is good humour, and a wish to put aside the criminal gently. We trust that this will be the scale of the feeling, when the delinquents shall *next make their appearance*; first indignation, then laughter, then the putting them aside with inflexible tranquillity.

The Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. LL.D. late President of the Royal Society, Foreign Associate of the Royal Institute of France, &c. &c. &c. By John Ayrton Paris, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. &c. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

(Concluded.)

We cannot give a better idea of the importance of Sir Humphrey Davy's most popular discovery, The Safety-Lamp, than by laying before the reader the following account of the appalling circumstances which instigated the enquiry. To read this dreadful narrative, to think of the violent and mortal perils which so many human beings had undergone, and but for this invention were hereafter to undergo; and then to see one other human being, upon the strength of his superior knowledge, descending into these awful regions under ground, and putting an end to the perils, by simply hanging up a lamp, gives us a sense of the beneficent wonders of science, no less stupendous than just. Two considerations strike us, when we have recovered a little from our surprise; first, the shallness of the means which wisdom has in store for the attainment of the mightiest ends, thus annihilating, as it were, the giants of fire and earthquake, by the lighting up of a taper: and second, the probability, that when the cultivation of science is more extended, the discovery of means equally simple and amazing will be within the reach of a far greater number of understandings than the present. And this latter reflection may serve to reconcile us to a diminution of our wonder at the faculties of the men themselves; for the greater their number, the luckier will be the world.

'That the benefits conferred upon mankind by the labours of Sir Humphrey Davy may be properly appreciated, it is necessary to describe the magnitude of the evil which his genius has removed, as well as the numerous difficulties which opposed his efforts and counteracted his designs.

'The great coal field, the scene of those awful accidents which will be hereafter described, extends over a considerable part of the counties of Northumberland and Durham. The whole surface has been calculated at one hundred and eighty square miles, and the number of different beds of coal has been stated to exceed forty; many of which, however, are insignificant in point of dimensions. The two most important are about six feet in thickness, and are distinguished by the names of *High main*, and *Low main*, the former being about sixty fathoms above the latter.

'From this statement some idea may be formed of the great extent of the excavations, and of the consequent difficulty of successfully ventilating the mines. In some collieries, they are continued for many miles, forming numerous windings and turnings, along which the pitmen have frequently to walk for forty or fifty minutes, before they arrive at the workings; during which time, as well as when at work, they have no direct communication with the surface of the earth. The most ingenious machinery, however, has been contrived for conducting pure air through every part of the mine, and for even ventilating the old excavations, which are technically called *wastes*; and unless some obstruction occur, the plan so far answers, as to furnish wholesome air to the pitmen; and to diminish,—although, from reasons to be hereafter stated, it can never wholly prevent, the dangers of *fire-damp*; the nature of which it will be necessary to consider.

'The whole appears to part with a portion of *carburetted hydrogen*, when newly exposed to the atmosphere; a fact which explains the well-known circumstance of the coal being more inflammable when fresh from the pit, than after long exposure to the air. We are informed by the Rev. Mr Hodgson, that, on pounding some common Newcastle coal fresh from the mine, in a cask furnished with a small aperture, he found the gas which issued from it to be inflammable; and Davy, on breaking some lumps of coal under water, also ascertained that they gave off inflammable gas. The supposition that the coal strata have been formed under a pressure greater than that of the atmosphere, may furnish a clue to the comprehension of this phenomenon.

'On some occasions the pitmen have opened with their picks crevices, or fissures, in the coal or shale, which have emitted as much as seven hundred hogsheads of *fire-damp* in a minute. These *Blowers* have been known to continue in a state of activity for many months, or even years together, a phenomenon which clearly shows that the carburetted hydrogen must have existed in the cavities of the strata in a very highly compressed, if not actually in a liquid state, and which, on the diminution of pressure, has resumed its elastic form.

'All the sources of carburetted hydrogen would appear to unite in the deep and valuable collieries situated between the great north road and the sea. Their air courses are thirty or forty miles in length; and here, as might be expected, the most tremendous explosions have happened. Old workings likewise, upon being broken into, have not unfrequently been found filled with this gas, and which, by mingling itself with the common air, has converted the whole atmosphere of the mine into a magazine of *fire-damp*.

'On the approach of a candle, it is in an instant kindled: the expanding fluid drives before it a roaring whirlwind of flaming air, which tears up everything in its progress, scorching some of the miners to a cinder, and burying others under enormous ruins shaken from the roof; when thundering to the shafts, it converts the mine, as it were, into an enormous piece of artillery, and wastes its fury

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in a discharge of thick clouds of coal-dust, stones and timber, together with the limbs, and mangled bodies of men and horses.'

But this first, though apparently the most appalling, is not the most destructive effect of these subterraneous combustions. All the *stoppings* und trap-doors of the mine being broken down by the violence of the concussion of the atmospheric current, entirely excluded from the workings, such of the miners as may have survived the discharge, are doomed to the more painful and lingering death of suffocation from the *after damp*, or *stythe*, which immediately results from the combustion, and occupies the vacuum necessarily produced by it.

'As the phenomena accompanying these explosions are always of the same description, to relate the numerous recorded histories of such accidents would be only to multiply pictures of death and human suffering, without an adequate object: it is, however, essential to the just comprehension of the subject, that the reader should receive, at least, one well-authenticated account, in all its terrific details; and I have accordingly selected that, which was originally drawn up with much accuracy and feeling by the Rev. John Hodgson, and which is prefixed to the funeral sermon preached on the occasion, and subsequently published by that gentleman.

'The accident occurred at Felling Colliery, near Sunderland, on the 25th of May, in the year 1712. This mine was considered by the workmen as a model of perfection, both with regard to the purity of its air, and the arrangements of its machinery. The concern was in the highest degree prosperous, and no accident, except a trifling explosion which slightly scorched two or three pitmen, had ever occurred.

'Two sets of men were constantly employed, the first of which entered the mine at four, and were relieved at their working posts by the next set at eleven o'clock in the morning; but such was the confidence of the pitmen in the safety of this mine, that the second set of men were often at their posts before the first had left them; and such happened to be the case on the following unhappy occasion.

'About half-past eleven, on the morning of the 25th of May, the neighbouring villages were alarmed by a tremendous explosion. The subterraneous fire broke forth with two heavy discharges from the shaft called the "*John Pit*," which was one hundred and two fathoms deep, and were almost immediately followed by one from that termed the "*William Pit*.' A slight trembling, as if from an earthquake, was felt for about half a mile around the workings; and the noise of the explosion, though dull, was heard to the distance of three or four miles, and greatly resembled an unsteady fire of infantry.

'Immense quantities of dust and small coal accompanied these blasts, and rose high into the air, in the form of an inverted cone. The heaviest part of the ejected matter, such as masses of timber and fragments of wall, fell near the pit, but the dust, borne away by a strong west wind, fell in a continued shower to the distance of a mile and a half; and in the village of Heworth it caused a gloom, like that of early twilight, and so covered the roads, that the footsteps of passengers were strongly imprinted on them.

'As soon as the explosion had been heard, the wives and children of the pitmen rushed to the working pit. Wildness and terror were pictured in every other countenance. The crowd thickened on every side, and in a very short period several hundred persons had collected together, and the air resounded with exclamations of despair for the fate of husbands, parents, and children.

'The machinery having been rendered useless by the eruption, the rope of the *gin* was sent down the shaft with all possible expedition. In the absence of horses, a number of men, who seemed to acquire strength as the necessity for it increased, applied their shoulders to the *starts*, or shafts of the gin, and worked it with astonishing expedition.

'By twelve o'clock thirty-two persons, all that survived this dreadful catastrophe, had been brought to day-light, but of these three boys lived only a few hours. The dead bodies of two boys, miserably scorched and shattered, were also brought up at the same time. Twenty-nine persons, then, were all who were left to relate what they had observed of the appearances and effect of the explosion. One hundred and twenty-one were in the mine when it happened, eighty-seven of whom remained in the workings.

'Those who had their friends restored, hastened with them from the scene of destruction, and for awhile appeared to suffer as much from excess of joy as they had a short time before from the depth of despair; while those who were yet in the agony of suspense filled the air with shrieks and howlings, and ran about ringing their hands and throwing their bodies into the most frantic and extravagant gestures.

'As not one of the pitmen had escaped from the mine by the only avenue open to them, the apprehension for their safety momentarily increased, and at a quarter after twelve o'clock nine persons descended the John pit, with the faint hope that some might still survive.

'As the fire-damp would have been instantly ignited by candles, they lighted their way by *steel-mills*; and knowing that a great number of miners must have been at the crane when the explosion happened, they at once attempted to reach that spot; their progress, however, was very soon intercepted by the progress of *choak-damp*, and the sparks from their steel-mills fell into it like dark drops of blood; deprived therefore of light, and nearly suffocated by the noxious atmosphere, they retraced their steps towards the shaft, but they were shortly stopped by a thick smoke, which stood like a wall before them. Here their steel-mills became entirely useless, and the chance of their ever finding any of their companions alive, entirely hopeless; to which should also be added, the horror arising from the conviction of the mine being on fire, and the probability of the second explosion occurring at the next moment, and of their being buried in the ruins it would occasion.

'At two o'clock five of the intrepid persons who had thus nobly volunteered their assistance, ascended; two were still in the shaft, and the other two remained below, when a second explosion, much less severe, however, than the first, excited among the relatives of those entombed in the mine still more frightful expressions of grief and despair. The persons in the shaft experienced but little inconvenience from this fresh eruption, while those below, on hearing the distant growlings, immediately threw themselves flat on their faces, and in this posture, by keeping a firm hold on a strong wooden prop, they felt no other annoyance from the blast than that of having their bodies tossed in various directions, in the manner that a buoy is heaved by the waves of the sea. As soon as the atmospheric current returned down the shaft, they were safely drawn to the light.

'As each came up he was surrounded by a group of anxious enquirers: but not a ray of hope could be elicited; and the second explosion so strongly corroborated their account of the impure state of the mine, that their assertions for the present seemed to obtain credit. This impression, however, was but of short duration — hope still lingered; they recollected that persons had survived similar accidents, and that, upon opening the mine, they had been found alive after considerable intervals. Three miners, for instance, had been shut up in a pit near Byker, and during the whole of that period, subsisted on candles and horse beans. Persons too were not wanting to agitate the minds of the relatives. It was suggested to them that want of courage or bribery might have induced them to magnify the danger, and to represent the impossibility of approaching or reaching the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers. By this species of wicked industry, the grief of the neighbourhood began to change its gloomy, for an irritable aspect. The proposition to exclude the atmospheric air from the mine, in order to extinguish the fire, was received with the cries of *Murder!* —and with the determination to oppose such a proceeding by violence.

'Many of the widows lingered about the mouth of the pit during the whole of the night with the hope of hearing the cries of a husband or son.

'On Tuesday the 26th, that natural propensity in the human mind to derive gratification from spectacles of horror, was exemplified in a very striking manner. An immense crowd of colliers from various parts, but more especially from the banks of the river Wear, assembled around the pit, and were clamorous in their reproaches of the persons concerned in the management of the mine, accusing them of want of perseverance in their attempts to rescue the unhappy sufferers. Every one had some successful adventure to relate; all were liberal in their professions of readiness to give assistance; but not one was found hardy enough to enter the jaws of the burning cavern.

'The leaders of this outcry, however, were soon brought to listen with patience to a relation of the circumstances of the explosion, and of the reasons for concluding that the mine was then actually on fire, and the persons enclosed in it beyond the hope of recovery. They very candidly allowed, after this explanation, the impracticability of any attempt to reach the bodies of the sufferers, until the fire was extinguished; and they accordingly urged the propriety of excluding from the mine the access of air, as the only means of accomplishing the object. At the same time, the proprietors gave the strongest assurances to the multitude, that if any project could be devised for the recovery of their friends, no cost or labour should be spared in executing it, that, if any person could be found willing to enter the mine, every assistance should be afforded him; but, as they were assured by the most eminent viewers that the workings were inaccessible, they would not hold out any reward for the attempt,—they would not be accessary to the death of any one, either by persuasion or bribery.

'At the solicitation of the populace, two persons again descended the shaft, and very nearly lost their lives. The report of these men, in a great measure, convinced the people of the impossibility of their friends' survival in so deadly an atmosphere, and they agreed on excluding the air. The operation was commenced, and proceeded without interruption; but from various accidents, more than a month elapsed before the mine was in a state to admit of examination; and during this interval, numerous were the idle tales which had been circulated through the country. Several of the sufferers, it was said, had found their way to the shafts, and been recovered. Their number even, had been circumstantially told—how they had subsisted on candles, oats, and beans; and how they had heard the different persons who explored the mine in the hope of rescuing them.

'Some conjuror, too, it was said, had set his spells and divinations to work, and had penetrated all the secrets of the mine. He had discovered one famishing group, receiving drops of water from the roof, another eating their shoes and clothes, and many other similar pictures of horror. These inventions were carefully related to the widows, and they produced the effect of daily harrowing up afresh their sorrows; indeed, it seemed the chief employment of

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some to indulge in a kind of insane sport with their own and their neighbours' calamity.

'The morning of Wednesday, the 8th of July, having been appointed for exploring the workings, the distress of the neighbourhood was again renewed: at an early hour a great concourse of people assembled; some, out of curiosity, to witness the commencement of an undertaking full of sadness and danger,—some to excite the revenge, or to aggravate the sorrows of the relatives, by calumnies and reproaches, for the sole purpose of mischief; but the greater part came with broken hearts, and streaming eyes, in expectation of seeing the mangled corpse of a father, brother, husband, or son.

'The *shifts* of men employed in this doleful and unwholesome work were generally about eight in number. They were four hours in, and eight hours out of the mine; so that each individual wrought two shifts every twenty-four hours.

'When the first shift of men came up, a message was dispatched for a number of coffins, to be in readiness at the mouth of the pit. Ninety-two had been prepared, and they had passed by the village of Low Fellingly in their way to the mine. As soon as the cart-load of them were seen, the howling of the women, who, hitherto secluded in their dwellings, had now begun to assemble about their doors, came on the breeze in slow, fitful gusts, which presaged a scene of the greatest distress and confusion.

'The bodies were found under various circumstances: one miner, from his position, must have been sleeping when the explosion happened, and had never opened his eyes. In one spot were found twenty-one bodies in ghastly confusion,—some like mummies, scorched as dry as if they had been baked; one wanted his head, another an arm; the scene was most terrific; the power of the fire was visible upon all, but its effects were very various; while some were almost torn to pieces, there were others who appeared as if they had sunk down overpowered by sleep.

'From the 8th of July to the 9th of September, the heart-rending scene of mothers and widows, examining the putrid bodies of their sons and husbands, for marks by which to know them, was daily renewed; but few were recognized by any personal mark. They were too much mangled and scorched to retain any of their features; their clothes, tobacco-boxes, and shoes, were, therefore, the only indications by which they could be identified.

'The total loss from this terrible accident was ninety-two pitmen; while forty widows, sixty girls, and twenty-six boys, comprising altogether one hundred and twenty-six persons, were thrown upon the benevolence of the public.'—Vol. II. p. 60.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Hypocrite—The Legion of Honour—And Turning the Tables
COVENT-GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

THE Theatres on Saturday night offered us nothing that we had not already noticed.

Accident, much against his will, has hitherto prevented the Editor from going to the Italian Opera, but he will commence his pleasant task there in the course of the week. Admirers as we are of some of our living English actors, and fond of a good comedy, (for it is seldom that even one character in a fine tragedy is properly performed,) we know of no theatrical pleasure equal to that of entering the King's Theatre, while some favourite singer is just commencing, and when the piece is good, and you know that a fine set of compositions is to come. Reformers though we be, we have no objection to any elegance of pleasure, nor do we grudge the selectest body of people their satisfactions, provided the general satisfaction is not forgotten. We are willing to submit ourselves to the soft ordinances of the dictators of evening dress: we like the understood tone of quiet, which prevails in the vestibules of this theatre: it pleaseth our shoe to find itself stepping on matting, as we enter it: we enjoy the urbane equality that prevails between pit and boxes, and the evidences thereof, that take place in their mutual recognitions and discourses. All we desire is, that the company should be happier than they are; or at least that they should not affect an indifference, beyond what they feel; for this is the unpleasantness at the Opera: the people there, instead of confining their superiority to what it ought to consist of, think it necessary to be superior to the very pleasures they come to enjoy. The natural candour of the sex will sometimes break through in the countenances of the females; and we must acquit the experience of the dowagers from giving way to this absurdity so much as the rest. Statesmen, and other persons who have thought at all, are apt to think the affectation unnecessary; but in passing down the side of the pit, and finding one-self, looking one after one, into the faces of the young gentlemen who stand leaning against the boxes, it is difficult not to wish, that somebody behind them would pull their hair, or from above them, would send down a bit of a chandelier on their heads, in order to put the insipid dignity of their countenances into a state fit to be moved. This is the worst of the English audiences at these operas. A great part come there, not because they like it, but because it is fashionable; that is to say, they follow because others lead, and yet assume in their looks the dignity of leaders. A parcel of sheep might as well draw up their heads, and affect to look something. Such is not the defect of English audiences in general. Their fault is, that where they are more sincere, they are apt to be less urbane in their intercourse. The best thing we have observed in them of late, is a greater willingness to be pleased with what they see on the stage; nay, a remarkable indulgence in that respect; which we cannot help attributing to the general progress of knowledge. This is a great step towards being pleased with the best things; but yet toleration is not enjoyment; and what makes the Italian Stage superior to any other, in point of pleasure, and the English perhaps the least so, is, that the ministers of the entertainment have the air of being pleased with it themselves, and look at the audience as if they reckoned upon their being pleased with them. Miss INVERARITY is the only English singer, of any celebrity, that has a manner of this kind; and she comes out of the Italian school. It is a credit to the public, that they have welcomed her so heartily. It looks, as if in proportion to their advance in knowledge, they were going to sympathize with the agreeable. Hitherto, they have certainly shewn not too much attachment to it. We know not what knowledge may effect for us in default of climate, nor what happy days, in every respect, the progress of liberal opinion has in store for us. But in none of the pleasurable arts have the English hitherto been equal to other polite nations. We omit poetry, which is not of necessity allied to them, in the ordinary sense of the word pleasure; and the powers of which all may appreciate who think and suffer: but for some default of sunshine, or of domestic comfort, or of genial nurture, or of just notions of wealth, or of the social in lieu of the dictatorial spirit, which has alienated us from the advantages attained to by other nations, our beloved countrymen have without doubt been egregiously defective on the score of enjoyment: want of enjoyment (except with profound thinkers, or very amiable people), produces a disinclination to see it in others; and hence arises that diffidence in trying to produce it, which becomes confounded with a proper modesty, and is the cause why some of our most popular singers have been mere nothings, compared with the Italian. On the Italian stage, even in England, you shall see an actress come forward, who, with pleasure in her eyes, a smiling mouth, and a voice with a rich breath in it, as if the heart were full, and the pleasure of the meeting was mutual, shall pour forth her notes of love and joy, without a suspicion that anybody can think ill of her for it; and the effect is enchanting. We have seen FODOR, who was not beautiful, put all who sat within a certain limit about her in a state of irrepressible pleasure, by the mere happiness of her smile, and the enjoyment with which she began to take her part in a duett. She was dipping her hand, at the time, into a basket of roses; we forget in what opera.

This truth, this gusto, this real feeling and the relish of it, is what PASTA carries into everything that she represents, whether pleasurable or otherwise exciting; and this it is that renders her so divine in all her characters.

When are we to see her again? ☞

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Historical Play of

WILLIAM TELL.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

Emma, Miss Huddart. Annell, Miss Russell. Agnes, Miss Faucit.
Gesler, Mr H. Wallack. Sarnam, Mr Thompson. Struth, Mr W. Bennett.
Rodolph, Mr Howard. Lufold, Mr Howell. Braun, Mr Ross.
William Tell, Mr Macready. Albert, Miss Poole. Melchtal, Mr Younge.
Erni, Mr Cathie. Furst, Mr Fenton. Verner, Mr Cooke.
Waldman, Mr Hughes. Michael, Mr Cooper. Jagheli, Mr J. Vining.
Pierre, Mr Eaton. Theodore, Mr Honner.
Savoyards—Miss Crawford, Mr Robinson, Mr Price, and Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell;" And an Overture chiefly adapted from Irish Airs.

After which,

PERFECTION.

[By Mr BAYLEY.]

Susan, Mrs Orger. Kate O'Brien, Mrs. Waylett, in which she will sing, 'My own Blue Bell,' (A. Lee) and the Irish Ballad of 'Kate Kearney.'
Charles Paragon, Mr Vining. Sir Lawrence Paragon, Mr W. Bennett.
Sam, Mr Webster.

To conclude with a new splendid Tale of Enchantment, called

THE ICE WITCH; OR, THE FROZEN HAND.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

The Overture (MS.) composed by H. Marschner. The rest of the Music composed and selected by Mr T. Cooke.

Ulla, Miss Crawford. Minna, Miss Byfold.
Edda, Miss Butline. Finna, Mrs Newcombe. Hilda, Mrs Mapleson.
Druda, Miss Faucit. Urfred, Mrs East. Norna, Miss S. Phillips,
Hecla, Mrs W. Barrymore. Freyr, Miss Lane.
Principal Dancers—Mlle. R. Guet, Miss A. O'Brien, Miss Barnett, and Miss Baseke.
Harold, Mr H. Wallack. Magnus Snoro, Mr Harley.
Sweno, Mr Younge. Runic, Mr Tayleure. Gruthioff, Mr Howell.
Sterno, Mr T. Blanchard. Tycho, Mr Howard.

To-morrow, The School for Scandal; A Ballet; And The Legion of Honour.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragi-Comedy, called

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

[By MASSINGER.]

Aurelia, Mrs Lovell. Clarinda, Miss Lawrence. Camiola, Miss F. Kemble.
Roberto, Mr Egerton. Ferdinand, Mr Baker. Bertoldo, Mr C. Kemble.
Gonzaga, Mr Warde. Astutio, Mr Blanchard. Fulgentio, Mr Abbott.
Adorni, Mr G. Bennett. Signor Sylli, Mr Keeley. Antonio, Mr Parry.
Gasparo, Mr Duruset. Pierio, Mr Fuller. Roderigo, Mr Henry.
Jacomo, Mr Holl. Druso, Mr F. Sutton. Livio, Mr Irwin.
Father Paulo, Mr Evans. Ambassador, Mr F. Matthews. Page, Master Watson.
Soldier, Mr Mears. Scout, Mr Heath. Servants, Mess. Cooper and Addison.

Previous to the Play, C. M. Von Weber's Overture to "Der Beherrscher der Geister."
After the Play, A. Romberg's Overture to "Scipio."

After which, the Farce of

THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Ledger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Rooney, Mr Power.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Asor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1831.

THE LATE MR ABERNETHY.

The death of this eminent surgeon, and preacher of dietetics, will perhaps give a new interest to a remark or so upon his "system," as it has been called, and his strange mode of enforcing it; and perhaps a reader, here and there, may take it into his head to benefit himself by reflecting on what we say: for as to the effect of maxims of health and diet upon people *in general*, men of sense not excepted, we believe that they are of little avail. The better physical condition of society must be produced, like the moral and intellectual, by those great changes in opinion and government, which include the whole well-being of man. The best thing to be done for weak wills and weak stomachs, is to invigorate the body politic, to lessen the indigestion of taxes, and diminish those cares in the lump, which drive the community upon false comforts, and make them think life, at its best, a bad thing, the general good of which it is hardly worth while to consult, at the expense of a present relief. The Dissolution of Parliament will have done more for the eventual dissipation of bad humours, bodily as well as mental, than all the medical treatises written for the last thirty years.

Mr Abernethy, who in spite of his exhortations to others, has been described as having a person evidently influenced by good living, and whose temper undoubtedly seemed as if it had been exasperated by it, had got hold of a fine maxim for the regulation of health; but unfortunately he thought it either politic, or witty, or wise, or an allowable indulgence of his spleen, to get angry with the people who came to consult him. He resented their follies, as if they had been bound to be wiser than he. Now if they had been wiser, they would not have needed him; and as they were not, he made a foolish mistake, in supposing that his brusquerie could have an effect upon them beyond the moment, or induce them to abide by his doctrines through the thick of all their temptations to desert them, purely because one morning he had given them a disagreeable "set down." He should have recollected the old story of the sun and the wind. If any medical adviser can obtain a lasting influence upon his patients, it is only by evincing the bland wisdom of those that have made his profession illustrious; by shewing them that he can excuse their weaknesses as well as his own; and by making urbanity, advice, and all cheerful helps to a cure, go together. It appears to us, that if we were a physician, and had address and skill enough to do it, we would endeavour to render ourselves so acceptable to the patient, (not at the expense of any truth, for that never does good, but by so putting the truth as to make it do no harm), that they would be willing to oblige us as a friend: we would then request them to pursue such and such a system (the easiest possible) for a few days, out of consideration to both parties; and during those days we would make it a *sine-qua-non*, that they should take every pleasure within the range of their means and compatible with their case. If anything could help us on to another few days, this probably would do it; these might produce more; and thus by consulting a mutual humanity, and bringing as many circumstances to bear upon the case as possible, our friend might stand a chance, (for at the best it can be no better), of laying the foundation of that most difficult of all things to superinduce, —a new habit. At any rate, this would be better than the short-sighted roughness of the *snubbing* and frightening system, which generally supposes quite as much the vanity in the inflictor, as folly in the patient, and that vanity one of the most repulsive sort.

Undoubtedly it must be provoking enough, especially to a man of irritable temper, to have a parcel of weak people coming before him, detailing their nauseous symptoms, and more nauseous management;—to have this man telling you that he "can't do" without eating like a hog, and another enumerating the loathsome means he takes to counteract it; but as we said before, if these people had been wiser, they need not have sought Mr Abernethy; and when they saw before them an irritable man, not without a certain personal burliness of his own, and other symptoms of a vitiated biliary secretion, they might if they pleased, have given him advice for advice, and said, "Physician, heal thyself." It so happened, (and oftener, no doubt, than transpired), that much cleverer men than Mr Abernethy, who had suffered under

> "—Poor humanity's afflicted will
> Struggling in vain with ruthless *t'other slice*,"

did him the honour to go and consult him. The late Mr Hazlitt did, for one. Mr Hazlitt's first approaches to anybody had an appearance of excessive timidity and diffidence. The unlucky medical man presumed upon this, and having given his lecture with more than the usual quantum of scorn and superiority, received such a burst of admonition and *dissection* in return, as can only be conceived by those, who knew how well Mr Hazlitt could utter his indignation, and how terribly anatomize a man's character on the spot. We have seen a paper drawn up by another gentleman, who paid a visit to Mr Abernethy, recording his opinion of him with contemptuous eloquence.

What rendered the manners of this otherwise able man the more offensive, was, that after all, he had got hold of nothing new in his maxims. There was nothing in them to give him a right to lord it over other people as a parcel of fools; and if there had been, he would have been the last to do it. Such was not the style of those illustrious and amiable men, from Hippocrates down to Garth and our own times, who came away from sick rooms and the sight of human suffering with a wisdom perfected by tenderness, and who justly endeared the profession in the eyes of the poets and philosophers, of whose graces they partook. Mr Abernethy's system was as old and as well known as the word Temperance; though it is unfortunately too true, that it did not the less need inculcation. The doctrine, and the contempt of it, and the beauty of following it, have been finely summed up by Milton in the eleventh book of the 'Paradise Lost.'—The Angel Michael says to Adam,

> "Many shapes
> Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
> To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
> More terrible at the entrance, than within.
> Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die;
> By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more
> In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
> Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
> Before thee shall appear."

Then comes the tremendous picture of the Lazar House, in the course of a melancholy dialogue on which Adam says to the Angel—

> "But is there yet no other way, besides
> These painful passages, how we may come
> To death, and mix with our connatural dust?
> There is, said Michael, if thou well observe
> The rule of *Not too much*; by temperance taught
> In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
> Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
> Till many years over thy head return:
> So may'st thou live; till like ripe fruit, thou drop
> Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
> Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death mature."

The golden rule of *Not too much*, it seems easy enough to observe, while we read it on paper; but the spasms, the dropsies, the asthmas, and joint-racking rheums, the melancholies and the madnesses, of which Milton speaks as the consequence of its violation, and the fact which he mentions of its having killed more human beings than war, flood, fire, or famine, shew what a hard thing it has been for the world to practise this "true and easy method." We see no reason to believe, that as the world improves in other matters, it may not improve in this; and we believe it will: but meanwhile, a physician, to do justice to his profession and his patients, should at least understand the first business of a philosopher with regard to his treatment of other people, and begin his task with a modest consideration for their weaknesses. Many a

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person feels himself tied and bound in the chain of intemperance, who would willingly get rid of it. Some want the courage to endure the sensations brought on by the first steps of reformation. Others have cares that tempt them to the excess: the melancholy feelings resulting from the short pleasure produced by it, tempt them to its renewal; and thus, with greater or less excuses, people fall into a round of error, of which they are often as sensible as anybody, and a harsh treatment of which may produce in them nothing but a return of the contempt. The only inexcusable patients are those, who allowing themselves every indulgence and every impatient remedy within their reach, are quick to impute error to others, or to be violent with what errors they see; and even they have the excuse of folly. In short, *petimus damusque vicissim:* we must give and take: we must allow others their excuses, if we would have our own; and as it is on this ground of kindness that we can alone hope to effect any good, or ought to effect it, so we are aware of no good, that may not be hoped for in beginning upon such a principle. The doctor, if he is wise, will begin not only with telling his dyspeptic patient the causes of his complaint, but with insinuating the excuses he may have had for giving way to them, and how far he may have known them from his own experience. The patient will then be tempted to say to himself, "Here is a man of sense, without pride, without narrowness, who has no wish to thrust himself and his superiority down my throat; who has felt as I do; who begins to make me think that what I considered impossible, is feasible; and who absolutely gives me an additional reason for trying it, in the pleasure of agreeing with him."

We have seen, in several instances, the good effects resulting from treatment of this kind; but we never yet knew any good come, or any good that *ought* to come, out of ignorant assumptions and violent attempts at enforcement; for if it had, evil would have assumed the right of dictating to good itself.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CALVUS.

Bald mortal! thou dost ape the skeleton
That satirises man and all his doings,
From every open'd grave; and shouldst seem one,
But for the glow-worm which is in thine eyes,
And certain airs that from thy lips arise:
Why, now to see thee at thine amorous coongs,
Or gravely preaching immortality,
To which thy living death's-head gives the lie,
Would make the shadow that all life receiveth
Shake his dim sides with horrible derision:
Tell us, old Calvus! what about thee cleaveth,
To make distinction still between the vision
Of a death's-head and thine? Get thee false hair,
For thy sole privilege to upper air. *W.*

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

I've got my wig:—and now thou rash Hirsutus,
Crinitus, Whiskerandos, Ogre, Bear,
Or whatsoever title please thine hair,
Why vex the bald? Why loveless thus repute us?
Sweet Shakspeare, *omni nectare imbutus*,
Was bald; and he, the wise beyond compare,
Socrates, teacher of the young and fair;
And Cæsar, victim of a *natural* Brutus!
Fresh is the bald man's head; for love so apt,
That England's gallants, in her wittiest time,
In voluntary baldness, velvet-capp'd,
Through reams of letters urg'd their amorous rhyme:
Then issued forth, peruk'd; and o'er their shoulders
From ev'ry curl shook loves at all the fair beholders.

CALVIULTOR.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A SLIGHT SKETCH OF THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF ASLAN-GHERAI.

In the delightful regions of Circassia, till lately peopled by different tribes, who were all ruled by their respective chiefs, Mouradin Bey had by his personal bravery and by his extortions, acquired a power which made him the dread of his own vassals, and the terror of his neighbours. But in spite of the hatred he inspired, he was caressed and courted by most of the surrounding chiefs. He was possessed of immense wealth, and of a daughter who was an only child, and whose virtues, accomplishments, and expectations, made her an object in every respect worthy of the homage which many a powerful suitor was anxious to pay her. Mouradin was proud of his daughter's accomplishments, and loved to make an ostentatious display of them in festivals, to which he invited the princes and warriors who claimed the honour of aspiring to the hand of the fair Alkazia. As the women in Circassia are in far less restraint than in other parts of the East, and show themselves unveiled at the places of public worship and amusement, Alkazia was frequently allowed to preside at the public games in her father's palace, where strength and address were displayed in darting the javelin, managing the lance, drawing the bow, foot-racing, and equestrian exercises of various kinds. Among those who most distinguished themselves by their expertness on similar occasions, and who more eagerly sought to make themselves worthy of Alkazia's notice, was the young Aslan-Gherai. He was a descendant of the sovereigns of the Crimea, and though hardly yet in his twentieth year, had gained considerable repute for his personal bravery, and his entire fitness in the Circassian art of war. Alkazia had frequently awarded to him the prize at these gymnastic exercises, and her heart became at last the recompense that she was most anxious to bestow on the valorous youth. Their eyes soon revealed their sentiments to each other, and Aslan-Gherai, though poor and powerless, resolved to solicit the bey's permission to their union. Accordingly, he presented himself before Mouradin, at a moment when the bey was discussing the plan of an expedition which promised an abundant booty. Not doubting but Aslan had come to offer his services, he told him at once that he should consider success infallible when having the assistance of so distinguished a warrior. "I come," said Aslan, "first to solicit the hand of her whom I love, and on whose affections I rely. Though bereft of my domains, I am still the rightful descendant of a sovereign house, and I trust to my sword for the future achievement of honours which shall make up for what the fate of arms has deprived other members of my family. It is your daughter's hand I ask." "My daughter's hand!" exclaimed Mouradin; "my surprise is equal to my wrath! Knowest thou not that the most powerful princes of Circassia would give half of their treasures to obtain only the hope of such an alliance?—and thou, whose only patrimony is his arms and his horse, an outcast on the wide world, darest to ask the preference of the most powerful of the land!—Go, my poor boy; I pardon thy audacity because I esteem thy virtues; but if I learn that my daughter shall, after my will has been made known to her, give you the smallest encouragement to think of her, depend upon it I bestow her upon the very man who brings me the information!"

His hopes thus blasted, and seeing nothing but humiliation and misery reserved for him in that land, Aslan-Gherai resolved to leave it; but, if possible, to induce Alkazia to accompany him. The fair Circassian could not bear the thoughts of being deserted by her lover; and well aware of the inflexibility of her father's resolves, she yielded to Aslan's entreaties. Both mounted on the same steed, and favoured by the darkness of the night, they made the best of their way towards the Kuban, the western banks of which were occupied by Russian troops. Their flight, however, had been soon discovered, and hardly had they, by day-break, reached the borders of that river, when a party of some riders in pursuit, overtook them. To surrender quietly was a thought which could not enter the daring mind of Aslan-Gherai. He therefore got off his horse, concealed Alkazia in a thicket, mounted again, and rushed upon the pursuers with so much impetuosity, that after cutting down several of them, the others turned about, and proceeded to join the more numerous body of the guards who had been despatched as a reserve in the pursuit. Nothing was now left but to dash into the deep and rapid waters of the Kuban. Aslan fastened Alkazia on his horse, and then taking the bridle in his hand, they plunged resolutely into the stream, and fortunately succeeded in reaching safely the opposite banks. On this side of the river, guarded by the Cossacks of the Black Sea, they were in safety. Some of these had witnessed the bravery displayed by Aslan, and were willing to afford every assistance in their power in protecting him and his charge against any further danger. He desired them to conduct him to their General. They brought him before the Duke de Richelieu, who commanded in chief the Russian forces employed against the Circassians. Aslan stated his case to the Duke, claimed his protection, and requested to be allowed to enter the Russian service, that he might be enabled to avenge his wrongs. His request was acceded to, and from that moment Aslan-Gherai became one of the Circassians' most formidable foes. Abundance of opportunities offered themselves during the campaign, wherein his services were highly useful. He led the Russians through the intricate passes of the Caucasus, and greatly distinguished himself at the storming of Anappa. At the close of that campaign the Emperor, at the

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recommendation of the Duke de Richelieu, rewarded his bravery by conferring on him the cross of St George and a medallion of honour. In the campaign of 1810, against the Circassians, Aslan-Gherai displayed so much intrepidity and valour, that he carried terror among the enemy, who fled at the mere cry that Aslan-Gherai was coming. He was chiefly instrumental in the taking of a fortress of Sougiouk-Kallay, on which occasion, besides being promoted to the rank of a general, he received from the Emperor the gift of a sword, the hilt of which was mounted in brilliants, and bore this inscription—"Reward for Valour."

The Circassian tribes most obnoxious to the Russians having been subdued, Aslan-Gherai retired to the spot he had selected for his Alkasia's residence during his absence in the field, to enjoy some repose. This, however, was not very long allowed him. In the autumn of 1811 the Chapricks, one of the most remote but most turbulent tribes of Circassia, having again broken out into open hostility against Russia, troops were sent against them, and Aslan-Gherai was desired to take a command in the expedition. He did so, and on one occasion having, according to his usual practice, suffered himself to be carried away by his impetuosity, he rushed alone into the ranks of the enemy, where he received several mortal wounds. His detachment followed close at his heels, and forcing the Circassians to give way, picked up Aslan, who was not yet quite dead. He desired those who carried him off the field of battle to take him to the tent of General Roudzievitz, the commander-in-chief, to whose care he fervently recommended his wife Alkasia, and in whose presence he soon after breathed his last, being then only in the twenty-fourth year of his age. Poor Alkasia's grief was unspeakable: she has never recovered from it, nor does she wish it ever to change. She lives retired at Sevastopol, in the Crimea. In the garden of her house the remains of her husband are deposited, and she waits with impatience for the time when she may be taken to lie by them for ever.—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Chinese Windows.—The Chinese use oyster-shells made very thin as a substitute for glass in the windows of their houses, and of some of their imperial barks.—*Notes to Hau Kiou Choaan.*

The Poles.—The *Athenæum* (a paper with which we have but lately had the pleasure of becoming acquainted, and which is by far the best journal of the kind) says, in presenting its readers with an interesting original article on "Russia and Poland," that "the success of the Poles has astonished all our politicians." We know not whether we may come under the head of the class of persons here mentioned, though we have fought hard in our time for the good cause; but we are somewhat proud of having said, from the first, that the Poles would succeed; and, accordingly, cannot help putting in our plea thereupon.

Sir Walter Scott.—It is with regret amounting almost to personal sorrow, that we announce the probability of the approaching departure of one of the greatest and most amiable men of the age—a man whom we know but by his fame, which has come unto all, and by his works, which have for many years lightened and cheered the hours of languor and of leisure, wherever genius was esteemed or its labours relished. Sir Walter Scott, our Edinburgh letters inform us, lies on a bed of mortal sickness. The excellent baronet had a shock of apoplexy on the night of the 19th. Mr Cadell, Sir Walter's publisher, and Dr Abercromby, had left Edinburgh in haste for Abbotsford. It is said that Sir Walter had a presentiment of the coming stroke; and that he was led to anticipate it, not more from what he himself felt, than from the fact that his father and others of his family had suffered from the same disease. —*Spectator.* It gives us great pleasure to state, that the account of Sir W. Scott's health in the above paragraph is partially incorrect. It is true that the distinguished man, who has given so much delight to the world by the creations of his genius, has been lately suffering from illness, but we have been assured that his malady is not of a nature to create alarm among his friends. Dr Abercromby has been to Abbotsford, but has written tranquillizing accounts of Sir Walter to his friends.—*Times.* It is hoped that the *Tatler* need not add, how heartily it sympathizes with the pleasure expressed at this better news of the great novelist, who is destined to delight countless ages.

Etienne Henri Mehul.—When Mehul the composer was sixteen years of age, he visited Paris, and was taken by a friend to the rehearsal of Gluck's *Iphigenie en Tauride.* He had no money, and being very desirous to witness the performance, which was to take place on the following day, he determined to conceal himself in the boxes till then. He was discovered, and turned out; but the attempt came to the ears of Gluck, who gave him a ticket of admission, invited him to his house, and became his friend. He devoted himself earnestly to dramatic composition, and having undertaken to compose an opera, in which he found his progress continually interrupted by calls, invitations, and engagements of various kinds, he actually entreated the Superintendent of the Police to confine him in the Bastile till he had finished it. The indulgence, however, was denied him. Mehul was the intimate friend of Cherubini, and lost the place of Maitre de Chapelle to Napoleon, which was offered to him on the death of Paisello, by begging permission to share it with him.—*From the Harmonicon.*

An Ordinance respecting Aix-la-Chapelle.—The city having from time immemorial derived great benefit from a gambling-house, we, in our parental goodness, permit it to be opened from May to August, the months that foreigners generally resort to the city, for the benefit of the waters; but this indulgence is not to have any bad effect on the morals of the citizens, and the police are to turn out everybody whom they suspect not to be able to afford to lose money.—Frederick.

Violent Deaths of Illustrious Writers of Antiquity.—By a strange fatality, a great proportion of the illustrious writers of antiquity were prematurely cut off from existence. Euripides and Heraclitus were torn to pieces by dogs. Theocritus ended his career by the halter. Empedocles was lost in the crater of Mount Ætna. Hesiod was murdered by his secret enemies. Archilocus and Ibycus, by banditti. Sappho threw himself from a precipice. Æschylus perished by the fall of a tortoise from the claws of an eagle. Anacreon (as might have been expected) owed his death to the juice of the vine. Cratinus and Terence experienced the same fate with Menander, who was drowned. Seneca and Lucan were condemned to death by a tyrant, cut their veins, and died repeating their own verses; and Petronius Arbiter met a similar catastrophe. Lucretius, it is said, wrote under the dominion of a philtre administered by his mistress, and destroyed himself from its effects. Poison, though swallowed under very different circumstances, cut short both the days of Socrates and Demosthenes; and Cicero fell under the proscription of the triumvirates. It is truly wonderful that so many men, the professed votaries of peace and retirement, should have met with fates so widely different from that to which the common casualties of life should seem to expose them.—Philemon died of laughter. Entering a room to eat figs, he found an ass leisurely devouring them one by one; to complete the repast, he ordered a slave to present a goblet of wine to his long-eared guest. The ridiculous effect provoked so violent a fit of laughter, that he was suffocated in the struggle.—*Blund's Greek Anthology.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury-Lane.—William Tell—Perfection—And the Ice Witch.

Covent Garden.—The Maid of Honour—The Omnibus—And Neuha's Cave.

Queen's Theatre.

We are at a loss what to say to the new "Comedietta" in three acts, with "melodies by the author," which was produced here last night, called *The Times.* We admire the goodnature of modern audiences; it was never more admirably evinced than last night; and the more admirable, the more our admiration is bound to increase, and our criticism to be modest in proportion. Surely no author was ever luckier. Here was a production, the greatest part of which could only have been heard with patience; the plot was meagre and forced; the pleasantries consisted chiefly of poor puns; it seldom excited a laugh: we wondered how the three acts could go on without a storm, and yet we heard not a syllable of disapprobation except from one sulky person who sat by us quarrelling with a friend, and with whom one felt tempted to disagree. Moreover, whenever the audience could seize anything to laugh with, they pounced upon it with a sort of fervour of good will; and at the fall of the curtain, the applause was *nemine contradicente.* How to account for all this, we cannot tell; unless the author was known to the major part of his visitors, and is himself one of the best-natured of men: in which case we are sorry to record this difference of opinion with them, and can very sincerely tell him that we value such a nature "above all the trophies of wit."

The plot turns upon a paragraph in *The Times*, advertising for a lost two hundred pounds; but we fairly own, we are unable to detail it. There is another passage about a pig. The scenes chiefly pass in the lodging-house of *Mrs Cosy* (Mrs Glover) whose object it is to make her visitors comfortable, and to cheat them. A *Mr Wasp* (Mr J. Russell) who has a hump (which is meant, we suppose, as a philosophical excuse for his waspishness, but which certainly does not imply any such defect of temper, men with that deformity being often very amiable) goes about among *Mrs Cosy's* lodgers and the villagers, making all the mischief he can, out of pure disinclination to be idle; and thus *Mrs Cosy* is involved with her lover *Mr Muz*, a retired watchmaker and invalid (Mr Marshall); *Captain Lance* (Mr Green) with his mistress *Miss Nightingale* (Mrs Humby); and *Humphrey Honeysuckle* (Mr Barnett) with his mistress *Rachel* (Miss Wells) and a barber's

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heir (Mr WILKINSON). Most of these parties get into quarantine, on account of a report that there is the plague in London, and a supposition that the box containing the lost bank-bill is infected. The box has passed from this person to that, sometimes unfairly; and thus the criminals are to be frightened. The last scene takes place in the prison; and *Rachel*, who first found the bill, finds it again in the hands of her lover, to whom it has come round, and with whom a quarrel caused by a mistake respecting the watchmaker is made up. But all these affairs hung so ill together, that we cannot be sure we recollect even their main features properly. The best thing in the piece is an interview between *Rachel* and *Humphrey Honeysuckle*, where the former begs his pardon before she sets out upon an intended journey to London. We thought there was a touch in it of the real pastoral taste (theatrically speaking) of the BICKERSTAFFS and O'KEEFES; and with this saving grace for the author we are glad to conclude.

The actors did their best. The music (what there is of it) is in good taste, but meagre.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall insert AGIS with pleasure.

The Shabby Paper, we understand, has again been at us. We shall see whether its remarks are worth notice, and what sort of notice; and act accordingly.

We have to apologize to the author of "Odds and Ends of the French Drama" for not answering his letter sooner, especially as we do not contemplate at present any such arrangement as he speaks of. We beg him to accept our apology and our thanks. His communication will be left for him, in the course of to-morrow, at the Publisher's.

DRAMATICUS is right in complaining of our not speaking of the *Performers* when we noticed the *Pledge;* but the fact is, the last act had so absorbed us with its strange but affecting catastrophe, that we literally forgot to mention them.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

IL PIRATA.

[By BELLINI.]

The principal Characters by Madame Rubini, Madame Castelli, Signor Santini, Signor Deville, Signor De Angeli, and Signor Rubini.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

Principal Characters—Mademoiselle Brocard, Mlle Kaniel, Mlle Clara, Mlle Proche, and Mlle Zoe Beaupré.

In the First Act, Mademoiselle Taglioni will introduce a Pas de Deux, with M. Paul, and in the Third, the Tyrolienne.

Monsieur Lefebvre,
M. Simon, M. Gouriet, M. O'Brien, M. George, M. Bertram, M. Emile, M. Venafra, M. Edouard, M. D'Albert, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr SHERIDAN.]

Lady Teazle, Miss Chester. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs Faucit.
Mrs Candour, Mrs Orger. Maria, Miss Faucit. Maid. Mrs Webster.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr Farren. Sir Oliver Surface, Mr Dowton.
Joseph Surface, Mr Cooper. Charles Surface, Mr Wallack.
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr Harley. Crabtree, Mr W. Bennett.
Careless, Mr Yarnold. Rowley, Mr Younge.
Moses, Mr Webster. Trip, Mr Balls. Snake, Mr Thompson.
Sir Harry, (with a Song), Mr Sinclair.
John, Mr Eaton. William, Mr Honner.
First Gentleman, Mr East. Second Gentleman, Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Boieldieu's Overture to 'Les Deux Nuits,' Rossini's Overture to 'Semiramide,' and A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles.'

After which, a New

DIVERTISSEMENT SUISSE

[By M. SIMON.]

The Music selected from Suisse Melodies, and composed by M. Simon.

The principal Characters by Mlle. Rosalia Guet, Miss Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, Lane, M'Henry, Lydia. Mesdames Gear, Vallancey, Webster, Griffiths, Claire, A. Jones, E. Jones, Kemble, &c.
Messrs. G. Gilbert, Bartlett, Wieland, Chikini, Eaton, &c.

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr Benson Hill.
Hector, Miss Poole. Guillaume, Master Richardson.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; the Diorama; and Masaniello.

MASQUERADE AND GRAND LOYAL FESTIVAL
In Honor of HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
To-morrow night, April 27.
Mr W. BARRYMORE, Director.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Pegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bompertz, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, The Maid of Honour; Hide and Seek; and Neuha's Cave.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Entertainments will commence with the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Siffleur.

After which the Comedy of

THE HEIR AT LAW.

[By G. COLMAN.]

Lady Duberly, Madame Simon. Caroline, Miss Scott.
Cicely Homespun, Miss Vincent.
Daniel Dowlas, Mr Williams. Dick Dowlas, Mr C. Hill.
Doctor Pangloss, Mr Elliston. Henry Moreland, Mr Honner.
Stedfast, Mr D. Pitt. Zekiel Homespun, Mr Vale. Kenrick, Mr Gough.
John, Mr Rogers. Waiter at Hotel, Mr Collier.
Waiter at Blue Boar, Mr Lee.

Previous to the Comedy, Boieldieu's Overture to 'La Dame Blanche.'

To be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels, in the following order. Rondo, Violin, M. Engels. German Song, Madame Boai. Rule Britannia, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

Overture to 'Lodoiska,' by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

After which, a new Petite Drama, entitled

THE COBLER OF MUNICH.

Liska, Miss Vincent.
Claus Kellerman, Mr C. Hill. Wynkin Plaus, Mr Vale. Franz, Mr Rogers.
Steibelt, Mr Lee. Soldiers, &c.

To conclude with the Comic, Local and Musical Entertainment, entitled

SHAKSPEARE'S FESTIVAL.

Preceded by Mozart's Grand Overture to "Il Don Giovanni."

Rosalind Arden, Miss Somerville. Anne Hathaway, Miss Vincent.
Miss Simper, Miss Nicol. Sally, Miss Jordan. Betty, Miss Rumens.
Mr Shakspeare Arden, Mr Williams. George Hart, Mr Maitland.
Frederick Montague, Mr Dibdin Pitt. Guy Colthead, Mr Vale.
Gaius, Mr Gough. Cauliflower, Mr C. Hill.
Glump, Mr Webb. Mortcloth, Mr Asbury.

In Act I.—A Dance, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Comedietta, in Three Acts, entitled

"THE TIMES."

The Accompaniments and the New Overture by G. A. Macfarren, of the Royal Academy of Music.

Miss Nancy Nightingale, Mrs Humby. Rachel, Miss Wells.
Mrs Cosey, Mrs Glover.
Captain Lance, Mr Green. Mr Nicholas Scratch, Mr Wilkinson.
Mr Mus, Mr Marshall. Humphrey Honeysuckle, Mr Barnett.
Walter Wasp, Esq. Mr J. Russell.

After which a New Comic Operetta, to be called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Panza, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Deesaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.—The Assassin of Dijon.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Red Banner—Forty Thieves—Mutiny at the Nore.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Nationals—The Miller's Maid—Senor Valli—The Brigand's Wife—The Brothers of Turin.

CITY VAUDEVILLE.—The Maid's Stratagem—The Two Gregories—The Lancers—The Merry Month of May.

PAVILION THEATRE.—Town and Country—Swing—Aladdin.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1831.

LIVES OF NAPOLEON.

TO THE TATLER.

" Je lui peux immoler mon repos et ma vie;
Tout, hors le vérité, que je préfère à lui."

Sir,—It would be fortunate for the readers of history, if the authors whom they peruse, had adopted this excellent motto of the hero of Voltaire. It is to the discredit of human nature, and to the irreparable misfortune of moral literature, that it has been so frequently violated. Men consider it innocent to mould the character of an individual to preconceived impression, or to what it ought to be, to serve the purposes of a party.

Why has not the world condemned this flagrant dereliction from duty at another bar than that of public opinion? Of course I do not intend to condemn diversity of opinion, but diversity, suppression, and alteration of facts. I have been led to make these remarks, in considering the difficulty which, from this source, exists in forming an estimate of the character of Napoleon Bonaparte. Are we disciples of the enemies of freedom, the question is soon answered: he was an advocate of that sacred cause, he is their inveterate and eternal foe. The difficulty rests with the friend of liberty: its followers are far more tender respecting *means* than their adversaries; there are with them so many ways to the same end, that the ultimate object is neglected, and their strength, instead of being united and exerted against the common enemy, spent in quarrels and disputes with one another. Thus we shall find two writers of brilliant genius, both ardent lovers of liberty, both uniting in detestation of despotism, holding opinions diametrically opposite on the character of Napoleon Bonaparte; and not only are their opinions different, but the facts on which they are formed are different also: the Bonaparte of Hazlitt is essentially another than the Bonaparte of Dr Channing;—he has different motives—he performs other actions. Without alluding to the tergiversation of facts, so visible on a cursory glance over this subject, it may be interesting to enquire why these two eminent men should be *predisposed* to look with different eyes on the *Dieu mortel* of Frenchmen.

There appears to have been in Hazlitt a love of the *concrete*, as the metaphysician expresses it. He could not worship idealities. Despotism and slavery were forcibly and palpably enough dressed out before him, and a hatred of them was rooted, for ever, in his breast; but of Liberty, except in Bonaparte, he had no personification. Who can imagine the thirsting of a mind like his, for the gratification which the first victories of Bonaparte gave to the friends of liberty? Here was sympathy with the intensity of his hatred. Here were the springs of hope, adoration, and affection, after exhausting struggles of detestation and despair. Other men can view topics with indifference, as to approval or disapproval, but Hazlitt combined affection with admiration, and dislike, if not hatred, with disapprobation; with the magnitude of the topic, was the magnitude of his affection. Liberty is a vast and overwhelming subject; within its sphere the strongest intellect can wander unconfined,—it became the temple in which he worshipped,—the " Religion of his heart" was its dictates. Bonaparte was a vast and amazing being: he must be either loved or hated; he was loved—he became a " God." He was the founder of a new dispensation,—a redemption of mankind, which it was Hazlitt's holiest and dearest employ to preach and promulgate, —a religion of which he was " found worthy " to be an apostle,— to which he became a martyr. Yes, how indeed he was ready to offer up his repose and his life on the altar of devotion, his readers will always remember. Would that the last line of our motto were as applicable to him as the first. Nor must we conceal from ourselves, that the personal enmities of Hazlitt had a great share in heightening his attachment to Bonaparte: every act of whose brilliant career was doubly welcome, as furthering the cause he had principally at heart, abroad, and striking terror into the breasts of his enemies, at home. And no man endowed with half his depth of passion and sensibility could bear to have the veil torn from before his eyes,—could hear liberty (for this cause was identified with Liberty) mocked, and its sacred name derided by " perjured men in its courts," without feeling tenfold intensity of affection for it in misfortune. He could not bare his bosom of all that he had felt, and lived, and hoped for; and return, bleak, desolate, and doubly heart-rent by disappointment to the cold and chilling views of his youth. The wreck of the cause in which his soul had been embarked, was sufficient " dowry of misfortune," without that which its desertion would have entailed. Whoever has read his apologies for some of the most equivocal transactions of Bonaparte's life will recognise the truth of these remarks. His defence of the execution of the Duc D'Enghien,—his reasoning on the assumption of the Imperial dignity, and on the general offensive tactics of Bonaparte, may be particularly noted. Indeed, where he censures his hero, as for want of sympathy with the general principles of liberty, in the case of the patriot Poles and of the Russian serfs, his manner is somewhat forced, and conveys an idea that this censure is not given willingly, but as being required on the desirable ground of impartiality. In the same manner he praises the eloquence and genius of Burke, and the consistent bearing of Castlereagh. There is one stain, however, on the character of Bonaparte, unequivocal, undefended, and, I fear, indefensible. Who that has read of the war for independence in Hayti?—who that has sympathised with the heroic patriotism, the moderation, the glorious valour, and splendid abilities of its ill-fated chief?—who that has dropt a tear to the pure and unsullied memory of Toussaint, and breathed revenge against that deserter from his cause, who, whilst emancipating himself, rewarded the freedom of another with chains?—who that has felt these " thoughts that burn," before apologies for military despotism could find room in his mind, has not known that the dungeon of Toussaint rises up in judgment, for ever, with him, against admiration of the entombed of St Helena?—To return from this digression: Two words will afford us sufficient reason for supposing that the Bonaparte of Hazlitt would not be the Bonaparte of Channing. The latter is a Christian Minister. His scale of judgment is higher and more prescribed. With him the end does not justify the means. Besides the absence of the peculiar organization of Hazlitt, he has nothing to call forth the ebullitions of passion and spleen. His life is not one of active engagement; he is but a spectator in the struggle for liberty. He can have no conception of the calumnies, disappointments, and continued attacks, which its advocates here undergo. He is an American, and the assumption of Superiority is as much an eye-sore to him as the Divine Right to Hazlitt. Bonaparte reiterated the principle, and Channing preferred the tacit recognition of " Alexander the Deliverer." His conception of liberty is of a perfect, refined, immaterial, unimpassioned existence; of a temple " pure and undefiled," and he startles at the idea of investing, as High Priest, a rude and blood-stained warrior. There is an etherial stillness and unchanging calmness about Channing, which would be shocked by the clamour, however unobjectionable, of a material struggle. His Essay on the character of Fenelon will convey an excellent idea of the unearthliness of his conceptions. With him, too, there is nothing to be removed; the prejudices, associations, and institutions of the old world he beholds already demolished. However vast may be his anticipations,—however gigantic his belief in the capabilities of human nature,—however grand his speculations,—he has nothing to remove in realizing them. For this reason his ideas respecting liberty were more positive than ours,—they are not necessarily associated with those of contest and demolition. Offensive war, executions, arbitrary titles, unexampled sufferings, are not with him means to liberty, equality, peace, and happiness. Channing does not appear to mingle his ideas of liberty with anything of the present character or habits of man. In the silence of contemplation,—in the moment of mental excitement,—

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in the depths of thought, visions bright and beautiful float before him, decked by the splendour of his imagination, and bearing, from their celestial calmness, the impress of his peculiar mind. How different a picture he presents to Hazlitt, whose dream of liberty is agitated by a thousand passions—by feverish recollections of desertion and heartlessness—oppressed by the nightmare, misanthropy,—and sometimes lost amidst clouds of despair. Channing has probably, too, personal feeling at stake, but it is of a different description. The Americans anticipated an invasion from Bonaparte, and their personal apprehensions were, doubtless, sufficient to turn the scale of their judgments against him. It may be conceived, also, that with Channing's refined and poetical views respecting the latent energies and immeasurable extent of Christianity, he would be disposed to look with scorn upon one whose mind was not capacious enough to view it in any other light than that of a political footstool: hence his allowing but the minimum of greatness to Bonaparte,—greatness of action.

There are anomalies in American Politics, rendering it difficult for an Englishman to account satisfactorily for the extreme views of this splendid writer. There appears to be some analogy between the affection which he manifests for "Alexander the Deliverer," and the support which a Minister of the House of Hanover affords to the ex-King of France. Captain Hall has observed, that no two countries in Europe are so much opposed in actual condition as England to the United States; this statement is probably not altogether untrue. The public mind in England is far more enlightened than the Institutions.—The Institutions of America are adapted to a far more enlightened state of society than its population affords. An historical fact will account for the latter inaptitude, three months sufficed to convert the Americans from subjects of a monarchy to citizens of a republic. Of how long, Mr Tatler, will this in England be the work?

AGIS.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT.—Haynes, Hinds, and Co. of Sandy Hill, in a notice of dissolution, inform "all persons who were not pleased to pay *down*, on the purchase of goods, will please to pay *up* without delay. Mark that."—*American Paper.*

— A lawyer in the district of Colombia having wearied the Court by a very long and dull argument, his colleague respectfully suggested to him the expediency of bringing it to a close. The lawyer angrily replied, "I will speak as long as I please, Sir!"—"You have spoken longer than you *please*, already," retorted his companion.—*Massachusetts Journal.*

THE POET-HONORING INN-KEEPER.—Cowper having occasion to send his servant Samuel to the George Inn, at Woburn, the landlord, Mr Martin, hearing whose servant he was, told him that he had never seen Mr Cowper, but he had heard him frequently spoken of by the companies that had called at his house, and therefore when Sam would have paid for his breakfast, would take nothing from him. "Who says that fame is only empty breath?" says the poet,—"on the contrary, it is good ale and cold beef into the bargain."—*Hayley's Life of Cowper.*

CHINESE WRITING MATERIALS.—The Chinese in writing use no pens, but pencils made of the hair of some animal, commonly a rabbit. This pencil they hold not obliquely as painters use, but perpendicularly, as if they would prick the paper. The reader, perhaps, needs not to be informed that they write not from the left hand to the right as we do, nor from the right to the left like the Hebrews, but in lines from the top of the leaf to the bottom, beginning at the right hand. The Chinese paper is not made of silk, as is commonly supposed, but of the inner bark of trees; and is remarkable not only that they can make it into sheets of extraordinary size, but also that after it hath been written on, and worn to pieces, they can work it over again, and from the scraps make new paper. The Chinese paper hath a beautiful gloss, but it is thin, brittle, and not at all durable. Their ink, which is known in Europe by the name of Indian ink, is made of lamp-black, of which the best is got by burning old pines. They mix perfumes with it to correct the smell. These ingredients are worked into the consistence of paste, which is then put into wooden moulds of the shape they would have it. The Chinese standish is a little polished marble with a hollow at one end to contain water; in this they dip their stick of ink, and then rub it on the smooth part of the marble. The pencil, paper, ink, and marble, are called by the Chinese the four precious things, which they pique themselves on keeping very neat. Everything which relates to letters is so reputable in China, that even the making of ink is not esteemed a mechanic employment.—*Notes to Hau Kiou Choaan.*

EPIGRAM.

To call a Lord a "thing," is voted treason:
To call him "*no*-thing," then, must be in reason.

Times.

— In an article on the origin of words, published in 'Le Courier Des Etats-Unis,' there is a curious account of the derivation of the word *bigot*. It appears that Rolla, a Norman Duke, being asked to kiss the feet of his Sovereign, Charles the Simple, answered, "No, I will not, *by got*." When the same people were asked whether they would be baptized, they replied, "We will, by got." This phrase being so common among them, foreigners called the Normans "*by gots*;" as the French now call the English Messeiurs God-damn; and the Spanish "*Si Signors.*" By degrees, the word *by got* became *bigot*, and was applied to those who always had the name of God in their mouths.

THE LEAP OF A WHALE.—As we were lying on our oars, and somewhat puzzled what to do next, we beheld one of the most extraordinary sights in the world, at least I do not remember to have seen many things which have surprised me so much, or made a deeper impression on my memory. Our friend the whale, probably finding the water disagreeably shallow, for, as I have said, it was not more than fifty or sixty feet deep—or, perhaps, provoked at not being able to disentangle himself from the sharp coral reefs, or for some other reason of pleasure or of pain—suddenly made a spring out of the water. So complete was this enormous leap, that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance from the water not much short, I should think, of half his own breadth! His back, therefore, must have been at least twenty feet, in perpendicular height, over our heads! While in this progress upwards, there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or salmon shoots out of the water; but he fell back again on the sea, like a huge log thrown on its broadside, and with such a thundering crash as made all hands stare in astonishment, and "the boldest held his breath for a time." Total demolition, indeed, must have been the inevitable fate of our party, had the whale taken his leap one minute sooner, for he would then have fallen plump on the boats. The waves caused by the explosion spread over half the anchorage; nor, if the *Leander* herself had blown up, could the effect have extended much further. As we rolled about in the cutter from side to side, we had time to balance the expediency of further proceedings against the tolerable chance of being smashed to atoms under the whale's belly at his next leap.—*Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

PORCELAIN WORKS IN CHINA.—Every trade in China hath its tutelar deity, and that of the potter owes its origin to the following accident. The Emperor sent down models which, after vain attempts, the workmeu humbly represented it was not possible to execute. They were answered by blows and still more pressing instances. At last, one of the workmen, in despair, three himself into the burning oven, and was consumed in an instant. The chinaware then baking, it is said, proved perfectly fine, and entirely to the Emperor's liking. The desperado became a hero, and was thenceforth worshipped as the divinity presiding over the porcelain works,—by the name of Pu-sa. Although the Chinese workmen cannot execute all the models which are brought them, yet they complete many surprising works. * * * * P. Dentrecolles assures us, that he hath seen a large lanthorn like that of a ship, all of china, through which one candle enlightened a whole room. He tells us also that they make flutes, flageolets, and other musical instruments, of porcelain; as likewise ducks and tortoises, to float on the water; and that he hath seen a cat so painted to the life, with a lamp placed in the head as to represent the eyes, that rats were frightened at it. The same writer informs us, that they have mades urns which coss more than eighty crowns a piece at the furnace.—*Notes to Han Kiou Choaan.*—[It is strange that the Emperor did not order a man to be sacrificed at every baking, since the the poor workman's death proved so beneficial.]

BABOO RAMMOHUN ROY.—This distinguished individual, the first Bramin who has ever been in England, arrived in the metropolis on the 16th instant. He is accompanied by his son, Baja Baba, and servants. The Baboo is, as we understand, possessed of high intellectual powers, and by a course of self-education has become learned, not only in Persian, Arabic, Sanscrit, and several of the vernacular languages of India, but has acquired an extensive knowledge of the English language and literature. He devoted his early attention to the sacred writings of the Hindoos, and soon found that they had been much corrupted, and that numerous superstitions had arisen out of those corruptions, some of which were of a cruel and demoralizing character. Among the rest he proved, both to his own countrymen and to the English, that the practice of concremation, or burning of widows with their husbands' corpses, was not enjoined by the Shasters. At length he extended the field of his inquiries to Judaism, and ultimately to Christianity. He abandoned the superstitions of Hindooism, and became even a polemical writer on the Christian religion. He has not, it is said, cordially embraced the doctrines of Christianity, nor does he think it necessary to dwell upon them; alleging that it will be time enough to examine them more particularly when Christians themselves are agreed as to their import. The morality of the system he greatly admires, and thinks it worthy of universal extension. Among several ingenious works which he has written in English, one of the most popular, is entitled "*The Precepts of Jesus.*" His religious opinions approach the nearest to Unitarianism. His manners, it is said, are very engaging; and these, together with his recondite information respecting India, his learning, and his high mental powers, make his company to be eagerly sought after.—*The Christian Advocate.*

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ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.—Lake Williams, in his history of Inventions and Discoveries, says the Chinese obtain false pearls from a kind of muscle, in the following manner: 'In the beginning of summer, at the time when the muscles rise to the surface of water and occasionally open their shells, they watch the moment and place in each shell five or six small beads strung upon a thread. At the end of the year, when they fish for these, they draw them up; and upon opening them, they discover the head encrusted with a pearly substance, and having a perfect resemblance to real pearls. It is said there is now in the possession of the British Royal Society, large *chamæ* brought from China, which are a species of muscle, in which there are several bits of iron wire encrusted with pearl. Those bits of wire it appears were originally rough, and it is judged probable the animal emitted this substance as a means to procure ease from the irritation it must unavoidably occasion.'

KOTZEBUE'S ENTERTAINMENT IN RADACK.—The author who was, it seems, the discoverer of the Radack Islands, and had become a great favourite with the natives during his first visit, returned, after an interval of eight years, in a vessel so much larger than that which he formerly commanded, that the natives fled in alarm. When they ascertained that their visitor was *Totabu* (as they pronounced his name) they were in an ecstasy of delight. Having led him to the chief, they entertained him in a style of the most poetic rusticity.—"Upon a verdant spot before it, and surrounded and shaded by bread-fruit trees, young girls were busily spreading mats for Dr Eschscholz and myself to sit on. Rarik and Lagediak seated themselves facing us, and the mother (eighty years of age) by my side, at a little distance. The other islanders formed a compact circle around us; the nearest line seating themselves, and those behind standing, to secure a better view of us. Some climbed the trees; and fathers raised their children in their arms, that they might see over the heads of the people. The women brought baskets of flowers, and decorated us with garlands; and Rarik's mother, drawing from her ears the beautiful white flower, of the lily kind, so carefully cultivated here as an indispensable ornament of the female sex, did her best to fasten it into mine ear with strings of grass, while the people expressed their sympathy by continual cries of "Aidarah!" (Friend). In the mean time, the young girls were employed in pressing into muscle-shells the juice of the pandanas, which they presented to us, with a sort of sweetmeat called mogan, prepared from the same fruit. The flavour of both is very agreeable.—*Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—La Pirata—And Kenilworth.
DRURY-LANE.—The School for Scandal—Divertissement Suisse—The Legion of Honour.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

FIFTH CONCERT, MONDAY, APRIL 25, 1831.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. VIII	*Haydn.*
Scena, Mr BRAHAM, "Per pietà, non dirmi addio,"	*Beethoven.*
Quintetto in E flat, two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello, Messrs MORI, WATTS, MORALT, A. GRIESBACH, and LINDLEY	*Beethoven.*
Scena, Madame STOCHAUSEN, "Deh calma" (Matilda von Guise)	*Hummel.*
Overture, "Der Templar und die Jüdin"	*Marschner.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia in A	*Beethoven.*
Aria, Signor SANTINI, "Qui sdegno" (Il Flauto Magico)	*Mozart.*
Fantasia, Corno (La Tyrolien) Signor PUZZI	*Costa.*
Duetto, Madame STOCKHAUSEN and Mr BRAHAM, "Fuggi crudel" (Il Don Giovanni)	*Mozart.*
Overture, Oberon	*C. M. Von Weber.*

Leader, Mr LODER,—Conductor, Mr T. COOKE.

THE selection and performance of last Monday evening afforded us an almost unvaried succession of delight. We unconsciously—we might say unavoidably envied the proud satisfaction which must have now and then crossed the mind of the Chevalier NEUKOMM, (who sat at a little remove from us) as he cast his eye over the bill of fare, upon finding that the most tasteful musical audience, and the finest body of performers in Europe were that evening engaged in paying homage exclusively to his own countrymen; and among them the greatest geniuses, of melody and harmony combined, that ever existed. MOZART, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, HUMMEL, WEBER, and MARSCHNER. HAYDN'S symphony, No. VIII, called the 'Drum Symphony,' was most admirably played. With the exception of the andante, this is not our favourite among the twelve; and yet when we reflect upon the masterly way in which he has treated his subjects, his modulations, the ingenious manner in which he has dispersed the various features of his melodies among the instruments, particularly in that lovely finale, we sympathise with *Juliet*, who in a hasty moment could be induced to utter a word of detraction from the perfect qualities of her lover:

"Oh! what a beast was I to chide him thus!"

Mr BRAHAM took considerable pains in singing the fine scena of BEETHOVEN'S, "Per Pietà." We thought that in the recitative he was somewhat too laborious and violent. His words are apt to proceed from him with the emphatic sigh of a pavior. In the air, however, he acquitted himself with good taste and feeling.

The Quintett (and a charming one it is) was most beautifully played. MORI at first appeared a little nervous; his lonely tone, however, never deserted him, and his wonted firmness returned with the second movement. He played as finely as ever.

HUMMEL, the pupil of MOZART, the musician for whom, when a little boy, HAYDN wrote a sonata, and which he performed at one of SALOMON'S concerts, led Madame STOCKHAUSEN into the room, and conducted the performance of his own beautiful composition, 'Deh calma.' The reception he met with from the audience was animated, and fully worthy one of the most graceful and most exuberant geniuses now living. It was gratifying, when contemplating the man before us, to think of the little boy who had been patted on the head and encouraged by such a creature as MOZART; and how fair and noble a blossoming had come forth from his fostering care and masterly training. So high an esteem had the tutor for the accomplishment of his little pupil, that he has made him play to him for hours, while he himself lay down, exhausted by mental and bodily exertion.

MARSCHNER'S overture disappointed us. It is noisy, screaming, deficient in subject, and has little or no relief in the treatment. It is inferior in design to his overture to 'Der Vampyr;' and, to sum up all our objections, it is an imitation of WEBER'S most turbulent compositions. The author of the fine, characteristic music in 'Der Vampyr' is capable of better things than a bald repetition of another musician's ideas.

The finale to BEETHOVEN'S symphony is, in our opinion, unequal to the previous movements. The second is perhaps one of the finest he ever composed. It is grave, rich, and lugubrious as a pompous funeral procession. By an indescribable association of ideas, BEETHOVEN, in a movement such as the one alluded to, not unfrequently reminds us of the colouring of REMBRANDT: his *musical* colouring frequently partakes of the same character; it is darkly gorgeous, solid, consistent with its subject, and deeply mysterious: more always appears to be "meant than meets the ear." He should have composed for the Greek tragedians, and have set to music the fatal chorus of the Parcæ.

Signor SANTINI, like a true singer, imagined that the encore of 'Qui sdegno' was a compliment to *his* performance, and not to the lovely melody itself; he must therefore, upon the repetition of it, take upon himself to play tricks with the text, and consequently spoil both the character of the original and the intention of the composer. To introduce Rossinian flourishes in a simple air, sung by a High Priest, is of itself ludicrous enough. Flourishing begins to be smoked—above all, the flourishing of Priests. Signor SANTINI did not appear, from his manner, to understand his subject; he was too loud and hard. The quality of his voice is blaring and cow-like: his style too is abrupt and staccatoed. Mr H. PHILLIPS, who is a far better cantabile singer, sang the same air last year at these concerts in much better style and with more appropriate expression.

For tone and execution we never heard any performer on the horn comparable with Signor PUZZI. Although the fantasia he played upon the present occasion received but little applause, the skill of the performer himself, we think, should have received a distinguished encouragement.

Madame STOCKHAUSEN and Mr BRAHAM sang the duet from *Il Don Giovanni* with correctness of feeling and expression; and the beautiful overture to *Oberon*, which was loudly applauded, concluded the performance of a judicious selection of sterling music.

C.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Ottavia, Miss Faucit. Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicola, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert, Mr H. Wallack. Theodore, Mr J. Vining.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack.
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford. Spoletto, Mr Bland.

After which a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]
The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr Benson Hill.
Hector, Miss Poole. Guillaume, Master Richardson.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

[By M. AUBER.]

Elvira, Miss Byfield. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chikini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.
Ruffino, Mr Bland. Lorenzo, Mr Howard. Moreno, Mr Yarnold.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Play, in Three Acts, called

THE CARNIVAL AT NAPLES.

The Overture and the whole of the Music, (except one Air) by John Barnett.

Nina, Miss Taylor. Zoranthe, Miss H. Cawse. Rodrigo, Mrs Tayleure.
Duchess di Fontana, Mrs Lovell. Aurora di Cosenza, Miss Hughes.
Duke di Fontana, Mr Egerton. Count Cosenza, Mr Blanchard.
Manfredi, Mr Warde. Valentine, Mr Wilson. Benedetto, Mr G. Bennett.
Harry Fortescue, Mr Abbott. Dermot O'Donovan, Mr Power.
Rufo, Mr Evans. Gasparo, Mr F. Matthews.

After the Play, Mozart's Overture to 'La Clemenza di Tito.'

After which, an Interlude, called

HIDE AND SEEK.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Miss Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree. Charlotte, Miss Lawrence.
Mordaunt, Mr Baker. Merton, Mr Duruset. Moses, Mr Keeley.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Beudy.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

JULIEN; OU, VINGT-CINQ ANS D'ENTR'ACTE.

Vaudeville en Deux Actes, de MM. DARTOIS et XAVIER.

1er. ACTE.

Il se passe au Chateau du Baron, avant la Révolution.

Emilie, Mme. Albert. La Comtesse, Mme. Préval. Fanchette, Mlle. St Ange.
Le Comte d'Hercourt, M. St Aubert. Le Marquis de Mirval, M. Albert.
Jacques, M. Laporte. Julien, M. Pelissié. Garou, M. Gamard.

2me. ACTE.

Il se passe a Paris, chez le Baron de Stétin, après 25 Ans d'entr'acte.

Camille, Mlle. Florval. Fanchette, Mlle. St Ange.
Le Baron de Stetin, M. Pelissié. Jacques Sollié, M. Laporte.
Ernest, M. Paulin. Garou, M. Gamard.
Lafleur, Comtois, et Champagne, MM. Arnaud, Granville et Guenée.

Suivi de la première Representation de

LA FIANCEE DU FLEUVE.

Vaudeville Nouveau en Deux Actes, MM. CHARLES et CARMOUCHE.

Nelly, Mme. Albert. Joana, Mme. Préval. Arthur d'Hermilly, M. Alfred.
Jobson, M. Laporte Jacques, M. Guenée.

On Finira par

LES RENDEZ-VOUS BOURGEOIS.

Opéra en Un Acte, Musique de NICOLO.

Julie, Mme Albert. Reine, Mlle. Florval. Louise, Mlle. St. Ange.
M. Dugravier, M. Préval. César, M. Laporte. Charles, M. Alfred.
Bertrand, M. Gamard. Jasmin, M. Arnaud.

A CHEAP EDITION, price 8s. 6d. containing the whole

LECTURES ON ANATOMY AND PATHOLOGY,

Including Observations on the Nature and Treatment of LOCAL DISEASES, by the late J. ABERNETHY, Esq. The value of this Volume is not confined to the Medical Practitioner; the plain and lucid style of the Lectures renders it a valuable Book of reference and consultation in Families.
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THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

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New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.

In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.

'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BAR MAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—

Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gosscon; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Entertainments will commence with the Performances of Herr Von Joel, the Human Flageolet; or, German Siffleur.

After which, the Historical Drama of

WILLIAM TELL.

Austrians—Anneli, Miss Vincent. Agnes, Miss Scott.
Gesler, Mr D. Pitt. Sarnam, Mr Almar. Struth, Mr Hobbs. Braun, Mr Rogers.
Rudolph, Mr Lee. Lutold, Mr Richards.
Swiss—Emma, Miss M. C. Poole. William Tell, Mr Osbaldiston.
Albert, Miss Ellis. Waldman, Mr Webb. Michael, Mr C. Hill.
Melchtal, Mr Gough. Erni, Mr Nelson. Verner, Mr Maitland.
Furst, Mr Yonng. Jagheli, Mr Honner. Pierre, Mr Ransford.

Previous to 'William Tell,' Rossini's Overture to 'La Nozze di Figaro.'

To be succeeded by the Performances of Michel Boai, assisted by Madame Boai and Monsieur Engels, in the following order. Rondo, Violin, M. Engels. German Song, Madame Boai. Gallopade, with Variations, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

After which, a new Petite Drama, entitled

THE COBLER OF MUNICH.

Lieka, Miss Vincent.
Claus Kellerman, Mr C. Hill. Wynkin Plaus, Mr Vale. Frans, Mr Rogers.
Steibelt, Mr Lee. Soldiers, &c.

Nel cor più, with Variations, by Michel Boai, on his Chin.

To conclude with the Comic, Local and Musical Entertainment, entitled

SHAKSPEARE'S FESTIVAL.

Preceded by Mozart's Grand Overture to "Il Don Giovanni."

Rosalind Arden, Miss Somerville. Anne Hathaway, Miss Vincent.
Miss Simper, Miss Nicol. Sally, Miss Jordan. Betty, Miss Rumens.
Mr Shakspeare Arden, Mr Williams. George Hart, Mr Maitland.
Frederick Montague, Mr Dibdin Pitt. Guy Colthead, Mr Vale.
Gaius, Mr Gough. Cauliflower, Mr C. Hill.
Glump, Mr Webb. Mortcloth, Mr Asbury.

In Act I.—A Dance, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Comic Opesetta, to be called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

After which a New Comedietta, in Three Acts, entitled

"THE TIMES."

The Accompaniments and the New Overture by G. A. Macfarren, of the Royal Academy of Music.

Miss Nancy Nightingale, Mrs Humby. Rachel, Miss Wells.
Mrs Cossey, Mrs Glover.
Captain Lance, Mr Green. Mr Nicholas Scratch, Mr Wilkinson.
Mr Mus, Mr Marshall. Humphrey Honeysuckle, Mr Barnett.
Walter Wasp, Esq. Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Grasipt, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy. Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louisen, Miss Stolzwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessain, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.—The Assassin of Dijon.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Red Banner—Forty Thieves —Mutiny at the Nore.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Nationals—The Miller's Maid —Senor Valli—The Brigand's Wife—The Brothers of Turin.

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Nº 203.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Lectures on Anatomy, Surgery, and Pathology; including Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Local Diseases. By John Abernethy, F.R.S. &c. &c. 12mo, pp. 580. Second edit. Westley.

Having the other day made some observations suggested by the recent death of this eminent surgeon, it may not perhaps be unacceptable to some of our readers, if we take up the volume of his Lectures, delivered at St Bartholomew's, a second edition of which has been recently published, for the purpose of making a few extracts.

We will commence with the Lecturer's account of a painful affection of the nerves called *tic douloureux*, which appears to be a comparatively new disease; at least he says there was no such thing "dreamt of in his time;" and then follows a sly insinuation that the increase of diseases has kept pace with that of the doctors.

'Tic Douloureux.—It was a rare thing, in the early part of my life, to see many cases of disease produced by increased vascular action, which are now common; and so it is with diseases depending on an undue nervous action in a part; for I do not think there was such a thing as *tic douloureux* ever dreamt of in my time. How this comes, I don't know. There has been a great increase of medical men, it is true, of late years, but, upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion; that is a great comfort. As to the disease, it is attended with the most intense pain; there is no increased vascular action in the lip or cheek, for they look as usual; there is no increased vascular action generally, nor any error in the absorbent system; but, as to the pain, it is most excruciating; ah! often beyond endurance. I have seen people with this disease perfectly free from pain one instant, and who, whilst talking or doing something else, have been suddenly seized with the most racking and excruciating pain imaginable. I remember one young woman in particular, who, when the paroxysms of pain came on, would tear handfuls of hair from her head, and required three strapping young men to hold her; so tormenting is the pain, so formidable are the effects which it produces! Well, it is a very curious disease; and some persons have been led to divide the nerves of the part, but, I say, you might as well expect to cure a man with gout of the pain in his great toe, by dividing the nerves going to the toe, as to cure person of tic douloureux by the division of a nerve. In both cases the complaint is perfectly constitutional. You may see a person with gout who is almost unable to move with the pain; but produce a shock on the nervous system, by telling him that the house is on fire, and he will scamper about like a lamplighter. As Smollett tells us, in one of his novels, of Captain Lismahago, who went into a house and cried out to an old gentleman with the gout, "Mad dog, mad dog!" when he jumped up, and ran out of the house even into a pond of water opposite.

'In this complaint, one part alone is not affected; the disease flies from one part to another, and the division of the nerves does no good. Can it be cured? Undoubtedly, if you can tranquillize the disorder of the nervous system. But how is this to be done? Why, I don't know, nor do I believe any body else knows. As I say to patients who call upon me with these kinds of affections, if I could quiet irritable nerves, strengthen weak ones, and regulate the distribution of the nervous energy, then I could cure all the diseases you would bring to me. This may be wrong, or let it be otherwise, I know of no other medium through which these affections can be cured, than that of the nervous system; and, I believe, that if the patient be put on a rational plan of diet, and his digestive organs got into a right state, these affections will not come twice, at least if the patient remain in good health. I have seen many cases of this kind, and feel strongly convinced as to the truth of what I say. I once lodged in the country during the summer, where I used to see a man go by the window every day, making all the wry faces in the world, one day having the mouth and chin drawn up, another, like a "Cheshire cat." I wondered what all this meant. At last he called on me one day, because I suppose I was a London surgeon, to consult me. He was a respectable farmer, and a well educated man. He asked me whether it was possible for him to be cured? Most undoubtedly, I told him. Regulate your diet and bowels; take a less quantity of wine than you have been accustomed to (for he was in comfortable circumstances); in short, keep your system as quiescent as possible. By attention to these circumstances he became quite well, as you will see by the following anecdote, which he afterwards told me:—"I returned," he said, "to the country, (for he was a man of fortune, and farmed his own estate) and met a surgeon in the market, who had formerly attended me. I said to him, 'Doctor, I will buy sixpennyworth of pears, and lay you a bet that I eat my half of them before you will yours.'" Whether he gained the bet or not I don't know, but the surgeon was astonished, and said to him, "I thought that you could not venture to eat pears." To which he replied, "Six weeks ago, I could sooner have done as Mucius Scevola did, thrust my right hand into the fire, than have taken a cold pear into my mouth." Now, I have seen several cases of this kind.

'The most severe case which I ever saw, was in a physician of this town, who suffered for many years the most excruciating agonies, and at last died. The nerve was so cut about, that he said himself, when he shaved, or was shaved, the skin was quite insensible. The pain in these cases is mostly produced in the trunk of the nerve, and not in the branches. I do not myself think division of these of any use, but rely on the constitutional treatment of the disease.

'I once divided a nerve in a lady's finger for the tic douloureux. The pain was so great that she could not put her hand into her pocket; she had cramps of the muscles, and spasms, and, in fact, I was afraid that she would have lock-jaw. The complaint continued for many years, gradually augmenting in severity, and I thought the case would justify the division of the nerve. The temperature of the arm was above the natural standard, the pain extended up the whole course of the radial nerve, but it began from the extreme point. I cut down on the nerve, exposed it, divided it, and took away three quarters of an inch of the nerve on the second joint of the finger. It was a long time before she was physiologist enough to find out that the division of the nerve had done her any good, for she had all the pain for some time after, as before the operation. The arm above the part where the nerve was divided was particularly sensible, and the pain was referred to the end of the finger. She became, however, a little better, the arm regained its natural temperature; the pain subsided, and she lost all those general nervous feelings to which she had for so long a time been subject. But this unfortunate girl died a year afterwards of extensive disease in the abdominal viscera. Now I say, that I have seen several cases of this kind, and I am convinced that the treatment of tic douloureux should be constitutional treatment, and such as is calculated to allay the irritability of the nervous system. It seems to me as truly a constitutional disorder, as either gout or rheumatism. In the physician's body, whose case I mentioned just now, no organic disease could be found in any part. In many cases which have been examined, no organic change could be found; the complaint consisted in functional derangement, and not in any structural change.'

The following passage from another lecture, is of more general importance than may strike the reader at first sight; it derives also a particular interest just now, from its application to the case of the young Princess Victoria:—

'Well, but about the mis-direction of weight; that is, the weight not falling upon the arch of the foot, but falling on the *tibial* aspect of the leg and foot. O, that's a very bad thing indeed. There you see the internal ligaments are strained; they are strained amazingly, and they elongate.—That is what you see very commonly in growing lads, and particularly those who carry weights on their shoulders; in bakers' boys, for instance, you see the foot turned out, the internal muscles turned in, the knee—I do not know whether it is not called baker-knee'd or not—the knees approximating to one another; so that it is of the utmost consequence to keep the weight of the body bearing on the astragalus and middle of the arch of the foot. You may say, hang these chaps, I do not care much about them; but I will tell you of a set of patients who you will care about: a young lady has her foot distorted, the muscles strained, and, as you will find, the round head of the astragalus coming out of the bed of the *os naviculare*; if the foot is twisted out, it will necessarily bring the knee inward; and there is a case you will care about. Consulted by people of wealth and opulence, and distinction, "How am I to do with my daughter; could you recommend irons, or what is to be done?" Now I say to them just this: "I would recommend your daughter to observe how she walks, and to take care that the weight of her body rests on the middle of the arch of the foot. I would recommend her not to walk with her toes turned out, but with them as straight forward as she can, for that is one of the things which gives cause to the weight to fall on the inside of the astragalus." In general you

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observe dancing ladies with their toes very much turned out, and I say, O, you must give up dancing, and do not turn your toes out at all. Then another thing to be attended to is, that you may heighten the inner quarter of your shoe, and that will help your weight to fall on the middle of the arch of your foot. You know that putting a strap round your shoe, and fastening that strap round your leg, is tantamount to the inner quarter of the shoe being heightened. If those things do not succeed in preventing the evil, why then you must have recourse to machinery, to irons, and so on; but I can tell you, after having seen a multitude of those cases, there was no necessity for irons at all, and by merely attending to those simple rules, and avoiding letting the weight rest where it ought not to have rested, they have grown up with ankles that were not materially wrong; the weight became transmitted to the astragalus, very much as it ought to be.'—P. 311.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BROTHER.

When the Sun walks upon the blue sea waters,
Smiling the shadows from yon purple hills,
We pace this shore,—I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And both unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
And then doth my dear brother, who hath worn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words, and oft a smile
Will stray amidst his lessons, as he marks
New wonder paint my cheek, or fondly reads
Upon the burning page of my red eyes
The truth reflected, which he casts on me:—
For he is like the Sun,—giving me light,
Pouring into the caves of my young brain,
Knowledge from his bright fountains.—Thus it is
I drink in the starry truth,—science and art,
And Learning pale doth crown my thoughts with flowers,
And Music waiteth on me sad and sweet,
And great Imagination, for *my* sake,
Lets loose her dreams and bids her wonders flow
By me,—until I talk in poetry! ALCANZOR.

GENERAL YERMOLOW.

As this officer is reported to have revolted against the iniquitous Russian despot, our readers may be pleased to see the following account of him, from the Memoirs of his friend and fellow-patriot Don Juan Van Halen:—

'On the 5th at day-break, we commenced our march through a country, to the beauty and variety of which no pen could ever do justice; and on the following day, towards evening, we approached Andreïewsky. Before reaching the city, the troops halted and suddenly formed, when I found that the general-in-chief Yermolow had, unaccompanied by any one, advanced on foot to meet this column. As all the troops of head-quarters, the officers on the staff, and the general-in-chief himself, were bivouacking before Andreïewsky, the battalions which had just arrived also pitched their tents there. I waited till the following day to present myself to the man whom I was most anxious to know; and meantime, profiting by the kind invitation of the major of one of the regiments with whom I came, I spent the night in his tent.

'The cannon announced the dawn, and I then beheld from the camp, which stood on an elevated spot, one of the most splendid sights I had ever seen, formed on one side by Andreïewsky, and on the others by fertile vallies and picturesque mountains. The body of officers with whom I had performed the last stages of my journey, and myself, went to present ourselves to the general at six o'clock, the hour appointed on the proceding night for our visiting him. The tent of the general was what is called in the country a kivitka. It is in the form of a dome: the lower part is composed of a sort of trellis-work in wood, very light but solid, about five feet high; the top is made of rather thick osiers; and the whole is covered with a thick impenetrable cloth, manufactured in the country. It had a door on one side, and a sliding window on the other. Its diameter was between twenty-five and thirty feet.

'On our drawing near, an aide-de-camp of Yermolow came out to meet us, and conducted us to the general's kivitka, which was furnished with a camp-bed, a table, and two chairs. Yermolow embraced the chiefs and officers with whom he was acquainted, and who had made with him the last campaign against Napoleon, and afterwards addressed himself to the whole circle, in the middle of which he stood in that martial attitude by which he is so much distinguished, entering at some length into the subject of the present war, and making humourous comparisons between the French campaign and that of the Caucasus, as well as on the diversity of objects offered by each. During his discourse, I observed the countenances of those by whom he was surrounded (among whom were officers of great merit), and it gave me pleasure to see that they were expressive of sincere attachment and respect; sentiments which, among the military class, are entertained only for those who, in the midst of bivouacs, lavish the noblest sacrifices to their country.

'Yermolow appeared to be about forty years of age. He is a very tall man, but well proportioned; has a vigorous constitution, and an animated countenance, the expression of which at once stamps him as a man of superior mind. When he received us, he wore a military frock-coat with a red standing collar, epaulettes, and the riband of the order of St George at the button-hole. On his bed lay a sabre, and a foraging cap, which completed his usual campaign dress. When the officers retired, he motioned me to remain. I had observed him sufficiently to be convinced that I might dispense with delivering my letters of recommendation to him, unless he himself alluded to them. The general, after congratulating me on my safe arrival, and welcoming me to head-quarters, entered upon the subject of my regiment, which he represented as being in the best possible condition, though in a state of inactivity, owing to the kind of warfare in which his army was at present engaged, in a mountainous country, where no regular cavalry troops could be employed to advantage, the country itself furnishing such horsemen as they stood in need of. I expressed a wish to render myself more useful, and took my leave of him, having first received an invitation to dine with him on that day.'

* * * * * * *

'On reaching the general's quarters, we found that the dinner had been ready an hour; but as he was on this day engaged in preparing his despatches for the Emperor, in which he usually gave the most circumstantial accounts of the operations of his army, we still found time to spare. General Yermolow, usually called by his Christian name, Alexis Petrowitch, is always his own secretary, confidant, and counsellor. According to the opinion of several distinguished persons of the capital, his confidential correspondence with the Emperor Alexander is of the highest interest, as it is replete with sublime sentiments, patriotic views, disinterested advice, and impartiality; this modern Belisarius having no other ambition than the true prosperity of his country, and the splendour of his sovereign's throne.

'Whilst this indefatigable chief was thus engaged in his numerous duties, I walked with several officers in the garden belonging to the tower, which, being on an elevated situation, commanded many fine prospects. In passing through the dining-room I observed at the head of the table a plate of soup which was quite cold, and I was informed that the general never ate anything hot, his dinner being usually served long before he sat down.'

* * * * * * *

'I thought, from all that I had heard respecting the treacherous character of the inhabitants of Asia, that General Yermolow appeared too careless of his personal safety, by absenting himself from us, and venturing beyond the reach of a sentry, accompanied only by some of the country people, probably spies, who, like the rest of the inhabitants of the Caucasus, never part with their daggers even in their sleep. I made this remark to some of the officers, who replied, that the general trusted so much to the respect which he inspired even to his most inveterate enemies, that he never thought of danger; and he was moreover persuaded, that were he to act otherwise, he would lose much of the *prestige* he enjoyed among a people, who prize nothing so highly as personal courage.

'Yermolow spends most of his afternoons in active occupations, and generally in the company of the young aid-de-camps, whom he takes a pleasure in forming; but to none of whom he ever shows the least partiality, which frequently excites jealousy, and spreads disunion among the officers of an army. His orders, whether written or verbal, are intrusted by him to the one who happens to be near his person.

'I have learned from persons who have known General Yermolow from his youth, that he always took the greatest pleasure in literary pursuits, and is deeply read in the classics. It is not surprising then if, with his studious babits, he should detest both drinking and gambling, the last of which, so difficult to repress among his countrymen, he never tolerates. Indeed, it is the only thing in which he is intolerant, particularly if he feels any esteem for the person addicted to this vice.

'In the evening, when the friends who form his society withdraw, and his occupations permit it, he returns to his books and papers; and as he never uses a watch, he seldom quits his studies till the sentry stationed near his window, who is purposely placed there by his friends, reminds him of the lateness of the hour, by the noise he makes when he is relieved. He then throws himself on his couch, and before cannon announces the dawn, he is already on foot and visiting the camp. Such is the invariable conduct of a man bearing the weight of a multitude of cares, fatigues, and responsibility, in the most extensive and complicated government of the Russian empire, especially at a time when its southern frontiers are in a state of insurrection. To treat the soldiers as if they were his own

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brothers; to spare their blood as much as possible, and insure and consolidate their successes; to make himself loved and respected by all those under his orders; to be neither *rash* nor *timid*, as says the Latin motto of his coat of arms;—such is Alexeï Petrowitch to his friends and his enemies.

'The baneful influence exerted by Russia in the affairs of my unhappy country, and the total impossibility of my again finding an asylum in that empire, must render unsuspected the sentiments which I here avow, and which are dictated only by a regard for truth and impartiality, and by the respect I feel for a man whose public and private virtues render him an object of general esteem and admiration, except only to a few envious courtiers, inimical to the true interests of their country.'

After Van Halen had served with the Army of the Caucasus for some time, and gained the confidence and esteem of his General and brother officers, it appears that the court of St Petersburgh found out that they had got a liberal in their ranks, and consequently an order, signed by the Emperor Alexander, is dispatched to Teflis, requiring his immediate arrest and expulsion from the Russian territory. The feeling manner in which General Yermolow breaks this unwelcome intelligence to him; his intimation that he will take on himself the responsibility of not enforcing the more humiliating part of his instructions; and finally, the handsome way in which the General, on parting, insists on Van Halen's using his purse, and his name if necessary, complete the picture of this gallant, liberal, and enlightened soldier.

A BOROUGHMONGER.

A TENANT of the boroughmonger's declines letting a son enter his service, because he has better hopes for him:—upon which a dialogue ensues, which concludes thus:—

'Very well, friend; very well!' replied Mr Tyrrel, foaming with rage. 'Depend upon it, I will remember you! Your pride shall have a downfal! God damn it! is it come to this? Shall a rascal that farms his forty acres, pretend to beard the lord of the manor? I will tread you into paste! Let me advise you, scoundrel, to shut up your house and fly, as if the devil was behind you! You may think yourself happy, if I be not too quick for you yet, if you escape in a whole skin! I would not suffer such a villain to remain upon my land a day longer, if I could gain the Indies by it!'

'Not so fast, your honour,' answer Hawkins, sturdily. 'I hope you will think better of it, and see that I have not been to blame. But if you should not, there is some harm that you can do me, and some harm that you cannot. Though I am a plain, working man, your honour, do you see? yet I am a man still. No; I have got a lease of my farm, and I shall not quit it o' thaten. I hope there is some law for poor folk, as well as for rich.'

Mr Tyrrell, unused to contradiction, was provoked beyond bearing at the courage and independent spirit of his retainer. There was not a tenant upon his estate, or at least not one of Hawkins's mediocrity of fortune, whom the general policy of landowners, and still more the arbitrary and uncontrollable temper of Mr Tyrrel, did not effectually restrain from acts of open defiance.

'Excellent, upon my soul! God damn my blood! but you are a rare fellow. You have a lease, have you? You will not quit, not you! a pretty pass things are come to, if a lease can protect such fellows as you against the lord of the manor! But you are for a trial of skill? Oh, very well, friend, very well! With all my soul! Since it is come to that, we will show you some pretty sport before we have done! But get out of my sight, you rascal! I have not another word to say to you! Never darken my doors again.'—*Caleb Williams.*

— Mr Dandridge, an English naturalist who lived about a century ago, was a renowned butterfly-hunter, and pursued his sport with such eagerness, as to give rise to some amusing incidents. On one occasion, a countryman at work in the fields, having for some time contemplated him, with his arms extended, hotly pursuing over hedges and ditches *nothing*, that he could see, at length took pity on the poor lunatic (as the man supposed him to be) overtook him in his mad career, and pinned him down *vi et armis*, that he might not run himself to death; the consequence of which was a bitter exclamation, that only served to confirm the countryman in his opinion,—"*The purple Emperor's gone! The purple Emperor's gone!*"

PERSECUTION.—It is not generally known that Fontenelle, in 1718, was on the point of losing his pensions, place, and liberty, for having published in France, twenty years before, what may be called 'An Abridgment of the learned Van Dale's Treatise on Oracles,' in which he had taken particular care to retrench and modify the original work, so as to give no unnecessary offence to fanaticism. A Jesuit had written against Fontenelle, and he had not deigned to make him any reply; and that was enough to induce the Jesuit, Le Tellier, confessor to Louis XIV, to accuse Fontenelle to the King of *atheism (!)*—*Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Brigand—The Legion of Honour—And Masaniello.
COVENT GARDEN.—The Carnival at Naples—Hide and Seek—And Neuha's Cave

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.—THE ILLUMINATIONS.

THE recent extraordinary performances, at two great Houses which the *Tatler* is not privileged to criticise, have so absorbed the public attention as to render, for the moment, the mimic energies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden but of secondary interest, to Play-goers no less than to the rest of the community. It was at first announced that the above Theatres were to be closed last night, on account of the illuminations; but the Managers, on second thoughts, seem to have deemed it expedient to leave open these favourite channels of the people's feelings.

There was no novelty among the pieces selected, and therefore nothing to invite particular criticism. In truth, we know not what passed within the walls, but we guess that the Air, now more than ordinarily national, of 'God Save the King,' was the chief attraction of the evening, and that the enthusiasm which pervaded all ranks out of doors was partaken both by actors and audiences. In the streets, the *theatre* of our observation, the enlightened testimonies in approbation of the King and Reform seemed to afford to the gazers unmingled gratification; *Every Man in his Humour* seemed inclined to personate *The Good-natured Man*, from a persuasion that notwithstanding the late partial failure of the *School of Reform*, it could not but succeed on a second representation, aided as it must be by the popular WILL. F. F.

FRENCH PLAYS.

IT is now half-past twelve o'clock, and Madame ALBERT'S benefit just finished. The reader will consequently conclude that it will be barely possible to give any detailed criticism upon the evening's performance, seeing that three pieces were represented, and the delightful actress herself took part in all of them. They were *Julien*, *La Fiancée du Fleure*, and *Les Rendez-vous Bourgeois*. We have by turns sympathized with her touching and sweet sorrow and her passionate gushes of tears in the first, with her *naïve* and amusing coquetry in the second; and with her adroit and lively deportment as a managing chamber-maid, in the last piece. She is a charming little creature, and richly merits the ample encouragement and applause she received. The whole company have played with inordinate spirit and good humour; and as for LAPORTE, who handsomely took a character in each piece, we should feel gratified in compensating him for the month's laughter he has compressed for us into one evening. His personation of a River-God in costume, with a stone pitcher under his arm, was worthy of our own immortal MUNDEN.

'God Save the King' was played by the Band, after the first piece, and was received by the audience with that marked applause which none but a popular Sovereign can ever expect to obtain.

C.

A HUMAN DEVIL.—Oh God of mercy! If any man can resemble that malignant being who is described as actually employed in the destruction of thy works, is it not the *persecutor?*—*Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary.*

— The word Alligator is said to be thus derived:—When the Spanish first saw this creature in South America, they called it *Lagarto*, which is the Spanish word for lizard. The English heard the name, and put the indefinite article before it, calling it *a Lagarto*; afterwards changed by quick pronunciation to *Alligato*; now Alligator.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

COUNTERFEIT GOLD.—A German, Dr Hermstad, has discovered a mixture of metals, which is not only of the colour of real gold, but also possesses its hardness, all its ductility, and the same specific weight. The inventor, however, does not assert that it is as unchangeable as gold; and there can be no doubt that if he had met with that quality in it, he would not have failed to mention it; for in that case he would have found the secret which has been so long and so vainly sought by the alchymists. This material is thus composed:—Out of twenty-four parts, equal in weight, there are sixteen of platina, seven of pure copper, and one of pure zinc; this is to be covered wtth powdered charcoal, and placed in a crucible on a strong fire, until the fusion has reduced the three into one mass, which will be the said counterfeit gold.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—Some years ago, when the march of pulpit oratory was less advanced than at present, a number of pious parishioners resolved to compliment their beloved pastor with a horse, and after a great deal of scraping together and gathering up, they accumulated funds sufficient to purchase a saddle, which was forthwith dispatched to the minister, with an intimation that the horse would be sent to his worship at a more convenient season. Week after week, however, passed on, and no word of the minister's nag. This dilatoriness will never do, thought the reverend gentleman; and accordingly, one Sunday afternoon, he took occasion to introduce the subject, in winding up a thundering discourse on the unspeakable loveliness of Charity. "Now my friends;" said the preacher, "if that said horse be na nipping grass out by at the manse in a day or twa, *I ken what I'll do!*" Here the minister smote the pulpit in a manner that made the hearts of the congregation melt within them like wax—while he, stern man, continued his appeal to their pecuniary feelings so long, and repeated the fearful threat, "I ken what I'll do," so often, that one doughty heritor could suppress his alarm no longer. "And what the devil *will* ye do, sir," exclaimed he. "Why, man," said the minister coolly, "I'll just sell the saddle!"

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—Santeuil, a poet of the 17th century, returning one night to the Abbey of St Victor, at eleven o'clock, was refused admittance by the porter, on the plea that the prior had absolutely forbidden the doors to be opened at so late an hour. A good deal of altercation ensued; at last the poet slipped a piece of gold under the door, which was quickly opened. When fairly in, he pretended he had left a book on the stone, where he had been sitting during the dispute, and begged the porter to go for it. Encouraged by the generosity of the poet, the man readily complied. In the meanwhile, Santeuil fastened the door; and the porter, half-naked, was obliged to stand knocking in his turn. "I cannot let you in," said the poet; "I am very sorry for it: but the prior has given positive orders not to have the doors opened at so late an hour."—"I let you in," said the porter, in a very humble tone. "So you did," replied Santeuil; "and I will do you the same good turn for the same price."—The porter not liking to sleep in the street, and fearful likewise of losing his place: slipped the piece of gold under the door again; saying, "I thought a poet's money would not stay long with me;" and so gained admittance.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Ethelred, Miss Swift. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.
Priest, Mr Dowsing. Boy, Master Fenton.

In the course of the Evening, P. De Winter's Overture to 'DasUnterbrochene Opferfest; and A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles.'

After which will be Exhibited, the New and Splendid DIORAMA, designed and painted by Mr STANFIELD.

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

'THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr Benson Hill.
Hector, Miss Poole. Guillaume, Master Richardson.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosedelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON's Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, The Exquisites; and Neuha's Cave.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND; OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

To conclude with the Comic, Local and Musical Entertainment, entitled

SHAKSPEARE'S FESTIVAL.

Preceded by Mozart's Grand Overture to "Il Don Giovanni."

Rosalind Arden, Miss Somerville. Anne Hathaway, Miss Vincent.
Miss Simper, Miss Nicol. Sally, Miss Jordan. Betty, Miss Rumsey.
Mr Shakspeare Arden, Mr Williams. George Hart, Mr Maitland.
Frederick Montague, Mr Dibdin Pitt. Guy Colthead, Mr Vale.
Gaius, Mr Gough. Cauliflower, Mr C. Hill.
Glump, Mr Webb. Mortcloth, Mr Asbury.

In Act I.—A Dance, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Comic Operetta, to be called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Segnin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Panza, Mr Green.

After which a New Comedietta, in Three Acts, entitled

"THE TIMES."

The New Overture by G. A. Macfarren, of the Royal Academy of Music.

Miss Nancy Nightingale, Mrs Humby. Rachel, Miss Wells.
Mrs Cosey, Mrs Glover.
Captain Lance, Mr Green. Mr Nicholas Scratch, Mr Wilkinson.
Mr Mus, Mr Marshall. Humphrey Honeysuckle, Mr Barnett.
Walter Wasp, Esq. Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stuhwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessalx, Mr G. Lejeune. Ensign Lefevre, Mr Seymour.
Gabriel Goutte, Mr G. Smith. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Almeida, Miss Ayres. Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Orzinga, Mr Davis. Muley, Mr Roberts. Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.—The Assassin of Dijon.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Red Banner—Forty Thieves—Mutiny at the Nore.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Nationals—The Miller's Maid—Senor Valli—The Brigand's Wife—The Brothers of Turin.

CITY VAUDEVILLE.—Intrigue—The Breakfast Table—New Ballet—The Weathercock.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1831.

When the Editor, whose health is not good, is prevented by illness from writing his usual articles in the paper, he is perplexed between the disinclination to speak of himself personally, and the wish not to be thought neglectful. At the present moment, however, he has particular reasons for stating that a severer fit of illness than usual prevents his attending to his duties.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Inquiries of an Emigrant: being the Narrative of an English Farmer, from the Year 1824 *to* 1830; *during which period he traversed the United States of America, and the British Province of Canada, with a view to settle as an Emigrant. Containing Observations on the Manners, Soil, Climate, and Husbandry of the Americans; with Estimates of Outfit, Charges of Voyage, and Travelling Expenses, and a Comparative Statement of the Advantages offered in the United States and Canada: thus enabling Persons to form a Judgment on the propriety of Emigrating. By Joseph Pickering, late of Fenny Stratford, Buckinghamshire.* A New Edition, 12mo. pp. 132. Effingham Wilson.

When the question of emigration comes before us, we always think of the old impudent Tory jeer, "that those who do not like the country may leave it:" but thanks to the glorious measure now in progress, we think of the impertinence with more calmness than heretofore, in the full confidence that the time approaches when the spoilers will themselves be ejected, or at least rendered harmless; and that honest industry will again receive the fruits of its toil, without the painful necessity of self-banishment.

By those, however, who entertain thoughts of leaving this "best of all possible countries," we doubt not but much valuable information will be found in the little work before us. It is written in the form of a diary; and the author, who modesty disclaims any pretensions to fine writing, nevertheless states his facts in a clear and pleasing manner.

The comparative statements respecting Upper Canada and the United States certainly seem to show a balance of advantages in emigrating to the former; but still there is a very considerable drawback to which our English farmer hardly gives its due weight in the summing up; namely, that the United States possess the advantage of having the best government in the world, while the Canadas are ruled by a Lieutenant-Governor from England;—not but that the Government of the Canadas, though professing to be assimilated to that of England, is not in many respects very superior to it. They have there No Game Laws—No Tithes—No Excisemen; added to which, every person holding a deed of 40s. a-year freehold is entitled to vote at elections; and, "as land is so easily attainable, an industrious person may soon become a freeholder."

Though the author appears to entertain a tolerable portion of John Bull prejudice against the Americans, he cannot help making an important admission in the following paragraph:—

'A single glance down the banks of the Niagara tells on which side the most efficient government has resided. On the United States side large towns springing up; the numerous shipping, with piers to protect them in harbour, coaches rattling along the road, and trade evidenced by waggons, carts and horses, and people on foot, in various directions. On the Canadian side, although in the immediate vicinity, an older settlement, and apparently better land, there are only two or three stores, a tavern or two, a natural harbour without piers, but few vessels, and two temporary landing places. Farm houses there are all over the district, nearly one on each farm, and probably the farmers, &c. doing very well. A town cannot be built, as government retains the land for fortifications.'

In an introductory chapter, the causes of the present widely-prevailing distress among the industrious classes, and the consequent desire for emigration, are thus enumerated:—

'The first and by far the most prominent motive is privation, and its consequent distress. The next, perhaps, is dissatisfaction under real or fancied political grievances. Some few emigrate for a warmer, dryer, or healthier climate, and others for no reason but a love of change.

'Formerly religious persecution was the chief cause of expatriation, but happily that barbarous age is gone by; yet, unfortunately, there is another cause of late years in operation, although not of so violent a character, more dangerous from its insidious and constantly increasing power.

'That this privation and distress should occur to thousands and tens of thousands, in a country the richest on earth, the most flourishing in arts, manufactures, commerce, and agriculture, is of so anomalous and glaring a character, that it forces itself on the attention of every one.

'I have not the ability to exhibit a full elucidation of a cause of such magnitude; but as it has the effect of driving so many of my countrymen yearly into exile, I may be allowed a few words on the subject of this extraordinary state of things.

'The chief source of the evils complained of, is the *accumulating immense wealth into large masses;* virtually monopolizing (since the introduction of steam power and other modern machinery) the means and sources of the middle and lower classes, like large globules of quicksilver swallowing up small ones within their sphere of attraction.

'In the first place, is not this incontrovertibly the case with respect to the soil, the primary and only solid source of wealth of most countries? For instance, are there one half the number of proprietors and occupiers of land now in England there were thirty or forty years ago? Is it not a notorious fact that large landed proprietors buy up all the small farms and lots of land they can meet with? I have known parishes that had forty or more small proprietors and occupiers of land, where now there is not more than one third of that number; the remainder generally become labourers, nearly their only resource, throwing an extra quantity of the article of labour into a market sufficiently supplied, and, consequently, depreciating its value below a just and equitable price, the landlord and fundholder reaping the benefit from the depreciation. But it will be asked, why will farmers give a greater rent than they can afford? I answer, because those farmers, that still have a little money left, must rent a farm at some price; they cannot do anything else; all other trades and occupations are already overdone. The landlord is enabled to keep up his high rents by throwing three or four farms into one, thereby creating a competition, by reducing the number in the market; while, as I before said, two or three of these farmers must, probably, go to the parish; the one that gets the enlarged farm will curtail his expenses to meet the high rent, by reducing the number of labourers kept on the four farms; thus he impoverishes the farm, and that in return impoverishes him, until perhaps in a short time his resource also is the same degraded station, the parish.

'I by no means intend unqualified censure to any class,—for it is not reasonable to expect landowners will take low rents while they can get high ones, any more than any other classes will dispose of their property at a less value than it will bring in the market. It is the business of legislators, by wise enactments, to regulate, either directly or indirectly, those matters, and prevent unjust monopoly.

'In manufactures, some of the arts, and navigation, this monopolizing system, chiefly through the aid of steam power, is still more apparent Suppose, for a moment, that, within ten years from the present date, one-third of the human labour now required in Great Britain be superseded by machinery, in addition to the present amount, there would then be nearly half the population unemployed, or unprofitably employed, the evils of which, if not counteracted, must overwhelm the country in inevitable confusion: in a word, means of living must be found, either without or with labour. Capital, in conjunction with machinery, is rapidly, though silently, creating a greater revolution in the kingdom than was ever done by politics. How can these evils be avoided, it may be asked, or would I have machinery destroyed? To destroy machinery, I answer, would be retrograding towards barbarism; and who could say to what extent it should be carried, even if practicable? In fact its destruction could only be effected by the united consent and power of every country; which I need not add can never be obtained. Nor is its destruction necessary to the happiness and welfare of the world; but that it may prove a blessing instead of a curse, it must be reduced from a mountain torrent to fertilizing streams. How this is to be accomplished is worthy serious attention. I shall not presume to enter deeply into it, but only suggest a few hints. A recurrence might be had to the old system of cottages and small farms. If in each parish every farm that is over 200 acres were divided into two, there would be then, on an ave-

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rage, four or five farms more in each township, requiring as many extra farmers to occupy them. These farms, when divided, would probably employ more labourers in proportion, and the land be kept in better condition than before. In conjunction with this, let a number of neat and convenient cottages be built in each parish (if there are not enough already) and three or four, to eight or ten, or more acres, of land, be attached to each by the rich land-owner, the parish, or act of Parliament, to be let to the most industrious and honest part of the labouring class, allowing at least one-half to be retained in arable, for potatoes, other vegetables, and grain. These, with a little assistance and indulgence at first, would pay as much rent per acre as a farmer. By this means labour would be taken from the present overstocked market, and poor rates proportionably reduced. A stimulus would be given to industry and honesty in the lower classes, from aspiring to those cottage farms, and thence to a higher grade; from being now degraded nearly as low, and as incapable of emancipating themselves and rising in the scale of society, as the unfortunate African.

'By the cottage and small-farm system, in conjunction with an adequate and permanent abatement of rents, in proportion to the price of grain, all the present population might be beneficially employed. The former would be a kind of reserve of labour, to which recourse could be had by the farmer in busy times, to the mutual benefit of each. To check the monopolizing system in land, and to give efficacy to the cottage and small farm system, let a graduated tax be levied on all occupiers who retain in their possession more than 100 acres, to be appropriated to the use of the poor; this would effectually put a stop to the system now in practice, of holding more than can be cultivated to the best advantage to the country, and would, perhaps, keep three or four families, and employ double the number of labourers it now does, if divided and conducted with energy. Numbers of large farms might easily be pointed out at the present moment, capable of keeping a great increase of stock, and producing much more grain than they now do. The want of capital is, perhaps, the chief obstacle that prevents large farms being cultivated to the best advantage; nine out of ten of their occupiers have had their capitals reduced by these retrograding times, and, unwilling to lose any of their dignity or appearance in society, continue to occupy them, though at a certain loss. To counteract the growing and pernicious influence of immense monopolizing capitals, and further to relieve the poor and industrious classes, let taxes be taken off every article and commodity of general utility, and the necessaries of life, and put on property and luxury only.

'Whatever difference in opinion may be held respecting the causes of the frequent embarrassments of the agricultural and manufacturing interests, and the more severe privations of the labouring classes, all must acknowledge its frequent existence, and the paramount necessity of an adequate and speedy remedy. Whether our rulers, or any body of the people, take the case up seriously, before it manifests itself in a more forcibly convincing manner, remains to be seen. But if they do not, emigration appears to me the only remedy in the hands of those who may have sufficient money to carry them out of the influence of the evil—out of the country.'

WINDOW-BREAKING AND COUNTY RATES.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—A friend of mine, this morning, when I told him that there were more windows broken in certain houses than were left whole, replied, "What a shame it is to destroy a man's property, simply because he is not of the same opinion as you are." This friend of mine was not aware, nor was I till just now, that all windows thus destroyed are repaired out of the County Rates! Do you not think, Mr Tatler, that this (though "pretty to observe") is rather too bad? Let those who are sulky and borough-mongering, take the consequences; and believe me,

Dear Mr Tatler,

Your friend, *their* enemy,

JUVENIS.

Thursday, April 28.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

A REGRET FOR SIR WALTER.—It is a great pity that there are no longer possessed magicians or astrologers. We can conceive the cause of all these mysteries. A hundred years ago all the nobility then lived in their castles; the winter evenings are long, and they would have died of *ennui* without these noble amusements. There was scarcely a castle which a fairy did not visit on certain marked days, like the fairy Melusina at the castle of Lusignan. The great huntsman, a tall black man, hunted with a pack of black dogs in the forest of Fontainebleau. The devil twisted Marshal Fabert's neck. Every village had its sorcerer or sorceress; every prince had his astrologer; all the ladies had their fortunes told; the possessed ran about the fields; who had seen the devil or could see him; all these things were inexhaustible subjects of conversation, which kept minds in exercise. In the present day we insipidly play at cards, and we have lost by being undeceived.—*Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary.*

A TRAGEDY IN THE RADACK ISLANDS.—The fine weather induced me, on the 3d of May, to visit Langediu on the Island of Ormed. He received me with the greatest joy, and offered me his most costly treasures as presents. The children, grand-children, and great grand-children of the good old man assembled round his house, and represented a dramatic piece for my amusement, in which Langediu himself played a principal part, and astonished me by the animation of his action and singing. As this was one of the best representations I have seen in Radack, I shall describe it, in the hope that my readers also will not be uninterested in it. The number of the *dramatis personæ* was twenty-six, thirteen men and thirteen women, who seated themselves in the following order on a spot of smooth turf. Ten men sat in a semi-circle, and opposite to them ten women in a semi-circle also, so that, by uniting the points, an entire circle would have been formed; but a space of about six feet was left at both ends, in each of which sat an old woman provided with a drum. This drum, made of the hollow trunk of a tree, is about three feet long, six inches in diameter at each end, narrowed, like an hour-glass, to about half that thickness in the middle. Both ends are covered with the skin of the shark; it is held under the arm, and struck with the palm of the hand. In the middle of the circle, old Langediu took his station with a handsome young woman, sitting back to back. The whole party were elegantly adorned about the head, and the females about the body also, with garlands of flowers. Outside the circle stood two men with muscle horns. The hollow tones of these horns are the signal for a chorus performed by the whole company with the violent movements of the arms, and gesticulations meant to be in consonance with the words. When this ceased, a duet from the pair in the middle, was accompanied by the drums and horns only; Langediu fully equalling his companion in animation. The chorus then began again, and this alternation was repeated several times, till the young songstress whose motions had been growing more and more vehement, suddenly fell down as dead. Langediu's song then became lower and more plaintive: he bent over the body, and seemed to express the deepest sorrow; the whole circle joined in his lamentations, and the play concluded. Deficient as was my knowledge of the language, I was still able clearly to understand the subject of this tragedy, which represented a marriage ceremony. The young girl was forced to accept a husband she did not love, and preferred death to such an union. Perhaps the reason of Langediu's playing the part of the lover, might be to give the more probability to the young bride's objections and resolution.—*Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World.*

ACCOUNT OF A BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN GIRL.

The dinner invitations of General Yermolow during a campaign are perfectly unceremonious; indeed, so much so, that the guests are often ignorant of the precise dinner-hour. In our way to the general's quarters, my comrade and myself, wishing to see something of the city, walked through several streets, in one of which we observed two women looking out of a balcony, and earnestly beckoning to us. We were the more surprised at their appearance, as we believed that the Mahometan women of the Caucasus, like those of Persia, were strictly confined to the interior of their houses, or that, at all events, they never went unveiled, a custom which we found was not general among the inhabitants of the Caucasus. We, however, entered the house, and saw in the court two Russian grenadiers, who, by a mistake of their corporal, had taken their quarters here, and whose presence was the cause of the inquietude manifested by the two ladies, who, with an old man, were the only inhabitants of the house. Whilst the soldiers were explaining these things to us, they appeared at the top of the stairs, and again renewed their invitation by violent gesticulations. On a nearer approach, we guessed by their age that they were mother and daughter. The former, who still preserved much of the freshness and beauty of youth, wore very wide trowsers, a short tunic, and a veil, which fell in graceful folds on her back, while round her neck she had some valuable jewels, though badly mounted. With respect to the daughter, who was scarcely fifteen years of age, she was so extraordinarily beautiful, that both my companion and myself remained awhile motionless and struck with admiration. Never in my life have I seen a more perfect form. Her dress consisted of a short white tunic, almost transparent, fastened only at the throat by a clasp. A veil, negligently thrown over one shoulder, permitted part of her beautiful ebony tresses to be seen. Her trowsers were of an extremely fine tissue, and her socks of the most delicate workmanship. The old man received us in a room adjoining the staircase: he was seated on the carpet, smoking a small pipe, according to the custom of the inhabitants of the Caucasus, who cultivate tobacco. He made repeated signs to us to sit down, that is to say, in the Asiastic manner, a posture extremely inconvenient for those who, like ourselves, wore long and tight trowsers, whilst the two beautiful women on their side earnestly seconded his request. We complied with it, though it was the first time that either of us had made the essay. The ladies, having left the room for a moment, returned with a salver of dried fruits, and a beverage made of sugar and milk; but I was so much engaged in admiring their personal attractions, that I paid but little attention to their presents. It appeared to me an inconceivable caprice of nature to have produced such prodigies of perfection amidst such a rude and barbarous people, who value

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their women less than their stirrups. My companion, who like myself was obliged to accept of their refreshments, remarked to me, whilst the old man was conversing with them, what celebrity a woman so transcendently beautiful as the daughter was would acquire in any of the capitals of Europe, had she but received the benefits of a suitable education.

Having remained with them a short time, during which they repeatedly expressed their alarm at the sight of the military, who were seen about the streets, we endeavoured to quiet their apprehensions, and recommending the soldiers to protect them from any insult, we left the house, to which I should often have returned, during my sojourn at Andreïewsky, had it not been that we were total strangers to each other's manners. We learned afterwards, that this family were not Mahometans, but belonged to those Jews who had settled many centuries back in the Caucasus.—*Memoirs of Don Juan Van Halen.*

SKETCH OF AN INDIAN CALLED THE "BALD EAGLE."

He was from one of the Southern tribes, the warrior Creeks—the brown Apollos of the wilderness. He had been taken captive when a youth, by a hunting-party of the Mohawks—the most formidable of the northern tribes; the terror, in fact,—such was their warlike temper, their fierce, adventurous, unappeasable appetite for dominion,—the terror alike of everybody—white and red—all over North America. He had run the gauntlet, with six other captives. Four of them sunk under the blows; two of them faltered on the way; but he ran it without flinching or failing—perhaps without winking—at a speed, and with a sort of audacious valour, that amazed the enemy. He was adopted by a Mohawk woman; a mother, whose only child had been cut off by the relations of Eagle. Our Eagle was rather small, not more than five feet six or seven; but straight as an arrow. His carriage was that of the indolent young Greek, as we see it in statuary; the head rather forward; arms free; toes turned in. Such was the general bearing of Bald Eagle; but in council, or on coming near a white man of authority, he would uprear himself to his topmost elevation, as if measuring stature with all about him. His common pace, when he had any object in view, was a kind of loose, long, lazy trot, like that of the wolf through a light snow. Wherefore it is called in America the Indian "loup." It is a step nevertheless with which a North American savage will go, day after day, at the rate of about five miles an hour. At the age of two-and-forty, there was not a wrinkle to be found in the face of Bald Eagle, nor was there any appearance of muscle or sinew in his frame. His whole body was round, smooth, and effeminate. His limbs were daintily made, his joints were finely articulated; and his feet remarkably small. And yet, fashioned so delicately, built up so lightly, there was no man able to stand before him at a wrestling-match. His general behaviour was that of a loitering, weak, indolent, peaceable creature, whom anybody might overlook or affront with safety. But, once fully awake, there was no lulling or appeasing the miraculous instinct of the savage. He was capable of enduring incredible fatigue, and was called by the southern tribes, to whom he went repeatedly as messenger from the northern, *Arka-poo-too*, the spirit; or literally, the man without a body—*All-heart*. His little, keen, sharp, shining eyes, were like those of the large black snake—the boa-constrictor of North America; his cheek-bones were high; his forehead, low, narrow, and flat—or square; mouth handsome, broad and expressive; teeth uncommonly large—of a startling whiteness, when abruptly or unexpectedly disclosed; nostrils wide and vigorous; nose rather flat; hair coarse, black, and shining, like the mane of a young stallion, roughened, if you will, in the blaze and smoke of battle, or scorched by unholy fires. It was carefully parted from the middle of his head, all the way over, and hung behind, somewhat after the fashion of the squaws, in a large heavy club. No man shot so true an arrow as Bald Eagle; and few hurled such a deadly tomahawk. He "swam like a frog—he ran like a deer—he clomb like a squirrel—and jumped like a cattermount"—so said all the whites. See him when or where you might, unless in the hunting-season, or at a time of war, and he was always idling about, before somebody's great kitchen-fire, half-asleep; or under some great old overgrown tree, twisting the tendons of a newly-slain deer for his bow; or splitting them into threads; polishing white bone fish-hooks and arrow-heads; playing checkers; or staining slips of ash and willow for basket-work; feathering arrows; or working colored beads and brilliantly-dyed porcupine quills into his bullet-pouch, mocassins, or belt. His carriage, dress, and appearance were pretty much of a piece, at all times, under all circumstances, winter and summer. If he were not lying before the fire, with his dog, or underneath a tree, he would be lounging about with a negligent, graceful swing of his whole body, surrounded by a troop of children; a large, loose, dirty blanket, falling off—or quite ready to fall off, at every step, from his fine square shoulders; yet so disposed, nevertheless, with a slovenly brave air, as to show a sort of scarlet uniform underneath, encumbered with absurd ornaments—large plates of silver, rough medals, wampun, a knife, and a pipe or two—all ringing and rattling together at every motion of his body. It was amusing enough to see how patiently, how unconcernedly, he would bear the impertinent, annoying examination of the white people. No matter what was done, or offered, especially by the children; they might strip him naked, or turn him inside out, in a good-natured way—it was all the same to our savage, if they would only let his rifle be.—*Brother Jonathan, or the New Englanders.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—And The Legion of Honour.
COVENT GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

DRURY LANE.

THE tendency of dramatic writers to select for the subject of plays, actions distinguished chiefly by their violence and departure from the ordinary tenor of human affairs, and to exert their talent in giving interest to the characters of men whose will has been their only law, and whose existence has been the curse of their fellow-creatures, is perhaps as much attributable to the facility with which such actions and characters can be made available to the purposes of the drama, as to the exclusive fitness which is very generally claimed for them. Whatever be the cause, the fact is certain, that the really great characters of history are seldom standard favourites on the stage. Yet if the theatre be a school in which historical character may he rendered impressive; if the illustration of eminent virtue may be made to excite admiration and reverence, no less than the display of the enormities of the vicious the opposite feelings of disgust and abhorrence, it may deserve the consideration of men of talent, whether in following the beaten track as to choice of subject, they are not neglecting a nobler field, merely because its produce, however rich, can be raised but with skill and difficulty. Who, for instance, is at all acquainted with English history, that is not familiar with the glorious character of Alfred? a prince in whom the various qualities which give eminence to the warrior, the statesman, and the sage, meet and shed lustre on each other; and yet the stage has hitherto presented nothing at all worthy of this striking example of moral beauty. Last night, however, an attempt was made; and if the mute attention, and the vehement and almost involuntary acclamations of a crowded audience, may be regarded as evidence, an attempt in the highest degree successful.

The author (Mr KNOWLES) commences his story with the depressed condition of *Alfred*, at the time when his unsuccessful conflict with the Danes at Wilton had induced him to lay aside his regal dignity, and seek in disguise a shelter among his own neatherds. The incident of the burnt cakes is preserved. His subsequent disguise as a minstrel in the camp of *Guthrum*, the Danish prince, is made subservient to the winding-up of the historical part of the story, which consists of the ultimate encounter of the troops of *Alfred* and *Guthrum*, and the defeat and subjugation of the latter.

As the printed play will no doubt be shortly before the public, and it will be the agreeable task of THE TATLER to give a detailed criticism upon it, it may suffice to say here, that such touches of domestic tenderness and poetic beauty as might be expected from the author of *Virginius* are very happily mingled in this piece. There are also numerous patriotic sentiments uttered by *Alfred*, which the audience were not slow to seize, as applicable to the present time, and to applaud to the very echo. The play was given out by Mr MACREADY for repetition on every evening until further notice, amidst immense plaudits.

The performers, one and all, appeared to exert themselves as if they had a personal interest in the success of the play. MACREADY, in *Alfred*, had ample scope for both his mental and physical energies, and shewed himself fully aware of it. He appeared to be much exhausted towards the close. Miss PHILLIPS played the *Daughter of Guthrum*, a character of considerable difficulty, with judgment and feeling; and in the Queen *(Elswith)* of Miss HUDDART there was one touch of nature so admirably given, as to excite repeated and enthusiastic applause. After the play, "God save the King" was vociferously called for, and sung by the whole *dramatis personæ*.

F. F.

VALUE OF CONVERSATION.—Varillas, a French historian, used to say, that out of ten things he knew, he had learnt nine in conversation.

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A Case for the Lawyers.—Mr Johnson, on his return from a meeting of the Society for the Protection of Property, found he had brought away a wrong umbrella. Mentioning the circumstance to his neighbour Jones, he learnt that the latter had made a like mistake. But Jones made an additional discovery, which was, that the umbrella that Johnson had got was his. He accordingly claimed it, but Johnson demurred, having repaired the handle, and thinking himself entitled to be repaid the expenditure, and also to receive from Jones the umbrella which Jones had mistaken. Jones answered, that as to the repair, he had not required it, and as to giving up the other umbrella, he should also resist that, for clearly the counter-claims were essentially different. I claim the umbrella you have got, because it is mine; but what you claim of me is confessedly not yours, but the property of another, who may still hear I have had it, and claim it of me. After much disputing, they agreed to refer the matter to Lawyer Findaflaw, who decided in favour of Jones, charging each a guinea.—*From a Correspondent.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr Knowles.]

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Ethelred, Miss Swift. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscur, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.
Priest, Mr Dowsing. Boy, Master Fenton.

In the course of the Evening, "His Majesty's Grand Accession March," by Mr T. Cooke.
And Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell."

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

HOFER.

[By Mr Planche.]

Bertha, Miss Pearson. Josephine Negretti, Miss Russell.
Margaretta, Mrs Newcombe.
Peasants—Therese, Mrs Bedford. Maria, Miss Faucit.
Bavarians—The Commandant of Innspruck, Mr Thompson.
Colonel Donner, Mr Bland. Herr Stetten, Mr Webster. Batz, Mr Salter.
Tyrolese—Andreas Hofer, Mr Phillips. Gottlieb, Mr Yarnold.
Father Joachim Haspinger, Mr Bedford. Walther, Mr Sinclair.
Stephen, Mr Tayleure. Karl, Miss Chikini.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; a Ballet; and The Legion of Honour.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Comedy, in Five Acts, called

THE EXQUISITES.

Mrs Stockland, Mrs Gibbs. Harriet, Miss Nelson.
Lilian Evendale, Miss E. Tree. Kitty, Mrs Keeley.
Lord Castleton, Mr C. Kemble. Count Valmore, Mr G. Bennett.
Lord Belcourt, Mr Parry. Hon. Frank Cecil, Mr Abbott. Melton, Mr Wrench.
Gosling, Mr Keeley. Sir Benjamin Bonus, Mr Bartley.
Mr Stockland, Mr Egerton. Thornton, Mr Durusset.
Timothy Oldstyle, Mr Blanchard. Strut, Mr Power.
James, Mr Mears. Robert, Mr Heath. Gentleman, Mr Irwin.
The Prologue to be spoken by Mr Abbott.

Previous to the Comedy, an Overture by Spohr.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on Lord Byron's Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr Peake.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.
Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; and Neuha's Cave.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

CALEB.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. Dartois et E. Scribe.
Emmy, Mme. Albert. Clara, Mlle. Florval.
Henri, M. Alfred. Edouard, M. Paulin. Jaket, M. Préval.
Kirk, M. Guenée. Caleb, M. Gamard. Le Greffier, M. Granville.

Suivi de

ISAURE.

Drame en Trois Actes, Mêlé de Chant, par MM. Theodore, Benjamin et Francis.
Isaure, Mme. Albert. Blanchette, Mlle. St Ange.
M. de St Valier, M. St Aubert. Marcilly, M. Alfred. Selmar, M. Pelissié.
Jules de St Valier, M. Paulin. Blanchet, M. Gamard.
Laurent, M. Guenée. Lafleur, M. Granville. Henry, M. Arnaud.

On Finira par

LE DESESPOIR DE JOCRISSE.

Folie en Deux Actes, du Théâtre des Variétés.
Sophie, Mlle. Florval. La Mère de Jocrisse, Mme. Baudin.
Nicette, Mlle. St Ange.
Jocrisse, M. Brunet. M. Duval, M. Préval. M. Dupont, M. Cloup.
Dupont Fils, M. Paulin. Le petite Colin, Le petite Auguste.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. XIV.

IS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Contents:

1. Theories of Light.
2. Present State of Egypt.
3. German Manners in the Sixteenth Century.
4. Whale Fishery.
5. Ancient Teutonic Rhythmic Gospel Harmony.
6. French Finance.
7. Letters on Croatia and Italy.
8. Modern Architecture and Architectural Study.
9. Greek Texts of the Roman Law.
10. Paganini.
11. Poland under Sobieski.
12. Poland in 1830.
13. Life of Cola di Rienzo, the Roman Tribune.
14. French Historical Dramas.
15. The Cholera Morbus in Russia.
16. Spanish Tales.
17. History of the Polish Legions in Italy.
18. Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence.
19. List of New Publications within the last three months.

Printed for TREUTTEL and WURTZ, TREUTTEL, Jun. and RICHTER, 30 Soho Square;
And BLACK, YOUNG, and YOUNG, Tavistock Street.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

Part I.

In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

Part II.

'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BAR MAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gossoon; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND; OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.
Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

To conclude with the Comic, Local and Musical Entertainment, entitled

SHAKSPEARE'S FESTIVAL.

Preceded by Mozart's Grand Overture to "Il Don Giovanni."
Rosalind Arden, Miss Somerville. Anne Hathaway, Miss Vincent.
Miss Simper, Miss Nicol. Sally, Miss Jordan. Betty, Miss Rumens.
Mr Shakspeare Arden, Mr Williams. George Hart, Mr Maitland.
Frederick Montague, Mr Dibdin Pitt. Guy Colthead, Mr Vale.
Gaius, Mr Gough. Cauliflower, Mr C. Hill.
Gimp, Mr Webb. Mortcloth, Mr Asbury.

In Act I.—A Dance, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Comic Operetta, to be called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr Raymond.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.
Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorensa, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

After which a New Comedietta, in Three Acts, entitled

"THE TIMES."

The New Overture by G. A. Macfarren, of the Royal Academy of Music.
Miss Nancy Nightingale, (with Two New Songs) Mrs Humby.
Rachel, Miss Wells. Mrs Cosey, Mrs Glover.
Captain Lance, Mr Green. Mr Nicholas Scratch, Mr Wilkinson.
Mr Mus, Mr Marshall. Humphrey Honeysuckle, Mr Barnett.
Walter Wasp, Esq. Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr Haines.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.
French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louisen, Miss Stolzwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

Astley's Amphitheatre. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.—The Assassin of Dijon.

Coburg Theatre.—The Red Banner—Forty Thieves—Mutiny at the Nore.

Sadler's Wells.—The Nationals—The Miller's Maid—Senor Valli—The Brigand's Wife—The Brothers of Turin.

City Vaudeville.—Intrigue—The Breakfast-Table—New Ballet—The Weathercock.

Published by J. Onwhyn, at The Tatler Office, 4 Catherine street, Strand, (to whom all books, and communications for the Editor, are to be addressed); sold by J. Chappel; Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange; A. Hays, 165 Regent street; J. Field, 16 Air street, Piccadilly; Marsh, 145 Oxford street, next door to Pladong's Hotel; at Eber's Library, Old Bond street; W. Kenneth, Corner of Bow street, Covent Garden; E. Turnour, Theatrical Agent, 10 Broad Court Long Acre; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

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Nº 205.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1831.

SPECIMENS OF THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

[TO BE CONTINUED OCCASIONALLY.]

NO. I.—SPECIMENS OF CYRIL TOURNEUR.

Most persons are aware, from Mr Lamb's Specimens, that 'The Revenger's Tragedy' contains one or two beautiful scenes, in which the virtue of a young girl is put to the test, by her brother, who comes in disguise for that purpose. It was Mr Lamb's plan to "give entire scenes, rather than to string together single passages and detached beauties;" (*Preface*) and to this only is to be attributed the fact of his omitting some striking passages in Tourneur's play. A few of these will be found below. They occur, for the most part, in scenes which are either too gross or too barren of merit, to justify a complete extract.

Cyril Tourneur was a writer of very considerable power. The measure of praise (if indeed it can be called praise at all) which has been awarded to him, is by much too small. His 'Atheist's Tragedy' is but an indifferent work; but 'The Revenger's Tragedy' contains some bold and striking things. To judge of his capacity by the quality of this play only (for if the *quantity* of his works is to be considered, he must give way to others) he was second to scarcely any writer of his time. Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Deckar, and perhaps Marlowe, may take precedence of him; but he was equal to Forde, (and like him fond of interdicted subjects;) and in point of strenuous writing, he was superior to both Shirley and Massinger. In his turns of thought, he is not unlike Old Chapman; and like him also—although in a less degree—he is occasionally more than sufficiently sententious.

The 'Atheist's Tragedy' furnishes but few passages beyond those which Mr Lamb has taken. The following, however, do *not* occur in the 'Specimens;' and they are now taken the more readily, as the tragedy is by no means common. It has escaped all the modern collections of 'Old Plays.'

A FUNERAL OFFERING.

Be not displeas'd, if on
The altar of his tomb I sacrifice
My tears. They are jewels of my love
Dissolved into grief; and fall upon
His blasted spring as April dew upon
A sweet young blossom shak'd before its time.

THE LAST WORD THE BEST.

But you, dear mistress, being the last and best
That speak'st my farewell; like the imperious close
Of a sweet oration, shall for ever live
Within the soul of my true memory.

THE WAY TO ARGUE WITH WOMEN.

Tush, you mistake the way into a woman,
The passage lies not through her reason, but her blood.

DREAMS.

These idle dreams
Are fabulous. Our boiling phantasies,
Like troubled waters, falsify the shapes
Of things retained in them; and make them seem
Confounded, when they are distinguished.

VIRTUE SHOULD INCREASE WITH PROSPERITY.

Since by your greatness you
Are nearer Heaven in place, be nearer it
In goodness. Rich men should transcend the poor,
As clouds the earth; raised by the comfort of
The Sun to water dry and barren grounds.

A TRIFLE DANGEROUS.

That fellow's life, Borachio,
Like a superfluous letter in the law,
Endangers our assurance.

MERCY TO THE DYING, NOBLE.

O my good lord! Let charity forbear
To vex the spirit of a dying man.
A cheerful eye upon the face of death
Is the true countenance of a noble mind.
For honour's sake, my lord, molest it not.

TRUE COURAGE ASKS NO SUPPORT.

(A glass of water is offered to one sentenced to die).

Come, thou clear emblem of cool temperance,
Be thou my witness, that I use no art
To force my courage; nor have need of helps
To raise my spirits, like those weaker men
Who mix their blood with wine, and out of that
Adulterate conjunction do beget
A bastard valour. Native courage, thanks!
Thou lead'st me soberly to undertake
This great hard work of magnanimity.

The Revenger's Tragedy would furnish more pithy extracts, but that it is frequently difficult to disentangle the thought from the impurities that surround it, in such a way as to present it without offence to the reader. There are parts, however, which require no apology. The following is a fine apostrophe to

IMPUDENCE.

Impudence!
Thou goddess of the palace, mistress of mistresses,
To whom the costly perfumed people pray,
Strike thou my forehead into dauntless marble,
Mine eyes to steady sapphires! Turn my visage;
And if I needs must glow, let me blush inward,
That this immodest season may not spy
That scholar in my cheeks, fool Bashfulness!

MIDNIGHT.

It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest Salvation is betrayed to sin.

THE FATE OF KINGS.

That which would seem treason in our lives
Is laughter when we're dead. - - It is our fate
To live in fear, and die to live in hate.

THE VICES OF THE GREAT.

If she were bent lasciviously *(the fault*
Of mighty women that sleep soft)—O Death!
Must she needs chuse such *an unequal sinner*
To make all worse!

A WIFE'S REVENGE.

Some now would plot his death
With easy doctors, those loose-living men;
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch
Her double-loathed lord at meat or sleep.
- - - - - One of his single words
Would quite have freed my youngest, dearest son
From death or durance; and have made him walk
With a bold foot upon the thorny law,
Whose prickles should bow under him; but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot.
I'll kill him in his forehead! Hate, there feed,
That wound is deepest, though it never bleed.

INUTILITY OF EXAMPLE.

It is our blood to err, though Hell gape wide:
Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud.

A BASTARD'S EXCUSE FOR VICE.

- - - Adultery is my nature.
Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner: Some stirring dish
Was my first father, when deep healths went round,
And ladies' cheeks were painted red with wine;
Their tongues as short and nimble as their heels,
Uttering words sweet and thick. - - -
- - - - Oh! Damnation meet,
The sin of feasts, drunken Adultery,
I feel it swell me: My revenge is just.

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A DANGEROUS INSTRUMENT.

There's hope in him, for discontent and want
Are the best clay to mould a villain of. - - -
- - - This fellow will come fitly: He shall kill
That other slave that did abuse my spleen,
And make it swell to treason.

ONE THING WANTING.

Great men were Gods, if beggars could not kill them.

These passages, and various others extracted by Mr Lamb, are sufficient, I think, to justify my estimate of Cyril Tourneur.

DRAMATICUS.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Lectures on Anatomy, Surgery, and Pathology; including Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Local Diseases. By John Abernethy, F.R.S. &c.&c. 12mo. pp. 580. Second edit. Westley.

[Concluded.]

MR ABERNETHY was, in the generality of cases, known to be strongly opposed to the use of the knife; and he considered that in a more advanced stage of science, amputation would be but seldom resorted to. In his Lecture on Accidents about the ancle joint, he states several cases which he successfully treated by milder processes, contrary to the opinion of some of his professional brethren. The following is characteristically related, and is no less creditable to his humanity than to his skill:—

'A poor *wee* man, who lived in my own neighbourhood, who was employed as a labourer at some buildings, and tumbling off a scaffold, he got a dislocation of the foot inwards. I was, at the time, sitting very quietly at home, when I was called upon to go to an accident that happened in an adjoining street. I went, and when I got there, the door of the house was open, and there I saw this little wee man lying on a mattress in his own parlour, with his foot up. I looked at it, and said to him, "Sir, this is a sad accident, but do not be out of heart about it, we must put it to rights again;" and so I took the skin out, which was turned in over the astragalus, which I think you should always do. I laid the man fairly on his side, with his limb in a comfortable position, his thigh half bent upon the pelvis, and the leg half bent upon the thigh; laid him on his side, and his foot, as much as could be, upon the fibular surface; then I had to use very little effort indeed to put it all right. The semilunar rent of the skin, and the other edge, came in such close contact, that it did not seem as if there had been any wound at all. The foot altogether went into its right position; and an accident, which at first you would have said was one of the most horrible kind, appeared to me to be of no consequence. And when the little man saw his leg and foot looking as they ought, he said to me, "Is it possible, Sir, that this case should do well?"—"Yea, verily," said I, "and I have seen many such cases do well." He said, "Why, Sir, they have gone for the instruments." Two surgeons had been there, and they actually agreed that amputation should take place immediately. I had not been at all informed of this, so that I was put into an awkward predicament, and was obliged to wait for the arrival of those heroes. When they came and saw the man lying very comfortably, they really seemed staggered, and said, "But, Mr Abernethy, you are well aware of these complicated accidents, and can you give us an assurance that this will do well?" I said, "No, certainly not; I can do no such thing; but if it does not do well, you can but have recourse to amputation afterwards, and my surgical character is pledged no farther than this. I give you an assurance that no immediate mischief will come on to endanger the man's life; and you may wait to see if his constitution will allow him to do well."—"Now," I said, "I feel I have got into rather an awkward situation, and, if you please, you must just allow me to finish it in my own way." I then got splints, closed the wound, varnished the sticking plaster, and plastered it up. Then I told them about sponging, sponging it continually, so as never to let there be any increase of temperature. In short, there are but two holds you have over any person's mind—those are fear and hope; and I make use of them both with my patients. I say, if you will be perfectly still, I am confident you will do well; if you move one jot, I am sure you will do ill, that is all. You must not move, not the variation of a hair: not even if an army of fleas were biting you all over, because your safety depends upon perfect steadiness. Well, as to this poor little wee man, God bless me, the wound would not heal; abscesses formed, large ones they were; they were let out, and it is upon this point I have now to speak. The mischief is not done to the joint only, but all the muscles are sprained in a most horrible degree; sprained to such an extent, that the inflammation will take place between the fascia and the substance connecting the muscles; and as soon as you see the fluxion formed, you put a lancet into the abscess and let it out; for the want of doing this would be, that the joint would come out, and the matter would burst out, leaving a large open abscess and cavity. Now that is necessary to be attended to. But I suppose the wound of this man was all shut up and well in about three months; in six months he walked with a stick; in a year he walked without any stick, and after that he walked about, I believe, for twenty years, pretty well, as long as I knew him. Well, that is the case of an unhealthy man, but without any particular disorder of his constitution.'

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— The theatre has much the same effect on the manners of the age, as the Bank on the credit of the nation. * * * The seat of wit, when one speaks as a man of the town and of the world, is the playhouse.—*Steele.*

— Addison ridicules, with great humour, the English translations of the Italian, and the singular effect of the translator transposing the words, and making the music very absurd in one tongue that was natural in another. "I remember," says he, "an Italian verse that ran thus, word for word:—

'And turn'd my pity into rage:'

which the English, for rhyme-sake, translated,

'And into pity turn'd his rage.'"

On the operas being performed entirely in Italian, Addison supposes it very natural for an historian, two or three hundred years afterwards, who does not know the taste of his forefathers, to record that, "in the beginning of the eighteenth century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language."—*Companion to the Theatres.*

INGENIOUS PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE DEFEATED.—In the construction of the old Drury Lane Theatre, as a precaution against fire, an iron curtain was constructed, so as to let down in a moment of danger, and separate the audience from the stage, while a reservoir was formed on the top of the house, filled with water sufficient, as the Epilogue spoken at the opening of the theatre (in 1794) stated, to "drown the audience in a minute." On the first night the iron curtain was let down, and the stage was filled with water, on which a man rowed round with a boat. It is singular, that notwithstanding the immense reservoirs, and the iron curtain abovementioned, the whole of the property was consumed (Feb. 24, 1809.) Probably the reservoirs were empty, or no one was at hand to set the water free, if they were full. The iron curtain had been removed a few months previous to the fire, it being so rusted, it was impossible to work it.—*Companion to the Theatres.*

RADACK MODE OF WARFARE.—I expressed to Rarik my wish to know more of their method of warfare; he and Lagediak in consequence assembled two troops, which they opposed to each other at a short distance, as hostile armies; the first rank in both, consisting of men, and the second of women. The former was armed with sticks instead of lances, the latter had their baskets filled with pandana seeds for stones; and their hair, instead of being, as usual, tastefully bound up, hung dishevelled and wild about their heads, giving them the appearance of maniacs. Rarik placed himself at the head of one troop, and Lagediak of the other: both gave the signal for attack, by blowing their muscle horns. The adverse forces approached; but instead of the battle, began a comic dance, in which the two armies emulated each other in grimaces, furious gesticulations, and a distortion of the eyes, which left only the whites visible, while the women shrieked a war-song, which, if their opponents had been lovers of harmony, would assuredly have put them to flight. The leaders took no share in these violent exertions, but still, animating their troops by the tones of the muscle horn. When exhausted by these efforts, the horns were silent, and the armies separated by mutual consent, looking on while some of the most valiant from each side came forward to challenge with threats and abuse a champion of the enemy to single combat. This was represented by dancing and songs, and occasional movements with the hands as if to throw the lance, which the antagonist sought to avoid by dexterously springing aside. The respective armies and their leaders animated the courage of their warriors by battle-songs, till the horns were blown again; the armies once more slowly approached each other; the champions retired into their ranks, and the battle was renewed with a prodigious noise; spears waved in the air; pandana seeds flew from the delicate hands of the female warriors, over the heads of their husbands, upon the enemy, but the armies never came near enough to be really engaged. The leaders remained in front, loudly blowing their horns, and sometimes giving commands. At length, by accident or design, one of Lagediak's men fell; the battle was now over, the victory decided, and the signal given for drawing off the forces. Both armies were so exhausted that they threw themselves on the grass, and, amidst laughing and merriment, gave themselves up to repose.—*Kotzebue's New Voyage round the World.*—[It is a pity this mode of warfare is not followed by *Christian* countries; for none can be more humane. The armies make every possible exertion in the dance which precedes the fight; it is not till they have succeeded in wearying themselves almost to exhaustion, that they actually commence hostilities; and when the first man falls, they cease. It would be an admirable thing, whether in public or private quarrels, if the hostile parties were obliged to dance to the sound of a trumpet for a few hours, before they proceeded to the attack. The exertion would be a help to digestion, and consequently an incentive to harmony.]

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— I am a very constant frequenter of the playhouse; a place to which I suppose the *Idler* not a stranger, since he can have nowhere else so much entertainment with so little concurrence of his own endeavours. At all other assemblies, he that comes to receive delight, will be expected to give it; but in the theatre, nothing is necessary to the amusement of two hours, but to sit down and be willing to be pleased.—*Johnson.*

THEATRICAL REVOLT.—In 1733, Theophilus Cibber and others revolted from Drury Lane, and opened the Haymarket, although an attempt was made to suppress them by the patentee of the former theatre. Among the rebels was Joe Miller. One of the company, Harper, the competitor of Quin in *Falstaff*, was committed to Bridewell on this occasion; but was "soon after," says Davies, "triumphantly delivered by the Court of King's Bench." The reason of this decision, as appears from Cibber, was, that Harper was not a "vagabond," within the meaning of the Act of the 12th year of Queen Anne,—"he being a housekeeper, and having a vote for the Westminster Members of Parliament."—*Companion to the Theatres.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—And Hofer.
COVENT-GARDEN.—The Exquisites—And Neuha's Cave.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE new comedy of *The Exquisites*, produced at this theatre last night, is an agreeable satire on those fleeting nothings which, under a diversity of appellations, are pleased from time to time to disgust rational and disfigure fashionable society by constituting its froth. The mode in which the present author (M. de TRUEBA) has chosen to effect his purpose, is by collecting, as in a menagerie, a great variety of the species, and letting them exemplify, in their words and actions, the follies and vices (for they *have* sufficient capacity to be vicious) which constitute their distinction. This is judicious, and better than any description, for by beholding through successive scenes the pursuits of these negations, the contempt of at least the commonly sensible, can hardly fail to be secured, and their consequent extinction a little accelerated. Whether an author is consulting his own fame in making the staple of his production of such very frail materials, is more open to doubt. The characters from whom the play derives its title, have their representatives in chief under the designations of *Lord Belcourt*, a Peer Exquisite (Mr PARRY) a mere abortion; *the Hon. Frank Cecil*, a Military Exquisite (Mr ABBOTT) an intriguer, who is desirous of marrying the daughter of a rich citizen whom he despises, that he may thereby repair a shattered fortune; *Melton*, a Sporting Exquisite (Mr WRENCH) a knowing gambler, who has fixed on for his prey, a Country Exquisite, *Gosling* (Mr KEELEY) whom he introduces into fashionable society, and fleeces of his money; and lastly, *Strut*, a Valet Exquisite (Mr POWER) the ape of his nominal superiors. These characters furnish the principal part of the dialogue, but none of them have much to do with the plot, which wants filling up, and indeed is altogether subordinate to them. The following is an outline. *Lilian Evondale.* (Miss E. TREE) the natural daughter of a deceased Lord Castleton, has been left by her father under the protection of a City Alderman, *Sir Benjamin Bonus* (Mr BARTLEY), a man kind but narrow-minded, and who annoys her by pertinaciously pressing her to become the wife of his clerk. To escape from the scene of her discomfort, she resolves to quit his house clandestinely, and endeavour to procure for herself the situation of a governess or companion. Unluckily her enquiries are made without due circumspection, for by the management of *Strut*, the valet of *Lord Castleton* (Mr C. KEMBLE) she is induced by a false representation to call at the house of the latter, the nature of whose designs she very soon perceives. From this trap she is relieved by an accidental circumstance. *Strut*, in the absence of his master, had taken the liberty of meeting his sweetheart *Kitty* (Mrs KEELEY) and on his master's unexpected return, he, to conceal his impropriety, hurries her into a private recess in the library. *Lord Castleton* is interrupted in his love professions by his servant announcing that *Alderman Bonus* is on the stairs in his way to his Lordship, who had sent for him on money matters. To avoid seeing her guardian, *Lilian* easily suffers herself to be persuaded by *Lord Castleton* to enter the same recess in which *Kitty* has been previously concealed. *Lord Castleton* leaves the room with *Bonus*, and *Strut* takes advantage of his absence to go and relieve *Kitty*. But *Kitty* having, while in the recess, been made the confidant of *Lilian*, they exchange cloaks and hats, and the latter by this stratagem gets let out of doors by *Strut*, and *Kitty* presents herself to the astonished *Lord Castleton*. *Lilian* in the street encounters two of the *Exquisites* returning from a revel, and is rescued from their insults by the timely approach of *Count Valmore*, a French nobleman of merit, from whom her mother and herself had received some attentions at Paris, and who was her declared admirer. He provides apartments for her, on proceeding to which she is unfortunately seen by *Strut*, who gives his master the information. *Lord Castleton* unexpectedly presents himself to her, renews his importunity, to the great distress of *Lilian*, who on her knees entreats him not to persecute her. In kneeling, a locket falls from her bosom; he takes it up and discovers it to be the portrait of his father, and that the wearer is his neglected sister. Remorse seizes him, and is followed by a cordial reconciliation with his intended victim. *Count Valmore* then appears, and after due explanation of circumstances, accepts the hand of *Lilian*, with the perfect concurrence of all parties, including *Bonus*, who foregoes, on this occasion, his prejudices against foreigners. This is the conclusion of the play. Besides the characters already mentioned, there are a *Mr and Mrs Stockland* (Mr EGERTON and Mrs GIBBS) a merchant and his wife, who give parties in emulation of the great, by whom they are looked upon with suitable contempt.

The play was extremely well received, and although it does not aspire to the highest rank of comedy, may fairly take its place among a very respectable class. As the duration of a piece is greatly dependent on the manners it portrays, the author will have himself to blame in part, if the oblivion into which *Exquisitism* must soon inevitably pass should be fatal to the continued favour of his comedy. The general good sense and taste, and the occasional spirit of the dialogue, warrant a confidence that the hand which has done so well may yet do better. M. DE TRUEBA, we believe, is an unwilling exile from his native country (Spain) where he has been honourably distinguished by his hostility to the tyranny under which it groans; and he has already obtained a reputation here by some historical novels.

The piece was very strongly cast, and in its principal characters well played. The *Lord Castleton* of Mr C. KEMBLE was a most felicitous personation of the man of fashion, gay from constitution and corrupted by the indulgence of vicious habits, but discerning all the while the shallowness and absurdity of the society with which he was willing to be numbered. A neat prologue was well delivered by Mr ABBOTT. We have neither time nor space for further remark.

F. F.

MINOR THEATRES.

TO THE TATLER.

SIR,—May I ask the reason, why you never, in your amusing little journal, give us criticisms upon the performances of the Surrey, Coburg, Astley's, and other Minors, as well as upon the Queen's and Adelphi Theatres? If you will answer this question through the medium of your paper, you will greatly oblige your sincere well-wisher,

EDRIC.

[The reason is, that the Theatres we notice are *at hand*, and the others a *good way off*; which makes a considerable difference; especially when the criticism is to be written the same night on which the play is seen. Some of the theatres that we do notice, are not in the habit of being criticised by the papers in general; and though the others are mentioned on particular occasions, yet as we pay far more attention to Theatricals than any other Periodical, we have taken the liberty hitherto of saving ourselves trouble with regard to the places mentioned by our correspondent. Among the speculations, however, which we entertain for making this our little journal large and comprehensive, we purpose to leave no theatre that is noticeable, unnoticed. We have often longed to have another sight of our old acquaintance Elliston; and from what we have heard of him, we feel a wish to see Mr Serle of the Coburg. As to Mr Ducrow's horses, we would cheerfully go half-a-dozen miles any day to see them, if we had time.]

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COMEDY OF "THE EXQUISITES."

TO THE TATLER.

MR TATLER,—As your paper is devoted to Theatricals, I consider it the most proper channel for contradicting a paragraph which has appeared in a Sunday journal, and a report partially spread abroad, that the comedy of *The Exquisites* is the joint production of another writer and myself. I shall therefore feel obliged by your affording me an opportunity of stating, explicitly, that the comedy in question is my own, and that I alone am responsible for its merits or demerits. I remain, your obedient servant,

TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

Sabloniere's Hotel, Thursday, April 27.

[To receive a card from "Don Telesforo de Trueba," or any other Spanish gentleman, always appears to us bookmen like having a personal communication with one of the personages in 'Gil Blas,' or 'The Devil on Two Sticks;'—not Gil himself;—that might not be so proper; but with Don Alphonso de Leyva, or Don Cleofas, or Don Fabricio, or the Devil himself; for "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman." Perhaps the report spoken of by our accomplished correspondent, originated in his having put his MS. into somebody's hands, to correct little recondite errors of orthography, and perfect it with *o's* and *a's*.

The *Times*, by the way, is mistaken in thinking that Don Telesforo's Comedy is the first produced on the English Stage from the pen of a foreigner. Motteux, the translator of 'Don Quixote,' wrote both comedy and tragedy for the English Stage, besides dramatic pieces of other kinds, amounting in the whole to a considerable number. It is in an epistle to Motteux that Dryden introduces his fine lines, comparing the English and French languages. He is speaking of the tragedy called *Beauty in Distress*:—

'Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown,
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At least but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare,
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebled, is refined too much,
And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch.
Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with allay.']

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

IL PIRATA.

[By BELLINI.]

The principal Characters by Madame Rubini, Madame Castelli, Signor Santini, Signor Deville, Signor De Angeli, and Signor Rubini.

Between the Acts,

A FAVORITE DIVERTISSEMENT.

Principal Dancers Mlle. Taglioni, Mlle. Clara, and Mlle. Brocard, M. Emile, and M. Lefebvre.

After the Opera will be presented the Second Act of

GUILLAUME TELL.

In which Mademoiselle Taglioni will Dance The Tyrolienne.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Ethelred, Miss Swift. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.
Priest, Mr Dowsing. Boy, Master Fenton.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); and A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles.'

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr Benson Hill.
Hector, Miss Poole. Guillaume, Master Richardson.

On Monday, Alfred the Great; The Brigand; and other Entertainments.

This Day is published, No. II, of

THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE,

With an Engraving of the Villa D'Este, Tivoli.

CONTENTS:—1. The Pilgrimage to Glen Ora, by Christopher —— in a Fytte.—2. May—sweet May!—3. Nature and Cure of the Indian Cholera (with a chart illustrative of its progress.)—4. He is gone—he is gone!—5. Slavery Question.—6. Battle Flag of Sigurd.—7. Notices of England, her People and Institutions, by a Yankee Oxonian. No. I. State of Education and the Universities.—8. Song.—9. Scenes in Poland. No. II.—10.—Villa d'Este.—11. Black and White.—12. The School of Saint Simon.—13. The Three Dukes.—14. The Dropping Glen.—15. Recent Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote.—No. II.—16. Bird-nesting, by a Field Naturalist.—17. Trustees of the Nation.—18. The Drama — Knowles' Alfred.—19. Reporting Progress.—20. Colloquial Dictionary.—21. Journal of Literature, &c.

London: HURST and CHANCE, St Paul's Church yard.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.

Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ladwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

On Monday, The Exquisites; and Neuha's Cave.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND; OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

By desire, The Military Brigand Dance, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

To conclude with an entirely new Romantic Drama, entitled

ALWYN AND BERTHOLDY.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelon, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balaam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb.
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

After which a New Comedietta, in Three Acts, entitled

"THE TIMES."

The New Overture by G. A. Macfarren, of the Royal Academy of Music.
Miss Nancy Nightingale, (with Two New Songs) Mrs Humby.
Rachel, Miss Wells. Mrs Cosey, Mrs Glover.
Captain Lance, Mr Green. Mr Nicholas Scratch, Mr Wilkinson.
Mr Mux, Mr Marshall. Humphrey Honeysuckle, Mr Barnett.
Walter Wasp, Esq. Mr J. Russell.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.—The Assassin of Dijon.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Red Banner—Forty Thieves —Mutiny at the Nore.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Nationals—The Miller's Maid —Senor Valli—The Brigand's Wife—The Brothers of Turin.

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Nº 206.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, MAY 2, 1831.

THE DO-NOTHINGS AND THE DO-MUCHES.

The following extract is taken from the last number of the *Westminster Review*. It is a pleasant exposition of a state of society, involving a numerous train of evils, which are acquiesced in by many from mental indolence, and a confused notion that all change must necessarily be for the worse; while others are desirous of perpetuating every species of abuse, in order that they may now, or at some futurer time, profit by them. But since education is extending its useful light into every corner of society, the *general* perception is becoming clearer, and the conviction is growing, that what is best for all is best also for each; for highly as the distinctions of the "Do-nothings" may be prized by themselves or their worshippers, it is altogether a mistake to suppose they will lose any real comfort or enjoyment by the improvement of the condition of the "Do-muches." That this is the feeling of the more intelligent among the Aristocracy is evident from their recent judicious conduct.

'Property may be compared to a fall of snow; if it were to fall equally and impartially on all to-day, to-morrow it would be in heaps; the snow that fell in a warm valley would be melted; on the frigid hill tops it would remain in virgin whiteness till the arrival of summer; on the level plains we should see it accumulated in huge drifts, leaving the land bare in places, and loading it in others. So it would be with money, were the whole stock in the country divided equally between every individual in it. It would soon drift.

'Persons into whose possession it has drifted have no uneasiness about the security of their subsistence; their hands are not to labour, but to spend; the industrious world is at their command. This difference of circumstances sets a wide distinction between the spending and the getting class.

'If property has remained long in the same family, or, in other words, if the successive spenders have not spent too much, the idea of property becomes connected with the idea of a particular family, and the labour-sellers begin to be in the habit of looking upon this family of labour-buyers or labour-commanders as something peculiar—as entitled by birth or descent to some superiority. This is the meaning of the word "gentleman:" a gentleman is one who is not under the necessity of doing anything, and whose ancestors for several generations have done nothing.

'The upper classes consist chiefly of persons of this class; the lower classes are those who must do something to live. An upper class man goes to bed as he got up in the morning; a lower-class man has changed the world to some small extent: out of a block of wood he has made a chair or a table; out of a piece of cloth, a coat; out of a brute lump of iron, several horse-shoes.

'The upper class men, depending on no one, and doing as they like, naturally form a high opinion of themselves; the lower-class men are too busy to put their thoughts in the shape of opinion; and, besides, they necessarily incline to bow to the purchasers of their labour, and the possessors of that choice metal, the smallest portion of which would go far to pay for a whole day of their lives. Thus it comes to pass, that the do-nothings become greatly conceited, and the much-doers greatly contemned.

'But as people get tired of doing nothing, and must amuse themselves, the upper classes, both by way of amusing themselves and more effectually securing possession of the "drift," take it into their heads to make the laws. In making these laws they have several things to attend to. First, they must punish with various penalties, from death to cart-whipping, all those who may disturb them in any of their enjoyments; next, they must prevent the lower classes from cutting each other's throats, for thereby they would lose one or more of their labourers; next, as these labour-sellers often make more money than is absolutely necessary to subsistence, they ordain that all such sums shall be paid into the state-chest, to which they (the do-nothings) alone have access; and, in order more effectually to distinguish the do-nothings from the much-doers, they direct that they shall wear certain badges, be called by certain titles, and be exempt from the burthens imposed upon others.

'In this state of things it is clear that the "drift" is kept secure in the class to which it belongs, or should it, by possibility, shift, as in some cases of melting or otherwise disappearing, it is renewed out of the state-chest; for it is held, that there is something shocking in the fact of a do-nothing ever falling into the ranks of a much-doer. For a man who never made anything, except, perhaps, a bad law, to be compelled to make a shoe or a gate, would be held by the whole class of do-nothings as perfectly horrible.

'By an examination of the laws of the people, it may be clearly seen which class has made them. If, in the law of high-roads, it be forbidden that a plantation should grow by the hedge-side in a common farm, but the same plantation be permitted in a park, to the injury of the road, it is thence clear that park-owners have made the law. If privileges are accumulated by any particular set, we may be sure that it is this set which has been employed in law-making.

'Those who have long been in the habit of making laws become to be considered as the only right law-makers; and, as it has been seen that the do-nothings not only make laws, but also are the chief opinion-formers, and esteem themselves greatly, it necessarily follows, that the greater part of mankind view them in their own light, and take them at their own value. This is the plan which has been pursued; by means of it a very few have long had the command of the whole world. Being in the possession of some power to begin with, they multiplied it a thousand-fold by means of law and opinion, just as the mechanician increases his power by the wheel or the lever.

'Deference for the do-nothings is no where carried to a higher pitch than in England: every sign or symptom of doing nothing is respected. A white hand would be bowed over, whereas the broad and brawny fist, speaking of a vast treasure of labour laid out for the use of mankind, would be sneered at as vulgar. A delicate complexion is genteel: its being akin to disease is forgiven for the sake of its connexion with the do-nothings; robustness is low. In Wallachia and Moldavia the boyars used to pretend to be unable to walk; for the same reason, a prince always moved supported by a person on each side, by way of living crutches.

'The complexion of the public opinion is, in this respect, suffused over our literature, and in no department more visibly displayed than it that popular branch of it,—the Novel. The novel is now read by all classes, and is, perhaps, more relished by those that can read of the lower orders than even of the upper ranks; and it may, without fear of mistake, be considered as a tolerably just mirror of the popular prejudices. Now, in the novel, we always find that the interest of the story turns upon members of the aristocracy: for the service of the novel a new batch of peers is always created; baronets are part of the common stock in trade; and, if an untitled individual is ever introduced, he is always a gentleman of a very ancient family, the possessor of a mansion of great antiquity, and descended from many generations of do-nothings. The hero or heroine, if they are not of the upper ranks to begin with, always turn out to be so at last: it is a denouement of a sufficient interest, if he who has always been supposed a plain Mister, ends in being proved, to the satisfaction of all, a My Lord. The romance-writers would appear to have followed Tarquin's advice, and cut off all the tallest poppies for the composition of their *dramatis personæ*; their hands are all trumps. It might be supposed from them, that nothing existed under the rank of a gentlemen, were it not that they are obliged to introduce tradesmen and others ministering to the wants of the true men; the old story of little china dandled in the arms of crockery.

'The newspapers also, in this point, faithfully represent the national tendency. The most trivial movements of the do-nothings are faithfully recorded. Instead of doing nothing, look at the broad sheet, and it might be supposed they did everything and were everything. Here is a marriage in high life, and there is a long obituary of a man loaded with titles, whose distinction seems to have been, that he had freer access to the state-chest than any other: in this column we have a list of arrivals, in that a list of dinners, in the next a long enumeration of the horses they are training to run for their amusement. If a do-nothing discovers that a do-nothing who lived a thousand years ago, from whom he is descended, was called Lord Barbecue instead of Mr Barbecue, he proceeds to get himself called Lord instead of Mr Barbecue, and the newspaper is filled with learned arguments on the subject, and with reports as to what the Lord Chancellor thought on the chain of evidence. If a titled do-nothing has run away with another do-nothing's wife—for men must be doing something,—the noise is far greater than in the case of a mere lower-class man, and the newspaper is especially copious on the subject.

'The great and titled do-nothings have acquired among the vulgar, that is the many, the name of "Corinthians," from their forming the capital or top of the social pillar. This is true, not only generally but particularly. What society or institution exists

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without possessing, by way of ornament, several titled do-nothings? They are almost considered an essential in every association of whatever kind; no public meeting is expected to effect its object without a great do-nothing in the chair. Parties do not look out for a man of the highest character, or the most extensive information, for a chairman: they canvass among the House of Lords, and, when they find an illustrious idler, not too fond of other kinds of amusement, to preside, like King Log, they are wonderously pleased, and expect great things from the public meeting. That Great Britain is the most aristocratical country in the world, has been a received opinion on the continent for some time; but it was reserved for M. de Staël, who lately wrote a book on this country, to find out that the "lower orders" were proud of their upper class, and, in short, gloried in their chains. This astonished the young Frenchman; but we have long known it; and they who understand the nature of opinion, and observe how many means the aristocracy of an ignorant people have of moulding it, need not marvel to find that, at this moment, the annihilation of the privileges and titles of the hereditary legislators would be generally esteemed the utter destruction of the British constitution, and the extinction of all rational liberty.'

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE SULPHUR BATH AT AIX.

Till the year 1772, the sulphur bath was merely a large cave cut in the rock, and divided by a wall into two apartments, one for the men, the other for the women, with an iron balustrade in front. At that period, the King of Sardinia caused the present handsome building to be erected, and fitted-up expressly for the operation of *douching*. The apartments for *douching*, to the number of fifteen, are placed in a semicircular corridor; and in a lower story are two other rooms, into which the water falls with greater force. On the south side, is the large bath intended for the royal family, with dressing-rooms round it. There are also apartments where the poor are *douched* gratis. To a person taking the *douche* for the first time, the process is somewhat formidable. He is introduced into a dark cell or arched vault, about thirteen feet by eleven, and twenty-two feet high, where he finds himself involved in dense vapours, and sulphurous odours. Two silent and nearly naked figures then step forward, and conduct him to a flight of steps, leading down to the *douching* place. The water descends in columns as large as the arm, from the height of eight or ten feet, and is made to pass through long jointed tin tubes, which are fixed on the two apertures through which the stream enters. Each *doucher* takes one of these tubes, which he directs to different parts of the body with one hand, while with the other he rubs or champooes the part on which the water falls. The operation is continued at first for only five minutes, and is lengthened each succeeding morning, as the patient becomes better able to endure it; it is somewhat painful, and very exhausting; and when the water is at its highest temperature, it is not uncommon for the patient to faint away. The *douching* being finished, the performers set up a yell as a signal for the porters to enter, by whom the patient is wound round in a linen sheet and a thick woollen wrapper, and borne home with great rapidity in a chair, closely covered up with a cotton hood and curtains. The bed being previously warmed, the woollen wrapper is taken off the patient, and he is lifted into bed in the *wet* sheet, where he undergoes a profuse perspiration. The season for taking the *douches* is from the middle of June to the latter end of September. Before or after that time, it is deemed dangerous, as the mornings and evenings are frequently cold. The annual number of patients at Aix varies from 1500 to 1800; and as the baths belong to Government, it is calculated, that the King of Sardinia derives from them a clear revenue of 1500l. a year. The whole expense, including the porters, is thirty *sous*, French money, out of which the *douchers* and porters have only a *sou* each, and the remainder goes to the King. Ladies are, of course, attended by female opetators, who are called *douchesses*. The same champooing is practised when the patient is only steamed. There is no place in Europe, says Mr Bakewell, where *douching* can be practised with so much advantage. At Aix la Chapelle, the water is too hot, and the temperature must be reduced before it is used. Here, it is not only of the proper temperature, but so abundant, that, were the upper source employed in the same manner as the lower spring, there would be sufficient to *douche* a thousand persons a day.—*Conder's Italy.*

YOUTHFUL INTREPIDITY.

During the reign of Sigismund the first, of Poland, the Poles were compelled to take arms against the incursions of the Grand Duke of Russia. Among other captains who at that period deserted the cause of Poland, was Glinski, a Lithuanian general, to whom Sigismund was warmly attached. On learning that the renegade already repented his disloyal flight, and was only retained in the service of the emperor by apprehension of encountering the vengeance of his former sovereign, the King of Poland was heard in the midst of his camp to express a wish that some one could be found courageous enough to undertake the task of entering the enemy's camp, and acquainting General Glinski with the lenient feelings entertained towards him by the master he had betrayed. On this, a young Podolian soldier named Trepka, stepped from the ranks, and volunteered to execute the commission of the king; but Sigismund declined his services, conceiving that his extreme youth rendered him unworthy of trust in so confidential a mission. Trepka, however, persisted; and by the frankness of his address, and the audacity of his design, so won the confidence of Sigismund's staff, that his youth and imputed want of prudence were at length overlooked, and he was entrusted with a conciliatory message from the King of Poland to the Lithuanian general. Trepka now disguised himself as a peasant of the country, and penetrated into the enemy's camp; where, having evaded the advanced guard, he attempted to reach the tent of Glinski. The eagerness of his manner, however, his inquiries, and his foreign accent, soon attracted attention among the soldiery; he was apprehended as a spy, put in irons, and conducted before the commander-in-chief. Notwithstanding the close enquiries addressed to him, Trepka maintained a resolute silence; being resolved to die rather than betray the oath under which he had undertaken his mission to General Glinski. Irritated by his firmness, the Muscovites brought a lighted brasier before their prisoner, and resumed their interrogatories; when, finding that he was steadfast in his courageous resolution, they attached him to a spit, and deliberately proceeded to roast him before the fire! But even in the midst of his tortures, not one syllable could be extracted from the lips of the young soldier, and after exhibiting the fortitude of a Scœvola, he expired in agonies, without having in the slightest degree compromised the secret committed to his keeping by the king.—*Historical Traveller, Vol. II.*

THE GOBELINS TAPESTRY.

In the reign of Francis the First, Giles Gobelin, a dyer of Paris, who had learned the secrets of his art from a native of Leyden, named Van der Vecht, perceiving that the rivulet of the Bierre, which runs through the Faubourg St Marceau, at Paris, was peculiarly favourable to the brilliancy of a scarlet dye then in use, erected a large manufactory on the spot, which at that period went by the name of *La Folie Gobelin*, on "Gobelin's Folly." In process of time, however, Colbert the minister accorded his protection to one of Gobelin's successors, and enabled him to perfect his art under the instructions of a dyer named Gulick, a German, who had acquired his experience during a residence in Persia. In the year 1687, Colbert recommended Louis XIV to purchase "Gobelin's Folly," which was afterwards called L'Hotel Royal des Gobelins, and converted into a species of palace for the assemblage of first rate artists in weaving, dying, painting, goldsmith's work, and other decorative arts. The rivulet of the Bierre now exchanged its name for that of Gobelins; and the tapestry which at present wholly engrosses the factory, has acquired for this obscure appellation, a celebrity throughout all civilized countries. A similar manufactory has been established at St Petersburg, with great and increasing success; but since the introduction of paper hangings, the art of weaving tapestry has been wholly abandoned in England, where the dampness of the atmosphere was found fatal to the coloring of the worsted of which it is composed.—*Historical Traveller, Vol. II.*

ST BERNARD.

About two miles from Talloires, is Chateau Menthon, interesting as having been the birth-place of the first St Bernard (born in 924—died in 1008) who was heir to the noble family of Menthon. The castle is a lofty irregular building in the Norman style, with massive gates and portcullis; but part of the front is more modern. The rooms are hung with tapestry. In the chapel, on the altar, is a small statue of St Bernard holding several monsters enchained,—the giants, according to the current legend, whom the saint vanquished on the Alps. Mr Bakewell interprets the groupe as representing the triumph he achieved over the pagan deities, which were, in his time, still adored in some of the sequestered valleys of the Pennine and Graian Alps. In the castle is also shewn a portrait of the young lady to whom the heir of Menthon was to have been married, in compliance with the ambitious arrangements of his parents; but the evening before the day fixed for the nuptials, Bernard made his escape out of a window, and fled over the Alps to Aosta, where he obtained ordination as a priest, and rose to be archdeacon. As the picture of the fair lady, and also one of the saint, are in oils, they must be of a later date than the tenth century. There is however a portrait of St Bernard, painted in distemper, with but little shading, which appears very ancient: it represents him as extremely handsome, with an expression of great dignity and benevolence. For two and forty years he is stated to have laboured with the zeal of an apostle in converting the pagans of the Alpine regions; and after he had destroyed the remains of heathen superstition, he laid the foundation of the two *hospices* from which the passes of the Pennine and the Graian Alps derive their present appellation. Tradition relates, says Mr Bakewell, that St Bernard's parents, after having bewailed the unknown fate of their son for twenty-six years, discovered him at the newly erected *hospice* on the Great St Bernard. If there is any truth in this legend, that *hospice* must have been built at a much earlier period of his labours. Indeed there is historical evidence, that a monastery existed on the Great St Bernard, before the year 851; and the original foundation of the *hospice* has been attributed to Louis le Debonnaire, or to Charlemagne, whose uncle Bernard, an illegitimate son of Charles Martel, led a division of the invading army of Charlemagne over the Great St Bernard. From *this* Bernard, Saussure supposes the present name of the pass to be derived. But there was another Bernard, an illegitimate son of Pepin, to whom Charlemagne bequeathed the kingdom of Italy; and to him, Mr Brockedon thinks the original establishment of the monastery

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and the name of the pass may be more probably attributed. The present *hospices* on both the Great and the Little St Bernard were, however, founded by the Archdeacon of Aosta, whose name has come to supersede that of his predecessors.—*Conder's Italy.*—[It seems that one of the relatives of Charlemagne was godfather to the mountain-pass, which in turn became godfather to the saintly Archdeacon.]

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Among the few national manufactures still exported from the city of Rome, is the species of beads known by the name of Roman pearl, which consist of globules of alabaster, covered with the scales of a fish abounding in the Tiber. The first manufacture of artificial pearls was established at Murano, in the fifteenth century; but it was suppressed by the government of Venice as fraudulent. After this, small balls of wax, covered with pearl-coloured enamel, were much in use; and at length a French bead-maker, named Jaquin, discovered the present method of making artificial pearls, in 1656. He observed, at his estate at Passy, near Paris, that after washing some small fish, called *ablettes*, the water was filled with fine silver-coloured particles; and on suffering it to stand, he obtained a sediment equalling the lustre of pearls. Having scraped off the scales of fresh fish, he formed a fine powder, which he called *Essence d'Orient;* and contrived to make it adhere to small beads made of gypsum, till at length, he improved his invention, by applying it to the inside of hollow glass beads. Of these, one workman can blow six thousand in a day, through a glass tube called a *girasol*. The *ablette* producing the pearl essence, is the *Cyprinus Alburnus*, called in English the Bleak. It is caught in almost all the large rivers of Europe; four thousand fish are necessary to obtain a pound of scales; while, for a pound of the pearl essence, from eighteen to twenty thousand are required. In the Chalonnois, the fisherman receive one guinea a pound for the washed scales, and the fish are afterwards sold at a cheap rate. At Mezel, in the same part of the country, ten thousand pearls are made daily; but a much larger quantity is manufactured at Rome, where the essence obtained from the scales of the bleak is applied externally to beads made of alabaster. The chief objection to these is their weight, and a disposition in the pearly surface to wear away from the stone. The Chinese have a method of incrusting beads with a similar substance, by inserting them into the shells of muscles; but Linnæus invented a mode of puncturing oysters and muscles, so as to facilitate the formation of real pearls.—*Historical Traveller, Vol. II.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

American Wit.—The following is from the *Intelligencer*—on the marriage of Miss Pistol to Mr Gun, by the Reverend Mr Cannon:—

"Could Ovid dream the like of this,
In all his Metamorphoses?
It made me think of Paddy's fun,
To learn Miss Pistol's made a Gun:
But that which made me laugh the rather,
A Cannon was her Reverend father."

— A French gentleman, totally unacquainted with the English language, being introduced to a circle of ladies and gentlemen at Boston, after the usual compliments had passed, seated himself beside a beautiful young lady; and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her (his countenance however expressed the emotions of his heart) he seized her by the hand. She requested him to be easy, which he mistook for the French word *baisez* (kiss me), and began kissing her, to the great mirth of the whole company. The consequence was, that the ladies came to the unanimous determination never to say "be easy" to a Frenchman.—*American paper.*

Reluctance to Save a Drowning Man.—"Are you mad?" said he, "you that have lived sae long in Fetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?"—It is remarkable, that in an archipelago where so many persons must necessarily be endangered by the waves, so strange and inhuman a maxim should have engrafted itself upon the minds of a people otherwise kind, moral, and hospitable. But all with whom I have spoken agree, that it was almost general in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy, and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors. There is little doubt it had been originally introduced as an excuse for suffering those who attempted to escape from the wreck, to perish unassisted, so that, there being no survivor, she might be considered as lawful plunder. A story was told me, I hope an untrue one, that a vessel having got ashore among the breakers on one of the remote Fetland islands, five or six men, the whole or greater part of the unfortunate crew, endeavoured to land by assistance of a hawser, which they had secured to a rock; the inhabitants were assembled, and looked on with some uncertainty, till an old man said, "Sirs, if these men come ashore, the additional mouths will eat all the meal we have in store for winter; and how are we to get more?" A young fellow, moved with this argument, struck the rope asunder with his axe, and all the poor wretches were immersed among the breakers and perished.—*Notes to the Pirate.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

King's Theatre.—La Pirata—A Divertissement—And Guillaume Tell.
Drury-Lane.—Alfred the Great—The Legion of Honour.
Covent Garden.—Asor and Zemira—And Neuha's Cave.

King's Theatre.

The opera of *Il Pirata* was repeated a second time on Saturday night, Signor and Madame Rubini performing the principal characters. Bellini the composer is a pupil in the Rossini school, and a very clever one; moreover, he is a young man, and, unless the fates forbid, he will do greater things hereafter. Rossini himself, in complimenting him upon this identical production, observed, that "he began where others finished." We can easily believe that auditors who are not critically judges, or are essentially musical without the power to follow the composer's design both in his harmonies and instrumentation, will find *Il Pirata* a dull opera; it certainly wants relief; the characters are all grave and distressed; the general run of the movements, therefore, is in minor keys, and it requires both a natural as well as a refined taste to appreciate well-wrought music in the minor mode. The musician, however, will find much matter for applause and gratification in this opera. The second movement in the overture is well worked, and not bearing the stamp of a young musician; the modulations and harmonies in the accompanied recitatives are natural, rich, and unvulgar. The air for the principal tenor at the close of the first scene has a charming cantabile character, and is well scored; and the concerted movement concluding the first act, is both various and masterly. In two or three instances, the choruses accompanying the principal singer *sotto voce* are written with good effect, and the opening chorus accompanying the description of the tempest is well conceived and ingenious. The conclusion, however, of the second act displays to most advantage the musician's power in pathetic composition. The distraction of the pirate's inamorata, and his own portraiture of his ill-fortune, are beautifully drawn and richly coloured. After all this praise, however, we must acknowledge that there are movements in the opera, which in their execution are totally at variance with the subject, or rather passion, intended to be conveyed. Triplets, for instance, seldom have a good effect, unless in conveying light and cheerful emotion, and the greatest composers have ever been the most sparing in the use of them; but an accompaniment of triplets to an expression of grief, or description of general calamity, is perfectly ludicrous; and this occurs in a chorus, if we recollect, in the 2nd act. Yet, if Signor Bellini entertains that respect for his art, of which he gives ample manifestation, we feel assured, that he has power to bring valuable assistance towards rescuing it from the hands of flippant and boisterous pretenders—the Paccinis, the Meyerbeers, and the Mercadantes.

Signor Rubini will become a great favourite with the town, and we think deservedly. He has a tenor of a full and sweet quality, and sings with considerable feeling, judicious expression, and uniformly in tune. (We speak upon a single hearing.) He makes too much use of his falsetto, which is pure and delicate; and what to our ears is disagreeable, he is redundant in ornament, particularly in the higher region of his voice. Moreover, he is prone to demand attention by abrupt transitions from his full, loud, and natural tones, to the most minute and piano breathings of his *voce di testa*, or falsetto; this, when frequently repeated, shows a poverty of mind unworthy of a good artist, and Rubini is one. He sings, however, like a musician, and always with certainty and firmness. The two solos allotted to him, and already referred to, he delivered with a delightfully pathetic expression; so much so indeed, as to produce a unanimous call for their repetition.

After the pretensions of other *donne* who have hitherto this season been appointed to fill the principal characters, Madame Rubini is heard to more than ordinary advantage. She sings well, also generally in tune, and is acquainted with her part. These qualifications are something at all events, after enduring the impertinent deficiency of Madame Vespermann in every one of the points enumerated.

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We should describe her also to be a *sensible* singer, and one who can appreciate good composition. It is therefore to be regretted that her accomplishment of voice should not keep pace with her judgment. It is unequal; the lower tones are the best, and one or two of the upper are full and clear; but we feel that she wants sweetness, and ease in her execution of florid passages. Her sostenuto, when singing in concert, was frequently sweet and effective, and in short we may say gave us no displeasure, except when she—(we must use a strong word) vomitted forth that execrable run of semitones; which she repeated three times, and badly, in the course of one air. To venture upon a deformity, and to boggle at it, raises endurence in the listener into a virtue. After all our objections, we think Madame RUBINI did not receive the encouragement she deserved.

We cannot like the style of Signor SANTINI, or the quality of his voice; the former is crude, and the latter blaring and brassy. His action too is ungraceful: he walks like one crossing a furrowed field, and swings his right arm as if he had been accustomed to carry a seed-basket before him.

It is too late now to enter into a regular description of Madlle. TAGLIONI's perfect accomplishments. None of our readers who have been able to attend the opera can have failed to satisfy their curiosity in that particular. If any such remain, we charge them to give it quick and plenary indulgence. They will for the first time realise the perfect description of a dancer they read of in 'The Winter's Tale:'—

> "When you do dance, I wish you
> A wave of the Sea, that you might ever do
> Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
> No other function: each your doing
> So singular in each particular,
> Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
> That all your acts are Queens."—

She claims not only the merit of performing more than the best have hitherto attempted, but her most difficult evolutions all appear to be effected with the placid ease of ordinary emotion. In the dance called the 'Tyrolienne,' that graceful, fawn-like bound, when advancing towards the spectators, has all the native freedom of the little creature itself tripping through a glade. C.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Ethelred, Miss Swift. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Fancit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); and Rossini's Overture to "La Gazza Ladra."

After which will be Exhibited, the New and Splendid DIORAMA, designed and painted by Mr STANFIELD.

The Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Ottavia, Miss Fancit. Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicole, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert, Mr H. Wallack. Theodore, Mr J. Vining.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack.
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford. Spoletto, Mr Bland.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; a Ballet; and The Legion of Honour.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Comedy, in Five Acts, called

THE EXQUISITES.

[By Don TRUEBA.]

Mrs Stockland, Mrs Gibbs. Harriet, Miss Nelson.
Lilian Evendale, Miss E. Tree. Kitty, Mrs Keeley.
Lord Castleton, Mr C. Kemble. Count Valmore, Mr G. Bennett.
Lord Belcourt, Mr Parry. Hon. Frank Cecil, Mr Abbott. Melton, Mr Wrench.
Gosling, Mr Keeley. Sir Benjamin Bonus, Mr Bartley.
Mr Stockland, Mr Egerton. Thornton, Mr Duruset.
Timothy Oldstyle, Mr Blanchard. Strut, Mr Power.

The Prologue to be spoken by Mr Abbott.

Previous to the Comedy, an Overture by Spohr.

Previous to the Comedy, a Grand Overture by Louis Spohr.

Before St Patrick's Day, a favourite Medley Overture, consisting of Irish Airs, by H. R. Bishop.

After which the Farce of

ST PATRICK'S DAY.

Mrs Bridget Credulous, Mrs Tayleure. Laurette, Miss Nelson.
Lieutenant O'Connor, Mr Power. Dr Rosy, Mr Bartley.
Justice Credulous, Mr Blanchard. Sergeant Trounce, Mr Baker.
Corporal Flint, Mr Turnour. John, Mr Heath.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON's Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.

Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bompserts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Buntang, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Lockaley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, The School for Scandal; The Waterman.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

VALENTINE: OU, LA CHUTE DES FEUILLES.

Drame en Deux Actes, Mêlé de Chant, par MM. St HILAIRE et VILLENEUVE.
Valentine, Mme Albert. Mathilde de Leonits, Mlle. Jamain.
Marguerite, Mme. Préval. Georgette, Mlle. St Ange.
Alfred, M. Alfred. M. de Valhen, M. Cloup. Muller, M. St Aubert.
Ladwic, M. Gamard. Un Valet, M. Granville.

Suivi de la Seconde Représentation de

LA FIANCEE DU FLEUVE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, par MM. CHARLES et CARMOUCHE.
Nelly, Mme. Albert. Joana, Mme. Préval.
Arthur D'Hermilly, M. Alfred. Jobson, M. Laporte. Jacques, M. Guenée.

On Finira par

LE MARIAGE EXTRAVAGANT.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de DESAUGIER.
Betsy, Mme. Albert.
Le Docteur Verner, M. Cloup. Blinval, M. Pelissié. Dermancé, M. Laporte.
Simplet, M. Gamard.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

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In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

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'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.

'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

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In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gosson; Bean Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND; OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

After which a Drama, entitled

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Hermion, Miss M. C. Poole. Calanthe, Miss Scott. Phygenia, Miss Vincent.
Eudosia, Miss Somerville. Arria, Miss Rumens.
Rygcia, Madame Simon. Lyphrasia, Mrs Vale. Listea, Miss Nichol.
Damon, Mr Osbaldiston. Philistius, Mr Almar. Damocles, Mr Gough.
Procles, Mr Honner. Dionysius, Mr D. Pitt. Pythias, Mr C. Hill.
Lucullus, Mr Lee. Fabius, Mr Webb. Pellagus, Mr Young.
Arcas, Mr Hobbs. Melothon, Mr Edwin. Aranthon, Mr Ransford.

To conclude with a new Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Georgiana Dorio, Miss M. C. Poole, Babbla, Miss Vincent.
Arabella, Mlle. Rosier. Rosa, Miss Somerville.
Count di Dorio, Mr Gough. The Marquis Sapparino, Mr C. Hill.
Count Fernando, Mr Edwin. Sancho, Mr Vale.
Ladroni, Mr Rogers. Old Jeromo, Mr Webb.

A Pas Seul, by Mlle. Rosier, introducing the Brigand's Military Exercise.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

The Overture and Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer. Bertrand, Mr Munroe.
Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Godfrid, Mr Keppell.
Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

After which a New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houssa, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stobwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Clemenza di Tito;' Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Luke the Labourer—A day after the Wedding—Senor Valli—The Knight of Blood.

CITY VAUDEVILLE.—Maid's Stratagem — Irishman in London—William and Mary—The Lancers.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1831.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

Poor little chimney-sweepers! this is but sorry weather for your long-expected holiday. These continued plashings of disheartening rain, these dripping eaves, and these puddled streets and flowing gutters, are but ill calculated for your wonted display of garlanded heads, tinsel-covered garments, and merry, never-tiring gambols! The sun, which now and then peeps forth in all the "uncertain glory of an April day," seems as if, with unworthy emulation of your hard masters, it would tantalize and mock you with the hope of enjoyment never to be realized. Alas! why are the hopes of your only, your so rare recurring holiday, to be thus cruelly *damped?*

A friend of mine, whose kindness of heart is only equalled by his firmness of belief in the prevalence of good, maintains that chimney-sweepers are by no means the unhappy class of beings they are generally believed to be. Their tender years, and the peculiar nature of their occupation, interest every kind-natured being; and perhaps there is no poor child who has so many *stranger-friends* as the little chimney-sweeper. Many, certainly, surreptitious two-pences, and treats of tartlets, have fallen to his lot, rather than to the poor child of any other occupation; and most infallibly does he gain the kind glances, the compassionating words, and sympathising sighs (so invaluable to the poor and lowly) of any who shall see or hear him as he proceeds to his bitter early task—more especially if the pitying person be a reader of the beneficent and all-delightful Elia.

In corroboration of my friend's opinion, I recollect a circumstance which occurred to myself in the middle of last winter. Just as the first indistinct light of morning was beginning to break, I was awakened by a loud knocking at the door of the opposite house, accompanied by the plaintive cry of "Sweep! sweep!" so touchingly compared by the inimitable author above-mentioned, to the "Peep! peep! of a young sparrow." I arose, and went shivering to the window, to endeavour to ascertain the cause of the delay in opening the door. The street was perfectly quiet, no one passing, and no sign of stirring in the opposite house. The little object of my sympathy was patiently seated on a heap of stones which lay on one side of the road (the street was being paved) and was knocking them one upon the other as if playing with them, while he continued his appealing cry, now and then looking up at the house, to see whether it produced the desired effect of awakening the drowsy servant.

Upon my throwing out a small sum to the poor little fellow, he picked it up, unrolled it from the paper in which I had wrapped it, placed it in his pocket, looked up at my window in astonishment, and then quietly went and resumed his seat and amusement on the heap of stones.

Upon a gentleman's expressing his wonder to one of these little fellows, that he should have chosen such an employment (for he had told him that it *was* his own choice) and asking him whether he really liked climbing chimneys, the boy answered, that he certainly "did not like that *much*."

"Then why did you choose such a dirty occupation?" urged the gentleman.

"I thought that it would be so very pleasant to dance on a May-day!"

"And did you like it?"

"I was apprenticed, and master would not let me go out."

I had once the honour of hearing from the lips of one of the finest feelers and writers of his age, the following pathetic tale, which I only trust I may not spoil by repeating. He said that his father (who had told him the story) never related it without tears in his eyes.

A poor woman had apprenticed her little son to a master-chimney-sweeper for fourteen years. A short time after, when she came to see the boy, she wept bitterly, and complained of the immense length of time that he was to be away. "Never mind, mammy, don't cry," said the boy, "fourteen days of it's gone a'ready!"

M. V. C.

May 2, 1831.

PAGANINI.

Nicolo Paganini was born in Genoa, in February 1784. At an unusually early age he began to give strong indications of musical talent, and in his eighth year, under the superintendence of his father, he wrote a sonata; and as he played about three times a week in public, upon a fiddle nearly as large as himself, he soon became known among his townsmen. In his ninth year he appeared at the great theatre at Genoa, and played the French air, 'La Carmagnole,' with his own variations. He was shortly after introduced to the celebrated Paer, who enabled him to procure instructions in counterpoint, and otherwise interested himself in promoting his views. At the age of fifteen, young Paganini sought to emancipate himself from the control of his father, who appears, from mercenary motives, to have hawked him about the principal towns of Italy, rewarding him with spare diet and severe discipline. He accordingly contrived to commence vagabondizing on his own account, encouraged by his success as a solo player at a great musical festival held at Lucca. He soon amassed about 20,000 francs, part of which he proposed to devote to his parents; his father, however, having threatened him with instant death unless he agreed to assign to him nearly the whole, he thought it prudent to comply. His career was most prosperous. "Wherever he went his fame preceded his approach, and the multitudes poured in to hear him in streams," as if he had been a worker of miracles. At Rome the Pope conferred on him the order of the *Speron d'Oro*. Paganini was not inflated with his honours, nor slow to admit the merits of brother artists; but he loved to triumph over professed rivals. Lafont, the Parisian violinist, challenged him to join in a concert at Milan;—the result is thus described:—

'At the rehearsal the wary Italian manœuvred in such a way that his adversary must have been quite unprepared for the discomfiture which awaited him, and very probably might have been misled to anticipate an opposite result. The hour of the concert arrived, and the public were breathless with anxiety to witness the contest of the rival masters. Lafont played first. His fine tone and his graceful and elegant performance, as might be supposed, drew down much applause. Next came Paganini; but now it was not merely the purity of the intonation, the beauty of the style, the neatness and distinctness of the execution. A more powerful enchanter waved the magic wand, and it seemed to those present as if the soul of melody itself stood before them, confessed in all her charms, her grace and tenderness, her grandeur and sublimity. Besides the superiority of his adagio playing, Paganini was determined, in feats of execution, completely to outstrip his antagonist. The same passages, accordingly, which the latter had performed in single stops, he executed in double; rapid successions which the one had achieved in double ordinary sounds, the other produced in the most perfect manner in double harmonic sounds: where the one had accompanied his melody with chords, the other superadded to the chords the most rapid and distinct pizzicatos with the left hand: where Lafont had astonished his audience with his octaves and tenths, Paganini amazed them still more by stretching with the same ease and certainty fourteenths and sixteenths. Having now routed the foe at all points, he had amply made good his title to be proclaimed the victor.'

Paganini, in a most unusual degree, seems to have been the subject of calumny, and has had to sustain the reproach of being a brigand, and even the assassin of his own mistress, and all without the least foundation.

'In reality, a person of the gentlest and most inoffensive habits, he is anything rather than the desperate ruffian he has been described. In his demeanour he is modest and unassuming, in his disposition liberal and generous to a fault. Like most artists, ardent and enthusiastic in his temperament, and in his actions very much a creature of impulse; he is full of all that unaffected simplicity which we almost invariably find associated with true genius. He has an only son, by a Signora Antonia Bianchi, a singer from Palermo, with whom he lived for several years until the summer of 1828, when he was under the necessity of separating from her in consequence of the extreme violence of her temper, and in this little boy all his affections are concentrated. He is a very precocious child, and already indicates strong signs of musical talent.

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Being of a delicate frame of health, Paganini never can bear to trust him out of his sight. "If I were to lose him," says he, "I would be lost myself; it is quite impossible that ever I can separate myself from him; when I awake in the night, he is my first thought." Accordingly, ever since he parted from his mother, he has himself enacted the part of the child's nurse; and that our readers may form some idea of the manner in which he acquits himself in this new capacity, and of the character of the young Paganini, we shall here insert a description with which we are furnished by a friend of his who happened to call upon him at his lodgings at Prague, in 1828, in order to take him out to dinner. We may mention that the youth goes by the classic cognomen of Achilles Lyrus Alexander.

'"Everything was lying in its usual disorder; here one violin, there another, one snuff-box on the bed, another under one of the boy's play-things. Music, money, caps, letters, watches, and boots were scattered about in the utmost confusion. The chairs, tables, and even the bed, had all been removed from their proper places. In the midst of the chaos sat Paganini, his black silk nightcap covering his still blacker hair, a yellow handkerchief carelessly tied round his neck, and a chocolate-coloured jacket hanging loose upon his shoulders. On his knees he held Achillino, his little son of four years of age, at that time in very bad humour, because he had to allow his hands to be washed.

'"His affectionate forbearance is truly extraordinary. Let the boy be ever so troublesome, he never gets angry, but merely turns round and observes to those present, "The poor child is wearied, I do not know what I shall do, I am already quite worn out with playing with him. I have been fighting with him all the morning, I have carried him about, made him chocolate, I do not know what more to do." It was enough to make one die of laughing, to see Paganini in his slippers fighting with his little son, who reached to about his knee; sometimes the little Achillino would get into a rage, draw his sabre upon his father, who would retreat into the corner of the room, and call out, "Enough, enough! I am wounded aleady;" but the little fellow would never leave off until he had had his gigantic adversary tottering and prostrate on the bed.

'"Paganini had now finished the dressing of his Achillino, but was himself still in sad dishabille. And now arose the great difficulty, how to accomplish his own toilette; where to find his neckcloth, his boots, his coat. All were hid, and by whom? by Achillino. The urchin laughed when he saw his father pacing with long strides through the apartment, his searching looks glancing in all directions. And upon his asking where he had put his things, the little wag pretended astonishment, and held his tongue, shrugged up his shoulders, shook his head, and signified by his gestures that he knew nothing about them. After a long search, the boots were found; they were hid under the trunk; the handkerchief lay in one of the boots; the coat in the box; and the waistcoat in the drawer of the table. Every time that Paganini had found one of his things, he drew it out in triumph, took a great pinch of snuff, and went with new zeal to search for the remaining articles, always followed by the little fellow, who enjoyed it vastly when he saw his papa searching in places where he knew nothing was hid. At last we went out, and Paganini shut the door of the apartment, leaving behind him, lying about on the tables and in the cupboards, rings, watches, gold, and, what I most wondered at, his most precious violins. Any idea of the insecurity of his property never entered his head; and, fortunately for him, in the lodgings which he occupied the people were honest."

'We must not omit the remainder of the scene:—

'"The day being cold, Paganini had put on a monstrous cloak. And as he was afraid that Achillino might catch cold, he took him up in his arms, and carefully lapped him over and over with it. The little one, who wanted to breathe more freely, soon poked his head out,—it was like a fine spring day in the arms of winter."

'In the discharge of his filial duties, Paganini has always shown himself to be quite as exemplary as in that of his parental. The wealth which he has amassed has been partly applied to provide for the comforts of his aged mother, and not unfrequently dispensed in acts of bounty towards his more necessitous relations and friends. Having now traversed Germany,—Paris and London will complete his professional tour, after which he intends to revisit his native city, and to see his mother once more.'

Abridged from No. XIV of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

PAVING OF MODERN CITIES.

Paris was the first of our modern cities to be enriched with a pavement. * * * * The French capital was paved by command of Phillip II, and orders were issued for that purpose, by government, in 1184, upon which occasion the name of the city was changed from Lutetia to that of Paris. Dijon, at that time the capital of Burgundy, is known to have been paved in 1391, by Philip the Bold. * * * * In the year of 1090, when the church of St Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside, was unroofed by a violent storm, four beams or pillars, twenty-six feet in length, sunk so deep into the ground, that only four feet were visible above the surface. "At that time," says Howel, "the streets of London consisted of soft earth." Holborn was paved by the royal command in 1417, and the great market of Smithfield in 1614. * * * * Berlin was only very partially adorned with pavement till the close of the seventeenth century. At Spandau, in 1357, the skinners were obliged by law to sweep the market-place; and in Hamburgh, the cleansing of the muddy streets was assigned to the Jews. At the present day, the pavement of the city of London is unquestionably the finest in the world; after which, but without the useful appendage of flagstones for foot passengers, may be reckoned that of Vienna, which is formed of beautiful Silesian granite. The streets of several cities in Holland are also admirably neat and well arranged.—*Historical Traveller, Vol. II.*

A MAN RISEN FROM THE TOMB.

Among the many histories of escapes, or endeavours to escape from a violent death, during the reign of terror, which have been recorded by different authors, are several of a character so dramatic, as to be almost self-adapted for the stage. The following, taken from Legowe's, "*Le Merite des Femmes*," might easily be moulded into dramatic form;—if, indeed, it has not already been done. It is the story of a young Frenchman saved by the niece of a Sacristan of Brussels. After the battle of Fleurus, when the troops re-entered Belgium, afraid of being taken in Brussels, the young man took to flight, but was stopped by a young girl who was sitting at her door, and who, prompted by the interest inspired by misfortune, said to him—"If you go on, you are lost."—"So I am if I return."—"Well, then you had better come in here." He accepted her offer. Having told him that she was in the house of her uncle, who would not allow her to protect him, she led him into a barn, where he concealed himself. At the approach of night, several soldiers went into the barn to rest. The niece followed them, unperceived, and took advantage of their sleep to lead the fugitive from his dangerous hiding-place. As he passed, one of the soldiers woke, and seized his hand. The niece immediately sprung to them, crying aloud, "Leave me alone!—Don't you *know me?*" The soldier, deceived by the female voice, released his captive, who immediately followed his kind guide to her chamber, where she provided herself with a light and the keys of the church. They entered the church; behind the altar was a trap very artfully concealed, which the girl raised, saying, "You see this dark staircase, it leads to a vault in which repose the remains of an illustrious family. No one will be likely to discover you here. You must have the courage to remain by yourself till a favourable opportunity occurs for your escape." The Frenchman did not hesitate; he descended with the utmost confidence; but what was his surprise on beholding by the light of the lamp, an escutcheon emblazoned with the arms of his family, suspended on the walls of the vault! He recognised the tomb of his ancestors who had formerly been settled in this part of the country. He was left alone. The hope of escaping, to rejoin his beloved wife, for a time softened the horror of his situation, but two days passed away, and his preserver did not appear. He knew not what to fear; sometimes he thought she had forgotten him; sometimes, that she had fallen a victim to her generosity. Extreme hunger added to his misery, and he trembled at the prospect of a death more terrible than that from which he had escaped. His strength at last failed, and he fell senseless on one of the surrounding coffins. Sometime after, he revived, he fancied he heard a slight noise; he listened;—it was the voice of his compassionate friend. Overcome with joy and weakness, he was unable to answer. She thought him dead, and dropped the trap in despair. The unfortunate captive, with one desperate effort, forced a shout. She heard, and hastened to him. She gave him food, explained the cause of her absence, and assured him that she had taken precautions to prevent its recurrence. She was about to leave him, when the clash of arms struck her ear; and she hastily turned back into the vault, taking care not to make the slightest noise. The Sacristan, who had been accused of concealing a fugitive in the church, and who was ignorant of the imprudence of his niece, had conducted the soldiers there, to convince them of his innocence. They searched every where; they even trod on the fatal trap. What a dreadful moment for the captives! Every step found an echo in their hearts, and their last moments seemed rapidly approaching. Gradually the sounds died away. The young girl ventured into the church; she looked fearfully around; it was entirely empty: she returned to the vault to set the mind of her entombed friend at ease, and then retired. Our poor captive remained long in his subterranean abode, daily supplied with food by his attentive friend. A moment of tranquillity at last arrived; she carried the news to her prisoner; he bade adieu to the tomb of his ancestors in which he had so long remained concealed; and, gaining his home in safety, felt doubly grateful to his generous deliverer, as he clasped to his heart his beloved and happy wife.

ANECDOTES OF THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Innumerable instances have been recorded of the courage and constancy of women, in aiding the escape, or concealing the retreat of the condemned, during the reign of terror. Nor was it love or friendship alone that actuated them, but as if their generous and kindly feelings gained strength by the contemplation of unceasing horrors, they, in many instances, risked and forfeited their lives, by assisting total strangers, who had no other claims upon them, than the common claims of humanity. Among many records of this kind, collected by M. Legouve, in his little work entitled "La Merite des Femmes," we find one of a Madame Ruvilly, residing in Brest. A man, eighty years of age, utterly unknown to her, entered her house to beg for refuge. Aware of the danger she incurred, Madame

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Ruvilly granted it, without a moment's hesitation. After remaining two days, the old man proposed to depart, and went to take leave of his generous hostess. She expressed surprise at his leaving her, while he was yet in danger; but he told her that he was a priest, more especially liable by his profession, to persecution, and that he feared a longer stay might involve her in his ruin. "Whither do you intend to go?" enquired the lady. "Heaven knows!" replied her visitor. "What!" cried she, "you have no place of refuge, yet think that I will suffer you to leave me!—For heaven's sake, remain here, till the times become more tranquil." The old man, however, persisted in his purpose, and took his leave. Madame Desmarets was present at this scene between her sister and the old priest; she faithfully kept the secret; but this act of generous hospitality was soon discovered, and both the sisters suffered execution in consequence of it. The one for having received and concealed in her house, a condemned person; the other, for not having denounced her.—Madame Paysac not only granted hospitality to one of the proscribed, but voluntarily offered it. Rabaud de St Etienne was *invited to her house.* He refused the asylum offered him, on account of the danger she would incur by his acceptance of it; but she persisted. He yielded. He was soon after discovered in her house, and she followed him to execution with the same courage with which she had risked her danger. There are many instances which exhibit a more heroic courage, zealous exertion, and completeness of self-devotion, but these are mostly cases in which love or friendship rendered sacrifice comparatively easy, and in which excitement was kept up by action. They do not, therefore, appear so extraordinary, upon reflection, as the voluntary incurring of danger for a person unknown, and awaiting the result to both in helpless inactivity. A story is told of a young man whose weak health occasioned him to be transferred from the prison to the hospital, and as it seems, merely to preserve him *for* a violent death, he was committed to the charge of a young man, named Teresa. He was young, handsome, and amiable. The tale of his misfortunes interested his young nurse. Like Desdemona, she gave her heart to one who had suffered so many "hair-breadth 'scapes;" and she resolved to add one to the number. Having told him her plan, she bade him feign violent convulsions and death. The young man obeyed the instructions given him; Sister Teresa, according to custom, extended the sheet over his head, and when the physician paid his usual visit, told him the sick man had just expired. In the evening Teresa, knowing that the body would be claimed by the pupils, had it conveyed to the dissecting-room. When there, the pretended corpse was dressed in the clothes of a surgeon who was in the secret, and, by means of this disguise, he escaped without remark. The trick was not discovered till the next day. Teresa was questioned. She answered with unhesitating truth; and, in consideration of this frankness, was spared. She had inspired him whom she had saved with a sentiment as lively as she herself felt. He persuaded her to visit him in the asylum to which he had flown, and throwing himself at her feet, he entreated her to bless the life she had preserved, by becoming his wife. It will not be supposed that she refused him. She became happy herself by conferring happiness on him. They fled to Spain, and were married.

'THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.—This personage, who has played so conspicuous a part in the affairs of Poland, is worthy of something more than a mere passing notice. Though possessed of very considerable talents, he is, in fact, an untamed tiger, giving way on all occasions to the most violent paroxysms of temper. He has a deep sense of the rights of his order, and holds the feelings of every other class of human beings as absolutely nought. So soon therefore, as he found that his imperial brother was no longer the liberal patron of constitutional rights, he gave the most unrestrained licence to his capricious and violent injustice. A few instances are better than general assertion:—A most opulent and respectable man named Woloski, the principle brewer of Warsaw, had, through some of his people, without his own knowledge, hired as a servant in his establishment a Russian deserter. The offender was detected, and proof of innocence on the part of his employer being disallowed, the grand Duke, by his individual decree, ordered this respectable individual to be fettered, and in that condition he was compelled to work with a wheelbarrow in the public streets! His daughter, an amiable young lady, ventured to appeal to the mercy of the Grand Duke in behalf of her parent, and the unmanly monster kicked her down stairs, using at the same time the most abusive language.——A boy of nine years of age, a son of Count Plater, had in the playfulness of childhood written in chalk on one of the forms, "The 3rd of May for ever," that being the anniversary of Kosciusko's constitution. The fact was discovered by some of the innumerable spies, employed even among these infants, to Nowozilzoff, who instituted an enquiry among the boys,—not one would betray poor Plater: they were all ordered to be flogged with the utmost severity. The unhappy offender declared that he had written the offensive words. The Grand Duke condemned him to be a soldier for life, incapable of advancement in the army; and when his mother threw herself before his carriage to implore forgiveness for her wretched child, he spurned her like a dog with his foot.

'Every one possessed of the means naturally fled from such unheard of tyranny, and among others, a highly accomplished man, who sought refuge in London. Constantine sent emissaries, in the foolish belief that he could carry him off. The emissary soon discovered the folly of his errand, and returned to the great chagrin of his master.

'Shaving the heads of ladies of rank who displeased him, was a common occurrence; and, on one occasion, four soldiers were hanged because they abstained from carrying such an order into effect, as they found it impossible to do so without using personal violence. Tarring and feathering the shaved heads of the offenders was also a favourite recreation of the commander-in-chief.'—*The New Periodical, called The Metropolitan.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—The Brigand.
COVENT GARDEN.—The Exquisites—St Patrick's Day—And Neuha's Cave.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE space we devoted to the plot and merits of the new Comedy of *The Exquisites* prevented us from doing justice to the exertions of the performers. The managers, with commendable attention to the enjoyment of the audience, with which indeed their own interests are inseparable, assigned the characters to suitable actors, and, in consequence, although none of them are very strongly marked, the ability of the acting saved their second-rate quality from sinking into insignificance. *Mr Stockland*, the citizen, who, under the influence of a vain and foolish wife, becomes a resident in Portland Place, and an emulator of the follies of fashion, was creditably performed by Mr EGERTON, an actor of judgment in his particular department and always attentive to the requirements of the parts allotted to him. Mrs GIBBS in *Mrs Stockland*, gave a faithful portraiture of a vulgar-minded woman, without principle; her head turned by show and fineries she had not been accustomed to. Mr ABBOTT, whose lot it is, too often, to personate characters for which he has not a single natural qualification, and whose destination to the stage one may fairly attribute more to inclination than particular genius, shews occasionally how good sense and diligence can triumph over apparent obstacles, by playing, with an ability which secures praise, characters not considered generally within his sphere. The part of *Cecil* is one of these; an *Exquisite* of the true languishing sort, too much of whom would soon become an exemplification of his own most expressive phrase,—"a horrid bore." In the scene where he is dislodged from the bonnet-basket, his fanning himself with the bonnet, and proper adjustment of his hair before the looking-glass, were excellently in keeping with the character. Mr KEELEY, in the country *Exquisite*, displayed his usual aptness and broad humour; and in the spirited scene in which *Lord Castleton* (Mr C. KEMBLE) instructs him in *Exquisitism*, with a skill and delicacy which no other actor could equal, the pleasure of the audience was the united triumph of the author and the actors. The valet *Exquisite* of Mr POWER is but a slight part, the actor made the most of it. The same may be said of Mr BARTLEY's *Alderman Bonus*, and Mrs KEELEY's *Kitty*. The latter is an actress from a good school, that of Miss KELLY, and it is always a pleasure to praise her. Miss ELLEN TREE is a good representative of feminine distress, whether, as in *Hide and Seek*, it have a ludicrous aspect towards the audience, or altogether a serious one, as in the present comedy. For an evening passed agreeably we incurred a debt of acknowledgment, and are happy in having an occasion to pay it.

DRURY LANE.

Every Play-goer knows how much of his pleasure depends on the actors, for let the play be as excellent as genius can make it, if its representation be intrusted to incompetent performers, its natural effects are at once neutralised, and dissatisfaction is produced instead of enjoyment. This is more particularly the case with new pieces; and accordingly we find that managers are careful on first bringing out a piece, to put into it as much strength as they can muster; although afterwards (as in the *Brigand*) when the public attention is less awake, they sometimes relax in their endeavour to please.

The following paragraph from the *Englishman's Magazine* is illustrative of the point in question:

"WALLACK, the melo-dramatic actor, was cast for the part of *Oscyth*, in Mr KNOWLES' play of *Alfred*, of which we have given a review on its independent merits. From a fit of histrionic jealousy or spleen, he declined to play it, and his example was followed by

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all of name or note in Drury, with the exception of Cooper, who, much to his credit, proposed an exchange of parts. This, however, did not satisfy 'King Bolingbroke;' and the character, for lack of a better representative, was finally transferred to Mr H. Wallack. *Osmyth* is the lover of the piece, and much of the business devolves upon him. By the perverseness of one performer, not only is the success of a drama, which may have cost a man of genius the labour of many months, endangered, but the public are treated with gross disrespect in having an incompetent person put forward in the room of him who is capable.'

We have little to add to this. As it happened Mr Wallack was not greatly missed; for his brother exerted himself with more success than might have been expected; and the spirited acting of Macready, Cooper, and Miss Phillips left little to be desired.

F. F.

French Plays.—It appears that the Haymarket was originally appropriated to the performance of French plays. The first theatre was erected in 1720, by a builder named Potter, whose object was to let the house to companies of foreign performers, which at that period were much encouraged by the nobility. The opening of the house was thus announced in a daily paper of December 15, 1720:—"At the New Theatre in the Haymarket, between Little Suffolk street and James street, which is now completely finished, will be performed a French comedy, as soon as the rest of the actors arrive from Paris." The house opened with a French comedy, called 'La Fille à la Morte; ou Badeaut de Paris:' the company performing under the designation of "the French Comedians of his Grace the Duke of Montaigne."

A Real Jew.—Promenading the streets of Amsterdam, I was accosted by one of those travelling nuisances which infest that city under the habit of a Jew, who pressed me to purchase some of his ware. "Here is some very *scharming* shuelry," said he, "vich you vant to carry to your vife,"—"No," replied I, "I have no wife, nor do I wish for any of your jewels."—"But, surely, my dear Shur, you will buy this very fine timond ring; it is but forty *keelders* [40 guilders—16 dollars] vich is very cheap intead for it."—"Dat is vat I can shware to," said another Ishmaelite coming up at this moment; "I vould *keeve* tirty-nine to trade upon myself."—"But I do not want it," said I with warmth; "leave me!"—"But vat vill you *keeve* me for it?" continued the former, seizing me by the coat as I was going. "Twenty stivers" [20 cents] I answered, to get rid of him. "You shall have it," returned the Jew, and *shaved* me after all!—*American paper.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

IL PIRATA.

[By Bellini.]

Imogene, wife of Ernest, formerly beloved by Gualtiero . . Signora Rubini.
Adele, an attendant to Imogene . Madame Castelli.
Ernest, Duke of Caldora, a partisan of the House of Angio Signor Santini.
Gualtiero, Count of Montalto, and partisan of King Manfredi . . . . Sig. Rubini.
Stulbo, companion of Gualtiero . Signor Deville.
Goffredo, formerly tutor to Gualtiero, and then a hermit . . Sig. De Angeli.

After which, a New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA NAYADE.

Principal Characters, Mlle. Taglioni, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, and Mlle. Brocard.
M. Emile, and M. Lefebvre.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr Knowles.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Ethelred, Miss Swift. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.
Priest, Mr Dowsing. Boy, Master Fenton.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); Rossini's Overture to 'Il Turco in Italia;' and A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles.'

After which, a New

DIVERTISSEMENT.

[By M. Simon.]

The principal Dancers by Mlle. Rosalia Guet, Miss Barnett, Miss Baseke, Misses Ballin, Lane, M'Henry, Lydia. Mesdames Gear, Vallancey, Webster, Griffiths, Claire, A. Jones, Willmott, E. Jones, &c.
Messrs. Wieland, Chikini, Baker, &c. &c.

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr Planché.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; and Masaniello.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr Sheridan.]

Lady Teazle, Miss Fanny Kemble. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs Vining.
Mrs Candour, Mrs Gibbs. Maria, Miss Taylor.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr Bartley. Sir Oliver Surface, Mr F. Matthews.
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr Wrench. Crabtree, Mr Blanchard.
Charles Surface, Mr C. Kemble. Joseph Surface, Mr Warde.
Careless, Mr Durusset. Rowley, Mr Evans. Moses, Mr Farley.
Trip, Mr Parry. Sir Harry, Mr Wilson.

In the course of the Evening, Miss Inverarity will sing 'Should he upbraid,' and the Duet of 'When thy bosom,' with Mr Braham.

After which the Musical Entertainment of

THE WATERMAN.

[By Mr Dibdin.]

Tom Tug, Mr Braham, in which he will introduce 'The Bay of Biscay O.'

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; Hide and Seek; and Teddy the Tiler.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Drama, entitled

THE ITALIAN WIFE.

Bianca, Miss M. C. Poole. Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Scott. Clara, Miss Jordan.
Duke of Florence, Mr D. Pitt. Gonsalvo, Mr Gough.
Falsetto, Mr Honner. Giraldi Fazio, Mr Osbaldiston. Bartolo, Mr Williams.
Philario, Mr Almar. Antonio, Mr Young. Theodore, Mr Webb.
Piero, Mr Lee. Gentleman, Mr Tully. Keeper, Mr Hobbs.

The Highland Fling, by Mlle. Rosier.

After which, a Dramatic Romance, in Two Acts, called

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Helena di Rosalvi, Miss M. C Poole. Claudine, Miss Jordan.
Jacinthe, Miss Rumens. Rosa, Miss Nicol. Genevieve, Miss Vincent.
Felix, Mr Osbaldiston. Rosalvi, Mr D. Pitt. Jeronymo, Mr Young.
Marco, Mr Lee. Florio di Rosalvi, Miss Ellis. Baptista, Mr Webb.
Julio di Rosalvi, Master F. Carbery. Juan, Mr Tully.
Pietro, Mr Collier. Fabricio, Mr Fone.

To conclude with an Historical Musical Drama, entitled

THE BEGGAR OF CRIPPLEGATE.

Marian, Miss Somerville, in which she will introduce, 'Tell me my heart.'
Millicent, Miss Vincent. Mother Milldoll, Mrs Rogers. Alison, Miss Perry.
Annot, Miss Nicol. Kate, Miss Rumens.
King Henry VIII, Mr D. Pitt. Sir Piers Maltravers, Mr Almar.
Vincent Lorimer, Mr Honor. Godfrey Osgood, Mr Gough.
The Beggar of Cripplegate, Mr C. Hill. Barnaby, Mr Williams.
Cocke Lorell, Mr Vale. Father Ignatius, Mr Ransford. Fabian, Mr Asbury.
Valentine, Mr Rogers. Wynkin Cross-eye, Mr Webb. Ambrose, Mr Young.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

[By Mr M'Farren.]

The Overture and Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer. Bertrand, Mr Munroe.
Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Godfrid, Mr Keppell.
Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

After which a New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr Raymond.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr Haines.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Grasiot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Hussah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mouss, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Clemenza di Tito;' Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

Astley's Amphitheatre. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.

Sadler's Wells.—Luke the Labourer—A Day after the Wedding—Senor Valli—The Knight of Blood.

City Vaudeville.—The Bee Hive—Maid's Stratagem—Two Gregories—New Ballet.

New City Subscription Theatre.—The Bold Dragoons—The Waterman—The Young Widow—Quadrupeds.

Royal Panarmonion Theatre.—Jew of Cadiz—Love in Arcadia—Mrs P.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1831.

ANOMYMOUS CRITICISM.

[It is proper to observe, that the following dialogue was written a few years ago, at a time when our periodical literature was disgraced by the personality and virulence in which some influential journals indulged. Since then the evil has been greatly abated; but believing that it can never be entirely cured while the system out of which it grows is tolerated, the objections originally made have not been qualified. They pretend to no originality, and are confessedly imperfect; but it should be recollected that abuses at last give way, less to any novelty in the mode of attack than to the reiteration of blows on vulnerable parts from the quarters of fresh assailants. As the dialogue is left unfinished, the good-natured reader may infer, if he pleases, that its deficiences would have been supplied if it had been completed.]

A. We were interrupted lately in our conversation on the subject of anonymous criticism. I confess that reflection has brought me nearer to your opinion; and when I remember how many instances of manifest partiality and injustice have occurred, I am inclined to acknowledge that periodical criticism, as at present conducted, is an evil rather than a benefit to literature.

B. If articles of the kind you allude to were rare, I should object to your conclusion, as too sweeping and undiscriminating; but unhappily they are not accidental, but form part, and a main part too, of the system by which much of our periodical criticism is governed, and by which the journal we have been speaking of is particularly distinguished. That being the case, I avow that I have long been of opinion that anonymous criticism is a serious and crying evil, which ought by all means to be discountenanced. But independently of flagrant instances of injustice, it is by no means clear that the journals in question are so superabundant in merit as to deserve unqualified patronage. It is in their very nature to mislead. Importance is often attached to an opinion when it is supposed to be that of a body of learned men, numbering among them unquestionably a few of superior minds, which importance it would never obtain if the name of the writer were affixed to the article. It is true, men *ought not* to be governed by names, but it is equally true that they *are* so governed; and until they are better taught, they may suppose they have got the opinion of an able and honest man, when, perhaps, they have only that of some malignant slanderer, the publication of whose name might render his censure acceptable, or his praise valueless.

A. I admit there is some weight in your objections; yet, as their want of impartiality is felt to be their chief defect, that defect supplied, I should regret their total extinction.

B. Doubtless their chief defect is gross partiality—general subserviency to sinister and party purposes; but it is a defect not removable, it is inherent in the system. Lessened, it may be occasionally, but never will it be removed, while men have an object to attain in detracting from the merit of their rivals or contemporaries, and while they can shield themselves from the just vengeance of those they injure by entrenching themselves behind a masked battery. Let critics be no longer anonymous, and you get rid of the evil at once. Prudence and the fear of shame will do that which may be expected in vain from an abstract sense of justice. The midnight assassin braves the chances of detection by the hired retainers of the police, but hides himself instinctively at the approach of daylight.

A. But suppose our literary critics were, as you propose, to avow their names, and be willing to incur the responsibility of their writings, would not they be exposed to the annoyance of every self-conceited scribbler who might think an exposure of his imbecility a sufficient warrant to retaliate on the person of the critic a lashing of another but equally unpleasant kind?

B. The objection is almost groundless. Such an instance could rarely or never occur. When it did, I suspect the criticism, on examination, would be found to have wandered beyond its proper limits.

A. May be so; but what more difficult to avoid? Who shall define the limits of just criticism; mete out the proper degree of censure to each particular offence, and select the terms most fitting to be its medium? Reluctantly, I confess that I see in the avowal of names a tendency to give to our criticism a timid and feeble tone; too timid to dare the exposure of the strong and unprincipled, too feeble to sustain the assaults which even its gentle reproofs might provoke. We have already too much feeble criticism.

B. Granted; how then shall we strengthen it? Assuredly not by a mask. That may hide its weakness, but certainly cannot promote its strength. That may make the weak *pass* for the strong, and must be continually misleading, in some way or other. If an inferior critic's opinion be mistaken for that of a superior, it will obtain more consideration than it ought; if the opinion of a superior critic be unrecognised as his, it will be attributed variously, and in that case, by being confounded with feebler pens, will lose something of its legitimate influence. Suppose, for instance, Mr Southey and Mr —— should be contributors to the same review, and I, a reader, be unable to distinguish their respective styles. An article may be before me in which some facts are stated for which I have no better voucher than the critic's authority. If I believe the article to be written by Mr Southey, whatever I may think of his inconsistency as a politician, having unlimited confidence in his veracity, believing him to be utterly incapable of stating wilfully a falsehood, I should give implicit credit to any fact he might state, founded on his own knowledge, even though that fact should be to the prejudice of another. But if, on the other hand, I should for some reason suppose that the fact stated rests on the authority of a former contributor to ——, one who had interpolated a passage from a popular work, and then cited it as a correct quotation; one who had seriously asserted falsehoods with respect to private character, and when called upon for explanation, kept himself in the dark, denied the obvious meaning of his scandal, or pretended that he put forth his poison in jest;—if I believed the article to be written by such a character, I should treat the fact stated as a fiction, most likely invented, agreeably to the habits of the writer, to gratify private malice. No, let our critics stand forth in their proper characters, with no object but truth, with no pretensions but such as their acquirements and talents can justify, and they may safely challenge the approbation of all whose approbation is worth their reception, and they may and will hold in merited contempt the croakings and upbraidings of the foolishly discontented. Besides, let us not forget that criticism is subject to laws, and although those laws have received various modifications, yet are there certain general principles universally admitted. An enlightened critic never loses sight of these; a just one frames his criticisms upon them. If the critic then be enlightened, and moreover possessed of an upright mind, there need be no fear that his strictures will evince either timidity or feebleness. A clear conviction of the justness of his censures or his praises will ensure a correspondent firmness in their delivery; for men are timid, not so frequently from their necessarily uncertain estimate of the strength to which they may be opposed, as from an inward consciousness of their personal insufficiency. Confident men are bold. Indeed the boldness of the personal attacks which so often disgrace our modern critics, is the result of confidence, with this disadvantage, that the anonymous critic derives his confidence from the fact of his being concealed, while that of the known and genuine critic is founded on the unimpeachable correctness of the propositions he advances.

* * * *

F. F.

JUVENILE THEATRICALS.

TO THE TATLER.

Sir,—The pleasure of seeing registered in print some pleasant school recollections, makes me willing to hazard the infliction upon your readers of a juvenile prologue, written for a school drama. The plot of the piece itself for which it was written, is clean gone from my memory. If indeed

> "Plot it might be called that plot had none,
> Distinguishable in chorus, act, or scene."

Nor is its name even upon record, though I think it to have been decidedly allied to the 'Montalto' or 'Otranto' family. What I recollect with most vivacity respecting it is, that it formed an extremely curious combination of the first scene in 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Obi, or Three-fingered Jack.' The author and hero of the performance underwent a series of perplexities during its representation, arising partly from the zealous candour of his prologist, who, as the reader will perceive, had tenderly hinted at certain plagiarisms in the dia-

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logue: and chiefly from his own intemperate ambition to impress his juniors with an idea of his tragic powers. He was a strapping fellow, and the eldest in the school. Never shall I forget the prodigality of suffering which attended his dying scene. He made a spring into the arms of death as though he had been leaping a ditch; and not having practised that branch of histrionic science, he "fell with such hideous ruin and combustion down," that, like the Arch-fiend, he lay weltering with pain—and no wonder, "falling such a pernicious height." Lord! how we laughed! To complete my satanic simile, it was his luck to lie immediately under a lamp which dropped liquid fire upon his face. The Promethean heat reanimating his lifeless clay, he walked off amid the congratulations of the spectators.

PROLOGUE

TO A SCHOOL PLAY.

In times of yore, when our first Edward reign'd,
(Edward, whose brows by Patriot blood were stain'd)
In times of yore, when learning in our isle
Dared not assume her present winning smile;
When dark-eyed Superstition's icy hand
Benumb'd th' aspiring Genius of the land;
The British Drama first began its course:—
Weak in its onset, feeble as the source
Of great Maragnon, whose gigantic wave
Rolls on (by thousand rills enhanc'd) to lave
Each fertile region gladdening as he rolls:—
E'en so our Drama, breaking from the thralls
Of purblind ignorance, first wound her way;
Her stream was small, and weak *her* first essay.
And our first Actor was the Parish Clerk!
A man not quite the fittest form'd to work
Upon the feelings, or to rouse the mind
To deeds of fame—unless perchance you find
That Edward's Clerks were far more erudite
Than those whom we are doom'd to hear recite
Sublimest words in quaint and vulgar tone.
The taste improv'd as men had wiser grown,
And Plays were played by Dramatists alone.
Then mighty SHAKSPEARE burst to life and light!—
The Genius of our Drama hail'd the sight,
And darted forth exulting, on the wings of fame,
To publish to the world her victory, and claim
The wreaths that long had been the proud rewards
Bestow'd on Grecian and on Roman Bards.
Our Author, who to-night implores your smile
On this his first attempt, though puerile,
Begs me to warn you from the ill-timed laugh:
(For you must be inform'd that more than half
Is SHAKSPEARE'S language blended with his own;
And with such art, that they can scarce be known
Asunder.) You therefore that are *well* read
In SHAKSPEARE, must be cautious ere you spread
The sneer sarcastic, since you may be found
Committing sacrilege on Bardic ground.
Our Author and his friends in nought have spar'd expense,
And you yourselves can testify their diligence—
Then give them your applause—their sweetest recompence.

Your constant Reader,

C. E.

THE LAST OF THE MATERIALISTS.

"The clearest and most enlarged understandings of thinking men find themselves puzzled, and at a loss, in every particle of matter."—LOCKE.

SIR,—The majority of those who have studied "the science of the principles and causes of all things existing," have generally terminated their researches by attempting to demonstrate the existence of nothing; and those of their brethren, who have arrived at other conclusions, have, for the most part, found nothing to demonstrate. Instead of demonstration, however, they have reaped a plentiful harvest of conjecture; and the minds of our philosophers must have suffered a little, I think, in the article of sanity, in bringing forth all those monstrous adumbrations,

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire,"

which the study of metaphysics has so plentifully engendered.

Some of the most acute of them have contemplated the existence of an universal medium, endowed with repulsion; and a medium by which its possibility may be very aptly illustrated, is Metaphysics; for, of all who have entered its domains, none has ever shewn any attraction to the principles of another; each has exhibited an unaccountable degree of repulsion to entertaining opinions formerly held.

"As if 'twere more
Their destiny than will, to make the eternal years
Their date of war,—and their 'Champ clos' the spheres."

The study of most sciences conduces to render the student more familiar with the departments which they include: here, alone, the result of profound enquiry appears to be profounder ignorance.

Whether we arrive at the sage conclusions of some, that the mind is probably endowed with reasoning faculties,—suppose, that the vital principle is caloric, or "magnetic aura,"—discover, that we have an extreme propensity to believe in our own existence,—believe, with Hartley, that the phrenologists are wrong in separating, in the mind, an organ of music, inasmuch as, the mind itself is a musical organ,—whether we prove to our own satisfaction, that a candle is no more, to us, a candle, than is the King of Madagascar,—promulgate the immateriality of broad-swords, and leaden bullets,—are preserved from the enormity of eating animals by making them machines,—or, raise them in the scale of existence to "natural immortality,"—whether,

"With a peremptory tone,
We call the nose upon our face our own,"—

or, like Hume,

"Hold fire in our hand,
By thinking of the frosty Caucasus;
Or, cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast,"—

whether, with Malebranche, whilst seeing all things in God, we walk altogether out of his sight,—whether, we call life, instinct, or instinct, life,—whether, following the advocates of the universality of matter, or, of the superaddition of something in nature, "distinct from matter," "more than matter," or "matter in its most active, and etherealized form,"—or, finally joining issue with those who say, that it is but little matter, what matter is;—we shall at least discover that we have embarked on a perilous and uncertain voyage, where we may be, indeed, stranded, or wrecked, but, where the hope of again gaining the firm shore we have left, is never entertained. "The last of the Materialists" is the celebrated anatomist, Mr Dermott;* and his system should be the more known, as he has added, a conservative principle to the common doctrine of Materialism,—a character-preserver, by which all the obloquy, formerly attendant on its disciples, is removed—viz. a "dormant soul." The manner of discovery is also somewhat novel, when we consider the extent and clearness of his researches into physical science; having denied the demonstrability of the soul during life, if asked how he knows its existence, he replies, Behold the Book,—the *argumentatum ad librum*. Mr Dermott calls himself "a physiological, not a theological materialist;" he, indeed, evidently writes with the 'odium theologicum' before his eyes. He appears to assume, from the first, that the doctrine of materialism is altogether inconsistent with revealed religion: from this error the perusal of many parts of the Old Testament would redeem him, particularly, of Job and Solomon. Besides, has he not studied brother Priestley? I merely say this, to prove that his triumphant manner of bringing forward "the Book," does not speak much for his knowledge of its contents. His manner of reasoning reminds one of Majendie, who speaking, somewhere, of the existence of a first cause, I think, says, "Il est trop consolant de croire à cet être, pour que le physiologiste mette en doute son existence." Of course, having provided a soul, he proceeds very cavalierly with the body. The cortical part of the brain, secretes the properties of the medullary. The secretions of thought, bile, and blood, go on very humorously together. Camper has already measured our intellect; Dermott steadily proceeds to weigh it down to that of the polypus and zoophyte, "which have all more or less minds."

It is strongly intimated that health of body, when it exists, is something more than concomitant with health of mind (rather too hard, by the bye, upon a brother philosopher, Dr Watts.) The mind appears to be perpetually varying in power, under the influence of the circulatory system; until at length, cogiguination and chylification, and sanguification, depart together;

"Death strikes 'the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart;'"

and, to conclude the scene, we remain in much the same condition as those who die by other systems of philosophy,—

"The beauteous body's left a load of clay."

Mr Dermott having discovered that the soul is dormant and inactive, here, does not trouble himself at all about its temporary

* See a "Discussion on the Materiality of the Mind, &c." By G. D. Dermott. J. Wilson. 1830.

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residence; about introducing us to its domicile; he omits to "draw the curtain—shew the picture;" whether it is still resident in the pineal gland, or "through the systems utmost depth diffused," we are as ignorant as ever. Our physiologists need not as yet weep for fresh space to enter.—I hope, Mr Tatler, that the light manner in which I have treated the speculations of men on doctrines involving many points of action here, and of being, hereafter, will not induce a belief that I am unconscious of the magnitude of the subject; fervently do I hope, with the eloquent and soul-stirring Channing, "that the time is coming when the human intellect is to strike into new paths, and to view itself, and its Creator, and the Universe, from new positions; and that the darkness which has so long hung over our moral nature, will be, for ever, dispersed." With him, also, I may be allowed to express an inclination to believe in the fallacy of the doctrines of those men, "whose hearts are frozen by an earth-born philosophy." AGIS.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— I had the assurance to dispute with him (Dr Johnson) on the subject of human malignity, and wondered to hear a man who by his actions shows so much benevolence, maintain that the human heart is naturally malevolent, and that all the benevolence we see in the few who are good, is acquired by reason and religion. You may believe I entirely disagreed with him, being, as you know, fully persuaded that benevolence, or the love of our fellow-creatures, is as much a part of our nature as self-love, and that it cannot be suppressed or extinguished without great violence from the force of other passions. I told him I had suspected him of some of these bad notions, from some of his Ramblers, and had accused him to you; but that you persuaded me I had mistaken his sense. To which he answered, that if he had betrayed such sentiments in the Ramblers, it was not with design, for that he believed the doctrine of human malevolence, though a true one, is not a useful one, and ought not to be published to the world. Is there any truth that would not be useful, or that should not be known?—*Posthumous Works of Mrs Chapone.*

MR A. BARING—MR MANNERS SUTTON.—Mr Alexander Baring, who is looked upon as a species of commercial Goliah, being the accredited organ of the wealthiest of England's "merchant-princes," never yet premeditated a three-column concatenation of "remarks" without specially premising, by way of exordium, that he did not rise to prolong the debate. He then proceeds to address his would-be auditors in a circumlocutory sibillating whisper, through the medium of which, by a faculty fortunately peculiar to himself, he insinuates his sentiments in such mystified language, that, when all is over, 'twill be an even wager whether any present can conjecture on which side he will eventually vote;—and this is what the member for Callington has the hardihood to call *public* speaking! 'Tis much. The Right Honourable Gentleman, who so ably embodies the official dignity of the House, alone emulates this "palpable obscure" with any degree of success; but he is equally remarkable for the power of his voice and correspondent excellence of enunciation. His speeches, explanatory of a point of order, clear and perspicuous at the commencement, never assume the appearance of intricacy or confusion, until he becomes professedly more explicit, "fearing that he has not made himself sufficiently understood:" then, indeed, are we reminded of *lucus à non lucendo*, and "find no end in wandering mazes lost;" then, indeed, do we experience the usual effects of an "excess of light."—*Fraser's Magazine—Parliamentary Eloquence.*

MR TRANT AND MR GOULBURN.—SPECIMENS OF THE BATHOS.—Mr O'Connell's exertions to cause a run on the Waterford Bank having been incidentally mentioned in debate, Mr Trant rose apparently in travail, with somewhat of portentous importance. "Would to God," said he, "that the Honourable and Learned Gentleman, even now at the eleventh hour, would hearken to my feeble voice, when I conjure him to pause in this his dangerous career, and desist from courses only calculated to inflict upon his country calamities innumerable,—to convulse the entire system of society with anarchy and revolution,—to shake the very pillars of civil government itself, and cause—*a fall in the price of butter in Waterford!*"—*(Cheers, long, loud, and universal.)* This is worthy of the landed interest, or King Cophetua himself; but the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, of whose head-piece the technical phrase in stationery, "extra thick," is tolerably descriptive, is no less happy in the application of the same beautiful figure of speech, as the following extract from his exposition of a budget will peradventure suffice to shew:—"I am not ignorant that there are who take a gloomier view of our resources; but let it be remembered, that the wings of commerce are triumphantly wafting the produce of British industry to the furthest confines of the globe, and that—*there is a material increase in the consumption of soap and candles!*" The effect of this appeal was far from being diminished by the pompous delivery of the speaker, who at the moment (not to say it profanely) vouchsafed to copy the action of Paul when exhorting the Athenians, as represented in the Cartoon.—*Fraser's Magazine—Art. Parliamentary Eloquence.*

GOETHE'S DIRECTIONS FOR GETTING-UP MACBETH.—Theatrical matters, as may be supposed, occupy a very prominent place in these volumes; the direction of the Weimar theatre being in the hands of Goëthe. This, notwithstanding the many inconveniences with which it must have been accompanied, seems always to have been a labour of love to Goëthe, who devoted himself to the task, until the introduction of the dog in the Forest of Bondy proved too much for his patience. As a specimen of the sort of duty which he had occasionally to perform, we may refer to the following directions for getting up Macbeth, which emanated from his pen, and the *Sylvester Daggerwood* style of which is amusing enough.

Act I.—'Some persons should enter along with Macbeth and Banquo, to enable the latter to ask, "How far is't called to Forres?"

Act II.—'"The bell invites me." No ringing of bells here, but the stroke of a clock heard.

Act III.—'Macbeth's boy should be better dressed, somewhat in the style of a page.

'Eilenstein's mantle is too scanty; a piece should be added to it.

'The fruits on the table should be painted red.

'Banquo's ghost looks too prosaic in a coat. And yet I don't very well know what else we can give him.

Act V.—'The shields to be repainted.

'No fighting in ermine mantles.'—*Edinburgh Review.—Correspondence between Schiller and Goëthe.*

TRUE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM TELL.—One valuable idea Goëthe certainly appears to have communicated to Schiller, namely, his own conception of the character of Tell. With the exception of Schiller, all dramatists who have attempted this theme, have painted him too much as a sentimental reformer. But Goëthe saw that the true dramatic capability of the character lay in his simplicity both of feeling and expression; in representing him as he was,—a rude dweller upon the mountains, leading a life of labour, and never thinking of political freedom or slavery, till oppression penetrated even to his own fire-side; and even then, only anxious at first to escape the evil as he best might, till, step by step, he is led on to the death of Gessler, as the only means of preserving his existence and that of his family. And thus, too, Schiller has represented him as a man of iron nerves, with all the homeliness of an Alpine shepherd, an affectionate father and husband, a being naturally of a soft and gentle heart, who, even when driven at last to the death of his enemy, and watching, from his rocky cover, the advance of the Governor along the lonely valley, shudders at the prospect that his hands, which have hitherto been only dyed with the blood of the chamois, are now to be steeped in that of his fellow man. Accordingly, as might have been expected, the success of this living picture on the stage was complete.—*Edinburgh Review.—Correspondence between Schiller and Goëthe.*

A CURIOUS FACT.—About thirty years ago, Charles Marsh, and honest Tom Paine, the bookseller, bought a parcel of books in conjunction, amongst which was a shabby set of Tillotson's works. The executors of Bishop Hoadley, in a prayer book which they preserved, found these memorandums:—Til. 20l. page 8.—Til. 60l. page 12.—Til. 100l. page 200.—Til. 70l. page 90." On the death of the good bishop, it was mentioned in the papers that he was the editor of Tillotson's works, 3 vols. fol. It directly struck the executors that the treasure was in the volumes they had sold. They immediately applied to the booksellers, and recovered the Tillotson, and with it the notes. What is extraordinary,—the Tillotson had travelled to Oxford, and to a gentleman at the Charter House, and was returned as a bad copy. Bishop Burnet used to lay up his bank-notes in books.—*Taylor's Cabinet of Curiosities.*

NEW MUSIC.

The Letter. 'Go, still voice of fond affection.' The Words by Thomas Atkinson, Esq.; the Music by Thomas Macfarlane. Clementi and Co.

THIS song has a simple melody in it, well enough adapted to the character of the words: it is written in the key of B flat, and goes no higher than G, so that it is within the compass of most young ladies' voices. The Poet, it would seem, intended his song for the gentlemen, for one of the lines begins thus—"Tell my mistress all my ardour:" but the music being composed for a mezzo soprano voice, the word "lover" has been printed under the word "mistress," so that the song may be sung by either lady or gentleman. The accompaniment is rather common-place, and is not varied in the second verse, which is an abomination, although we readily admit Mr Macfarlane is only one of a multitude who are guilty of the same offence. To the words "trembling warder" (whatever may be their meaning) at the bottom of page 3, a pretty effect might have been produced by accompanying the voice with a descending succession of chords of the 6th, instead of the tiresome repetition of the same unmeaning notes, which seem stuck in merely for the sake of filling up the bar. There are two or three typographical errors: at the first cadence in the third page, the E ought to have had a *natural* placed before it; and in the fourth page, at the words, "Bid my doubts," the second D should be E flat. D.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Il Pirata—La Nayade.
DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—A Divertissement—The Legion of Honour.
COVENT GARDEN.—The School for Scandal—The Waterman.

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PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Ethelred, Miss Swift. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.
Priest, Mr Dowsing. Boy, Master Fenton.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); and Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

[By M. AUBER.]

Elvira, Miss Byfeld. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chikini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.
Ruffino, Mr Bland. Lorenzo, Mr Howard. Moreno, Mr Yarnold.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; The Diorama; and The Legion of Honour.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

After the Opera, Mozart's Overture to 'La Clemenza di Tito.'
Previous to 'Teddy the Tiler,' Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflöte.'

After which, an Interlude, called

HIDE AND SEEK.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree. Charlotte, Miss Lawrence.
Mordaunt, Mr Baker. Bertrand, Mr Duruset. Moses, Mr Keeley.

To conclude with the Farce of

TEDDY THE TILER.

Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly. Oriel, Miss Lawrence. Flora, Miss Nelson.
Julia, Mrs Brown. Ladies, Mesds. Perry and Appleton.
Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans. Henry, Mr Duruset. Frederick, Mr Baker.
Bombardine, Mr Henry. Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour. Tim, Mr Addison.
Teddy Mulowney, Mr Power. Stiff, Mr Mears.
Apewell, Mr Irwin. Constable, Mr Fuller. Richard, Mr Heath.

To-morrow, The Exquisites; The Irish Tutor; and Neuha's Cave.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

JOCRISSE MAITRE, ET JOCRISSE VALET.

Comédie en Un Acte, du Théâtre des Variétés.

Javotte, Mme. Gamard. Fanchette, Mlle. St Ange.
Jocrisse, Maître, M. Brunet. Jocrisse, Valet, M. Gamard. M. Dumont, M. Préval.

Suivi de

MADAME DU BARRY.

Comédie Vaudeville, en Trois Actes, par M. ANCELOT.

Madame du Barry, Mme. Albert. La Maréchal de Mirepoix, Mme. Baudin.
Cécile, Mlle. Florval. Mathilde, Mlle. Eliza. Marie, Mlle. St Ange.
Eulalie, Mlle. Corra. Hortense, Mme. Gamard. Délia, Mlle. Emma.
Adèle, Mlle. Jamain. Une Femme de la Comtesse Du Barry, Mme. Préval.
Louis XV., M. Albert. Le Maréchal de Richelieu, M. St Aubert.
Le Duc d'Aiguillon, M. Alfred. Le Duc de Lavrillière, M. Préval.
Le Chancelier Meaupou, M. Guenée. Le Comte Jean du Barry, M. Laporte.
Cazotte, M. Cloup. Adrien Mirval, M. Paulin.
Le Nonce du Pape, M. Gamard. Un Coureur, M. Arnaud.
Un Huissier, M. Granville. Un Valet, M. Edouard.

In the course of the Evening, Singing by Signor Rubini and Signor Santini

On Finira par

LE PROCES DU FANDANGO.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. BARRE, RADET, et DESFONTAINE.

Madame de Folignac, Mme. Albert, qui dansera Le Fandango, avec M. Lefevre.
Madame Bichon, Mme. Préval. M. Prudendin, M. Préval.
M. Clopineau, M. Guenée. Gavotino, M. Pelissié. M. Poudardin, M. Laporte.
Griffonet, M. Arnaud. Un Huissier, M. Granville.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

The Overture and Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer. Bertrand, Mr Munroe.
Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Godfrid, Mr Keppell.
Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

After which a New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Panza, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr G. Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zittn, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Clemenza di Tito;' Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

THE LITTLE BOOT HANGING OVER THE DOOR.

T. STEEL,

On introducing his name at this season of the year to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, takes this opportunity of returning his best thanks for the liberal patronage with which they have so unremittingly honoured him during the last FIFTEEN YEARS, and begs leave to remind them he was the first in the trade who reduced the price of the BEST manufactured Boots and Shoes to a LEVEL WITH THE DEPRESSION OF THE TIMES. This just sense of economy and fair dealing, he indulges the hope, will ensure to him a repetition of their favours, and assures them, that at no period of his Establishment, wherein they have so highly patronized him, could he submit for their approval such an EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and WELL-ASSORTED STOCK as at the present time.—T. S. begs to say that he is particularly importunate in drawing the attention of those Ladies and Gentlemen who perhaps have not already heard of

THE CELEBRATED LITTLE BOOT,

And from whom he most respectfully solicits a call, that they may judge for themselves, and T. S. feels confident, that, after an impartial inspection, they will become willing purchasers, and, by comparison, will be compelled to admit, that they are equal in every respect, and without fear of contradiction, he may say his Goods are frequently much better than those purchased at the most extravagant prices at the Fashionable Houses at the West End of the Town.

LADIES'	s.	d.
House Shoes	2	0
Common Lasting	2	9
Superior ditto, trimmings included	3	9
PRUNELLO of the finest quality that can be obtained, ditto	4	6
REAL SPANISH, ditto	4	6
Stout Leather Walking Shoes, do.	3	6
Newest Fashion of the best Buenos Ayrean Cordovan, ditto	4	6
Best Kid Walking Shoes	4	9
FASHIONABLE COLOURS — The ADELAIDE — GREEN — BROWN — DRAB — ROYAL WILLIAM—BYRON, and several other colours, of all sizes, and of peculiar fineness	4	6
BOOTS.		
Lasting Boots	4	9
Best ditto	5	6
Coloured ditto	5	6
An IMMENSE STOCK of LACE SIDE Boots cut to various patterns, and of the most fashionable colours, got up with every attention to the anatomy of the foot. T. S. has taken particular care in the manufacture of this article to avoid the pressure of an uncomfortable seam across the tender part of the foot, so much complained of in LACE SIDE Boots, purchased from unskilful makers	6	6
	and 7	6
SILK SIDE LACE of various fashionable colours, usually sold at the West End at 14s.; an Article perfectly unique	10	6
DRESS.		
Silk Slippers, various colours	4	6
Best Kid Operas, Black or Bronze	4	9
BLACK or WHITE SATIN, equal to the bespoke of any house in London; this article has been spoken of in terms of unqualified approbation	6	6
Mock Kid	2	6
GENTLEMEN'S		
Light Calf Walking Pump or Shoe, unequalled at the price	5	6
Ditto, a degree stouter	6	6
BEST SUMMER WALKING SHOES, not to be surpassed by any House in London—the great praise, recommendation and extensive Sale of these Shoes, particularly for the last few Summers, afford sufficient evidence of the approbation of the Public, and the conviction that they are deserving such recommendation	7	6
STOUT GAITER SHOE, double tie, an Article which has given the highest satisfaction	8	6
STOUT BLUCHERS	8	6
EXTRA QUALITY ditto, very best	9	6
BLUCHERS OF SPANISH dressed in Oil, cool summer wear. T. S. feels justified in expressing an opinion that this Article will be a great favourite with the Public	9	6
IMPROVED OXONIANS	10	6
The much-admired GERMAN BOOT—this is an article partaking both of the qualities of a Boot and Shoe, with Trowsers or Gaiters in appearance a perfect Boot, and in other respects a comfortable fitting Shoe, exclusively T. S.'s	10	6
Shooting and Fishing Shoes, double throughout	10	6
BOOTS.		
EXCELLENT WELLINGTON BOOTS	16	6
SUPERIOR DITTO.—T. S. feels pleasure in recommending a trial of these Boots (particularly to those Gentlemen accustomed to pay extravagantly). They are got up with the greatest attention to cut and quality, and will be found equal to the 26s. Boots usually sold by other Houses	18	6
BOOTS OF SPANISH dressed in Oil	£1.	
DRESS BOOTS of the finest Chamois Leather, sold at most Houses for 28s.	£1.	
DRESS.		
DRESS PUMPS	5	6
Very best, lined with Silk	7	6
IMPROVED BUFF SOLE DANCING PUMPS. This for a long time has been a desideratum in the Dancing World	5	6

AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

YOUTH'S SHOES AND WELLINGTON BOOTS OF ALL SIZES.

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families going abroad will find it much to their interest in purchasing at this Shop as they will have the advantage of Selecting from one of the LARGEST STOCKS IN THE KINGDOM, and of Qualities suitable to any Climate.

Of all things notice the LITTLE BOOT hanging over the door.
No. 25 GREAT SURRY STREET, SOUTHWARK.
(Near the Magdalen.)

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BAR MAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonanini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gosson; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND; OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.

After which, the Historical Drama of

WILLIAM TELL.

Austrians—Annell, Miss Vincent. Agnes, Miss Scott.
Gealer, Mr D. Pitt. Sarnam, Mr Almar. Struth, Mr Hobbs. Braun, Mr Rogers.
Swiss—Emma, Miss M. C. Poole. William Tell, Mr Osbaldiston.

To conclude with the Drama, entitled

LAW AND LIONS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Mrs Mammoth, Mrs Vale. Miss Jane, Miss Vincent, in which character she will sing "Oh men what silly things ye are."
Jemmy Mammoth, Mr Vale.

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Advertisements received at THE TATLER OFFICE, 4 *Catherine street, Strand; also by* Mr G. REYNELL, *Country Newspaper and General Advertising Office,*

Nº 209.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1831.

INVALUABLE DISCOVERIES.

[If we did not happen to know it to be the contrary, the following letter might be taken for a shrewd series of puffs, silly recommended to us by one surpassing them all!]

TO THE TATLER.

My Dear Mr Tatler,—Seeing your earnestness for the public welfare in general, I have been somewhat surprised at your remissness on one point—I mean, your failing to extend the knowledge of certain invaluable discoveries, and to recommend to your readers the use of articles, whereby they might bid defiance to Climate, Time, and Fate itself. When I speak of the *Macassar Oil*, you may reply, that it is too well known to need your aid. Not so, Mr Tatler, while there are any individuals who do not benefit by this wonderful oil, those who have influence over the public mind should exert it in the endeavour to save them from the result of their own incredulity. It is evident, that in moments of great interest, this oil has been considered important enough to be remembered and mentioned in correspondence by some great men of the day. One writes from Warsaw—"We are all bustle and confusion; but waving for a moment political matters, I wish to inform you of a singular circumstance. A Polish nobleman, in consequence of a fever, had been deprived of his hair; he remained bald for some years. Not twelve months since, he accidentally heard of Rowland's Macassar Oil, by the application of which article, to the astonishment of all his friends and acquaintance, he has now an uncommon fine head of hair."—But the philanthropy of the said Rowland does not end here;—he has invented a lotion, called Kalydor, which "imparts a beautiful juvenile bloom to the complexion:" another, called Essence of Tyre, which "changes red or grey hair to brown or black:" the most salutary and efficacious Dentifrice that was ever discovered; and an Extract for "immediately relieving the most violent tooth-ache," &c. He has also purchased the recipe for the "Imperial Cerelœum, one of the most important, as being the most ameliorative, and generally useful emanations of science, in ancient or modern times." This recipe was the result of the most anxious endeavours to relieve the Emperor Napoleon from the intense head-aches to which even *he* was subject. The imperial physicians laboured with assiduous zeal; the vegetable and mineral worlds were explored, and at last, "profound science, aided by unremitting perseverance, succeeded, happily, in eliciting the grand desideratum of unwearied research." This must, indeed, be an invaluable treasure, for we are assured that it *confers immediate ease under agony!* I trouble you with but a sketch of the illustrious history, and incalculable virtues, of this *Imperial Cerelœum*, but I think I have said enough to excite your remorse for having hitherto overlooked it. The proprietor of all these valuable articles is not the only one, however, whom you have neglected, Mr Tatler. How could you possibly omit to mention, with due honour, the "Real Pearl Milk," sold by another Benefactor of Mankind, Mr Prince of Poland street? This milk not only preserves age from wrinkles, but actually removes wrinkles that have appeared before the application of it. Neither age nor disease can cope with it,—it conquers all enemies, and "makes coarse, sallow, and sickly complexions a healthy bloom and radiant whiteness." Ladies who use the Pearl Milk will have no occasion to rouge, paint, &c. as the best of them is unhealthy and injurious to the skin. * * * * * There are young as well as elderly gentlemen who are subject to pimples, and particularly elderly gentlemen, whose chins naturally get soft and begin to wrinkle, and shaving becomes difficult, and they often cut themselves; but by washing their face with the Pearl Milk, or by putting some on the soap when shaving, instead of water, it makes the chin hard and plump, clears all imperfections, and shaving will be comfortable. * * * * * "A lady of distinction, about 45, has declared to the proprietor, about two years ago, after recovering from an illness, she observed wrinkles under her eyes that made her look years older; and had had the first medical advice, and used several French and English cosmetics, yet found the wrinkles increased; but of late, washing her face with the Real Pearl Milk, her skin gradually became smooth and even, and made her complexion look healthy and youthful. And what makes the Real Pearl Milk so valuable to young ladies as well as elderly, when washing with it the face, neck, hands, and arms, makes them look healthy, fair, and beautiful. * * * * * The reason the Pearl Milk is so high a price, is through the principal ingredient being very rare and very expensive; but a bottle lasts a long time, and a little has great effect.—A good price given for old discoloured and unshaped real pearls, unfit for ladies' ornaments, as real pearls is the principal ingredient of the Real Pearl Milk; and if a lady has such real pearls to dispose of, the proprietor will either give a good price, or exchange them for Pearl Milk."

Now, Mr Tatler, I am the more earnest to convince you of the propriety of recommending to your readers articles by which they must benefit so largely, as I am about to offer to the world the Grand Incomparable Intellectual Vapour, at ten shillings a bottle, duty included. This Vapour is extracted from the hair of poets, philosophers, &c. The hair, nourished by the brain, has been discovered to partake, in a powerful degree, of its peculiar qualities; and the Vapour, whether scented or inhaled, communicates these qualities in proportion to the quantity imbibed. Intellects of various kinds are mingled in the Vapour, as being more useful for general purposes; but those who desire to shine as poets, romance-writers, &c. may be supplied with the Grand Incomparable Imaginative Vapour. The quantity imbibed must be regulated by the purpose for which it is designed, and by the degree of natural intellect in the individual; but as the effects are instantaneous, there can be no difficulty in determining it. For conversation, the Vapour may be inhaled;—for all other purposes it should be imbibed by scent. A handsome price will be given for the hair of first-rate geniuses, well-warranted. Any one possessed of a lock of Shakspeare's will be readily treated with, by the patentee. If you have any spare locks yourself, Mr Tatler, I shall be happy to purchase them, those in the immediate vicinity of the temples, would be preferred. Their value will be increased in proportion to the judgment shown, by your notice of this letter; but though you should prove deficient in that quality, they will yet possess powers sufficient to render them very desirable to

Your obedient humble servant,

* The Patentee of the Grand Incomparable, Intellectual, and Imaginative—Vapour.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831. In 2 volumes. Vol. II. (Forming the 4th volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library). 12mo. pp. 333. Longman.

The first volume of this very useful summary has been already noticed in The Tatler. The present volume relates to the progress of the Belgic revolution, the revolutionary movements in Germany, Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland, our own domestic agitations, and, finally, the insurrection at Warsaw, and subsequent Polish revolution. At present we shall confine ourselves to some extracts illustrative of the justice of the Polish cause, as exhibited by the charter granted to them in 1815, and the manner in which that charter has been acted upon by Russia and its representative, the Grand Duke Constantine.

'This Polish charter was promulgated in the end of November 1815, not many months after the rising of the Vienna Congress, and consists of one hundred and sixty-five articles, which, if honestly executed in all their protecting clauses and provisions, would have secured the allegiance and promoted the welfare of Poland. The fifth article guarantees the direction of the government, under the name of Lieutenant of the kingdom, to a native of the country, unless one of the imperial princes be appointed Viceroy. This article was rendered nugatory by the presence of the Emperor's brother, Constantine, as commander-in-chief of the army. The eleventh article secures protection to the Catholic religion, as the religion of the majority, with a perfect toleration to every other worship, and a perfect equality of privileges to all religious sects. The Catholic church is to send eight Bishops to the Senate. The nineteenth article declares that no citizen can be arrested but in the forms prescribed, and in the cases determined by the law. This provision of the charter was subject to the most capricious and arbitrary violations. The next article, which ordains that a notification of the cause of arrest shall be immediately given to the person arrested, was violated with equal frequency and cruelty. Years sometimes intervened between a man's imprisonment and the notification of his offence. Another article declares that no punishment can be inflicted, except in virtue of existing laws and the sentence of a competent magistrate. The Poles have told us how seldom this law interfered with the passions of their Russian masters.

'As if to show an utter contempt for public opinion, and to give an opportunity of outrageously insulting a solemn engagement, the

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following article is introduced on the rights of the press :—"The liberty of the press is guaranteed. The law will regulate the means of repressing its abuses." It need not be said that this article was broken; it never was executed, nor was intended to be executed.

'The twenty-fifth article secured to the Polish people an entire possession of all places of trust and profit in their own country, by limiting to the Poles all employments, civil and military. With such a provision they ought to have been freed from the tyranny of Russian agents, and might have considered their country as their own but for the sight of Russian garrisons. But the Russians employed generally the very worst natives of Poland, and made them the instruments of an oppression which they would scarcely have dared to exercise without their intervention. In order to secure these rights, the thirty-first article provides a national representation, consisting of the Diet, composed of two chambers, and the king, or his lieutenant. This national representation had no power. Its sittings were interrupted for five years at a time. All the acts of the king must be signed by a minister, who is responsible for their conformity to the laws and constitution of the kingdom, this article was always eluded.

'The two chambers of the Diet are to deliberate publicly, by the ninety-fifth article. This article was violated by the founder of the charter, who shut the doors of the senate and house of deputies.

'In the composition of the two chambers, and the mode of electing that of representatives, a great degree of independence might have been secured, had the law been faithfully executed. The senate, by the 108th article, is to be composed of the princes of the blood; nine Bishops, one being of the Greek church; and of Palatins and Castellans, orders of nobility, who are appointed for life by the king out of a double list presented by the senate itself, and who must pay an annual contribution of 2,000 florins to the State. The lower chamber consists of seventy-seven Nuncios or Representatives of the Assemblies of the Nobility, being one Nuncio for every district, and of fifty-one Deputies of Communes, or Representatives of the artisans, traders, and proprietors who are not noble. The functions of the Deputies returned by these bodies last for six years, unless the King dissolves the Chamber, being renewed by thirds every two years. Both Chambers have for Presidents, or Marshals, one of their own body nominated by the Crown. The noble proprietors of the country, assembled in a little Diet, nominate their Representatives, who must be thirty years of age, and pay 100 florins of direct contribution. The commercial assemblies, consisting of citizens not noble, of manufacturers, of shop-keepers possessing property to a certain amount, of priests, and of artists of any name or standing, elect the Deputies.

'These more important provisions are followed by an article which shows the homage which the Emperor was obliged to show to the proud spirit of the Poles. It is declared, towards the conclusion of the charter, that "the Polish army preserves its colours, its uniform, and everything that belongs to its nationality."

'Such a charter, if executed with good faith and in the spirit of freedom, was calculated to secure the most essential blessings of independence and popular government to the nation. But the history of Poland since its grant has only been a continued violation of its provisions and guarantees.'

That the effects of these violations of the charter would be softened by the hand of the delegated violator, was not to be expected. His character was too well known and appreciated. Accordingly, we find the personal character of the oppressor adding every possible aggravation to the oppressions.

'The Grand Duke Constantine, as commander-in-chief of the forces, acted on a system of military despotism, which entirely overpowered the action of the civil government, and rendered nugatory every constitutional safeguard of freedom. Without regard to the separate rights of the kingdom, his great object was to destroy the nationality of the Poles, and to convert them into Russian vassals. Inaccessible to any feeling of political rights, or to any desire for the progress of knowledge or liberty, he considered the Polish kingdom as a province which he could rule on the principles of a Turkish Pacha. Knowing nothing but military discipline, and placing his whole pride and duty in the sinister activity with which he tortured the troops by useless and vexatious exercises, he was in the habit of punishing or degrading both officers and men for the most minute and trifling fault. Even the highest ranks of the army were not safe from his brutal insults; and often the general and the ensign met in the same prison for defects of discipline or neglect of orders, of which neither could see the importance. Courts-martial were employed as the instruments of his never-ending tyranny; but when their decisions did not accord with his views, he annulled their sentence, and inflicted punishment by his own sole authority. He even endeavoured to change the uniform of the Poles, notwithstanding the charter, and to destroy all distinction between them and the Muscovites.

'The citizens were as much oppressed and insulted as the army. The Grand Duke made himself master of the police, and employed spies to watch the movements, words, and actions of every person in the least elevated above the common level of society. On the slightest suspicion of dissatisfaction with his Government, the most noble and honourable citizens were dragged before him, and punished in his presence without law or justice. Individual liberty, guaranteed by the charter, was never allowed to stand between him and the indulgence of his brutal caprices. Rich proprietors, wealthy merchants, professional men of eminence, were all treated with the most insulting indignities, and often condemned to the most degrading punishments.'

Where such proceedings distinguish the ruling powers, the inconvenience of letting the public voice be heard must be manifest. Our annalist therefore proceeds :—

'It is needless to say that the freedom of the press did not exist in such a state of things. No stricture was allowed on the conduct of the administration. Discussion of every kind was prohibited, and knowledge was treated like an enemy.

'By the charter it was decreed that the Chambers should be convoked at least every two years, and that all the financial measures of Government should be submitted to their examination and sanction. This security for national rights, the best that could be devised, was openly violated. The Grand Duke decided on the budget of the army without consulting the Diet, and admitted no check on his authority from the civil government.

'Thus the meeting of the Diet was rendered a mere ceremony. It had no power of refusing supplies; it had no freedom of debate; it could successfully oppose no arbitrary act. The Government submitted to its deliberations projects of no interest or importance, to occupy the time of its necessary session, and withheld from it the cognizance or discussion of questions connected with the public administration and the financial interests of the kingdom. When money is demanded, grievances may be stated; but when a budget can be obtained without the sanction of the legislature, no opportunity is left for checking the excesses of the executive.

'Thus the army, both in its numbers and management, was entirely at the mercy and under the direction of Muscovite despotism; the resources of the State were employed, without the legal control of the Diet, to strengthen Russian tyranny; the press was enslaved, that no remonstrance might be made against Russian oppression; the citizens were arrested, imprisoned, and punished by a Russian military chieftain, without being brought to trial before the proper native tribunals; the Legislative Chambers were deprived of their just prerogatives; the national customs, habits, and feelings were hourly insulted; the citizens were beset with an infamous police, and deprived even of the melancholy consolation of complaint; thus, in short, every Polish right was violated—every article of the charter broken—and the whole efforts of an imperial savage, at the head of a strong military force, directed to efface from the countrymen of the Sobieskis and the Kosciuszkos all the remains of the Polish character.

'This, it must be allowed, is a picture of tyranny and misgovernment sufficiently appalling to justify the resistance of any people, but more especially that of a people which had long been accustomed to even a licentious freedom; which was proud of its national honour and ancient renown; which entertained such a veneration for its laws and usages, as to preserve for two centuries the *liberum veto* and the rights of elective monarchy, the source of all its calamities; and which had the positive stipulations of its sovereign for the preservation of its national rights. But, like most general pictures, its impression may be diminished by its generality. We shall therefore make no apology for introducing, on the authority of an Englishman who had been twelve years in Poland, a few facts, to give the character of precision and truth to the outline. In the fortress of Zamosc twelve state prisoners were found, some of whom had been incarcerated for six years without having undergone a trial, and whose names were only known to the commander of the castle. In the dungeons of Marienanski, in Warsaw, was found a victim of the Russian police, who had been kept in solitary confinement for ten years, and whose fate was entirely unknown to his friends and relatives. Respectable inhabitants of Warsaw were often taken and flogged before the grand Duke without the formality of a trial, or the specification of a charge. Some were even, in the same unlawful manner, made to break stones or wheel barrows on the streets or highways like galley slaves. Persons of rank were frequently taken from their homes, immured in prison, and dismissed after several weeks' incarceration, without knowing what alleged offence had provoked such a wanton exercise of power, contrary to the charter and the privileges of Poland; State offenders were carried out of the country to Russian prisons, and attempts were made to give them a journey to Siberia, which were only prevented by the threat of suicide on the part of the victims. The resources of the kingdom were squandered entirely for Russian objects; and the people were oppressed to maintain a Polish and a Russian army. Peculation and pillage was the order of the day. The President of the town of Warsaw, with a salary of between 500l. and 600l. contrived to amass a fortune of 100,000l. in fifteen years, besides living in splendour, and squandering twice his legal income. The same unprincipled peculation was practised by other municipal or state officers. The Russian Generals were in league with the Magistrates and Billet-master, to divide the booty received from the inhabitants, as the price of exemption from the oppressive quartering of troops on their houses. Spies were employed by the police to watch every man of the least consequence in society, and the nobility were often driven to the country, to avoid such dangeroes intruders. In several instances, members of the Diet were banished to their estates, and made to pay the troops that guarded them, for having ventured in the assembly, whose discussions ought to have been free, to express a suspicion of the Government, or to hint an opinion contrary to the taste of the Grand Duke.

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'In the affair of the conspiracy on the accession of Nicholas, to which we have alluded, the grossest iniquity and barbarities were practised. Hundreds of persons, from eighty to nine years of age, senators of the kingdom and boys in the schools, were thrown into solitary dungeons. There they were deprived even of the benefit of daylight; and some of them are nearly blind from the effect of their treatment. Four times were some of them driven from Warsaw to St Petersburg, with more than the rapidity of a courier, in carriages without springs, in violation of one of the most important articles of the charter. An ordinance was drawn up speculating on their death. The Senators refused to condemn them, guided by a President who paid for his heroic exertions, in keeping at his post to see justice administered, by his death after the trial. The vengeance of the Government was not satisfied. Several of the acquitted prisoners were transported to the dungeons of St Petersburg, where, at the Polish revolution, one of them still groaned in close confinement.'

Such was the state of Poland under the sway of Russia. May the glorious efforts of her people be crowned with the success which is due to their matchless patriotism and valour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SLEEPY SCHOOL-BOY.

Behold! the school-boy sleepy grows,
His eyelids gradually close;
The glance is gone, th' intenter look,
His opening hand lets fall the book;
He sinks! all consciousness is fled;
Down drops his unsupported head,
At which he starts!—and sneaks to bed!

J. H. Junior.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

RUMP STEAK AND BEEF STEAK.—Two Frenchmen on their return from London, compared notes. "Oh," says Monsieur de la Chicorie, "le *bif roti* is charmant à London."—"Oui, yes," replies M. des Epinards, "dat is vrai, but je prefère de *rum-teak*."—"Le rum-teak, vat is the rum-teak?"—"Voyez-vous, it is toujours de bif-teak, mais day call it rum-teak, parceque day put de rum in de sauce."—*American Paper.*

TYRANNY CHARITABLY JUDGED.—I am now reading Voltaire's 'Louis the Fourteenth,' which everybody else has read long ago. How amazing it is to me that mankind should agree to dignify with the epithets of great and glorious, so black a character! Yet how if this man himself, the scourge and enemy of human kind, should have been able to persuade himself, or suffer others to persuade him, that he was really acting a laudable and glorious part. Supposing this possible, is he not rather an object of compassion than of hatred; and should we not rather lament human blindness, than exclaim against human wickedness? I am fond of this supposition, because it saves poor Louis some part of his guilt. Do tell me I am right, and let me fancy I have found an excuse or palliation even for a conqueror and persecutor.—*Mrs Chapone's Posthumous Works.*

THE CATALANI SCHOOL AT FLORENCE.—The celebrated Madame Catalani, who has definitively taken up her residence near Florence, has lately founded a music school, at her own expense, for the instruction of young women of poor families in singing. They are given lodging, board, and clothing; and at the end of a certain time of instruction engagements are procured for them. One stipulation on the scholar's entering this establishment is rather curious; viz. that on quitting it at the expiration of the term of engagement she is to append to her family name that of Catalani. The first instance of this is in the singer Maselli-Catalani, whose talents are said to augur well to the new institution, and who has obtained an engagement at Paris.—*Harmonicon for May.*

DR WITHERING'S EARLY DISTASTE FOR BOTANY.—It is remarkable that Dr Withering, who afterwards became the author of a British Flora, incomparably more complete than any other that the country then could boast, had in his youth a strong prejudice against the study of botany. He says, in a letter to his parents,—"The Botanical Professor gives annually a gold medal to such of his pupils as are most industrious in that branch of science. An incitement of this kind is often productive of the greatest emulation in young minds, though, I confess, it will hardly have charm enough to banish the disagreeable ideas I have formed of the study of botany." His biographer is disposed to attribute this change in his taste to his habit of seeking flowers as subjects for the pencil of his mistress, whose education he in some degree directed, for several years before he married. "For her," says his son, the author of his memoirs, "he explored enamelled meadows watered by the Trent, the varied lawns of Shugborough, and the wild recesses of Haywood Park; and being less engaged in severer studies, he became more and more enamoured of the novel pursuit, and soon began to collect specimens for that *herbarium* which he afterwards rendered so complete." This pursuit subsequently became a great solace to him during the many tedious hours of protracted disease.

A FATHER'S IMPULSE.—When Lord Erskine made his *debut* at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down. "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."—*Legal Observer.*

FLY-BURNING AT FLORENCE.—Mr Galiffe witnessed an extraordinary spectacle, which he states to be an annual performance,—the burning of some myriads of flies, which ascend the Arno towards the end of July or the beginning of August, and are immediately devoted to the flames. Great fires were lighted for the purpose, on the two upper bridges, into which immense crowds of them rushed in rapid succession, and the ground was covered with their remains, all round the fires, to the depth of at least two inches. The operation seemed to inspire all the spectators with mirth.—*Conder's Italy.*

SAILS LOST BY THE SAVING OF SHIPS.—The ancient Zetlander looked upon the sea as the provider of his living, not only by the plenty produced by the fishings, but by the spoil of wrecks. Some particular islands have fallen off very considerably in their rent, since the commissioners of the light-houses have ordered lights on the Isle of Sands and the Pentland Skerries. A gentleman familiar with those seas, expressed surprise at seeing the farmer of one of the isles in a boat with a very old pair of sails. "Had it been *His* will,"—said the old man, with an affected deference to Providence, very inconsistent with the sentiment of his speech—"Had it been *His* will that light had not been placed yonder, I would have had enough of new sails last winter."—*Notes to the Pirate.*

THE KINDNESS OF THE VENETIANS.—Much has been said of the licentiousness of the Venetians, which is doubtless owing to the peculiar character of their city, and the indolent habits consequent upon it; but travellers agree in representing them as remarkably pleasant and amiable in general intercourse. "The Venetians, says Mr Galiffe, are certainly an affectionate, kind-hearted set of beings; very cheerful, active, fond of pleasure, of music, dancing, dress, and everything that is gay. Almost all the young men of eighteen or twenty years of age, play on the guitar, and give serenades every evening to the young females of their acquaintance. * * * * The Venetians are the most agreeable companions in the world." * * * * "I am ready to maintain," says Mr Rose, "that I never visited any country where the people seemed equally linked in love. You cannot walk the town for a day, without being struck with this universal spirit of kindness. The Venetians really give you the idea of being members of one family."—*Conder's Italy.*—[By *walking* the town, it is to be presumed the author means *floating* about the town, on its canals, for to walk the streets for a day, or even for an hour, seems a thing very seldom done, either by the inhabitants, or by visitors. The bridges are very numerous, and being steep, are cut into steps, so that "taking a walk in Venice," is represented as "perpetually going up and down stairs."]

— When the French General, Baraguay de Hilliers, took possession of the city (of Venice) the prisons of the State Inquisition were thrown open. Contrary to expectation, three persons only were found in them, one of whom had been there two-and-twenty years, another three years, and a third ten months. The first, a Dalmatian subject of the republic, wore a venerable beard down to his middle. When taken out of his cell, he appeared much frightened, and struggled hard not to leave it, calling out, "What is all this? Leave me, you hurt me!" and uttering many incoherent exclamations. The change proved too much for one whose health had withstood two-and-twenty years of close confinement, and in less than four days he was dead.—*Conder's Italy. (Quoted from Simond.)*—[This unfortunate man may possibly have been one of those who defend the confining of birds, by the poor argument, that they would die if set free, and that though the cage-doors have been thrown open, birds have sometimes refused to avail themselves of this offered freedom. Upon the same principle, this man's case might be taken as a ground of belief that *men* are easily reconciled to captivity. This may appear to the reader a comparison of great things with small; but that is only because the reader is not a bird.]

IMPROVING A TONE.—* * * Next, our oboeist and clarionetist; or, as the leader used to call him, the professor of the greater and lesser howling-sticks. His assiduity in cultivating the art in which he made so poor a figure was exemplary; on his oboe-parts of a symphony or concerto, each several time that he had played it, and the number of minutes and seconds it took upon each occasion in performance, were carefully noted; he walked the city with music buttoned under his coat, and studied the first clarionet of Mozart in E flat, while waiting for an appointment at Tom's coffee-house. His condescension in pointing out to much better players, but less important men, than himself, the most approved way of fingering a difficult passage on the oboe or clarionet, was no less praiseworthy; and his almost childish innocence soared above all. At my chambers, while I was a Benedict, he was to play a concerto, but on which of his sticks was undecided; so he brought one oboe, and three clarionets, an A, B, and C one. A wag suggested to him, that in a cold January night, the tone of his instruments would be much improved by pouring boiling water through them, and drying them before a rousing sea-coal fire. He was obliged by, and before I could prevent it, adopted the hint; kept jealous guard that no one interposed his cold body between the grate and the four instruments arranged in semi-circle, bells downward, around it, and had the satisfaction of seeing his oboe and B clarionet split past curing.—*Autobiography in Harmonicon for May.*

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VENERATION FOR A FIDDLE.—A German visitor, of whom I afterwards knew a little, was in some respects an original worth studying, though not imitating. He loved nothing so well as fiddling, and had two violins, a best and a second-best, on the first of which, I firmly believe, he would not have allowed his own father to draw a bow. Quitting England to settle in South America, he tore himself from this beloved instrument for the first time; but it was only to export it, highly insured, in a different, and as he thought, a safer ship, than the one he was to sail supercargo in!—*Autobiography in Harmonicon for May.*

OATH UPON THE DIRK.—As the Heathen deities contracted an indelible obligation if they swore by Styx, the Scottish Highlanders had usually some peculiar solemnity attached to an oath, which they intended should be binding on them. Very frequently it consisted in laying their hand, as they swore, on their own dirk; which dagger becoming a party to the transaction, was invoked to punish any breach of faith. But by whatever ritual the oath was sanctioned, the party was extremely desirous to keep secret what the especial oath was, which he considered as irrevocable. This was a matter of great convenience, as he felt no scruple in breaking his asseveration, when made in any other form than that which he accounted as peculiarly solemn; and therefore readily granted any engagement which bound him no longer than he inclined. Whereas, if the oath which he accounted inviolable, was once publicly known, no party with whom he might have occasion to contract would have rested satisfied with any other. Louis XI of France practised the same sophistry, for he also had a peculiar species of oath, the only one which he was ever known to respect, and which, therefore, he was very unwilling to pledge. The only engagement which that wily tyrant accounted binding upon him, was an oath by the Holy Cross of Saint Lo d'Angers, which contained a portion of the True Cross. If he prevaricated after taking this oath, Louis believed he should die within the year. The Constable St Paul being invited to a personal conference with Louis, refused to meet the king, unless he would agree to ensure him safe conduct, under sanction of this oath. But, says Comines, the king replied he would never again pledge that engagement to mortal man, though he was willing to take any other oath which could be devised. The treaty broke off, therefore, after much chaffering concerning the nature of the vow that Louis was to take. Such is the difference between the dictates of superstition, and those of conscience.—*Notes to Waverley.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILO-TATLER is informed, that the eminent person alluded to in a late number of this journal, as the "reposer in Arianism," who had a tendency to believe in the "French *prophets*," &c. is NEWTON.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—And Masaniello.

COVENT GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—Hide and Seek—Teddy the Tiler.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Semi-Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

LA DONNA DEL LAGO.

[By ROSSINI.]

The principal Characters by Madame Rubini, Madame Castelli, Mlle. Beck. Signor Rubini, Signor Santini, Signor Deville, and Signor Curioni.

After which, the New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA NAYADE.

Principal Characters, Mlle. Taglioni, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, and Mlle. Brocard. M. Emile, and M. Lefebvre.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Ethelred, Miss Swift. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); P. De Winter's Overture to 'Das Unterbrochene Opferfest,' and A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles.'

After which will be Exhibited, the New and Splendid DIORAMA, designed and painted by Mr STANFIELD.

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; and Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Comedy, in Five Acts, called

THE EXQUISITES.

[By DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COSIO.]

Mrs Stockland, Mrs Gibbs. Harriet, Miss Nelson.
Lilian Evondale, Miss E. Tree. Kitty, Mrs Keeley.
Lord Castleton, Mr C. Kemble. Count Valmore, Mr G. Bennett.
Lord Belcourt, Mr Parry. Hon. Frank Cecil, Mr Abbott. Melton, Mr Wrench.
Gosling, Mr Keeley. Sir Benjamin Bonus, Mr Bartley.
Mr Stockland, Mr Egerton. Thornton, Mr Henry.
Timothy Oldstyle, Mr Blanchard. Col. O'Rasrod, Mr Turnour.
Strut, Mr Power.

The Prologue to be spoken by Mr Abbott.

Previous to the Comedy, a Grand Overture by Louis Spohr.

After which,

THE IRISH TUTOR.

Rosa, Miss Lawrence. Mary, Mrs J. Hughes. Terry O'Rourke, Mr Power.
Mr Tillwell, Mr Evans. Charles, Mr Baker. Dr Flail, Mr Blanchard.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Lockaley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; A Day After the Wedding; and Neuha's Cave.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND; OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

To which will be added, an entirely New Interlude, called

"MY OWN BLUE BELL;" OR, THE ARMY AND NAVY.

[By Mr D. PITT.]

Lucy Lance, Miss Nicol.

Miss Bella Blue, Ensign Blue, of the Guards, and David Allan, by Miss L. Slade. In which she will introduce 'My own Blue Bell,' 'All among the Hottentots,' and A Sailor's Hornpipe.

Major-General Sir Basil Blue, Mr D. Pitt.
Sergeant Bang, with the Song of 'Who'll serve the King,' Mr Vale.

To conclude with an entirely new Romantic Drama, entitled

ALWYN AND BERTHOLDY.

[By Mr G. ALMAR.]

Guthela, Miss Somerville. Madelca, Miss Vincent.
Leopold, Mr Almar. The Headsman, Mr Williams. Alwyn, Mr C. Hill.
Bertholdy, Mr Osbaldiston. Romberg, Mr D. Pitt. Herman, Mr Lee.
Mr Balsam Brown, Mr Vale. Arnold, Mr Gough. Solomon, Mr Webb.
Peter and Paul, Mr Asbury and Mr Hobbs. Reichkel Snips, Mr Rogers.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

The Overture and Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer. Bertrand, Mr Munroe.
Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Godfrid, Mr Keppell.
Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

And a New Divertissement Ballet, entitled

THE PATRIOTS OF POLAND.

With New Music by Mr Harroway.

The principal Characters by Mlle. Celeste, Mlle. Constance, Mlle. Josephine, Mr H. Cooke, Mr Seymour, and the Corps de Ballet.

After which a New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, a New Overture by Spohr, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The White and the Black Bear.

COBURG THEATRE.—Devil's Ducat—Peter Bell—Red Banner.

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Nº 210.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1831.

THE JESUITS.

From the Second volume of Mackintosh's History of England, (just published.)

[PERHAPS so concise and comprehensive an account of this once formidable (and, as some think, still formidable) body, has never yet been laid before the reader.]

The institution of the Jesuits was a third means of opposing the rebellious and heretical spirit of the Lutheran age. Ignatius or Inigo Loyola, a Spanish Biscayan, of ardent and meditative temper, had imbibed a more than usual portion of the hatred towards the enemies of the catholic religion, which Spaniards had, beyond other nations, learnt in the course of the mortal feuds and fierce wars which had for centuries raged between the Christians and Mahometans of the peninsula, rather with the fury of civil discord than with the more regulated hostilities of foreign warfare. He was distinguished by imagination and feeling. His breast glowed with sincere piety; but his religion was that of a soldier determined to defend his faith, and ready to spread it by the sword. All the noble feats of Spaniards had been achieved for religion. It was the basis of their martial renown and of their national honour. He who was not an orthodox catholic could not be embraced as a true Spaniard. Loyola and his first associates amounted only to eight, all superior to other men in enthusiasm and fortitude: some possessed of those great qualities which enable men to produce mighty changes in the opinions of their fellows, and to exercise a lasting sway over willing minds. Their original purpose was limited to pilgrimages to the holy sepulchre and missions into unbelieving lands. Faure, Jai, and Coduri, of Geneva; Lainez, Salmeron, and Bobadilla, Spaniards; Roderic and Xavier, Portuguese; and Broet from Dauphiné, were the original Jesuits, of whom *Francis Xavier*, the apostle of the Indies, was a man worthy of everlasting honour, for devoting himself to a life of suffering for what he believed to be the supreme good of mankind; and the name of *Lainez*, the second general, cannot be forgotten as the man of legislative genius, who formed the plan and laid the foundation of that system which rendered the order memorable. Pope Paul III approved of their institution, under the name of "the Society of Jesus," on condition that their number should not exceed sixty. In 1543, when the restriction was removed, they increased to eighty. In the course of about fifty years their number was estimated at more than 10,000, or, according to some accounts, at nearly double that number. They were neither confined nor apparelled like monks. They were allowed to live in the world dressed like the secular clergy. They were destined to preach, to teach, to confute heretics, to convert unbelievers, to confess dying penitents, or to act in any manner required by the holy see for the interests of religion. The authority of their general was more absolute than that of the chief of any other order; and they were dispensed from the obligation of offering daily prayers in public, that they might have more leisure for their special and momentous destination.

Having arisen in the age of reformation, they became the chosen champions of the church against her new enemies. They used some generous and liberal weapons in their warfare. Instead of following the unlettered monks, who decided knowledge as the parent of heresy, they joined in the general movement of mankind towards polite literature, which they cultivated with splendid success. They were the earliest reformers of European education. "For education," said Lord Bacon, "consult the colleges of the Jesuits. Nothing hitherto tried in practice surpasses them."—"Education," says he, "has been in some sort revived in the colleges of the Jesuits, of whom, in regard to this and other sorts of human learning and moral discipline, *talis cum sis utinam noster esses.*"

Peculiarly subjected to the see of Rome by their constitution, they were devoted to its highest pretensions from feeling the necessity of a monarchical power, to conduct their efforts against formidable enemies. While the nations of the Spanish peninsula, with barbaric chivalry, carried religion at the point of the sword to the uttermost extremes of the East and the West, the Jesuits reclaimed the American cannibals from savage customs, and taught them the arts and duties of civilised life. In India they suffered martyrdom with heroic constancy. They penetrated the barrier which shuts out strangers from China; and by the obvious usefulness of their scientific acquirements they obtained toleration, patronage, and honours, from the most jealous of governments. They were fitted by their release from conventual life, and from their allowed intercourse with the world, to be the confessors of kings; and while some guided the conscience of a royal penitent at Versailles or Vienna, others were teaching the use of the spade and the shuttle in California, and a third body were braving a death of torture from the mountain chiefs of southern India. No community ever practised with so much success the art of discerning the fitness of a peculiar frame of mind for some specific station. Hence this society of missionaries and schoolmasters had to boast of the most vigorous controversialists, the most polite scholars, the most refined courtiers, and (unfortunately) the most flexible casuists of their age.

They are the strongest if not the only proof afforded by authentic history, that an artificial system of government and education, formed at once by human contrivance, is, in some circumstances, more capable of attaining its proposed object than the general experience of mankind would warrant us to expect. The Jesuits had not leisure for works of genius or for discoveries in science, to say nothing of philosophical speculation, from which last they were interdicted by the adoption, or sometimes only by the profession, of implicit faith. Though they covered the world for two centuries with their fame and their power, they had no names who could be opposed to Racine and Pascal; the produce of the little persecuted community of Port Royal during its short and precarious existence. This observation, however, only imports that their powers were more applied to active than to contemplative life. It is foreign from our present purpose to trace the story of their downfall. They were hated by the secular clergy, and envied by other regulars, because they were the most potent of all associations of a monastic nature. They were watched with jealousy by statesmen and magistrates, on account of their boundless obedience to the see of Rome. To exalt the papal power, they renewed the scholastic doctrine of the popular delegation of the powers of government to rulers. The people themselves were on all controversies between them and their chiefs, to listen with reverential awe and unconditional subjection to the holy pontiff, the pastor of all subjects and sovereigns.

The doctrines of deposition and regicide were not peculiar to the Jesuits. They had been taught by other religious orders; and the first of them had been inculcated by Aquinas himself, the main column of the theological schools. It had been adopted by eminent persons among those protestants who, under Calvin, had risen against the civil authority, instead of being influenced by its guidance, like the followers of Luther. But the whole odium belonging to some of these opinions fell on the Jesuits, the stanchest polemics of the court of Rome, who were looked on with an evil eye by those true catholics, who acknowledged no final jurisdiction but that of the universal church, while they religiously respected the independent authority of the civil magistrate. As the Jesuits were a militia called out to combat the reformation, it is no wonder that they were regarded throughout all the reformed communions as incendiaries, always engaged in plotting the overthrow of protestant thrones, and in heaping up fuel to feed the flames, by which alone protestant nations could be recalled from heresy.

But they owed their decay to the use of the fatal expedients to which many of them, doubtless, trusted as the strongest props of their greatness. However shallow statesmen may be deluded by some short and superficial appearance to the contrary, it is a truth proclaimed by the whole course of human affairs, that public bodies and associations vested with legal rights cannot very long survive the decline and downfall of their moral character. General contempt and disgust are fatal to institutions which can flourish only by reverence. The corruption of those who profess to teach morality, or are appointed to enforce it, is an inconsistency which in the course of time shocks even the profligate. The Jesuits split on this rock. They had too carefully cultivated the dangerous science of casuistry, the inevitable growth of the practices of confession and absolution, which by inuring the mind to the habitual contemplation of those extreme cases in which there is a conflict of duties, and where one virtue may or must be sacrificed for the sake of a greater, does more to lessen the authority of conscience than to guide its perplexities. Casuistry has generally vibrated between the extremes of impracticable severity and contemptible indulgence. The irresponsible guides of the conscience of kings were led to treat their penitents with a very compliant morality, by the belief that no other could be observed by such penitents, by making too large allowances for the allurements which palliate royal vices, by the real difficulty of discovering when more austerity might plunge a prince into deeper depravity, by the immense importance of rendering his measures and councils, if not his example, favourable to religion: to say nothing of the subtle snares with which selfishness and ambition, often without the consciousness of the individuals, surrounded their narrow and slippery path. These and the like

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circumstances betrayed some of their doctors into shocking principles, which were held out to the world as the maxims of the society itself by the wit and eloquence of Pascal, one of the greatest, and, except to the Jesuists, one of the most just of men. The order certainly did not adopt the odious extravagancies of some members. But the immoralities were not sufficiently disavowed. The selection of particular cases, as matter of charge against a large body, has often the unjust effect of exaggeration. Yet it must be owned that invidious selection and even gross exaggeration are the indications of a proneness in the accused body towards the vice which appears in its harshest and most hideous shape in some of their worst members; and that they are a sort of natural, though not nicely equal, punishment of the wrong disposition which has infected the whole mass.

These were the principal preparations for those wars of religious opinion, in which the most conspicuous leaders on the side of the ancient establishment were Philip II and the duke of Alva; while the party who contended for reformation were conducted by William of Nassau prince of Orange, Henry of Bourbon king of Navarre, and Elizabeth Tudor queen of England. The mention of these names suggests to every writer of English history that he is about to enter on a more arduous task; to relate events which more powerfully command the fellow-feeling of after-times.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Sunday Library; or the Protestant's Manual for the Sabbath-day: being a Selection of Sermons from Eminent Divines of the Church of England, chiefly written within the last half century: with occasional Biographical Sketches and Notes. By the Rev. T. T. Dibdin, D.D. Rector of St Mary's, Bryanstone square, and Vicar of Exning, Suffolk. Vol. III. 12mo. pp. 332. Longman.

The present volume consists of 13 Sermons, by Bishops Horsley, Van Mildert and Gray, Professor White, Dr Parr, and Dr D'Oyly. It is ornamented by a good engraving of Bishop Horsley, the bishop who distinguished himself in the House of Lords by his violence against the first French revolution, and by his declared opinion, that "the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them." He here appears with all the advantages of those inequalities of which he was the advocate; his enlarged person displays his unfitness for the labours of a curate, and the plurality of his chins is emblamatic of his capacity to receive the double revenues of the Bishopric of Rochester and the Deanery of Westminster, two appointments which were conferred on him at the same time.

In glancing over the volume, the following passage in a sermon of Dr Parr has struck us as worth extracting:—

'In the careless undistinguishing admission of every doctrine which Christianity has been tortured to defend, no man can find his account, unless he be too lazy to examine Scripture proofs, or too stupid to comprehend them. But implicit belief, whether it arise from incapacity or idleness, makes no part of religion. It exposes men to delusion upon topics where it is their duty and their interest to obtain the most faithful and precise information. It disgraces Christianity, by infusing suspicions that the Scriptures cannot endure the test of impartial scrutiny; and it seduces Christians to affront a God of infinite wisdom, by offering to him a sacrifice of fools. Good works are the legitimate offspring of a rational belief; but an irrational beginning in credulity is not likely to terminate in virtue. The enthusiast indeed expects to propitiate the Almighty by the neglect rather than the exertion of his talents,—by the ardour of admiration, rather than the firmness of obedience,—by gloomy meditations amidst the obscurities of mystery, rather than serious attention to the clearest and most interesting truths.'

The series is to consist of six volumes.

MARMONTEL'S "ZEMIRE ET AZOR."

The account given by Marmontel of his *Zémire et Azor*, in his own life, has always been found entertaining, and is rendered particularly interesting at the present moment. 'When it was announced,' he says, 'at Fontainebleau, the current report was, that I had introduced on the stage the story of *Beauty and the Beast*, and that the principal character would enter on all fours. I quietly suffered the public to talk. I had written copious instructions for the dresses and decorations: but neither the tailor nor the decorator had given themselves the trouble to read what I had written; and all their preparations were made after the story of *Beauty and the Beast*. My friends were uneasy concerning the success of my piece: Grétry looked disconsolate: Clairval himself, who had so readily played all my other parts, expressed some repugnance at performing this. I asked him the reason:—"How can you expect," said he, "that I should render interesting a character in which I shall be hideous?"—"Hideous!" answered I: "you will not be at all so. You will be frightful at first sight; but in your ugliness you will have dignity and grace."—"Go then," said he, "and look at the beast-like dress they are preparing for me; for I am told it is horrible."

'The piece was to be played the next day; there was not a moment to lose. I asked to see the dress of Azor. I had great difficulty in obtaining permission from the tailor. He bade me be easy, and rely on him. But I insisted; and the Duke de Duras, ordering him to conduct me to the working-room, had the kindness to accompany me. "Show," said the tailor disdainfully to his workmen, "show the gentleman the dress of the Beast." What did I see? a close dress for the whole body, exactly like the skin of a monkey, with a long bare tail, a bald back, enormous claws to the four paws, two long horns to the cowl, and a mask of disgusting deformity, with boar's teeth! I was thunderstruck, and protested that my piece should not be played in this ridiculous and monstrous disguise. "What could you have wished?" said the tailor, with an impertinent air. "I could have wished," answered I, "that you had read the instructions I wrote: you would have seen that I desired to have the dress of a man, not that of a monkey."—"The dress of a man for a beast!"—"And who has told you that Azor is a beast?"—"The story tells me so."—"The story is not my work, and my work shall not be represented till all this be changed."—"It is too late now."—"Then I will go and petition the king to consent that this hideous spectacle may not be represented; and I will give my reason."

'My man then became more tame, and asked me what he should make "The simplest thing in the world," answered I; "a spotted pantaloon, shoes and gloves of the same, a doliman of pure satin, with black flowing hair, picturesquely scattered, a frightful mask, but not deformed, nor like a snout." There was great difficulty in finding all this, for the store-room was empty; but, by dint of obstinacy, I made myself obeyed; and for the mask, I formed it myself of pieces cut out of several others, and then joined together.

'The next morning I made Clairval try this dress; and, on looking at himself in his glass, he found it noble and imposing.—"Now, my friend," said I, "your success depends upon the manner in which you shall enter on the stage. If you appear confused, timid, embarrassed, we are ruined; but if you present yourself boldly, with assurance, and with a firm, expressive action, you will command respect; and this danger once past, I will answer for the rest."

'I found the decorator guilty of the same negligence with which this impertinent tailor had served me; and the magic picture, the most interesting incident of the piece, must have failed, if I had not done what his awkwardness would have spoiled. With two ells of silver mohair, to imitate a pier looking-glass, I taught him to produce one of the most agreeable of theatrical illusions.

'It was thus that, by my assiduity, instead of the disgrace with which I was threatened, I obtained the most brilliant success. Clairval played his part as I desired. The bold and firm step with which he entered produced that impression of astonishment which I expected, and from that instant I was at ease. I was in a corner of the orchestra, and had behind me a row of the court ladies. When *Azor* on his knees at the feet of *Zémire*, sang to her—

'Du moment qu'on aime
L'on devient si doux!
Et je suis moi-meme
Plus tremblant que vous.'

I heard these ladies say to each other, "He's now no longer ugly;" and added, the moment afterwards, "He is handsome."

'I ought not to dissemble that the charm of the music contributed marvellously to produce such effects. Grétry's was then what it very rarely has been since; and he was not sufficiently sensible of the care I took to trace him the character, the form, and the design of an agreeable and natural song. In general, the fatuity of musicians is to believe that they owe nothing to their poet; and Grétry, with much talent, had this folly in the highest degree.'—*Harmonicon for May.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— It is not perhaps generally known, that Protestants dying in Spain are customarily buried at midnight (as if by stealth) and in unconsecrated ground; such is the prejudice of the Catholic natives! Within the last year, however, even in that bigoted country, a something like reform has been commenced, owing to the indefatigable exertions of the British Consul for Granada, resident at Malaga, where he has managed to obtain from the Spanish Government, confirmed by Fernando himself, a grant of a piece of ground for the express purpose of being hereafter used as a Protestant cemetery, which the Consul is causing to be circummured in a handsome manner; and in the absence of all Protestant Clergymen, he officiates as need may be. In the first instance of the ground being used, the lower classes of the natives evinced a disposition to ridicule the decorum with which the ceremony of interment, so novel to them, was conducted; but at length they appeared to view it with very different feelings! Formerly, our Protestant countrymen dying at Malaga were carried in the dead of the night to the sea-shore, and buried at low-water mark, lest the dogs or *other animals* should disturb the bodies!—J. T.

— An elderly lady residing at Southernsay, asked Tomkins, what sort of a tree the tree of liberty was? "A *pop'lar* tree, ma'am," was the immediate reply of our sagacious friend.—*Exeter Gazette.*

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TITIAN.—Adjoining to this (the Pisani) palace, is one which formerly belonged to the Barberigo palace, and which is still honoured as the residence of Titian. The windows of the apartment in which the great painter died are kept closed, and his painting-room is said to be preserved exactly in the state in which he left it. It is decorated with his own productions, consisting chiefly of his latest works, and an unfinished sketch of S. Sebastian, upon which he was engaged at the period of his death, when he fell a victim to an epidemic pestilence, at the advanced age of ninety-nine!—*Conder's Italy.*

THE ANCIENT IRISH.

The Irish, who had previously worshipped one God, gradually fell into idolatry. Every hill, valley, fountain, and stream, had its presiding deity. They offered their devotions to things animate and inanimate. To the Sun they made regular sacrifices:—in the spring, when they committed the seed to the earth, "as he then dispels the dreary cold of winter, beautifies the face of nature, and, with his enlivening rays, is the great principle of life to the vegetable creation. They sacrificed to him at midsummer, that he might bring to maturity the fruits of the earth; and at November, when they were safely got in, they presented to him a sacrifice of thanksgiving. Of these, the sacrifice at midsummer is preserved in the fires which at that season are still regularly lighted up by the natives. The Druids, whose influence with the people was almost irresistible, are said to have been the corruptors of religion. Cormac, so famous in Irish story, saw with much concern the idolatrous practices of the nation. He laboured to reform them: but in vain. The Druids conspired against him; he was sacrificed to their resentment fur endeavouring to impress the people with a persuasion of the unity and perfections of God. * * * * * The houses of the Irish were first made of wood, or the branches of trees, afterwards necessity pointed out the additions of green turf, or of clay wrought into mortar, with a roof covered with straw or rushes; and in this rude state did they continue for many ages. The church of St Kianon, built in the sixth century, was the first structure of stone erected in the kingdom. Much has been said of the magnificence of the palace of Tarah, the ancient residence of our Irish kings. The author of the Philosophical Survey, who examined the ruins of it, asserts that it never could have been a building of much consequence. A regard to safety obliged the Irish early to collect themselves into villages. These consisted of huts irregularly disposed, and placed at a convenient distance, for the sake of subsistence. Our ancestors were plain in their dress, a long beard was a great ornament. But the highest object of their vanity or ambition was the privilege of wearing a variety of colours, as that was a principal mark of dignity. Next to the supreme monarch, those who were entitled to display six colours possessed the first place of honour. This distinction produced greater emulation, and commanded more respect than our modern stars and garters, and all the splendid trappings of eastern magnificence. The manners of the Irish were simple. They were frank, open-hearted, amorous, proud, much given to resentment. Their passions were quick and violent. No people in the world were more distinguished by warmth of affection. * * * * They were, in general, of a tall stature, well made, of a robust constitution, and patient of cold and hunger. Two creaghts travelling, when the fields were covered with snow, were overtaken by the night; upon going to sleep, one of them made a roll of snow for his pillow, "For shame!" said his companion, "are you grown effeminate?"—*Crawford's Ireland.*—[This story of the snow-ball has frequently been repeated, contrasted with that of the Sybarite who complained that the fold of a rose-leaf under him disturbed his rest, and applied to different individuals of different countries. The reader must determine for himself to whom he will give the most credit. The book from which this extract is made, bears the date of 1783.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—La Donna del Lago—La Nayade.
DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—And The Legion of Honour.
COVENT GARDEN.—The Exquisites—The Irish Tutor—And Neuha's Cave.

THE want of novelty at the Theatres during the last three or four days, together with the protracted indisposition of the Editor, have occasioned a temporary chasm in this department of the *Tatler*. The reader will be better served next week. In the meantime, that the absence of the usual heading may not suggest doubts as to when it will be resumed, we have prefixed it to the present article.

To those who consider the Theatre a school of humanity,—as a place in which all the varieties of which society is composed may meet, and, forgetting their artificial and even real distinctions, be made by one touch of nature to feel themselves akin, the labours of the dramatist and the actor will never be devoid of interest and importance. Few will be disposed to question, that instruction, and that of a very elevated kind, may be derived from dramatic exhibitions; and fewer still, that follies, pernicious in their influence on our habits and manners, may by this, better than by any other means, be held up to notice and contempt. Of the latter effect, numerous instances might be cited, and the extinction of such follies be clearly traced to the salutary counter-influence of the stage. But foregoing, for the present, all claim to consideration on these accounts, the stage may fairly challenge encouragement and praise on the score of its capability to afford relaxation and amusement; effects, however some may underrate them, that will never be thought unimportant by the considerate, or the truly wise. What a pleasant reflection it is, that to-night, for instance, hundreds of persons have been able to rescue themselves from the toils and anxieties of business, or even the dull routine of fashion and ceremony, to realise by the help of stage illusion and their own imaginations, the glorious deeds of patriotism by which Alfred won for himself never-dying fame, conferred on his subjects invaluable benefits, and bequeathed to posterity an example, not less worthy of the imitation of princes than of the admiration of the people. And even though less exalted sentiments than these may be excited by witnessing the representation of subjects of inferior moral elevation, the very disposition to be pleased, which must have preceded a visit to the theatre, is of itself so deserving of cultivation, that whatever may have tended to produce or increase it, whether recollections of past enjoyments, or anticipations of future pleasures, must be held entitled to the praise which is due to useful incentives, from all who interest themselves in the happiness of others.

F. F.

NEW THEATRES.—A New Theatre at Knightsbridge is projected; and anticipating the objection that its success will involve the distress and perhaps ruin of persons attached to the patent establishments, a writer sensibly observes, "What have the authorities of the state to do with that? A theatre is a shop where amusement is sold; and why should any public officer be required to take care that two many are not opened, more than to provide that in particular neighbourhoods only a certain number of grocers or cheesemongers should commence business? These are matters that must be left to time. A community has a right to the advantage of competition in everything, and those that give the best commodities will be sure to succeed." Nothing can be more unreasonable, and also more unsound in humanity, than to look at one side of the picture only—that of the distress to individuals attending the breaking down of a monopoly disadvantageous to the public; another side is also to be seen, and it presents the prosperity of persons employed in the new speculations. Here are two gains for one loss—the gain of the individuals engaged in the new concerns, and the gain of the public, which obtains new advantages in point of amusement and convenience. It is well to think of the people thrown into employment as of those thrown out. If some of the people of Covent Garden or Drury Lane must suffer by the establishment of new theatres, it is clear that by refusing the establishment of such theatres, there is another set of persons kept out of employment who would find employment in them. Thus, if in any case individuals are to suffer either by the monopoly or the injury of the monopoly, it is surely best that the public benefit should determine the question. As the patent theatres are not thriving properties, because their scale, plan, and management are not suited to the present convenience and taste of society, they, in fact, employ fewer persons than would be employed were the stage as flourishing as competition, securing public satisfaction and public favour, would render it. Supposing the old diligences, that travelled five-and-twenty miles a day, had enjoyed protecting patents, there would clearly have been fewer travellers than are now flying over the country. Improved convenience and adaptation to taste, produce an increased demand. By arbitrarily maintaining and giving a false encouragement to an unprofitable system, a market is prevented, and a failing trade carried on in a narrow space in place of it; various energies and applications of industry are thus refused scope and reward, individuals lose opportunities of employment, and the public the advantage which would result from leaving the field open to improvement.—*New Monthly Magazine for May.*—[The projectors of this undertaking are said to be Messrs Abbott, Ward, and Egerton.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE RIDICULOUS.—SAVAGE ROYALTY.—When the unfortunate King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands were in this country, they were taken to see *Pizarro* and a pantomime at Drury-Lane. Uninitiated in civilized feelings, however, the poor barbaric Sovereigns laughed heartily at the heroic deeds of *Rolla* and the maternal sorrows of *Cora*, whilst they never stirred a muscle at all the antics of the *Clown*, which they seemed to regard quite as "serious business." It would puzzle a philosopher (unless he were a Sandwich Island one) to account for this unusual effect

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of tragedy and pantomime.—[Their Majesties of the Sandwich Islands were not, perhaps, quite so absurd and irrational in the allotment of their laughter and gravity as the above paragraph seems disposed to represent them. If it be true, it is what Mr Coleridge would call a psycological curiosity. Perhaps their laughter at the heroic deeds of *Rolla* and the maternal sorrows of *Cora* was occasioned by a consciousness that it was all acting. Garrick himself is said to have made a joke of the exquisite pathos which he threw into the character of *Lear*, and to have laughed aside at the tears of the audience. By laughter, perhaps, these poor barbaric sovereigns expressed their approbation of the actors, or by laughter they may have shown that they saw through the hollowness of the pretence. Every one knows that a tragedy so performed as to be laughable, is, of all ludicrous exhibitions, the most ludicrous. But how are we to account for their gravity at the pantomime? They saw more deeply into it than nine-tenths of the spectators. They saw that it was, indeed, a serious business; they saw that the actors underwent much toil, and they pitied the labourers; or, peradventure, they did not know what it meant; or they might have had some compassion on the *Clown*, apprehending that he might break or dislocate his limbs; or, lastly, they might have imagined that so wise and enlightened a people as the English would not have exhibited such a spectacle but for some allegorical meaning, which they of the Sandwich Islands could not fathom, and they might have looked serious in the mere effort to ascertain the object of it.]—*Atlas.*

TO THE READER.

We have now before us, for regular notice (in addition to the brief ones that may be taken in the mean while), the second volume of 'Mackintosh's History of England,' the Poems of Mr Landor, 'Tales from the German of Tieck,' 'Keightley's Mythology,' Mr Knowles's New Tragedy, the opening numbers of two new magazines (the ENGLISHMAN and METROPOLITAN), the second volume of 'A Retrospect of Public Affairs,' &c. The Editor will resume his pen on these and other subjects at the beginning of the week.

The gentleman is thanked who sent us the Old Play-bill of the New Farce. It will appear, with due notice, at the same time.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Ethelred, Miss Swift. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke; and Rossini's Overture to 'Guillaume Tell.'

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

HOFER.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Bertha, Miss Pearson. Josephine Negretti, Miss Russell.
Margaretta, Mrs Newcombe.
Peasants—Therese, Mrs Bedford. Maria, Miss Faucit.
Bavarians—The Commandant of Innspruck, Mr Thompson. Batz, Mr Salter.
Colonel Donner, Mr Bland. Her Stetten, Mr Webster.
Tyrolese—Andreas Hofer, Mr Phillips. Gottlieb, Mr Yarnold.
Father Joachim Haspinger, Mr Bedford. Walther, Mr Sinclair.
Stephen, Mr Tayleure. Karl, Miss Chikini.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; a Ballet; and The Legion of Honour.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LES PROJETS DE MARIAGE.

Comédie en Un Acte, de M. A. DUVAL.

Rosaline, Mlle. Jamain.
M. Cazini, M. Préval. Germency, M. Pelissié. Belmont, M. Alfred.
Pedro, M. Laporte. Un Domestique, M. Granville.

Suivie de

MALVINA; OU, UN MARIAGE D'INCLINATION.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de M. SCRIBE.

Maivina, Mlle. L. Fay. Marie, Mlle. Florval. Catherine, Mme. Baudin.
M. Dubreuil, M. St Aubert. Arved Dubreuil, M. Paulin.
M. de Barentin, M. Alfred.

On Finira par

LA MARRAINE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, de M. SCRIBE.

Marriane, Mlle. L. Fay. Cécile, Mme. Gamard.
Edouard, M. Paulin. M. de Jordy, M. St Aubert. Champenoux, M. Laporte.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BAR MAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—

Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gossoon; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

After which, the Interlude of

A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

Lady Elizabeth Freelove, Miss E. Tree. Mrs Davies, Mrs Tayleure.
Colonel Freelove, Mr Abbott. Lord Rivers, Mr Duruset. James, Mr Barnes.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Spraying, Mr G Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ladwig Bompertz, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, The Exquisites; and The Romance of a Day.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND; OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

[By Mr THOMPSON.]

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

After which,

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

[By MASSINGER.]

Lady Allworth, Miss M. C. Poole. Margaret, Miss Vincent.
Froth, Miss Nicol. Tabitha, Miss Rumens. Abigal, Miss Jordan.
Sir Giles Overreach, Mr Osbaldiston. Lord Lovel, Mr Gough.
Wellborn, Mr C. Hill. Allworth, Mr Honner.
Justice Greedy, Mr Vale. Marrall, Mr Williams. Tapwell, Mr Hobbs.
Order, Mr Lee. Amble, Mr Rogers.
Vintner, Mr Collier. Watchall, Mr Maitland. Furnace, Mr Webb.
Welldo, Mr Young. Tailor, Mr Asbury.

To conclude with a Romantic Melo-Drama, entitled

THE BROKEN SWORD.

[By W. DIMOND, Esq.]

Rosara, Miss Vincent. Stella, Miss Somerville. Jacintha, Miss Jordan.
Beatrice, Miss Nicol. Ninna, Miss Rumens. Jannette, Miss Boden.
Rosa, Miss R. Boden. Baron Maraldi, Mr Gough. Captain Zavior, Mr Williams.
Col. Rigolio, Mr D. Pitt. Claudio, Mr Honner. Pedro, Mr Thompson.
Pablo, Mr Vale. Esteven de Burgos, Mr C. Hill. Myrtillo, Mlle. Rosier.
Fabio, Mr Smith. Nicaro, Mr Boulanger. Bartolo, Mr Jones. Thomaso, Mr Wild.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

The Overture and Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer. Bertrand, Mr Munroe.
Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Godfrid, Mr Keppell.
Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

And a New Divertissement Ballet, entitled

THE PATRIOTS OF POLAND.

With New Music by Mr Harroway.

The principal Characters by Mlle. Celeste, Mlle. Constance,
Mlle. Josephine, Mr H. Cooke, Mr Seymour, and the Corps de Ballet.

After which a New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Panza, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stobwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr Lejeune. Sergeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, a New Overture by Spohr, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The White and the Black Bear.

COBURG THEATRE.—Devil's Ducat—Peter Bell—Red Banner.

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No. 211.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Speech of the Right Hon. Edw. G. Stanley, Secretary for Ireland, &c. Delivered at the Town Hall, Windsor. 8vo. pp. 8. Oxley.

The above Speech is of some importance at the present moment, as it conveys the sentiments of a talented member of the Government on several subjects in which the public take a lively interest. The all-engrossing subject of Parliamentary Reform is naturally its prominent feature; but it also touches on the recent proceedings in Poland and Italy, in a tone perfectly accordant with the feelings of the country at large, and characteristic, it may be presumed, of the feelings of the Administration. Contrasting the actual position of England, availing herself of a season of peace to turn her attention to the abuses and defects of her institutions, Mr Stanley calls on his auditors to "observe the struggle which is now going on in Poland, and the blow which that glorious people are striking at the inhuman despotism of Russia, which it threatens to shake to its centre;—to turn their eyes towards Italy, and observe the troubles in the south, which so much disturb the councils of Vienna." Proceeding to the question of Reform, he vindicates Ministers from the charge which the opponents of the bill have brought against them,—that of arbitrarily requiring that it shall be accepted as perfect, without allowing due consideration of its details:—

'Allusions have been made, both in and out of Parliament, to the alleged pertinacity of Ministers in adhering to "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill;" as if this implied such a doggedness as might prevent them from availing themselves of any useful suggestions that might be thrown out for consideration. Ministers disclaimed any such motives. But for the principle, they would not abate one inch. They will have the whole *principle* of the Bill, and nothing but the principle of the Bill; and the principle of it is, that there shall be no nomination borough,—no, not one; that no corporations, in great towns, shall monopolize to themselves the nomination of Members of Parliament, to the exclusion of the inhabitants of the town. No non-resident voters,—persons who have no connexion with the place, shall exercise the suffrage, to the exclusion of persons who have an immediate interest in it.'

The Hon. Gentleman takes occasion to expose the hypocrisy of those pretended Reformers who profess a willingness to punish the delinquencies of such corrupt boroughs as may have been so unfortunate as to be found out, while they are willing to afford their sanction to persons whom they are morally certain differ only from the discovered offenders in the more skilful concealment of their guilt. The purchaser of a seat by wholesale sitting in judgment on the purchasers and sellers by retail, is judiciously brought in to give effect to the picture.

'I have seen five or six cases of this description during my short Parliamentary career, and I hope I may never be doomed to see another; for, independent of the enormous expense to the country, these exhibitions are, to my mind, most absurd and disgusting; for, be it observed, these scrupulous personages not only require the best and strongest proof, but evidence with all the clearness and technicality of law, concerning transactions, of the existence of which everybody is morally certain; which, in fact, is matter of public notoriety. But when it is obtained, what does the proof amount to, after all? Why, to this—that a poor labourer has been prevailed upon to receive five guineas for his vote. (Loud cries of "Hear!") Then it is that the virtuous indignation of these gentlemen is excited (a laugh)—then they lift up their hands and eyes in utter amazement, astounded at the delinquency that has been brought to light (loud laughter); and vehemently insist—do these virtuous gentlemen—that the poor man shall be brought to the bar of the House, to be reprimanded for his profligate conduct, and to be told, that for his crimes the borough is to be disfranchised! (Loud cheers). But when a case came before the public—and the public were in the habit of hearing of such things every day—of Lord A. selling a seat to Lord B. for two thousand pounds,—then there is no indignation, no astonishment at the magnitude of the crime—no denouncement of the profligacy of the criminal—no threat of punishment or disfranchisement. (Loud cheering). Oh, no! quite the contrary; this very man is permitted, not only to take his seat in the House unquestioned, and by the side of the real representatives of the people, but is allowed even to sit on the committee to try the very case of delinquency to which he is himself an accomplice, and very possibly to express his pious horror at conduct in which he may have himself so largely participated. (Cheers, and laughter.)—"Now this is a case which must not—which shall not be!" (Enthusiastic cheering). These, it would be seen, are the excrescences, and not the spirit of the Constitution, sapping instead of cementing the rights and liberties of Englishmen. This is a system, which it is evident cannot last; and it will be the endeavour of Ministers to build up their new Constitution—call it revolution—call it what you please—in such a manner as to establish all that is good in the old Constitution on a more firm and permanent foundation. (Loud cheers).'

The measure is now in the hands of the people, who have, in no equivocal manner, shewn their sense of its importance. Everywhere are the advocates of abuse and of the strong-holds of corruption meeting with discomfiture; everywhere is the cause of improvement finding fresh advocates and making new converts, and speedily will the issue be tried—speedily will the combatants for and against the interests of the people encounter in the proper arena; and momentous as will be the consequences of victory, on whichever side it may be determined, the country is looking on with the tranquillity of well-founded hope, and the certainty arising from conviction, that the ultimate result is in her own power.

The Works of Lord Byron. In 6 vols. Vols. V and VI, 18mo. pp. 460 and 476. Murray.

The publication of these two volumes completes, with the exception of 'Don Juan,' the small edition of his Lordship's works. They comprise The Hours of Idleness, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, Hints from Horace, The Curse of Minerva, The Waltz, The Age of Bronze, The Vision of Judgment, Morgante Maggiore, Werner, The Deformed Transformed, Heaven and Earth, The Island, and a variety of smaller Poems not before collected, including those contained in Mr Moore's two volumes of Memoirs. They contain, besides, two neat engravings by Finden, from drawings by Richter.

The works themselves are too well known to require criticism; and nothing more is necessary than the announcement of their publication, and to bestow just commendation on the manner in which they are got up, and their extraordinary cheapness.

F. F,

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

History of England; Family Library, No. XXI. Murray.

THE ENGLISH IN THE DAYS OF POPE GREGORY.

Pope Gregory had become much interested in the welfare of the Anglo-Saxons, in consequence of an incident which happened to him at an early period of his life. It chanced that he passed through the market at Rome, where certain dealers had just arrived from foreign parts with various kinds of merchandise. Amongst other articles, there were slaves for sale, like cattle. This wicked traffic had existed from time immemorial; and though Christianity had alleviated the lot of the slave, it had not succeeded in breaking his bonds. Gregory, therefore, could only pity the captives; and he was particularly interested by the appearance of some poor little lads, who stood trembling in the expectation of being consigned to a new master. They were beautiful children, with ruddy cheeks and blue eyes, and their fine yellow tresses flowing in long curls upon their shoulders. Long hair in those days, was a token of dignified birth. Only kings and nobles were accustomed to allow of its growth: persons of an inferior or servile class were closely shorn. Gregory must, therefore, have felt an additional motive for compassion, since he perceived that these children had sustained some great reverse of fortune—and their sufferings must be comparatively much more poignant than if they had been accustomed to privation and labour. The father of the boys had probably been killed in war; and the children brought up in ease and comfort, were now exposed to hopeless captivity, passing from the tender care of their parents to the power of a merciless task-master in a strange land.

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'To what nation do these poor boys belong?' was the question which Gregory asked of the dealer. 'They are Angles, Father.'—'Well may they be so called, for they are as comely as angels; and would that, like angels, they might become Cherubim in Heaven! But from which of the many provinces of Britain do they come?'—'From *Deira*, Father.'—'Indeed,' continued Gregory, speaking in Latin, '*De irâ Dei liberandi sunt.*'—From the wrath of God they are to be delivered. And when, on asking the name of their king, he was told it was Ella, or Alla, he added, that *Alleluiah*—praise ye the Lord—ought to be sung in his dominions.

TRADITION OF HOXNE.

During their invasion of the kingdom of the East Angles, the Danes displayed even more than usual ferocity. King Edmund was defeated and made captive. It is said, that this event took place at Hoxne, in Suffolk. Being hotly pursued by his foes, he fled to this town, and attempted to conceal himself by crouching beneath a bridge, now called *Goldbridge*. The glittering of his *golden* spurs discovered him to a newly-married couple, who were returning home by moonlight, and they betrayed him to the Danes. Edmund, as he was dragged from his hiding-place, pronounced a malediction upon all who should afterwards pass this bridge on their way to be married? and so much regard is paid to this tradition by the good folks of Hoxne, that now (or at least till within the last twenty years) no bride or bridegroom would venture along the forbidden path.

INVENTION OF PRINTING.

The principle of printing, the employment of a solid type or letter, for the purpose of taking an impression by means of a coloured pigment—and which is only a variation of the effect produced by the die or seal—was certainly known to the Romans. Stamps, with raised letters, exactly like our printing types, excepting that they are not moveable, and by which the Romans produced short inscriptions, are yet extant. Common tradesmen employed such stamps for printing the labels of their wares. The ancient Visigoths in Spain printed their 'paraphs' or 'signs' flourished with knots and monograms, which they affixed to their deeds and charters. These are instances upon a small scale; but we know of one entire and very important volume produced by the process of printing anterior to the fifth century. The silver letters of the 'Codex argenteus,' the volume containing the version of the Gospels, made by Ulfila, Bishop of the Mæsogoths, were produced by types employed to fix the leaf upon the purple parchment, nearly in the manner now practised by bookbinders.

From this stage of printing, for printing it was, though tedious and operose to our present mode, the transition appears most easy. Yet the discovery was not made; and in Europe there was a barrier which could not be passed. Not so in China, where block-printing came into active operation within that period, which, to us, is the darkest age. There, the practice and effects of the art must have been witnessed by the acute and ingenious Venetian traveller, Marco Polo. This individual was gifted with no ordinary powers of observation; and it might have been expected that the increasing desire for learning which prevailed in his own country, would have induced him to bring back so useful and so profitable a contrivance. Roger Bacon, who had received much information concerning China, describes the process, not in obscure and mysterious terms, but with the utmost plainness and precision of language. Yet he failed to teach the lesson which he had learnt, nor was the disclosure made till the appointed time.

OLD ENGLAND.

The 'three tribes of Germany'—the *Jutes*, the *Angles*, and the *Saxons*, by whom Britain was subdued, seem originally to have constituted but one nation, speaking the same language, and ruled by Monarchs who all claimed their descent from the deified Monarch of the Teutons, *Woden* or *Odin*. They frequently changed their position on the firm land of Europe, as the stream of population rolled forward, impelled by the secondary causes, prepared and destined to act in fulfilment of the decree by which the enlargement of Japhet had been foretold.

The Jutes, together with their neighbours the Angles, dwelt in the peninsula of Jutland, or the 'Cimbric Chersonesus,' and in the adjoining Holstein, where there is still a district called *Anglen*. That, in fact, is the real *Old England*; and properly speaking, our 'Old England' is *New England*, though now we give that name to a province in America.

EXTINCTION OF THE BRITISH LANGUAGE.

The Britons were so unmixed with their conquerors, that they kept their ancient speech until the reign of Henry VIII, when it gradually became obsolete In the reign of Queen Anne, it was known only in a few villages near the Land's End. The children as they grew up learnt English; and as the old Cornish folks died off, the language gradually expired with them; so that towards the middle of the reign of King George III, one Dolly Pentrath, an old fish wife, who resided about three miles from Mousehole, near Penzance, was the only surviving individual in the world, who could converse in the tongue of the ancient Damnonian Britons; which tongue, however, she put to a very bad use, since she principally employed it in swearing and grumbling when she could not get a good price for her fish, or in scolding when she was offended.

At this present time, the names of fields and towns, hills and rivers, in Cornwall, are the only memorials of the British language, whose extinction cannot be contemplated without sentiments approaching to regret. The most useful political virtues arise from an honest feeling of nationality; and no badge of nationality is more innocent and efficient than the cherished possession of an ancient, and, at the same time, peculiar language.

LONDON, IN THE TIME OF ETHELBERT,

Was still noted for its opulence; its fame was diffused far and wide; and the city was the resort of merchants from all parts of the world. I say, still, because it had been equally pre-eminent in the Roman times. And the great confusion consequent upon the Saxon conquest had scarcely injured the prosperity of London, which has continued increasing from the time of the Romans till the present day.—London was quite unlike the great metropolis which we now inhabit. Its extent was confined to what is now termed 'the city,' then surrounded by a wall, built, as it is supposed, about the age of Constantine, and of which a few fragments are existing. All around was open country. Towards the north-east a deep marsh,—the name is yet preserved in Moorfields,—extended to the foot of the Roman ramparts. On the western side of the city, and at the distance of nearly two miles, the branches of a small river which fell into the Thames formed an island, so overgrown with thickets and brushwood, that the Saxons called it '*Thorney*,'' or the 'Isle of Thorn.' The river surrounding Thorney crept sullenly along the plashy soil; and the spot was so wild and desolate, that it is described as a fearful and terrible place, which no one could approach after night-fall without great danger. In this island there had been an ancient Roman temple, consecrated to Apollo. And Sebert, perhaps on account of the seclusion which Thorney afforded, resolved to build a church on the site, and he dedicated the fabric to St Peter the Apostle. This church is now Westminster Abbey; the busy city of Westminster is old Thorney Island, that seat of desolation; and the bones of Sebert yet rest in the structure which he founded. Another great church was built by Sebert, in the city of London, upon the ruins of the heathen temple of Diana. This church is now St Paul's Cathedral; and Mellitus being appointed the first Bishop by Ethelbert and Sebert, the succession has continued to the present day.

ROME AND ITS CLERGY.

"Their resentments," says Mr Forsyth, speaking of the Romans, "can lie brooding for years before they start out. In their quarrels, I never saw any approach to fair fighting. Boys fly to stones, and men to the clasp-knife, but the most desperate ruffian abstains from fire-arms. To shoot your enemy is held atrocious; to plunge a stiletto in his back, a proof of spirit."—"I am told," says Mr Simond, "there is now about one murder a day committed at Rome. Formerly, the average was from five to six each day, and fourteen are actually known to have taken place during one great festival. Most of these are vulgar murders, among the lowest of the people, in consequence of accidental broils when they are heated with liquor; for, notwithstanding their reputation for sobriety, Italians (the vulgar at least) often get intoxicated, and from some peculiarity of constitution, become drunk with very little wine. Among them, a first murder establishes the reputation of a young man, as among their betters, a first duel; and their idea of courage, and also of liberty, seems to consist in the free use of the stiletto! Such is the prevalent feeling, that the popular exclamation of *Povero Cristiano* is applied not to the bleeding man on the ground, but to the person who stabbed him."—*Conder's Italy.*—[This proneness to murder, and the application of the exclamation of pity, are better accounted for, and understood, when coupled with the following passage from the same work:]—No class in the Papal State can be more important than the clergy. These in general are learned, at least literary men; pretty correct in exteriors, and guarded in their debauchery. From the length and rigour of their education, most of them smell of the college, or of the convent. Yet sometimes you meet an *abatino di città*, a modern Rucellai, who may be fairly put in competition with our own clerical bucks. When dazzled with the splendour of the Roman clergy, through all their gradation of colour,—grey, black, purple, scarlet, up to the sovereign white; when we have admired their palaces, their liveries, their carriages wheeled out in rows to be admired; let us then reverse the medal, and view the exhaustion which this gross plethora of clerical wealth leaves below it. Let us survey all the forms of misery, the sicknesses, the sores, the deformity, the hunger, which infest the streets, where every beggar is distinguished by his own attitude, tone, and variety of the pathetic, while all together present a strange climax of wretchedness. * * * In the courts of palaces you meet with wretches gnawing the raw roots gleaned from the dunghill; and at night you will sometimes find at your gateway, a poor boy sleeping close to his dog for natural warmth. Such is the metropolis of Christ's Church visible on earth.

GEOGRAPHICAL COSTUME.—So constant are the women of this class (the peasantry) to local costume, that the female head becomes a kind of geographical index. At Macerata, they adhere to the ancient mode of plaiting and coiling the hair, which they transfix with long silver wires, tipped at both ends with large knobs. At Recanati, they hang golden bells to their ear-rings, three or four to each chime, jingling like the *crotalia* of the Roman matrons. At Loreto, they adjust the handkerchief to their heads, in the style of their Madonna. All the young men bind their hair in coloured nets; an ancient affectation of female attire, as appears from Juvenal's censure of the thing. Nowhere could I see that gracefulness, or even that simplicity so much admired in the rural costume. In this country, whenever the peasant is fine, he is frightful.—*Conder's Italy. (From Forsyth.)*

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THEATRICALS AT CORUNNA.

In the evening we repaired to the opera at Corunna: a pistareen and a half, which I think is about fourteen-pence, was the price of admission to the pit. The house was not quite so large as the theatre in the Haymarket; and, like most foreign places of this kind, was kept, I believe on purpose, almost dark, or what we should call ill-lighted. The pit was divided into separate stalls with a contrivance to each, by which the seat might be folded back and locked, till the "open sesame" of a quarter of a dollar should be applied to it. There were three tears of boxes, and over all a gallery, exclusively occupied by women; at each entrance to which stood a grim-looking Cerberus, armed with a musket, and fixed bayonet, to prevent any intermixture of the sexes. England, it may be observed, is the only country where this propinquity of the men and women is not interfered with. Even the pit is appropriated in Spain exclusively to the men; but in the intermediate ranges of boxes, the natural order of things is allowed to follow its course. The first piece was one of those old Scriptural exhibitions called Mysteries, or Moralities. It represented Nebuchadnezzar, first, in all his glory, when his greatness reached unto heaven; and then in his downfall and misery, eating grass like an ox in the fields, with his hair like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws. These variations in the features of the ill-advised monarch gave ample room for the display of theatrical tricks, which were much applauded. One of these led to some very irreverent mirth. Instead of casting three full-grown men, Shadrach and his companions, into the burning fiery furnace, they varied the history a little, and, by a broad enough poetical license, substituted three children, which change, on this occasion, led to an awkwardness in the unity of the piece, very provoking, I dare say, to the stage-manager, though it made the audience laugh heartily. The children, after being tossed into the fire, were exhibited in the next moment, amongst the clouds, as angels, but as it might have been inconvenient, or dangerous, to set them actually flying about, a device was hit upon, to produce the same effect, as far as could be. An upright pole being fixed in the back part of the stage; three bars were attached to it, on the ends of which the little angels being stuck, the whole apparatus was made to whirl about amongst a set of most substantial-looking clouds. For a time, all this seemed good enough fun, and the children smiled and flapped their wings as they were bid. Presently, however, one of these little urchins, becoming alarmed at her elevation, gave a squeak, so very different from the music of the spheres, that we could distinctly hear the beatified spirit getting a pretty smart lecture from the prompter's little box in the front part of the stage. I suspect the cords which bound it to the upper world, were rather too tightly drawn; for, after one of those ominous pauses during which a child when hurt, gathers all its strength, only to give a louder roar, our young friend in the ninth heaven of the theatre, set up such a bawling as I have seldom heard out of the nursery. It suited its little actions, also, to its loud sounds, by kicking and struggling, till the whole firmament of the stage-manager's invention appeared in jeopardy. The poor man, at length losing all patience, came forward and scolded the child, till the laughter of the house drowned every other noise, and the curtain fell amidst universal applause. The next piece was also a sacred drama, called "Daniel in the Lions' Den," which to our great astonishment, caused almost as much mirth as the terror of the suffering angel had done before. The natives, indeed, appeared to come prepared for this sort of thing; and although the strangers were more scandalized than they were at such impious trifling, it was totally beyond the power of human muscles to preserve an unmoved countenance during this scene. The lions, as may be supposed, mustered in great force; and odd enough figures they looked, sprawling about the stage, amongst priests, nuns, cardinals, soldiers, and all sorts of characters, brought, for what reason I know not, into the den along with Daniel, manifestly in the teeth of all history, sacred or profane. Into the midst of this goodly company a great clumsy angel descends, by aid of stout ropes, thick enough to have made topsail-haulyards for a frigate; and after performing the object of his mission, by complimenting Daniel on his good looks and courage, again took flight amongst the pasteboard clouds and copper thunders of the theatrical sky. As the celestial messenger was hoisted slowly upwards, all the monks, virgins, and other companions of Daniel, fell on their knees to the sound of music in the orchestra, so very beautiful, and played in such fine taste, that we almost forgot the absurdity of the rest of the performance. But the lions, who well knew their power over the audience, and were not to be so neglected, presently marched to the front of the stage, keeping correct time to the music. This was comical enough; but they had not done,—for they now gradually raised themselves on their nether ends, and, with the most ineffable looks of mock piety, extended their fore-paws towards the retiring angel, in the attitude of prayer. This abominable piece of burlesque was almost too much for an audience prepared, as we have seen, to swallow a good deal, for, after pausing a moment, to consider, as it appeared, whether they should hiss the lions or applaud them, they burst into a shout of outrageous mirth. The actors caught the infection, lions inclusive; and even Daniel himself, putting his hands to his sides, roared with laughter in the middle of the stage! Could it reasonably be expected, that a couple of heretics in the pit were to sit grave spectators of such a scene?—*Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Les Projets de Mariage—Malvina—La Marraine.
DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—And Hofer.
COVENT GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—A Day After the Wedding—And Neuha's Cave.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—THE PATRIOTS OF POLAND. MLLE. CELESTE.

DEAR MR TATLER,—The plot of this Ballet is nothing more than the setting out of a few youths to fight the Russians, and their coming back—their ladies praying for them at their departure, and dancing for joy at their return. There may be some little bye-plot, but in a melo-drama it is almost impossible to catch it.

The piece (which I conceive was intended for nothing more than to display the admirable and graceful dancing of the two French ladies, Mlles. CELESTE and CONSTANCE) is well got up, as far as scenery and dresses go, but altogether badly supported. The gentleman who acted the father seemed totally at a loss what to do, and the corps de ballet, with the exception of one lady, are by no means effective. The ladies who were boys, in enlarging their calves evidently had frightful notions of the manly leg. Huge layers of muscle and abundant fat were their characteristics; not to mention that each gentleman had one leg half as big again as the other.

Mlle. CONSTANCE is not so graceful as her sister, nor so handsome. She is very pretty, however, and has that good-natured look from her eyes that so frequently charms us in French ladies. Talking of French people, by the bye, I witnessed a curious specimen of their attention to ladies in matters of little importance. Three or four English young men came into my box, and passing some ladies who were sitting in the third row, took possession of the second, and kept their hats on. A young Frenchman entering a short time afterwards, and observing the state of things (having taken his own hat off as he came in), intimated to the gentlemen that ladies were behind them, and requested them to uncover. Two of them did so, but the third still keeping his hat on, the French gentleman changed places with the lady who sat immediately behind him, and bore the inconvenience himself. I have often observed the brutish behaviour of gentlemen to women in English theatres, but hope that in these times of reform and unanimity, they will follow the example of their neighbours in this case, as they have done in others of greater importance.

Mlle. CELESTE was as charming as usual, only I thought her vest somewhat too long. She likewise seems to me to appear to greater advantage in lady's than in man's clothes. Her walk, elegant for a woman, is fantastic for a soldier; and the more beautiful the figure of a female, the less must it appear to advantage in masculine habiliments.

May her Benefit, fixed for Thursday next, prove a bumper, and in some degree reward her for the pleasure she has given so many hundreds, myself among the number.

It is always a pleasure to me to visit this theatre. The company, for a minor, is very good, and the snug boxes, and altogether elegant appearance of the interior, since it has been refitted, are attractions not to be found in other establishments of this sort.

Your ardent admirer,

VESTER.

I recognized little Miss JOSEPHINE, as the young lady that played Cupid so prettily at Madame VESTRIS's Theatre. Her dancing was occasionally out of time, but it was tasteful, and not unworthy the grace of Mlle. CELESTE.

TUSKER TELEGRAPH.—The establishment for the extension of the telegraph to the coast of Ireland commenced operation yesterday. It is a most extraordinary coincidence that, when the present telegraph from Liverpool to Holyhead was opened, the first vessel reported was the *Napoleon;* the news of her report was first taken to New York by the *Josephine;* and the first vessel reported by the new establishment at Tusker is again *Napoleon.—Liverpool Courier.*

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

A Curious Clock.—Over this porch (the Orologio or Clock-tower of St Mark's Place, Venice) stands that admirable clock, celebrated next to Strasburg for its many movements; among which, about twelve and six, which are the hours of Ave Maria, when all the town are on their knees, come forth the Three Kings, led by a star, and passing by the image of Christ in his Mother's arms, do their reverence, and enter into the clock by another door. —*Conder's Italy.* (*Quoted from Evelyn.*)

An Infidel Village.—It is told as a well-known jest, that a beggar woman, repulsed from door to door as she solicited quarters through a village of Annandale, asked, in her despair, if there were no Christians in the place. To which the hearers, concluding that she enquired for some persons so surnamed, answered, "Na, na, there are nae Christians here; we are a' Johnstones and Jardines." —*Notes to Guy Mannering.*

Highland Physicians.—The story of the bridegroom carried off by Caterans on the bridal day, is taken from one which was told to the author by the late laird of MacNab, many years since. To carry off persons from the Lowlands, and to put them to ransom, was a common practice with the wild Highlanders, as it is said to be at the present day with the banditti in the South of Italy. Upon the occasion alluded to, a party of Caterans carried off the bridegroom, and secreted him in some cave near the mountain of Schihallion. The young man caught the small-pox before his ransom could be agreed on; and whether it was the fine cool air of the place, or the want of medical attendants, MacNab did not pretend to be positive; but so it was, that the prisoner recovered, his ransom was paid, and he was restored to his friends and bride; but always considered the Highland robbers as having saved his life, by their treatment of his malady.—*Notes to Waverley.*

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last!

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But your lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you awhile they glide
Into the grave.

Herrick.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, entitled

L'ULTIMO GIORNO DI POMPEI.

[By Pacini.]

Ottavia, wife of Sallustio . . . Madame M. Lalande.
Sallustio, elected to the Office of First Magistrate . . Sig. Lablache.
Menenio, son of Sallustio . . . Mme. Castelli.
Appio Diomede, tribune . . . . . Signor Rubini.
Pubblio, keeper of the public Baths . . . . . Signor Deville.
Clodio, a Youth, son of Pubblio . . . Mlle. Feliani.
Fausto, a Freeman of Sallustio . . . . Sig. De Angeli.

After which, the New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA NAYADE.

[Composed by M. Taglioni.]
The Music by M. Nadaud.

Principal Characters, Mlle. Taglioni, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, and Mlle. Brocard.
M. Emile, and M. Lefebvre.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND! OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

[By Mr Thompson.]
The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Sheiah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

After which an entirely New Petites Drama, entitled

CHARLIE OVER THE WATER.

The Characters by Miss Vincent, Messrs C. Hill, Gough, Maitland, Webb, and Asbury.

To conclude with the Romantic Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

[By C. M. Von Weber.]
Agnes, Miss Somerville.
Rodolph, Mr Edwin. Rollo, Mr Ransford. Killian, Mr Vale:

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr Knowles.]
The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maudé, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Ethelred, Miss Swift. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); and A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles.'

After which,

A DIVERTISSEMENT.

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr Planché.]
The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.

On Monday, Alfred the Great; and Der Freischutz.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Comedy, in Five Acts, called

THE EXQUISITES.

[By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio.]

Mrs Stockland, Mrs Gibbs. Harriet, Miss Nelson.
Lilian Evondale, Miss E. Tree. Kitty, Mrs Keeley.
Lord Castleton, Mr C. Kemble. Count Valmore, Mr G. Bennett.
Lord Belcourt, Mr Parry. Hon. Frank Cecil, Mr Abbott. Melton, Mr Wrench.
Gosling, Mr Keeley. Sir Benjamin Bonus, Mr Bartley.
Mr Stockland, Mr Egerton. Thornton, Mr Henry.
Timothy Oldstyle, Mr Blanchard. Col. O'Ramrod, Mr Turnour.
Strut, Mr Power.
James, Mr Mears. Robert, Mr Heath. Gentleman, Mr Irwin.
The Prologue to be spoken by Mr Abbott.

Previous to the Comedy, a Grand Overture by Louis Spohr.

To conclude with a New Operatic Melo-Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music by Mr H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss Forde. Liese, Miss E. Tree. Therèse, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs Gibbs. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. Cawse.
Adolph, Mr Wilson. General Kienwitz, Mr Bartley.
Col. Francœur, Mr Abbot. Nikel Unterland, Mr G. Penson. Moritz, Mr Blanchard.
Fritz Klaffen, Mr Keeley. Paul Richter, Miss Taylor.

On Monday, Romeo and Juliet; and Neuha's Cave.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

An Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

[By Mr M'Farren.]
The Overture and Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Mina, Mrs Humby.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer. Bertrand, Mr Munroe.
Conrad, Mr H. Cooke. Maurice, Mr Barnett. Godfrid, Mr Keppell.
Peter Pluffen, Mr J. Russell.

And a New Divertissement Ballet, entitled

THE PATRIOTS OF POLAND.

With New Music by Mr Harroway.
The principal Characters by Mlle. Celeste, Mlle. Constance, Mlle. Josephine, Mr H. Cooke, Mr Seymour, and the Corps de Ballet.

After which a New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr Raymond.]
The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Panza, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr Haines.]
The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mouss, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, a New Overture by Spohr, Mehul's Overture to 'Les Deux Aveugles,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

Astley's Amphitheatre. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The White and the Black Bear.

Coburg Theatre.—Devil's Ducat—Peter Bell—Red Banner.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, MAY 9, 1831.

THE FAGGING SYSTEM.

Among the many advantages to be looked forward to from the march of liberality in the present times, are to be reckoned the improvements that must necessarily take place in the mode of tuition and general management of our public schools. When it is recollected that "the child is father to the man," it will be allowed that this is a matter deserving of more serious attention than it has hitherto met with. Bad education produces bad members of society, in every grade, from the legislator to the labourer.

In a clever article in the *Edinburgh Review*,* on "the Public Schools of England," some of the prominent vices of the present systems of school discipline and education are forcibly pointed out. Hitherto the sticklers for antiquated abuses have uniformly resisted all improvement in this quarter; and, with an amiable consistency in wrong, whenever the perfection of any of these various establishments has been questioned, have maintained, "that *each one* of all the *many different* systems adopted at the public schools, is the best possible."

Happily, this state of things has had its day. But what has chiefly interested us in the article referred to, is the following *exposé* of the evils of the Fagging System at Eton and Westminster:—

'Westminster is one of those public schools in which the practice of *fagging* is still maintained. The three highest forms have the privilege of commanding: the fourth form is in a sort of intermediate, or probationary state, as it neither fags nor is fagged; all boys in the under school are subject to the duty of obeying. In comparing the condition of the fags at Eton and Westminster, it appears that the former have the advantage of being more numerous in proportion to their masters; for, whereas at Eton, the lower boys outnumber the upper boys, at Westminster the lower boys are scarcely a third part of the whole. At Westminster, however, boys, on their first entrance, are not unfrequently placed in the upper school; but at Eton it is a rule, for which we know no reason, but which we believe to be universally acted upon, that no boy at his first coming shall be placed in a form where he is not liable to be fagged.

'We have heard with pleasure that the system of fagging has at Westminster been lately alleviated, and the number of menial services required of the lower boys considerably lessened. We say with pleasure; for we can see nothing useful or improving in the imposition of menial duties on the sons of persons, who, by their station in life, are not dependent for their livelihood upon bodily labour; and we abide by our former arguments and our former conviction, notwithstanding the defence which it has lately been attempted to make for the practice of fagging. We are perfectly willing to take the issue which has been offered to us, and to ask "whether, in large public schools, on the whole, much tyranny is not saved by laying down a rule for the subordination of the boys, instead of leaving them to settle the matter amongst themselves?" In the first place, it is natural to ask, how a rule which legalizes tyranny can be said to save it? Boys are capricious in their wishes and tempers, imperfectly restrained by moral principle and the sense of shame, fond of exercising power, and unscrupulous about the means by which they exercise it. It is therefore certain, that when several hundred boys live together at a large school, the strong will combine against the weak, and compel them, by bodily force, to obey the commands of their superiors in strength. Comparative strength in such cases depends chiefly upon age; and the older boys being most advanced in learning, it may be generally said that the boys in the upper part of the school will attempt to exact obedience from those in the lower part. A lower boy soon finds that if he refuses to submit, he is beaten, and that other strong boys will be unwilling to protect him, both from the natural unwillingness to interfere in the quarrels of others, and from a fear of sanctioning a principle which may be turned against themselves. Still the rule of submission is not fixed, and some bold spirits among the weaker party may attempt to set up a right of resistance. At this point the authorities of the school are supposed to step in, and say to the boys: "in order to prevent a recurrence of the unfortunate disputes which have arisen amongst you, we declare that those commands which some of you contend to be harsh and oppressive, are, if properly considered, conducive to your benefit; and that henceforth all boys beneath a certain form shall be bound to obey the orders of all above that form." We call this not mitigating oppression, but sanctioning it; not the toleration of a necessary evil, but the deliberate confirmation of an iniquitous and needless tyranny. The practice of fagging does not diminish tyranny—it authorises and multiplies it. A refusal to obey would equally entail a beating, whether, by the law of the school, the boy is bound to obey or not. Fagging has no tendency to restrain the wanton infliction of pain, to which boys are unhappily so prone. Indeed, so far from believing that fagging has been established at large schools by the masters from a deliberate and well-considered persuasion that it is beneficial to the boys, we doubt not that in most cases they have, either from indolence or ignorance how to act, tacitly sanctioned a custom which they could not conscientiously approve. We assert that no master in a public school has done his duty, so long as he has not attempted to prevent the weaker from becoming the slaves of the stronger boys, and has failed in the attempt. At Westminster, for example, there is one form in which the boys are neither fagged by those above them, nor fag those below them. If this partial exemption is successfully maintained, if there are some boys who neither order nor obey, why is no endeavour made to extend the same abstinence further? The tutor of a public school must have formed a low notion of his duties, of the vicarious functions with which he is intrusted, and of the high charge which is devolved upon him, before he can rest satisfied with remaining a patient spectator of the maltreatment, and consequent mental sufferings of his younger pupils. Ought he to be referred for the lessons of a higher morality to the heathen poet of a most corrupt and wicked age? And could he join in the beautiful exclamation:—

"Di majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,
Spirantesque crocos et in urna perfluum ver,
Qui præceptorem sancti voluere parentis
Esse loco?"

For the same reason that no parent would permit, still less compel, the younger to become the slaves of their elder brothers, the tutor of a public school ought, as far as in him lies, to protect the weak against the strong; to study the characters of his pupils; to confirm the feeble-hearted; to attempt, by instruction and admonition, to soften the fierce natures of the cruel and tyrannical; and, where advice failed, to curb, by prompt punishment, the bad dispositions of those who still maintained their authority by brute force. It is a fatal mistake, which tutors, often from inadvertence, but sometimes from incapacity and indolence, commit, to imagine that they are merely instruments for the communication of a certain quantity of knowledge. The moral part of education, if not the most important, is not at least to be wholly neglected.'

What a complete refutation of the absurdity of those who contend for the *necessity* of the system, is the fact, staring them in the face, of the "fourth form" neither fagging nor being fagged!

* No. CV.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. III.—Egypt.

PORTRAITS OF MOHAMMED ALI, THE PASHA OF EGYPT.

He is now about sixty years of age, rather short in stature, with a high forehead and aquiline nose, and altogether possessing an expression of countenance which shows him to be no ordinary man. His dress is usually very plain; the only expense which he allows himself in matters connected with his person, being lavished upon his arms, some of which are studded with diamonds. Like Buonaparte, his outward appearance seems to have changed considerably with the progress of his years; for although, when between thirty and forty, he was described by a British traveller as "of a slender make, sallow complexion, and under the middle size;" he is reported by the latest visitors to have become thickset, and somewhat full in the figure. * * * * * Sir F. Henniker remarks that the Pasha appeared to him to have a vulgar, low-born face, but a commanding, intelligent eye. * * * * * Mohammed is well spoken of by most European travellers, though in general they estimate his character by too high a standard,—the principles and habits of their own countries. There is only one author whose impression was rather unfavorable:—"I sat in the divan," says he, "with my eyes fixed on him; I wanted to examine the countenance of a man who had realised in our day one of those scenes in history, which, when we have perused it, always compels us to lay down the book and recover ourselves. There he sat,—a quick eye, features common, nose bad,

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a grizzled beard, looking much more than fifty, and having the worn complexion of that period of life. They tell you he is not sanguinary; men grow tired of shedding blood, as well as of other pleasures; but if the cutting off a head would drop gold into his coffers, he would not be slow to give the signal. His laugh has nothing in it of nature; how can it have? I hear it now,—a hard, sharp laugh, such as that with which strong heartless men would divide booty torn from the feeble. I leave him to his admirers."* [Rather, to those who are disposed to do him justice: for this is mere assumption. No one man can be justified in saying of another, that he would, under certain temptations, act viciously, unless he be able, at the same time, to relate facts to support his assertion. It does not follow that one man will commit murder, because another does not like his laugh, or his nose. Mohammed Ali, considered with reference to his country, to the pernicious degree of power enjoyed by him, and to other circumstances, which it is but justice to take into the account, appears more deserving of praise than blame. He has much improved his country, and the condition of his people, in the present age, and has done yet more for posterity. He is accused of taxing his subjects too heavily; but that is not an error peculiar to him;—many have done this who have wanted his excuses. In general, it seems that he is best appreciated by those whom he has most benefited—his subjects. This is not surprising, as is well accounted for in the following passage:]—It is sometimes a misfortune for a man to live in advance of his age; and we accordingly find that the Pasha is not only far from being popular, but that he is disliked by the more influential classes of his subjects, on account of his most meritorious exertions. The indulgence, for example, which he grants to religious sects of every description; the use of the vaccine discovery, as well as of other surgical practices borrowed from Europe; and, above all, the school of anatomy recently founded, which creates a necessity for human subjects even in addition to the waxen models which he has procured from Italy, are innovations highly disagreeable to the bigoted Mussulmans. In fact, they perceive that he is a Turk only to his countrymen, with whom he is rigidly strict; whilst to all others, he displays a degree of liberality, to which they are disposed to give the name of dishonesty or indifference. [The heavy taxation of his subjects, is not turned to the account of personal luxury, by the pasha; nor is the produce hoarded. He encourages commerce, printing, manufactories of various kinds; has established a number of schools, and sends many young men to Europe for education.] Several of his pupils have visited London, and other parts of Great Britain, where they endeavoured to make themselves acquainted with every mechanical pursuit, or ingenious invention, that was likely to give pleasure to their sovereign, and to benefit their native country. At the present time, besides some small colonies stationed at Genoa and Leghorn, there are about forty individuals in Paris, under the direction of Messrs Tomard and Agoub, learning various branches of science, the liberal arts, and even the outlines of European literature.

THE GREAT EGYPTIAN PYRAMID.

[Mr Davison, who was British Consul at Cairo, about sixty years ago, narrowly examined the Great Pyramid, the account of his descent into the well inclosed in it, is extremely interesting:]—Conceiving it to be very deep, he provided himself with a large quantity of rope, one end of which, he tied round his waist; and letting down a lantern attached to a small cord, he resolutely prepared to follow. With no small difficulty, he prevailed on two of his servants, and three Arabs to hold the line—the latter assuring him that there were ghosts below, and that he never could hope to return. Taking with him a few sheets of paper, a compass, a measure, and another lighted candle, he commenced the descent, and soon reached the bottom of the first well or shaft. Here he found, on the south side, at the distance of about eight feet from the place where he landed, a second opening, which descended perpendicularly to the depth of five feet only; and at four feet ten inches from the bottom of this, he discovered a third shaft, the mouth of which was nearly blocked up with a large stone, leaving an opening barely sufficient to allow a man to pass. Here he dropped down his lantern, not only with the view of ascertaining to what depth he was about to proceed, but also to determine whether the air were pernicious or otherwise. The shaft, however, was so tortuous, that the candle soon became invisible; but the consul was not to be discouraged, as nothing less than a journey to the bottom would satisfy his eager curiosity. His main difficulty arose from the superstitous dread of the Arabs, who could hardly be prevailed upon to go down and hold the rope. After many prayers, and threats, and promises of money, and of all the treasure which might be found in the well, the avarice of one man so far overcame his terror, that he ventured to descend, though on reaching the bottom, he stared about him pale and trembling, and appeared more like a spectre than a human being. Mr Davison now pushed forward with the rope round his body, being convinced from the distant view of the lantern that he had let down, that this well was somewhat deeper than the first. Having proceeded a little further than half-way to the spot where the candle had rested, he came to a grotto, about fifteen feet long, four or five wide, and nearly the height of a man. From this place, the third shaft or well was sloping, and by throwing down a stone, he ascertained it to be of much greater depth than the others. But, still resolved to persevere, he pushed the lantern a little before him, and set out afresh on his journey, calling to the Arab to loosen the rope gently, and availing himself of little holes made in the rock, obviously with the purpose of aiding a descent. At length the shaft beginning to return a little more to the perpendicular, he arrived speedily at the bottom, where he found all further passage precluded, by a large accumulation of sand and rubbish. Having reached this point, our adventurer began to reflect on two circumstances which had not before occurred to him, either of which would have agitated weaker nerves. The first was, that the multitude of bats which he had disturbed, might put out the candle; and the second, that the immense stone on the mouth of the pit, might slip down and close the passage for ever. On looking about the bottom he found a rope ladder, which, though it had lain there sixteen years, was as fresh and strong as if perfectly new. It had been used, as is conjectured, by Mr Wood—the author of a work on the ruins of Balbea and Palmyra—to assist his progress downwards; but he, it is concluded, must have stopped short at the grotto. When Mr Davison, on his return, had reached the bottom of the first shaft, the candles fell, and went out; upon which the poor Arab thought himself lost. He laid hold of the rope, as his master was about to ascend, declaring that he would rather have his brains blown out than be left there alone with the devil. "I therefore permitted him to go before," says the Consul, "and though it was much more difficult to ascend than to descend, I know not how it was, but he scrambled up a hundred times more quickly than he had come down." The depth of the first shaft was 22 feet; of the second, 29; and of the third, 99; which, with the five feet between the first and second, makes the whole descent 155 feet.

MOHAMMED ALI, THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

He (the Viceroy) then related a number of anecdotes touching the petty larcenies of the Arabs; some of which were by no means without contrivance or dexterity. But the one which seemed to amuse both himself and his friends the most was that of a traveller, who, when eating his dinner, laid down his spoon to reach for a piece of bread, and by the time he brought back his hand, the spoon was away; the knife and fork soon shared the same fate; and the unfortunate stranger was at length reduced to the sad necessity of tearing his meat, and lifting it with his fingers and thumb, like the Arabs themselves. Many persons were near, but no one saw the theft committed; and all search for the recovery of the property was in vain. He now took leave of the Viceroy, leaving him in the greatest good humour; he said we might go everywhere, and see everything we wished, and that he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing us again. * * * * * No one has attempted to conceal that there is in the temper of Mohammed Ali, intermingled with many good qualities, a deep tincture of barbarism and fierceness. Impatient of opposition, and even of delay, he occasionally gives himself up to the most violent bursts of passion; and in such moments there is hardly any cruelty that he will not perpetrate or command. For instance, some time ago he had ordered that the dollar should pass for a fixed number of piastres, and it was mentioned in his presence that the rate was not strictly followed. His Highness expressed some doubt of the fact, when the head interpreter carelessly observed, that a Jew broker, whom he named, had a few days before exchanged dollars for him at the rate asserted.—"Let him be hanged immediately," exclaimed the Pasha! The interpreter, an old and faithful servant, threw himself at his sovereign's feet, deprecating his own folly, and imploring pardon for the wretched culprit. But all intercession was vain; the Viceroy said his orders must not be disregarded, and the unfortunate Jew was instantly led to death. We find proofs of a similar sally at Djidda, where he appears to have used his own hands to inflict a punishment which he thought it inexpedient to remit. Hoseyn Aga, the agent for the East India Company, resident in that town, was, says a recent traveller,—a remarkably fine-looking man, displaying an air of dignity, mixed with hauteur, handsomely clad, too, though the heavy folds of his muslin turban, were studiously drawn over his right eye, to conceal the loss of it,—for Mohammed Ali, one day in a fit of rage, pulled it out! Yet these men are friends, great friends just at present, and will remain so as long as it may be convenient and agreeable to both parties to consider each other in that light. But the master of Egypt is not always so ferocious,—for example, when Mrs Lushington was at Alexandria, intelligence was brought to him that a small fort at the entrance of the harbour, had been taken possession of by certain Franks, and that the Turks belonging to it had been made prisoners. Some consternation prevailed among his people; but, instead of being angry, he laughed heartily, and swearing by his two eyes,—his favourite oath,—that they must be English sailors, he directed his interpreter to write to their captain, to order his men on board ship again. Upon inquiry, it proved as the Pasha had anticipated; the men had landed, got drunk, and crowned their liberty, by seizing on the fort, and confining the unfortunate Turks, who, indolently smoking their pipes, could never have anticipated such an attack, in a time of profound peace. * * * * * It is generally stated that since Mohammed Ali has felt himself secure in the Pashalic, he has ceased to be cruel. Seldom now does he take away life, and never with torture.

* Scenes and Impressions, p. 176.

JESTS.—Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown.—No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken.—He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.—*Dr Fuller.*

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— The father of Economical Philosophy (Adam Smith) was, when a child, actually carried off by gipsies, and remained some hours in their possession —*Notes to Guy Mannering*.

Liberty.—This is not the liberty we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth, that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for.—*Milton*.

Impalpable Dust.—During the prevalence of the desert winds machinery is very liable to be disordered by the impalpable dust which then fills the air, and isso extremely penetrating that, as the natives assert, it will enter into an egg by the pores of the shell.—*Egypt, Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. III.*

— With respect to testing between salts and oxalic acid, the most simple test is by the application of a small portion of the fluid to a piece of paper which has been written on. If the writing becomes effaced, the fluid is poisonous. Oxalic acid will extract the colour from blue paper if the paper be coloured with lytmus, but some blues resist it; common writing ink, therefore, is the most convenient test.—*Exeter Gazette*.

Egyptian Cotton.—M. Tumel discovered one day, in the garden of a Turk named Mako, a plant of the cotton-tree, which he afterwards propagated with so much skill and success as to have changed, says Planat, the commerce and statistics of Europe. This important vegetable bears the name of the Frenchman who first made the government acquainted with its manifold uses as an article of domestic manufacture, and of foreign trade. Tumel erected at Boulak, near Cairo, a superb establishment, equal in its structure to the finest European manufactory, for spinning, weaving, dying, and printing cotton goods. The latest improvements in machinery were borrowed from Rouen or Manchester; steam is the principal moving power; and gas is employed for purposes of artificial light.—*Egypt, Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. III.*

The Festival of St Catherine of Siena.—The tutelar saint of the city, Santa Catherina di Siena, is one of the most popular divinities of the country. Born the daughter of a poor dyer, her pretended revelations and erotic mysticism raised her into such celebrity, that she was employed to solicit Pope Gregory XI to quit Avignon and restore the Papal throne to Rome. A religious society was instituted in her honour, in 1464, which enjoyed the privilege of annually redeeming two criminals and two debtors. This fraternity also annually conferred dowries on a certain number of the daughters of poor artisans, who walked in procession on the festival of the Saint. * * * * * On this occasion it was customary for the young women sometimes to make choice of their husbands. The candidates for their favour stood near the procession, and the lover presented a handkerchief to the object of his choice. If she refused him, she kissed the handkerchief and returned it. If she consented, she tied a knot on it, and then presented it to the bridegroom.—*Conder's Italy*.

A Scotch Mendicant.—Sir Walter Scott tells us, in the preface to the Antiquary, that the individual he had in his eye, when he drew his Edie Ochiltree, was an old mendicant named Andrew Gemmells. It was one of the peculiarities of the old man, that he was always ready to play at cards or dice with any one who desired such amusement. "The late Reverend Doctor Robert Douglas assured the author, that the last time he saw Andrew Gemmells, he was engaged in a game at brag with a gentleman of fortune, distinction, and birth. To preserve the due gradations of rank, the party was made at an open window of the chateau, the laird sitting on his chair in the inside, the beggar on a stool in the yard; and they played on the window-sill. The stake was a considerable parcel of silver. The author expressing his surprise, Dr Douglas observed, that the laird was no doubt a humorist or original, but that many decent persons in those times would, like him, have thought there was nothing extraordinary in passing an hour, either in card-playing or conversation, with Andrew Gemmells. This singular mendicant had generally, or was supposed to have, as much money about his person as would have been thought the value of his life among modern foot-pads. On one occasion a country gentleman, generally esteemed a very narrow man, happening to meet Andrew, expressed great regret that he had no silver in his pocket, or he would have given him sixpence:—"I can give you change for a note, laird," replied Andrew.—*Notes to the Antiquary*.

The Bow of William Tell.—Among other places pointed out to strangers as worthy of notice, (at Zurich) I visited the arsenal, where one may receive a lesson of humility, in attempting to wield the swords, and to carry the armour, borne by the warriors of other days. I, of course, handled the bow said to be the bow of William Tell; and the identical arrow that pierced the apple, is also shewn. I cannot conceive of what materials the sinews of that distinguished patriot were made; for the degenerate men of our time, are obliged to use a machine with the power of the lever, to draw the cord even half way to the point at which the arrow is discharged. There is a vast collection of ancient armour preserved, and modern equipments for more than all the able-bodied men in the canton.—*Switzerland, France, and the Pyrenees; by Derwent Conway*.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

King's Theatre.—L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei—La Nayade.
Drury-Lane.—Alfred the Great—A Divertissement—The Legion of Honour.
Covent Garden.—The Exquisites—The Romance of a Day.

FRENCH PLAYS—MLLE. LEONTINE FAY.

My Dear Mr Tatler,—You have taken little notice of the French Plays at the Haymarket Theatre, but to say the truth, that little, during the greater part of the season, has been as much as they deserved. This is, perhaps, yet more prone than the English theatres to throw all the responsibility of the performances upon one or two principal actors, whose merits should be very great to compensate for the deficiency; and yet the greater they are, the more conspicuous is that deficiency. The regular company is very mediocre; and this season the *stars* have been not of the brighest, though shining out brilliantly from the dimness around them. Madame Albert I did not see; but I am told "she was charming." Of the actresses whom I have seen at this theatre, none can bear any sort of comparison with Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, who made her first appearance on Friday evening. It is seldom that such an actress can be seen at *any* theatre; and now, Mr Tatler, it will be impossible for you to stay away, for on all sides you will hear the praises of Leontine Fay She is not remarkable for personal advantages. Her person is short, and mediocre, as far, at least, as I could judge from her appearance last night; but her dresses were not calculated to display it to advantage, and I was not very near to the stage. I cannot tell you whether or not she is handsome; her brows appeared to me artificially marked, but her face is lighted up with an animation that is in itself the first of beauties. I should say her greatest defect is in her walk, which has a sort of heavy swing, that I am afraid I must call masculine. I am no critic, Mr Tatler, but that is of no consequence: in speaking of Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, we have only to see and to hear; to feel and to admire. She performed in two pieces, *Malvina, ou Un Mariage d'Inclination*, and *La Marraine*. In the former, she has to sustain the part of a daughter, secretly married to a man, who had rather excited her gratitude than her love, and had already begun to treat her with indifference; while her father urges her immediate union with a young relative just returned from the army. She dares not to confess the truth to her father, and resolves to confide in the young officer himself. His generous conduct (together with a noble action she had heard of his, before his arrival) touches her heart; her husband proves a mere adventurer, who has deceived her in every point; and though she obtains pardon from her father, she remains miserable. I speak only of that part of the piece in which Mademoiselle Leontine Fay is concerned. It is a piece of slight plot, but conveying a strong moral, which will be differently read by parents and children; but I should say justly read by those who are intended to benefit by it,—the young. Mademoiselle Fay had good opportunities of display in the character of the daughter, friend, and wife, and she did not lose them; her voice, as well as her face, took the tone of every feeling, with the most animated rapidity, but without a shadow of abruptness. When first her husband shocks her by assuming the stern tone of command. "Je le veux,"—It is my will; her answer, "J'obeirai,"—I will obey,—was given with a perfection of look and manner, not easily described, her future fate seemed at once to appear before her, in all its bitterness, accompanied by a sense that it had been of her own seeking, and that she had no hope but in submission. Were I to express fully my admiration of her performance, and to dilate upon its particular beauties, I should write you a letter long enough to fill your whole paper. In *La Marraine*, her character was a lively, capricious, kind-hearted young widow of nineteen. Strongly contrasted as this character was with the former, she played it with equal talent. The manner in which she half unconsciously falls into a brisk game of battledore and shuttlecock, while she is giving grave counsels to a youth of her

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own age,—her godson,—was inimitable. In short, Mr Tatler, you must go and see her; it is but justice both to her and your readers, that you should; and you will not have reason to think the time lost, I promise you. It would be unjust, in saying so much of the lady, not to say that she had the advantage of being "acted up to" (as the phrase is) by M. PAULIN; an excellent and animated actor, who played the young officer in the first, and the godson in the second of these pieces.

I remain, Sir, your Constant Reader, and Admirer,

A. A.

QUIET GRIEF EVER THE STRONGEST.—And it hath been observed, that those greater and stormy passions do so spend the whole stock of grief, that they presently admit a comfort and contrary affection; while a sorrow that is even and temperate goes on to its period with expectation and the distances of a just time.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

DEATH.—The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE KEN-NO AND GROANING-MALT.—The *groaning-malt* was the ale brewed for the purpose of being drunk after the lady or goodwife's safe delivery. The *ken-no* has a more ancient source, and perhaps the custom may be derived from the secret rites of the *Bona Dea*. A large and rich cheese was made by the women of the family, with great affectation of secrecy, for the refreshment of the gossips who were to attend at the *canny* minute. This was the *ken-no*, so called because its existence was secret (that is, presumed to be so) from all the males of the family, but especially from the husband and master. He was, accordingly, expected to conduct himself as if he knew of no such preparation, to act as if desirous to press the female guests to refreshments, and to seem surprised at their obstinate refusal. But the instant his back was turned, the *ken-no* was produced, and after all had eaten their fill, with a proper accompaniment of the *groaning-malt*, the remainder was divided among the gossips, each carrying a large portion home, with the same affectation of great secrecy.—*Notes to Guy Mannering.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); and C. M. Von Weber's Overture to 'Der Freischutz.'

To conclude with the Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

[By C. M. VON WEBER.]

Linda, Miss Bruce. Rose, Mrs Bedford.
Bridesmaids—Miss Absolon, Miss Butline, Mrs East, &c.
Ottocar, Mr Yarnold. Bernhard, Mr Bedford. Adolph, Mr T. Cooke.
Caspar, Mr Horn.
Killian, Mr Webster. Zamiel, Mr Howell. Hermit, Mr Denning.
Principal Foresters—Mr Honner, Mr Eaton, Mr Wieland, and Mr Chikini.

To-morrow, The School for Scandal; and The Legion of Honour.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet, Miss F. Kemble. Lady Capulet, Mrs Loveli. Nurse, Mrs Gibbs.
Romeo, Mr Abbott. Prince Escalus, Mr Henry. Paris, Mr Durnset.
Mercutio, Mr C. Kemble. Friar Lawrence, Mr Evans.
Benvolio, Mr Holl. Tybalt, Mr Baker. Montague, Mr Turnour.
Capulet, Mr Egerton. Page, Miss Fortescue. Friar John, Mr Mears.
Apothecary, Mr Meadows. Balthazar, Mr Irwin.
Samson, Mr Fuller. Peter, Mr Keeley.

In Act I. A Masquerade and Dance.

In Act V. The Funeral Procession of Juliet, and a Solemn Dirge.

Previous to the Tragedy, Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflöte.'

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'

[By Mr PEAKE.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Toquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Paulo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; and The Highland Reel.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LE DUEL ET LE DEJEUNER.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de Théâtre des Variétés.

Madame de St Léon, Mlle. St Ange.
Dugazon, M. Garnard. Desessards, M. Préval.
Le Colonel St Léon, M. Alfred. Leroy, M. Gueriée.

Suivi de

YELVA; OU, L'ORPHELINE RUSSE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Parties, par MM. SCRIBE et DEVILLENEUVE.

Yelva, Mlle. Léontine Fay. La Comtesse de Cesanne, Mlle St. Ange.
Feodora, Mlle. Eliza. Gertrude Duthleul, Mme. Préval.
Alfred, M. Paulin. Tchirichef, M. Alfred. Kalouga, M. Garnard.

On Finira par

LOUISE; OU, LA REPARATION.

Vaudeville en Deux Actes, de MM. SCRIBE et MELESVILLE.

Louise, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Madame Barnick, Mme. Préval.
M. de Mahnen, M. Alfred. Sadler, M. Paulin.
Saldenck, M. Laporte. Fritz, M. Gueniée.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terrance Gossoon Bess Flemington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Drama founded on SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth, Miss M. C. Poole. Gentlewoman, Miss Nichol.
Duncan, Mr Almar. Malcolm, Mr Honner. Donalbain, Miss Barker.
Macbeth, Mr Osbaldiston. Macduff, Mr C. Hill. Banquo, Mr D. Pitt.
Lenox, Mr Maitland. Rosse, Mr Rogers. Fleance, Miss Ellis.
Seyton, Mr Lee. Physician, Mr Gough.
Hecate, Mr Ransford. Three Witches, Messrs Vale, Williams, and Young.
Singing Witches, Miss Somerville, Mrs Vale, Mme. Simon, and Mr Edwin.

To conclude with the Romantic Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

[By C. M. VON WEBER.]

Linda, Miss Somerville. Rose, Mrs Vale.
Ottocar, Mr Almar. Bernhard, Mr Gough. Caspar, Mr D. Pitt.
Rodolph, Mr Edwin. Rollo, Mr Ransford. Killian, Mr Vale.
Christopher, Mr Hobbs. Zamiel, Mr Asbury. Witch of the Glen, Mr Boulanger.
Huntsmen, Mr Webb, Mr Tully, and Mr Collier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

Taken from Sir W. SCOTT'S celebrated Story.

Lady Ashton, Miss Wells. Lucy Ashton, Mrs Evans. Marion, Miss Ayton.
Dame Lightbody, Mrs Garrick. Sir William Ashton, Mr Munroe.
Edgar, Mr Keppell. Hayston of Bucklaw, Mr Forrester. Randolph, Mr Cooke.
Captain Craigengelt, Mr Marshall. And Caleb Balderstone, Mr J. Russell.

In the course of the Evening, a Selection of Vocal Music.

In the course of the Evening, Auber's Overture to 'Masaniello,' Weber's Overture to 'Der Freischutz,' and Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflöte.'

A Medley Pas Seul, by Mlle. Josephine.

After which a Musical Entertainment, called

BARON TRENCK.

Countess Holtsdorf, Miss Stohwasser. Victorine, Miss Vernon.
Count of Lindorf, Mr Tilbury. Major Muffledorf, Mr Marshall.
Baron Trenck, Mr Green. Augustus, Mr Bennett. Boltzheim, Mr Cooke.
Baron Bassonarempdorf, Mr J. Russell.

A Grand Pas de Deux, by Mlles. Celeste and Constance.

To conclude with the Farcical Entertainment, called

T A C T.

Julia, Miss Stohwasser. Biddy Phillimore, Mrs Humby.
Sir Paul Mainchance, Mr Marshall. Sir William Lightfoot, Mr Munroe.
Captain Lightfoot, Mr Spencer. John Fox, Mr Forrester. Crump, Mr Tilbury.
Dulcimer Star, Mr J. Russell, in which character he will sing a favourite Extravaganza, called 'Pasticcio,' and introduce Imitations of several Performers.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Master's Rival—The Skimmer of the Sea.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1831.

A WALK FROM THE REGENT'S PARK TO FINCHLEY.

'I know each lane, and every alley green,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood.'
COMUS.

If there are few who have escaped wounds and disease, there are few also, who have not tasted the pleasures of convalescence. The poet has said of a person in that state, that

'The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.'

It is true this cannot be said of every convalescent. There is a restoration to perfect health, and to an imperfect one. There is some difference between that of a young lover, who is to be married next month and whose mistress comes to see him, and that of the poor thief, who is cured of a broken leg only to be hung. But the latter may well be considered an extreme case. There is a well known story of a negro boy, who was so delighted with the tickling sensation produced by the healing of his flesh after a flogging, that he anticipated the pleasure of it, even when the infliction was on his shins. "Him feel him nice," he said, "when him scratch edges of sore place,"—a sentiment, which if King James could have foreseen, might have completed his horror of the march of freedom, if it be true that he pronounced "scratching to be too great a luxury for a subject."

In whatever shade of convalescence our own is to be found (and we make no apology in these personal and autobiographical days of editorship, for vivifying an "article" with the self-reference so common to our brethren), it was with no mean pleasure that we found ourselves the other day striking into the country, from that quarter of the metropolis which leads to the most beautiful district about London, and the road through which may be reckoned among the best luxuries which the fashionable world have of late years added to their list. We little thought, a few years back, when we used to walk by those meadows and "bosky bourns" through which the road has been made, and with every foot of which, and its old aspect, we are acquainted, that in a short time the grassy silence would have been startled by the sound of gigs and barouches over gravel, and that dandy voices on horseback would be heard mingling with the thrush, and in the place of the nymphs and sylvans, which Akenside beheld in these fields, would stand the turnpike-man! We did not like the change. We hated it. We felt like the boroughmongers; and grudged that anybody should interfere with our primæval nests and vast other-men's possessions. But this was only with a corrupt silence. We have an inconvenient associate, of the name of Conscience, who forces us to approve what is for the common good: and as it is a plan with us to make the best of what we cannot help, or ought not to oppose, we set ourselves to find out that the new road was a good thing, and ought to give us pleasure. And our virtue has been rewarded; for such we have found it. The dandy voices we are glad to hear, if they express any satisfaction: the ladies, dancing on their steeds, and keeping up their stock of health and good-humour for the evening, bring a grace into any spot: the carefuller faces and manifest invalids we hail as brethren, fond of the same remedies: and even the red-faced roué, who takes his draught of fresh air purely in a medicinal light, and comes enduring himself on his saddle, and will drink more that evening because he means to drink less, comes not amiss to us. It is not fit that his riches should have left him entirely without a natural resource, any more than other men's poverty.

In short, the road is a good road for everybody. We cordially recommend those who are not acquainted with it, to become so immediately, whether by means of gig, carriage, or horse, or by what somebody facetiously called, the "ten-toe'd equipage," which has the magical advantage of carrying a man over styles and fields, of conveying him by the shortest cuts, and of putting him into possession of spots the most sequestered. A man who has earned repose by a walk, who feels that he is the stouter and blither for it, and who sits half-way up some beautiful hill, with his face against the west wind, perhaps lifting his eyes occasionally from a book, may think himself among the Gods, compared with the wealthier men in carriages on the road below, who, while they are getting health at their mouths, are, perhaps, providing a contradiction to it, in gouty legs. The fable of Ericthonius, the richest of men, who was the inventor of chariots, and had a monstrous pair of legs, ought to have meant a gentleman with the gout.

The road before us has been most judiciously contrived. It has been made to run through the pleasantest scenery (as far as we can speak to it); it is open on the left to the western breeze; on the right is defended from the east, by the natural enbankments afforded by the ascent of Hampstead, and by Hampstead itself; and that beautiful hill presents itself, both in going and coming, in its most delightful aspects, generally on one side, sometimes directly in front. The healthiness of the district is celebrated, and there are not wanting to it pleasant associations of memory.

We begin with the point emerging from the Regent's Park, at St John's Wood Chapel. A name often lets you into a history. The spot in this neighbourhood, now full of pleasant houses, with gardens, is called St John's Wood, though, with the exception of an oak or an elm here and there, judiciously incorporated into the gardens, and a small place called St John's Wood Farm, where there is really a nest of trees remaining, the district is no more entitled to the name of a wood, than one of the squares. The part of Hampstead, however, in which the church stands, is called the parish of St John; and it is more than probable that in the ancient woody district which extended several miles northward in this direction, this was one of the woodiest of the spots, and presented a thick sylvan track, from Paddington up to the hill. It is pleasant to see a remnant of its posterity in the ground belonging to the place called the Farm, which is the first object that presents itself, when you begin to get clear of the houses. We remember it when it stood at the end of a country lane, and when the erection of the Barracks a little further on, gave the first symptom of the advent of other houses. There was a pretty solitary cottage near it, beside which was the path to Hampstead, across the fields. This path, for some hundreds of yards, has now disappeared. A little beyond the barracks, you see a turnpike, which stands at the corner, where the branch of the road we are pursuing is joined by another branch, leading into the park, further eastward, and opposite to this turnpike, on the other side of the united road, you are agreeably surprised, by seeing the old field-path leading from a gate up the hill, across the beautiful sloping meadows, with the beautiful tufted trees up above you, and the church's spire issuing out of them. The carriage-road has this prospect before it for some length, with the pretty trees and houses of West End on the lower fields to the left. The hill, which accompanies you a long way, then becomes close at hand upon the right, and you see a new house, built in an old style, just under the church and trees, which is called, we believe, the Priory, and was built by a gentleman remarkable for his powers of memory. We used to have a grudge against it, because it displaced a bench of ours; that is to say, a bench made by some benevolent person, for the accommodation of those who journeyed over the fields, and loved the prospect. (We honour such persons, of whom there are too few, and rank them among the Lesser Gods). Our grudge is gone, among other grudges; and though we should have preferred the church and wood by itself, the house is not unworthy of regard, as travellers doubtless think it.

Soon after passing the Priory, the road crosses West End Lane, which unites the little hamlet of that name, with Hampstead. It is worth the passenger's while to halt at this spot, and look up the lane, which will present him with a view of the church that is in request with artists. There was one sitting the day we were there, on his portable stool, copying it. West End is so called from its being on the western boundary of the old manor of Hampstead. There used to be a fair there, which had no legal

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sanction, and is done away. On the ascent of the lane, near Hampstead, there was a bench which commanded a prospect towards London, over fields profuse with wild flowers, but the road having been sunk, for the accommodation of new riders, the bench has disappeared, not a little to the regret of those, who love any memorial of the past, to say nothing of the walker's "weary shanks," as Spenser calls them, which may still be weary, if they come from a distance. Benches ought to abound everywhere, instead of being so very few; and they will, as people learn to think more of one another. It has often surprised us, how some people can be so rich, and not, even for the pride's sake, do more of these things. But the truth is, the rich have to learn, as well as the poor; and to learn, among other things, a little more respect for their common nature. It is said that the vulgar love to deface any kind of public erection; and undoubtedly, among the uneducated, there is the same tendency to exercise power for its own sake, as with all conscience weakness, and among those who possess an undue share of worldly good. But we have seen benches last a long time, especially in spots where they are needed,—the one we speak of among them. With the diffusion of knowledge, a just understanding on this point has doubtless been encreasing; and it appears to us, that if we were rich, we would erect such handsome resting-places, and inscribe on them quotations from English authors, so extremely to the purpose, that nobody who could read would consent to dishonour himself by doing them any mischief.

Passing West End, and admiring every instant the pleasantness of the scenery on both sides, you notice at a distance on the left the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill. We do not remember, indeed, at what precise point you begin to see Harrow, probably sooner than this. It is a conspicuous object; and in our eyes, used always to be an attractive one, because Garth was buried there, one of the pleasantest of the wits of Queen Anne, and most generous of physicians.

The lane you now arrive at goes to Hampstead one way, and the Edgware Road the other. The ascent of it is called Child's Hill, and the road goes through a place called the Potteries. The inn which stands here by the road-side, and which is brushing up its accommodations, must have greatly benefitted by the late changes: for this lane, though leading to Hampstead Heath, used to be one of the most solitary about London, and the resort of Gypsies. We remember an encampment of them very near the present crossing. We thought they had all gone "from home," for we saw nothing but clothes and arched hurdles, till a beautiful face popped up from under some bed-clothes, and flashed at us as white a set of teeth, as her eyes were black.

The next lane you come to, crosses a part of the Hendon road, known by the name of Goulder's Green. The Green remains, and fronts a pretty farm, which stands at the corner of the crossing, with a fine elm tree at one side of it, and poplars at the other. Hendon is a proper rural village, of which we propose to give an account in a future article. The ascent towards Hampsted the other way, is dignified with the name of Goulder's Hill, but more so, by the dignification of the dignity in a poem of Akenside's. The poem is "On recovering from a Fit of Sickness." Akenside lived there in the house of his friend, Mr Dyson, a member of Parliament, whose family, we believe, are still connected with Parliamentary office. The poet, a proper cockney, (a school, which it must be confessed has had illustrious members, Milton with his sabbath excursions among them), talks of the "steep aerial way" of this hill, though Holborn might vie with it for elevation. But he had a fancy, and an asthma!

'Thy verdant scenes, O Goulder's Hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast,
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way,
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play.'

Next to poets, are those who love and honour poets. We are glad to be told by Akenside, that his friend selected this spot as a place of refuge from town-smoke, and the cares of Parliament, and that the poet took up his abode in it with him at the same time:—

'For when within thy shady seat
First from the sultry town he chose,
And the tir'd senate cares, his wished repose
Then wast thou; to me a happier home
For social leisure: where my welcome feet
Estrang'd from all the entangling ways
In which the restless vulgar strays,
Through nature's simple path with ancient faith might roam.'

By the words in the last line, "with ancient faith," we may judge, that Akenside in his mature life, retained the best privilege of a poet, in his child-like attachment to the trees and grass.

The north-western side of Hampstead Heath, with the pines and white-house at the top of it, beautifully meets the eye along this part of the road. These pines are said to have been brought from Italy, by the gentleman who built the house. A lane to Hendon crosses the road hereabouts,—famous for its profusion of wild roses, and for a pretty country-house, with a piece of water to it,—and after a space, you come to another lane, also leading to Hendon, through Finchley; which latter village abuts upon the road. Three or four years ago, it was one of the most sequestered villages in the neighbourhood; and its pretty little castellated old church looks as if it ought to be so still. At the northern side of the church-yard, there is a neat inn, the tenants of which do not seem to have been at all improved by their late accessions of profit; but there is a waiter, whom we took for a landlord, and a maid-servant with a pleasant face, that makes amends for one of the elder visages. The other extremity of the church-yard opens upon one of the most beautiful set of meadows we ever saw.

Finchley was once almost as famous as Hounslow for its robberies, but is now as harmless as so pretty a neighbourhood ought to be. A brother of ours is supposed to have broken the arm of a footpad there, who demanded his money one night. He was young, but was of powerful arm, and had courage in proportion. He drew back, and then hit the man such a blow on the arm with his doubled fist, that he is thought to have broken it, for the poor wretch went howling away like a dog.

In this village, now upwards of forty years ago, we, gentle reader, who have fought so many battles with criminals of another description, and have miraculously lived to see our cause triumphant, lay ill of a disease which was pronounced incurable. A speculative physician, who by a singular chance was also a doctor in divinity, and was thought eccentric, undertook, among his other eccentricities, to cure us, and did so. His name was Trinder, and he lived at Mill-Hill. What a number of illnesses did he enable us to see! content if we have not suffered in vain, nor failed in making the reader partake of our pleasures.

The traveller, in returning to London by this charming road, will particularly admire the views presented of Hampstead Heath and the church, which are finer, perhaps, this way than the other.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO.

This appears to be built of Apennine limestone, but it is so polished with kisses, and blackened with the smoke of the lamps, that it is difficult to tell what it is. Instead of a roof, it is covered with a vault, which is confessedly modern, the old timber work having decayed. Externally, it is encrusted with a coat of white marble, with Corinthian columns, and rich ornaments, the architecture of Bramante, and good of its kind,—but of a kind not very admirable. The history of the Virgin is the principal subject of the bas-reliefs; and there are statues of the Sibyls and the Prophets, which Addison praises as very finely wrought. The room which it encloses is about 31 feet by 13. In a niche, once fenced in with solid gold, now with gilt wood, stands the cedar image, in a dress glittering with precious stones, before which thousands bow down in abject idolatry. "On entering the church, at five in the morning," says Mr Forsyth, "I was surprised to find crowds so early in the *Santa Casa*, and masses at every altar. This holy house and its saint struck me as examples of that contrast which the Church of Rome affects in consecrating ugliness. The one is a mean brick-looking hovel incased in a shell of sculptured marble; the other a black, smoked, wooden figure, glittering in jewels and brocade. Seldom is the gift of miracles ascribed to an object of beauty. * * * * The riches of the treasury of this church are said to have been formerly valued at fifteen millions of crowns. Addison mentions an offering that had recently been made by the Queen Dowager of Poland, which had cost 18,000 crowns. "Silver," he says, "can scarcely find admission, and gold itself looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones." Few of these treasures escaped pillage in the late revolutions; but the spirit which led to the rich accumulaton is not extinct. Among the recent benefactors, rank several of the Bonaparte family, although not Napoleon himself; and a few good paintings, some elegant gold cups, and other plate enriched with pearls and precious stones, have again been collected. * * * * * The legend respecting this clumsy imposture is, that in the year 1291, the house of the Holy Virgin at Nazareth was transported through the air by angels, and planted near Terrato in Dalmatia. Three years afterwards, it was conveyed in the same miraculous manner across the Adriatic, to a spot near Recanati; and it finally removed itself to the lands of a noble lady named Lauretta, where the present city of Loreto has since been built, and having been enclosed in a splendid church, was secured

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against further migration. * * * * * According to some authorities, Lady Lauretta's land was a field in the plain, which happened to be frequented by robbers. Of this circumstance, the angels were not aware when they chose the spot; and they accordingly removed it to the present eminence. Pococke was shown the spot at Nazareth, from which the holy house of Loreto was removed; and a more recent traveller, Mr Joliffe, tells us that there are indentures in the wall to designate the space the apartment occupied, about 12 or 14 feet by 8. The house has grown since its removal; its inner dimensions being now as stated above, more than 30 feet by 13 or 14, and about 18 feet in height at the sides.—*Conder's Italy.*—[There is something in the history of the *Santa Casa* very unsatisfactory to an active faith. Upon what rests the dependence of the people of Loreto, that they shall not lose the treasure so miraculously conveyed to them?—They have secured it by enclosing it in a church. —Oh ye of little faith! Could not the angels that conveyed it from Nazareth, break through those bonds of marble?—Let those interested in its stay at Loreto, beware lest they, some day, find its rich case vacant; or miss the valuable inclosure, case and all. Another strange thing is, that after the situation of the house was removed out of the haunt of robbers, by the angels, the treasures should have been so freely pillaged. There must be some error in these accounts; and it does appear that some of the said robbers of Loreto have stuck by it ever since its settlement there.]

MICHAEL LANDO.

In one of the frequent commotions, perpetually arising in Florence, from the dissensions of the nobles and the plebeians, the fury of the populace had gained such a height, that they were about to fire the city. The riot had continued three days; the government had attempted to treat with the insurgents, but their demands being too exorbitant to be complied with, the principal officers were obliged to make their escape. The populace rushed furiously to the palace, burst open the gates, and entered the hall.

At this moment, a man, ill clad, barefooted, and unshaven, made his way through the crowd, sprang up the grand staircase, leaned over the balustrade, and crying out to the people that the city and palace were now in their own hands, enquired what they intended to do. As he spoke, he unfurled the state banner, called the gonfalon, and waved it over their heads. The rioters, who had formed no plan, and did not know their own intentions, replied that he should be their gonfaloniere,* and should reform the city according to his pleasure.

This declaration, which was a mere whim of the moment, was acted upon. Michael Lando, the new magistrate, was a wool-comber, a man of low origin, but clear-headed, honest, courageous, and firm to his purpose. Raised to the supreme authority, he immediately began to restore order, called in the assistance of other magistrates, and obliged the people to return to their work. Those who had raised him to power, and who had thought, under his nominal power, to enjoy every possible license, now found their mistake; they became indignant, and shewed signs of revolt. But Lando was resolved to perform the duties of his office; he collected a large body of armed and mounted citizens, who kept the streets clear of rioters; and having established such laws as he thought best adapted for the security of peace and happiness, he laid down his authority, and returned to the humble occupation to which he was bred.

The people, with as little judgment as they had chosen Lando himself, now chose another wool-comber to succeed him; as though the virtue were not in the man, but in his trade. In this, however, they were undeceived; they had reason to know that every wool-comber was not a Michael Lando.—*Stories from the History of Italy.*

* Standard-bearer; the name was given originally to an officer, whose duty it was to execute the decrees of the Priors, who were at the head of the government; but he was soon raised to an equality with them, and finally placed over them.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— We find that the system of mutual instruction is spreading fast in the schools of Tuscany, Parma, and even Sicily. It is not admitted in Piedmont nor in the Roman states. In Austrian Lombardy it existed till 1822, when it was stopped, and we believe has not since been resumed.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Creed.—I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinon; or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, within a few days, I should dissent myself.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

Hope—is the most beneficial of all the affections; and doth much to the prolongation of life, if it be not too often frustrated; but entertaineth the fancy with an expectation of good: therefore they which fix, and propound to themselves some end, as the mark and scope of their life, and continually, and by degrees go forward in the same, are for the most part long-lived: insomuch, that when they are come to the top of their hope, and can go no higher therein, they commonly droop, and live not long after. So that *Hope is as a leaf-joy, which may be beaten out to a great extension, like gold.—Lord Bacon's History of Life and Death.*

Early Associations prolong Life.—Ficinius saith not unwisely, that old men, for the comforting of their spirits, ought often to remember and ruminate upon the acts of their childhood and youth. Certainly such a remembrance is a kind of peculiar recreation to every old man; and therefore it is a delight to men to enjoy the society of them which have been brought up together with them, and to visit the places of their education. Vespasian did attribute so much to this matter, that when he was Emperor, he would by no means be persuaded to leave his father's house, though but mean, lest he should lose the wonted object of his eyes, and the memory of his childhood. And besides, he would drink in a *wooden cup*, tipped with silver, *which was his grandmother's, upon festival days.—Lord Bacon's History of Life and Death.*

Sweetness of Odour from the Rainbow.—It hath been observed by the ancients, that where a rainbow seemeth to hang over, or to touch, that there breatheth forth a sweet smell. The cause is, for that this happeneth but in certain matters, which have in themselves some sweetness; which the gentle dew of the rainbow doth draw forth: and the like do soft showers; for they also make the ground sweet: but none are so delicate as the dew of the rainbow, where it falleth. It may be also that the water itself hath some sweetness: for the rainbow consisteth of a glomeration of small drops, which cannot possibly fall, but from the air that is very low: and therefore may hold the very sweetness of the herbs and flowers, as a distilled water: for rain and other dew that fall from high, cannot preserve the smell, being dissipated in the drawing up: neither do we know, whether some water itself may not have some degree of sweetness. It is true that we find it sensibly in no pool, river, no fountain;* but good earth, newly turned up, hath a freshness and good scent; which water, if it be not too equal (for equal objects never move the sense) may also have. Certain it is, that bay salt, which is but a kind of water congealed, will sometimes smell like violets.—*Lord Bacon's Sylva Sylvarum.*

* Water in violent action has an agreeable smell, as he knows who has hung over a cataract, or the rush of a mill-dam.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury-Lane.—Alfred the Great—And Der Freischuts.
Covent Garden.—Romeo and Juliet—And Neuha's Cave.

MANAGERIAL MISMANAGEMENT.

TO THE TATLER.

Dear Mr Tatler,—Perhaps, in the absence of more worthy guests, you will allow me to enjoy a short chat with you. The subject is: the principle on which the authorities at the two Great Theatres (the Minors know better) seem determined to proceed with respect to the purveyance of dramatic representations. Instead of culling a series of the many capital recently written pieces, which they have in their possession, (not, by any means, excluding former productions) they take one or two of them, sometimes good, more often one of the worst, which they regularly serve up, night after night, week after week, till not even the *free* people can stand it; like a man, who, having a large and varied wardrobe, selects from out it the worst coat, &c. and persists in wearing it till it is absolutely no longer wearable, nullifying by this perversity (it is nothing else) not only the credit which this one coat might have had, if produced at proper intervals, but that also of the stores at home. The public may for a night or two be blinded into a tacit, or even audible approval, by the excellence of the actors; and the house may be filled for a few more nights, by dint of orders, passes, &c., but this will not last long.

At Covent Garden, why have we not *The Recruiting Officer*, and Farquhar's other works? Were they not well and profitably received? Would it not be better for the proprietors to revive those capital things which they can have for nothing, than to give sums of money for the wretched entirely new (old) things which have been lately (re-)produced. Moreover, *The Robber's Wife*—where is that? Mr Abbott, for his own sake, should move for that: for in that one thing he acts perfectly. Where is *The Irish Tutor?* Why do they put Power *into a Spanish dress?* That Mr Green is not at Covent Garden, is the fault of the Managers. He is at Tottenham Street; why is he there?

A Reader of the Tatler, and One of the Free List.

Saturday, May 7.

[The evil complained of by our Correspondent is undoubtedly sometimes carried to an injudicious length; and we are happy to see, that the performances announced for this week include an unexceptionable variety.]

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THE PRETENDED REFORMERS.—Sir Francis Burdett (talking, at Reading, of the "moderate reformers") recollected well a farce in which a man was represented as conversing with his servant; he was trying to get his servant to do something for him, and was therefore anxious to *palaver* him a little. "I think, John," said the gentleman, "I have been a moderate good master to you."—"Very moderate indeed, Sir," was the reply of the servant: and this reply he thought applicable enough to the moderate reformers.

— Few, if any, governments of the present day, appear capable of meeting the improved intellect of the people. Wherever we look now, the contest appears to be between the governed and their governors; between improvement of understanding and commonplace ability; between liberality of feeling and narrowness of mind; between the enlightened state of public thinking and the blindness of superstition and of bigotry. * * * * The great and real objects of governments should be the safety and happiness of the people. It is for this that governments are created. It is for this pledge of security, that millions are paid for their support; and if the object of their institution be not attained, the people, on a principle of right, the contract being broken, may refuse further contributions, until another more efficient is constituted. This is the first and fundamental law, abstractedly considered, of the relationship between the governors and the governed; and it is on this broad basis that all differences between them should be settled.—*Sass's Journey to Rome and Naples*, 1817.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The general features of North Carolina where I crossed it, are immense solitary pine savannas, through which the road winds among stagnant ponds, swarming with alligators, dark, sluggish creeks, of the colour of brandy, over which are thrown high wooden bridges, without railings, so crazy and rotten as not only to alarm one's horse, but also the rider, and to make it a matter of thanksgiving with both, when they get fairly over, without going through enormous cypress swamps, which to a stranger have a striking, desolate, and ruinous appearance. Picture to yourself a forest of prodigious trees, rising as thick as they can grow, from a vast, flat, and impenetrable morass, covered for ten feet from the ground with reeds. The leafless limbs of the cypresses are clothed with an extraordinary kind of moss (*tillandria umerides*) from two to ten feet long, in such quantities, that fifty men might conceal themselves in one tree. Nothing in this country struck me with such surprise as the prospect of several thousand acres of such timber, loaded, as it were, with many million tons of tow waving in the wind. I attempted to penetrate several of these swamps with my gun, in search of something new; but, except in some chance places, I found it altogether impracticable. I coasted along their borders, however, in many places, and was surprised at the great profusion of evergreens of numberless sorts, and a variety of berries that I knew nothing of. Here I found multitudes of birds, that never winter with us in Pennsylvania, living in abundance. From Wilmington, I rode through solitary pine savannas and cypress swamps, as before, sometimes thirty miles without seeing a single human being.—*American Ornithology.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, entitled

L'ULTIMO GIORNO DI POMPEI.

[By PACINI.]

Ottavia, wife of Sallustio . . . Madame M. Lalande.
Sallustio, elected to the Office of First Magistrate . . Sig. Lablache.
Menenio, son of Sallustio . . . Mme. Castelli.
Appio Diomede, tribune . . . . . Signor Rubini.
Pubblio, keeper of the public Baths . . . . . Signor Deville.
Clodio, a Youth, son of Pubblio . . . Mlle. Feliani.
Fausto, a Freeman of Sallustio . . . . Sig. De Angeli.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

Principal Characters—Mademoiselle Brocard, Mlle Kaniel, Mlle Clara, Mlle Proche, and Mlle Zoe Beaupré.
Monsieur Lefebvre,
M. Simon, M. Gouriet, M. O'Brien, M. George, M. Bertram, M. Emile, M. Venafra, M. Edouard, M. D'Albert, M. Hunt, and M. Paul.
In the First Act, Mademoiselle Taglioni will introduce the Tyrolienne.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Patima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

After which, the Musical Farce of

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

Jenny, Miss Hughes. Moggy M'Gilpin, Miss Taylor.
M'Gilpin, Mr Blanchard. Sandy, Mr Wilson. Shelty, Mr Keeley.
Charley, Mr Henry. Sergeant Jack, Mr G. Stansbury.
Captain Dash, Mr Baker. Laird of Raasay, Mr Turnour. Croudy, Mr Evans.
Apie, Mr Heath. Benin, Master Harvey.

To-morrow, The School for Scandal; and The Waterman.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr SHERIDAN.]

Lady Teazle, Miss Chester. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs Faucit.
Mrs Candour, Mrs Orger. Maria, Miss Faucit. Maid, Mrs Webster.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr Farren. Sir Oliver Surface, Mr Dowton.
Joseph Surface, Mr Macready. Charles Surface, Mr Wallack.
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr Harley. Crabtree, Mr W. Bennett. Trip, Mr Balls.
Careless, Mr Yarnold. Rowley, Mr Younge. Moses, Mr Webster.
Snake, Mr Thompson. Sir Harry (with a Song) Mr Sinclair.

In the course of the Evening, Spontini's Overture to 'Olympia;' and A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles.'

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Listen.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.
Guillaume, Master Richardson.

To-morrow, Werner; A Day after the Wedding; and The Brigand.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play of

THE STRANGER.

Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. Poole. Countess Winterstein, Miss Scott.
Charlotte, Mrs Vale. Savoyard, Miss Somerville, with the original Ballad, 'I have a silent sorrow here.'
The Stranger, Mr Osbaldiston. Count Winterstein, Mr Honner. Peter, Mr Vale.
Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Solomon, Mr Williams. Francis, Mr C. Hill.
Tobias, Mr Gough. The Count's Son, Master F. Carbery.
The Stranger's Children, Misses Clarke and E. Clarke.

The Military Brigand's Dance, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which an entirely New Petite Drama, entitled

CHARLEY OVER THE WATER.

Mary Primrose, assuming the Character of The Right Hon. Miss Matilda Rosabella Florina Flitterflutter, Madame Simon.
Farmer Primrose, Mr Gough. Squire Scapegrace, Mr Maitland.
Launcelot Longface, Mr Asbury.
Charley Primrose, assuming the Characters of Paddy O'Whack, Archibald Malapropos, Fribble, Hercules Hannibal Sureshot, Mr C. Hill.

An entirely New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND! OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

[By Mr THOMPSON.]

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Mrs Vale. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

Taken from Sir W. SCOTT'S celebrated Story.

Lady Ashton, Miss Wells. Lucy Ashton, Mrs Evans. Marion, Miss Ayres.
Dame Lightbody, Mrs Garrick. Sir William Ashton, Mr Munroe.
Edgar, Mr Keppell. Hayston of Bucklaw, Mr Forrester. Randolph, Mr Cooke.
Captain Craigengelt, Mr Marshall. And Caleb Balderstone, Mr J. Russell.

A Pas de Trois, by Miss Gilbert, Miss Hatton, and Miss Cadwell.

After which a Musical Entertainment, called

BARON TRENCK.

Countess Holtzdorf, Miss Stohwasser. Victorine, Miss Vernon.
Count of Lissdorf, Mr Tilbury. Major Muffledorf, Mr Marshall.
Baron Trenck, Mr Green. Augustus, Mr Bennett. Boltzheim, Mr Cooke.
François Bassomrompdorf, Mr J. Russell.

A Russian Pas de Deux, by Miss Wood and Miss C. Foster.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

In the course of the Evening, a Solo on the Violin by Mr Love; Weber's Overture to 'Der Freischutz;' A. Romberg's Overture in D; and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The White and the Black Bear.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Master's Rival—The Skimmer of the Sea.

NEW CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.—Billy Taylor—The Waterman—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, by Advertisement—The Bold Dragoons.

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No. 214.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy, intended chiefly for the use of Students at the Universities, and the Higher Classes in Schools.- By Thomas Keightley, Author of the 'Fairy Mythology,' 'Outlines of History,' in the Cabinet Cyclopædia, &c. &c. With Twelve Plates etched on Steel, by W. H. Brooke, F.S.A. 8vo, pp. 491. Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

Mr Keightley need not have enjoined us in his preface, to give his work a consecutive perusal; for if he had written four times as much, we should have read it all through, out of pure love of the subject, and respect for the new aspect he has given to it by his learning and judgment. We need not add that we have read every word of his volume; and it may not be unpleasing to him to hear, as an earnest of what other readers may do, that we have put it on the same shelf that contains our Spenser and Milton, with our old friend Natalis Comes, and the Dizionario d'ogni Mitologia.

'My design in the work,' says Mr Keightley, 'is to supply an acknowledged desideratum in our literature; to make known the advances which the knowledge of classical mythology has made in Germany, and to initiate students in what may be called its philosophy. As I profess myself to be a disciple of the rational school of Voss and Lobeck, I also wish to oppose, if possible, an effectual bar to the introduction of the wild fancies of Creutzer and the mystics, into this country. How far I have succeeded remains for competent judges to determine.'

* * * * *

'The nature of my plan has obliged me to use the Greek names of the gods and heroes; which many, I trust, will deem to be an advantage.'

The plan here spoken of is one of the best features of Mr Keightley's work. The Latin gods have been so long identified with the Greek, and made partakers of so many fables in common, that it is perhaps impossible to separate them. We do not even desire to get rid of the word 'Mercury,' or the word 'Venus,' which have been grafted upon the most beautiful productions of our own country, and become synonymous with everything that is light and lovely. The translations of Pope and others have made even scholars think of the father of gods and men as 'Jupiter,' and not 'Zeus;' and Mr Keightley himself cannot help speaking of the 'Graces,' instead of the 'Charities' (χαριτες), though the compound idea conveyed by the latter word doubles the very grace of the former. But the Latin genius was cold and servile compared with that of the Greeks,—we mean of course intellectually. Ovid himself, who has led people to suppose otherwise, did but repeat, for the most part, the Grecian fables; and besides, he was a Neapolitan or Magna-Grecian. It was a miserable mistake in Spence and others to publish books on mythology, illustrated by Roman in preference to Grecian writers. That cold Latin track of scholarship was observable till a very late period, and arose, in fact, from a want of conversancy with the Greek writers. It was little better, than if a man had gone for specimens of fruit to a poor northern garden, instead of the tropics. The native abundance, the love, the genuine mythological climate, was with the Greeks; and to these our author has very properly gone in consequence. It gave us a malicious satisfaction to find, that out of the four hundred and eighty-four pages of his text, thirty-five sufficed for the Mythology of Italy. In the rest, with the exception of two or three retained by the Latins, you seldom meet with a Roman appellation. The scholar is agreeably startled to find, that there is no such person as Jupiter in the old proper Mythology, unless he be Zeus Pater. It is always the Zeus of the Greeks. Neptune is no such person as he pretends to be: he is Poseidon. Mercury is Hermes; Cupid, Eros; Juno, Hera; and instead of Apollo, much as we love the word by itself, we have, at least at the top of the page, the "Phœbus-Apollo" of Homer, —a compound which conveys to us the idea of the God in his double capacity of the sun-god and the poet. We highly approve this plan, both as being the truth, and as giving the reader a new interest in the Greek writings. It gives them even a new gloss with their fondest lovers: and for the same reason, we like the translations that Mr Keightley has given of many of the other names, and wish he had done it to all. The channels through which scholarship is usually conveyed to the world, are too apt to chill the most beautiful imaginations; and we are glad to know the meaning as well as the sound of a god's name. The French fairy tales would not be admired as much as they are, if the original names only were retained, and *Ricquet-with-the-Tuft* were not naturalized among us, as well as the Princess Fair-Star, and the Lass with the Golden Locks: and for the same reason we like to hear of the *White Goddess* (Leucothea), of Apollo's having been in love with the Muse *Fair-Voice* (Calliope), of *Star-Coat* (Astrochiton) who entertained Bacchus in India, and of the five men who survived out of Cadmus's *Sown*, to wit, *Viper*, *Groundly*, *Earthly*, *Mighty*, and *Monster* (Echion, Udæus, Chthonius, Hyperénor, and Pelor.)

As we are not acquainted, (to our regret), with the scholars of Germany, we feared, when Mr Keightley professed himself in his Preface to be a disciple of the rational school of Voss and Lobeck, in opposition to Creutzer and the mystics, that he was going to "rationalize" the old fables, or as he justifiably expresses it, "pragmatise" them; that is to say, convert them into matters of history and probability, and thus deprive them, not only of their enchanted fruit, but of the very pith of their reasonableness; for it cannot be too often repeated, that men have imagination as well as what they exclusively understand by the term reason, and that when they launch into the unknown world, they may discover as many improbable things as they please, provided they delight us; not to mention, that there is a profounder reason for it, connected with the very best part of our well-being. But the perusal of a few pages agreeably undeceived us. Mr Keightley is at the mercy neither of allegories nor etymologies, of the mystical nor the verbal. He has the right voluntary faith, and believes just what a lover of Paganism ought to do. At the same time, he does not reject allegory, etymology, or history, where they are manifestly to be received; his work, generally speaking, is judicious throughout: the main views of it are always so. One of its best points, is his keeping in mind the modifications of the popular belief by times and manners; as where he says, for instance, that "Zeus and Hera in Homer, (Jupiter and Juno), are on all occasions described after a model presented by a Hellenic prince and his wife of the heroic ages," and takes care to point out to us the different periods at which various aspects and qualities were first ascribed to the Gods. (By the way, on what principle is it that Mr Keightley approves this gasping interval between the particle and the aspirated word, "a Hellenic," as he does in "a heroic," "a historical," &c. Surely the particle should be *an*, before all words which are not accented on the first syllable. In the latter case the *a* is right, as in "a horse," "a hero," "a history;" but would Mr Keightley, for the sake of euphony, leave out the letter *n* in the word *anhelitus?* He might omit it, we grant, for the sake of strengthening the meaning). It was in no profane spirit, but out of a pardonable resentment at the involuntary profaneness of others, that Fontenelle said, that "If God had made man in his own image, man had repaid him by making him in his." The ideas of a deity, in all ages, have been modelled upon the prevailing notions of what was most powerful and desirable. A philosopher's idea of a divinity, at the present moment, is very different from the one entertained by a cannibal chieftain. Revenge and punishment, on the part of Heaven, may, it is true, be allegorized, or more rationally made to signify the admonitory pain which ensues upon a dereliction from the right path of happiness: but these refinements were not in the thoughts of the old mythic writers, still less in those of the poets of luxurious ages. The Gods in Homer's time, as Mr Keightley has shewn, were fierce warriors and handsome women, but not ill-natured or monstrous. They had the virtues as well as vices of a healthy, robust period, little given

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to contemplation. As sophistication advanced, and "excitement" (to use a favourite modern word) grew in request, they became disgustingly cruel, and monsters arose among them. At all times they were as inclined to resentment as most people are, especially those in possession of authority. Leto (Latona) one of the gentlest of the goddesses, turned a parcel of clowns, for mocking her distress, into frogs; and made Niobe a childless mother, because she had dared to compete with her in rank. Demeter (Ceres), another, turned a boy into a lizard for laughing at her when she was "drinking some gruel;" and Apollo, the most good-natured of all the gods, who was lenient even to his faithless mistresses, flayed Marsuas alive for thinking himself as good a musician. This last fable, however, is traced to a "leathern bag," which hung over a cavern, from which the river Mareyas issued; so that we are indebted perhaps to some dull allegorist for this blot on the deity's scutcheon.

The following passages will afford some good specimens of the spirit in which our author has executed his task. Mr Keightley, with his usual judgment, thinks the Iliad and Odyssey written by different persons,—an opinion incidentally referred to in the beginning of the following extract. The passages, by the way, that we have selected, all contain some curious point. In the one before us we are presented with the strange notions entertained in the times of the Odyssey, respecting the state of the dead:—

'The region over which Hades presides is represented in the Iliad as being under the earth; in the Odyssey it, or the entrance to it, is placed in the dark region beyond the stream of Ocean: it is called Erebus; and the poet everywhere described it as dreary, dark, and cheerless. The dead, without distinction of good or evil, age or rank, wander about there, conversing of their former state on earth; they are unhappy, and they feel their wretched state acutely. Achilles, the son of a goddess, declares to Odysseus that he would rather be a day-labourer to the poorest cultivator on earth, than a king in those regions. They have no strength or power of mind or body. Some few, enemies of the Gods, such as Sisyphus, Tityus, Tantalus, are punished for their crimes, but not apart from the rest of the dead! Nothing can be more gloomy and comfortless than the whole aspect of the realm of Hades, as pictured in the Odyssey. It is, in fact, surprising that men who had such a dreary prospect before them should not have been more attached to life, and more averse from war and everything that might abridge the period, than the ancient Greeks were.'

* * * * * * *

'The favourite haunt of Hephæstus (Vulcan) on earth was the isle of Lemnos. It was here he fell when flung from heaven by Zeus, for attempting to aid his mother Hera, when Zeus suspended her in the air with anvils fastened to her feet. As knowledge of the earth advanced, Ætna, Lipari, and all other places where there was subterranean fire, were regarded as the forges of Hephæstus; and the Cyclops were associated with him as his assistants. In Homer, when Thetis wants Hephæstian armour for her son, she seeks Olympus, and the armour is fashioned by the artist-god with his own hand. In the Augustan age, Venus prevails on her husband, the master-smith, to furnish her son Æneas with arms, and he goes down from heaven to Lipari, and directs his men the Cyclops to execute the order. It is thus that mythology changes with modes of life.'—P. 84.

* * * * * * *

'A god so handsome and accomplished as Phœbus-Apollo could not well be supposed to be without his love adventures; yet it is observable that he was not remarkably happy in his love, either meeting with a repulse, or having his amour attended with a fatal termination.' * * * * 'The only celestial amour recorded of Apollo, is that with the Muse Calliope, of which the fruit was Orpheus.'—P. 92.

But see p. 149, where he is said to have had children by Thalia. This circumstance in Apollo's history has always struck us as remarkable. It seems wonderful how the poets could have avoided an amour between Apollo and Venus. Spenser, who was a great innovator in mythology, should have made one for him.

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'Hesiod says, that the Atlantis Maia bore to Zeus "the illustrious Hermes, the herald of the immortals." In another place he speaks of him very explicitly, as the deity presiding over flocks and herds, saying that the herdsmen prayed to him and Hecate. This poet also ascribes to him the only act injurious to man with which he is charged, namely a share in the fatal Pandora, to whom he gave "a currish disposition and thievish propensity."

'In after times, Hermes became the god of commerce, of wrestling, and all the exercises of the palæstra, of eloquence, even of thieving, which some think is so closely allied with trade; in short, of everything relating to gain, or requiring art and ingenuity. A certain good-humoured roguery was at all times a trait in his character. In the pleasing tale of Ares and Aphrodite already noticed, the gallant reply of Hermes to the question of Phœbus-Apollo called forth the laughter of the Olympians.'—P. 125.

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'"Zeus," says Hesiod, "was by Eurynome, the daughter of Ocean, the father of the 'three fair-cheeked Graces,' Aglaïa (*Splendour*), Euphrosyne (*Joy*), and lovely Thalia (*Pleasure*). "From their eyes," continues the poet, "as they gazed, distilled care-dispelling love; and they looked lovely from beneath their brows." According to Antimachus, the Graces were the daughters of Helius and Œgle (Splendour); and Hermesionax made Peitho (*Persuasion*) one of their number.

'Eteocles of Orchonenus is said to have been the first who established the worship of the three Graces in Greece. The Lacedemonians worshipped originally but two, whom they named Cletha and Phaënna (*Sound and Brightness*), and regarded as the bestowers of military fame. The Athenians adored the same number, under the names of Hegémone (*Leader*), and Auxo (*Increaser*):—a proof, as it were, of the different characters of these two nations.'—P. 152.

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'"In the Homeric poems," (that is to say, poems written by various persons in the manner of the great author of the Iliad, and at an early period), "we meet the various classes of nymphs. In the Odyssey, they are the attendants of Circe, the potent daughter of Helius, also designated as a goddess and a nymph, it is said,

"They spring from fountains and from sacred groves,
And holy streams that flow into the sea."

Yet these nymphs are of divine nature; and when Zeus, the father of the Gods, calls together his council,

"None of the streams save Ocean, stayed away,
Nor of the nymphs, who dwell in beauteous groves,
And springs of streams, and verdant grassy slades."

'"We believe," adds the author in a note "there is no word in the English language which so nearly expresses the Greek *αἴσυα*, as this old, now provincial term. The Anglo-Saxon *slaed* is certainly a valley; all the sports denominated slades that we have seen, were rich, irriguous, but somewhat depressed lands.' "—P. 207.

Mr Keightley's revival of this word is acceptable. The language of modern English literature, owing, no doubt, to the concentration of all thought and action into great cities, is not half abundant enough in local and other terms. May not *slade* come from the same root as the word *slide*, and imply one of those gentle dips of land, which would often be characterised, like those which our author speaks of? There is a place on the road between Kilburn and Edgeware called *The Slad*, which if our memory does not greatly deceive us, is of that description.

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'It is remarkable that it is only in the mythic names that the Latin form varies from the Greek; those of historical personages are nearly the same in both languages. Thus Pericles, Pindarus, Aristides, Pisander, scarcely differ from the Greek originals; while for Persephone, Heracles, Polydeukes, Odysseus,—we have Proserpine, Hercules, Pollux, and Ulysses. Does not this indicate that a knowledge of the Grecian mythology reached Latium long before the Latins had any intimacy with the Greek language? We always find, that foreign names undergo alteration in proportion to the ignorance of the language to which they belong. This is particularly to be observed in Oriental names, which are now spelt far more correctly than they were before we were become so familiar with Asia.'—P. 310.

It may be guessed from these extracts, the last of which presents us with a very scholarly and ingenious deduction, that Mr Keightley excels more in the elegance and judgment of his learning than in profoundness of thought, or even any very great relish of what he relates. The surprise he expresses at the willingness of the Greeks to hazard an abridgment of their lives because of their dreary notions of the life after death, is not founded in an intimate knowledge of human nature, to which the future is, in fact, as nothing, compared with the present, especially where excitement is to be had. Life itself is action, and the more vividly a person can live, the more he feels the principle of vitality within him, and on that very account is instinctively thoughtless of death. A very strenuous life is a kind of wine, and spins the blood into a carelessness of everything but its immediate sensation. Nor is our author's great judgment in other matters always free from oversight. In an article on Demeter he says, that because the mysteries of Eleusis were performed 'at the charge of the state, and under the superintendence of the magistrates, it follows as a necessary consequence, that the rites could have contained nothing that was grossly immoral or indecent.' Yet in a subsequent article, speaking of the emblems that were 'carried in processions at which modest virgins assisted,' he observes, that 'no ceremony more immoral or debasing is celebrated in India at the present day than polished Athens performed in the Phrygio-Grecian Dionysia.'

The want of gusto with which Mr Keightley has related the most celebrated stories of antiquity, is sometimes a little provoking; especially as we look on a portion of it as arising from a certain timidity, or rather from a want of faith in the sympathy of his reader. He doubts whether we shall participate in his enthusiasm, if he

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gives way to it. He should have done more honour to the beauty of his originals. If he had but believed he should have carried us with him, he would have done so. It is impossible also not to regret the golden opportunity he has lost, of introducing those divine pieces of poetry out of Milton and Spenser, in which the heathen mythology has been treated with no less learning than charmingness. But it is idle, perhaps, to lament these omissions. Mr Keightley has performed his part as a scholar with great judgment and good sense, not without a perception of the beautiful. He has supplied the *desideratum* he speaks of, as far as learning goes, and an "*initiation*" into the philosophy of his subject, which was all he undertook to do, with the exception of the curious information he has sprinkled through his book respecting the German scholars: and if it still remains for others to complete the philosophy, and to excite a fitter portion of poetical sympathy, we have only one or two books more to look forward to, and to hope that the authors will play their respective parts with equal zeal and sincerity.

Mr Keightley's work is adorned with twelve plates, abounding in figures from the antique, etched upon steel by Mr Brooke, who shewed some fancy in his designs for the 'Fairy Mythology.' We cannot praise the force of their drawing or the truth of their expressions; but designs from the antique are always welcome, especially in a work of this nature.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. III.—Egypt.

A JUDICIOUS CONQUEROR.

The following extract from an article in the 'Asiatic Researches,' contributed by Captain Wilford, will tend to strengthen the opinion now universally entertained by the ablest writers, that the shepherds who invaded Egypt, had migrated from a distant country in the East:—'An ancient king, called Chatara-Yona, passed a hundred years in a cavern of Crishna-giri, the Black Mountain, on the banks of the Cali, performing the most rigorous acts of devotion. At length Vishnu appeared to him, and promised him that he should have a son whom he was to name *Tumovatsa*. This prince, when he succeeded his father, was warlike and ambitious, but wise and devout. He prayed to Vishnu to enlarge his empire, and the god granted his request. Hearing that Misra-sthan (the land of Egypt) was governed by a powerful but unjust prince, called Nirmayada, he with a chosen army invaded that country, without any declaration of war, and began to administer justice among the people, to give them a specimen of a good king; and when Nirmayada sent to expostulate, he treated his remonstrance with disdain. This brought on a bloody battle of three days, in which the Egyptian king was killed. The conqueror, who fought like another Parasa Rama, then took possession of the kingdom of Misra, and governed with perfect equity. Babya Vatsa, his son, devoted himself to religion, and resigned his crown to his son, Rucma Vatsa, who tenderly loved his people, and so highly improved his country, that, from his just revenues, he amassed an incredible treasure. His wealth was so great, that he raised three mountains, called Rucm-adri, Rujat-adri, and Retu-adri, or the mountain of gold, of silver, and of gems.'

A CURIOUS REMARK.

The Pasha of Egypt, when visiting one of his military schools, exhorting the young officers to zeal and perseverance, the first difficulties being already overcome, said, 'If I had any influence in heaven, I should work miracles in your behalf; but I am nothing more than a man, and can only give you salaries.'

TRUE IGNOBILITY.

'On the return of the Count de Forbin from Thebes,' says Belzoni, 'I met him at Cairo, in the house of the Austrian Consul. I had begun the task of opening the pyramids, and had already discovered the false passage. The Count requested, in a sort of sarcastic manner, when I had succeeded in opening the pyramid,—which, no doubt, he supposed I never would,—that I would send him a plan of it, as he was about setting off for Alexandria the next day, and thence to France. I thought the best retaliation I could make, would be to send him the desired plan, and I did so, as soon as I opened the pyramid, which was a few days after his departure. Would any one believe that the noble Count, on his arrival in France, gave out that he had succeeded in penetrating the second pyramid of Djizeh, and brought the plan of it to Paris. Whether this be the fact or not, will appear from the following paragraph, taken from a French paper now in my possession:—"On the 24th of April, Monsieur Le Comte de Forbin, Director-general of the Royal Museum of France, landed at the lazaretto of Marseilles. He came last from Alexandria, and his passage was very stormy. He has visited Greece, Syria, and Upper Egypt. By a happy chance, some days before his departure from Cairo, he succeeded in penetrating into the second pyramid of Djizeh. Monsieur Forbin brings the plan of this important discovery, as well as much information on the labours of M. Drovetti, at Karnac, and on those which Mr Salt, the English Consul, pursues with the greatest success in the valley of Beban-el-Malook, and in the plain of Medinet Abou."'

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei—Kenilworth.
DRURY-LANE.—The School for Scandal—And The Legion of Honour.
COVENT GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—And The Highland Reel.

Our late illness makes us willing to take advantage of the non-appearance of anything new at the great theatres, and content ourselves with play-going on paper, till to-morrow night, when Madame PASTA re-appears. To see her we shall as surely go, as we would to see Truth herself; for Truth she is, with the voice of Music. Is she as true and as real as ever? Is she as great, and simple, and graceful? Is she as *fat!* or *fatter!* Shall we have to shew how that her fat is nothing (*Hibernice*), and her soul everything? Or rather, that her soul being so much, there cannot be too much of her in any way? These are questions that we ask of ourselves, as we should respecting a friend whom we have not seen a long time, and who is sure to be charming.

Meantime we must notice a subject of a very different nature. We are not sure that we do not owe both ourselves and our readers an apology for doing so; but we shall be as brief as possible. A few weeks ago a gentleman sent us the following old play-bill of the new piece entitled *Nettlewig Hall*. We did not publish it, because several other correspondents had noticed the piece, and we thought Mr CHARLES MOLLOY WESTMACOTT had had enough comment upon his production. One of them told us, that in quoting a passage from the *Times* in his journal respecting the singing of *God save the King*, before his farce, he inserted the word "popular" in it as applied to the farce. We said as little of that, as of the other communication; partly for the same reason, and partly because the very notice of miserable tricks like these seems to acquire a colour of shabbiness from their reflection. While behaving with this forbearance towards Mr MOLLOY WESTMACOTT, he thought proper to repeat his refuted nonsense about Mrs WAYLETT'S song in the Oratorios, and in return for being convicted of falsehood, to charge us with it himself. To these he added other licenses of his tongue, in the spirit of impertinent boys and such-like worthies, who having been punished after their fashion, till people are tired, think themselves below any further resentment, and therefore safe from it. It must be confessed, that for reasons well known to the public, Mr WESTMACOTT has some grounds for his conclusion; but for certain other reasons before alluded to in this paper, we had made up our mind not to suffer ourselves to be attacked with impunity; and in accordance with the plan which we have pursued to this effect, since THE TATLER was set up, we proceed to give him another word or two, since he insists upon it. The reader may remember a letter which Mr WESTMACOTT addressed to us in vindication of *Nettlewig Hall*, against a Correspondent. In this letter he refuted an imaginary charge against it (of its not being his own) and while he implied that it was new (by saying that *since* the production of *Maids and Bachelors* at the Surrey Theatre, he had 'perpetrated no dramatic offence,' 'up to the production of *Nettlewig Hall*,') endeavoured to provide for the escape of the real secret, by talking in the postscript of its being no crime to have attempted 'an improved edition of his own works.' The Correspondent in question says, that the two 'works' (*Maids and Bachelors*, and *Nettlewig Hall*) are the same, 'line for line.' We know not how this may be. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* Mr WESTMACOTT, endeavouring to confuse matters in his shabby way, said, in his answer to the charge of the title's having been used before, 'The farce of *Nettlewig Hall* is entirely my own, nor do I believe the title has *ever been before used*.' He *non-mi-ricordo'd* it. In the bill of the piece, as performed at Drury Lane, the title is, *Nettlewig Hall, or Ten to One*; and the *dramatis personæ* are, *Sir John Julius Nettlewig, Frederick Ramble, Tim Transit, Patrick O'Doherty, Ben Backstay, Miss Emily Constant, Mrs Deborah, Old Nancy, Coachman, Footman, Groom*, &c. Now look at the play-bill of the piece as performed at the Surrey Theatre in February 1824. First comes

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Borrachio the Outlaw, or the Child of Mystery; after which, says the bill, 'an entirely new broad farcical Burletta, in two acts, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations, called,

MAIDS AND BACHELORS;
OR, NETTLEWIG HALL.

With original Songs and Music. The Scenery by Mr WALKER and Assistants; and the Burletta written by CHARLES WESTMACOTT, Esq.

Sir John *Junius* Nettlewig, Mr LOVEDAY.
Frederick Bramble, Mr ROWBOTHAM. Tim Transit, Mr VALE.
Patrick *Finesse*, Mr BUCKINGHAM. Ben Backstay, Mr GALLOT.
Miss Emily Constant, Miss TUNSTALL.
Maria, Mrs HEALEY. Mrs Deborah, Mrs JONES.
Old Nancy, Mrs MEARS.

With Coachman, Footman, Groom, &c. to all appearance just the same as in the Drury Lane. How far the two pieces are likely to differ in other respects, is left for the reader to determine.

It is not pleasant for us to speak of Mr WESTMACOTT, nor even against him, if he will not force us. We can bring more excuses for him, than perhaps he can for himself; though we cannot wonder that those who suffer from his scandals, find him intolerable, and are tempted to abate him as a nuisance. His recommending us to the notice of the Stamp Office was a piece of spite, of a nature calculated to give us a worse opinion of him than we would fain entertain of anybody, supposing that he was aware of the extent of the mischief it might have occasioned: though under the present liberal and discerning Government we really do not fear it. But we caution him how he indulges his tongue against us any further, or affects to give this paper the most false and revolting of all characters,—that of his own.

— MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.—*Dr Fuller.*

DREAD OF DEATH.—It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him that he is at the end of his being.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Lord BYRON'S Tragedy of

WERNER, OR THE INHERITANCE.

[Adapted by Mr MACREADY.]

Josephine, Mrs Faucit. Ida Stralenheim, Miss Faucit.
Werner, Mr Macready. Ulric, Mr Wallack. Gabor, Mr Cooper.
Baron Stralenheim, Mr H. Wallack. Frits, Mr Younge. Henric, Mr Salter.
Eric, Mr C. Jones. Idenstein, Mr W. Bennett. Rodolph, Mr Cooke.
Arnheim, Mr Fenton. Meister, Mr Eaton. Ludwig, Mr Cathie.
Herman, Mr Honner.

In the course of the Evening, Spohr's Overture to 'Jessonda,' C. M. Von Weber's Overture to 'Preciosa,' and Rossini's Overture to 'The Siege of Corinth.'

After which, the Interlude of

A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

Lady Elisabeth Freelove, Mrs Waylett. Mrs Davis, Mrs C. Jones.
Colonel Freelove, Mr Vining. Lord Rivers, Mr Younge.
James, Mr Hughes. John, Mr Honner.

To conclude with the Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Ottavia, Miss Faucit. Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicole, Mr Webster. Fablo, Mr Hughes.
Albert, Mr H. Wallack. Theodore, Mr J. Vining.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack.
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford. Spoletto, Mr Bland.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; The Illustrious Stranger; and Turning the Tables.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr SHERIDAN.]

Lady Teazle, Miss Fanny Kemble. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs Vining.
Mrs Candour, Mrs Gibbs. Maria, Miss Taylor.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr Bartley. Sir Oliver Surface, Mr F. Matthews.
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr Wrench. Crabtree, Mr Blanchard.
Charles Surface, Mr C. Kemble. Joseph Surface, Mr Warde.
Careless, Mr Duruset. Rowley, Mr Evans. Moses, Mr Farley.
Trip, Mr Parry. Sir Harry, Mr Wilson.

In the course of the Evening, Miss Inverarity will sing 'Tyrant, soon I'll burst thy chains,' and the Duet of 'When thy bosom,' with Mr Braham.

After which the Musical Entertainment of

THE WATERMAN.

[By Mr DIBDIN.]

Tom Tug, Mr Braham, in which he will introduce 'The Bay of Biscay O.'

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; and The £100 Note.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LE PLUS BEAU JOUR DE LA VIE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de MM. SCRIBE et VARNER.
Madame de St André, Mme. Préval.
Antonine et Estelle, Mlle. St Ange et Mme. Gamard. Jules, Mlle. Elisa.
M. Bonnemain, M. Préval. M. de St André, M. Cloup.
Frédéric, M. Alfred.

Suivi de

VALERIE: OU, LA JEUNE AVEUGLE.

Comédie en Trois Actes, du Théâtre Français, de MM. SCRIBE et MELESVILLE.
Valérie, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Caroline de Blumfeld, Mlle. St. Ange.
Ernest, M. Pellasié. Henry Milner, M. Alfred. Ambroise, M. Laporte.

On Finira par la Première Représentation de

LE QUAKER ET LA DANSEUSE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, par MM. SCRIBE et PAUL DUPONT.
Miss Georgina Barlow, Mlle. Léontine Fay.
James Morton, M. Laporte. Arthur d'Arsie, M. Alfred. Murray, M. Paulin.
Toby, M. Gamard. Un Domestique, M. Granville.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gossoon Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play of

THE IRON CHEST.

[By G. COLMAN, the Younger.]

Helen, Miss Scott, Blanche, Mrs Vale. Judith, Madame Simon.
Barbara, Miss Somerville. Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr Osbaldiston.
Fitzharding, Mr D. Pitt. Wilford, Mr C. Hill. Adam Winterton, Mr Williams.
Rawbold, Mr Gough. Samson Rawbold, Mr Vale. Armstrong, Mr Almar.
Orson, Mr Asbury. Robber, Mr Webb. Robber's Boy, Master Pitt.
Gregory, Mr Lee. Peter, Mr Boulanger. Walter, Mr Grammer.

After which, a Dramatic Romance, in Two Acts, called

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Helena di Rosalvi, Miss M. C. Poole. Claudine, Miss Jordan.
Jacinthe, Miss Rumens. Rosa, Miss Nicol. Genevieve, Miss Somerville.
Felix, Mr Osbaldiston. Rosalvi, Mr D. Pitt. Jeronymo, Mr Young.
Marco, Mr Lee. Florio di Rosalvi, Miss Ellis. Baptista, Mr Webb.
Julio di Rosalvi, Master F. Carbery. Juan, Mr Tully.
Pietro, Mr Collier. Fabricio, Mr Fone.

To conclude with the Romantic Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

[By C. M. VON WEBER.]

Linda, Miss Somerville. Rose, Mrs Vale.
Ottacar, Mr Almar. Bernhard, Mr Gough. Caspar, Mr D. Pitt.
Rodolph, Mr Edwin. Rollo, Mr Ransford. Killian, Mr Vale.
Christopher, Mr Hobbs. Zamiel, Mr Asbury. Witch of the Glen, Mr Boulanger.
Huntsmen, Mr Webb, Mr Tully, and Mr Collier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

Taken from Sir W. SCOTT'S celebrated Story.

Lady Ashton, Miss Wells. Lucy Ashton, Mrs Evans. Marion, Miss Ayres.
Dame Lightbody, Mrs Garrick. Sir William Ashton, Mr Munroe.
Edgar, Mr Keppell. Hayston of Bucklaw, Mr Forrester. Randolph, Mr Cooke.
Captain Craigengelt, Mr Marshall. And Caleb Balderstone, Mr J. Russell.

After which a Grand Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

To which will be added a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

Mrs Pimpernel, Mrs Glover.
Mr Theophilus Bunbury, Mr Marshall. And Mr Alexis Twisselton, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.
French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stohwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Deesaix, Mr Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cheese
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The White and the Black Bear.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Master's Rival—The Skimmer of the Sea.

NEW CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE.—Billy Taylor—The Waterman—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, by Advertisement—The Bold Dragoons.

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Nº 215.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Alfred the Great, or The Patriot King. An Historical Play. By James Sheridan Knowles. Author of Virginius, Caius Gracchus, and William Tell. 8vo. pp. 85. Ridgway.

ALFRED was so great a man in the sense of goodness as well as of energy, and has come down to posterity with an aspect so perfect, that even his adversity appears to have been nothing, as compared with his virtues; and it is on this account that there has been a secret persuasion with dramatic people, that his history is unsuitable to the stage. His character was felt to be too sweet for terror, and too accomplished and successful to excite pity. This would not have been the case, had the public been made as familiar with the whole of his history, as they were with parts of it. This omission on the part of the numerous historians who have mentioned him, would have been unaccountable, if we did not know how much writers of all sorts were in the habit of copying from one another. In a philosophic historian like Hume it was unpardonable, and still more so in another (Sir James Macintosh) who had the benefit of Mr Turner's researches, and yet expresses his regret that we are not acquainted with the infirmities of which Alfred must have partaken in common with his fellow-creatures. Now it is to be gathered from Asser, the single-minded biographer and friend of Alfred, and if we are not greatly mistaken, has been shewn at some length by Mr Turner, the only complete historian of the Anglo-Saxon period, that Alfred in his youth partook, in no ordinary degree, of the levities and passions, and even the contemptuous confidence incidental to that time of life; and it seems probable that one of the reasons why the calamities of his country made such a profound impression upon him, was remorse for his having contributed to them by the carelessness of his government. It has often struck us, that a play which should begin with him in this point of view, and bring his subsequent lustre out of the darkness of his mistakes as well as misfortunes, would have rendered his character as dramatic as it need be; and if Mr Knowles had hit upon this view of the subject, we doubt whether his piece would have been held so long from the public, as it seems to have been. However, it has at length found a golden opportunity. Poets must sometimes wait for genial seasons, as bees do for the summer-time: a flood of sunshine has now poured upon his subject, and we trust the produce will be as abundant to him, as the stock is sweet.

Sweetness is indeed the main characteristic of this play, as it is of all Mr Knowles's that we have seen, however rough some of the personages may be that he introduces. His titles may look stern or warlike; the cocoa-nut may have a rough outside; but there is not only the usual metaphorical amount of milk within: it is full *of* it. Mr Knowles's plays have a right to be called "Historical," but they have a still greater right to be called "Domestic." Wherever he goes, he carries home and its affections with him. All his patriots and heroes are fathers, brothers, or husbands. In the play before us, though none of the obvious points of historical interest are omitted, three parts at least are occupied with the private affections. Is this a defect? Quite the contrary. The highest public interest is only made up at last, of what interests us all privately. We like Alfred because he tasted of our misfortunes, and our barley-cakes. We like the King now reigning, because we look upon him as a man who has mingled with, and can feel for all classes of his subjects. What would any tragedy be to us, or poetry, or 'the great globe itself,' or the whole region of the unknown and invisible, if the thoughts of it did not produce emotions connected with the consideration of our common welfare, or that of the least of little ones.

Agreeably to this character of moral sweetness, Mr Knowles's play, notwithstanding its historical and serious character, may emphatically be styled a pleasant one: the people in it are almost all pleasant. He fetches out the goodness they have in them: and tempers the bitterest things they have to undergo with some cordial drop of tenderness or generosity. The passing delirium of Alfred's Queen, and of Guthrum's daughter, are both occasioned by the noblest love; and the Chieftain himself, violent as he is, is more a father than a man of violence. Like most men, he has some passion beyond what appears on the face of his public conduct, and this passion is love for his child; nor is this unnatural, but extremely the reverse; for violent people, though they pretend otherwise, even to themselves, meet with so much opposition, as to force upon them a sense of their imperfections, and render them anxious to identify their natures somehow, with something better. Now a child is a continuation of the parent, and in an amiable child, a violent father, if he has any generosity, eagerly seizes upon this set off to the bad part of him. Even Squire Weston, though he had not the sense to know it, had at least self-love enough to value his daughter on a similar account. She was *his* daughter. He had done at least one graceful thing in his life, in being the father of her; and upon this he never could sufficiently congratulate himself. We like plays of this description the more, because, as we have before remarked, there is a deficiency in the world, of pleasant books. There is an abundance of painful ones, and their effect may have been salutary, supposing them to have kept the world in a state of discontent with evil, instead of acquiescence to it. But the world is now beginning to be wisely bent upon taking the 'goods the gods provide them,' and among other happy things, we might as well have some happy historical plays. Mr Knowles's women are pleasant, his heroes are pleasant; he has made the pleasure consist with truths, and we therefore thank him for the faith we can have in it.

We do not think the play equal to Virginius. There is not so strong and simple a tide in it, or continuity of action; neither, on that account, is the language so equably good and sustained. It may compete with William Tell. Caius Gracchus we are not acquainted with. The manners also are very strictly observed; and Alfred is erroneously made to have originated the Trial by Jury. But the play is very dramatic throughout. The points of the stage have evidently been as deeply as they are happily considered. Every scene tells, at least in the perusal; (for we were unfortunately too ill to see it come out); and the historical points, especially that of the burnt cakes, are given with a felicity, upon which the author may be particularly congratulated, since it is extremely difficult to avoid spoiling events so familiar and well-known, either by attempting to give them dignity on the one hand, or having too much confidence in their simplicity and homeliness on the other. The spirit of the piece has been most unjustly said to be melo-dramatic, or ostentatious. Mr Knowles, for instance, has judiciously avoided making the tart housewife relent in her shrewishness, or seize an opportunity for repentance; a common-place, upon which a vulgar melo-dramatic author would have infallibly seized. The only symptom of consideration that she gives, is of a superstitious nature (where the old man tells Alfred that he will be prosperous for his kindness to him); and if it be true, as well as highly probable, that Mr Knowles added any lines 'for the occasion,' to the passages alluding to English kings and patriotism, we will affirm, that far from giving the critics a right to consider them as 'clap-traps,' in the vulgar sense of that word, he had not only a right to add them, but was called upon to do so, by the extraordinary nature of the times, and the enthusiasm of the community.

The success of this piece, as was to be expected, was very great, and we suppose will continue so. A letter appeared in our paper the other day, objecting to the repetition of pieces at the theatres, and with justice as far as bad pieces are concerned; but surely if a play like this can run so night after night, the more nights it run the better. What do we lament on the stage, but that such pieces do not appear oftener? One of the most singular testimonies to the merits of Mr Knowles's play, was an extraordinary ebullition of

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spleen against it in a morning paper, amounting to the personal; a tirade apparently of so unaccountable and suffering a nature, that the severest as well as kindest rebuke to be given to it, is to say nothing about it.

The following is the scene of the cakes:

Maude. 'Tis noon, and yet
No sign of Edwin! Dost thou mind thy task?
Look to't! and when the cakes are fit to turn
Call, and I'll come!
Alfred. I'll turn them, dame.
Maude. You will?
You'll break them!—Know I not your handy ways?
I would not suffer thee put finger to them!
Call, when 'tis time! You'll turn the cakes forsooth!
As likely thou could'st make the cakes as turn them! [*Exit.*

Alf. So much for poverty! Adversity's
The nurse for kings;—but then the palace gates
Are shut against her!—They would else have hearts
Of mercy oft'ner—*gems not always dropp'd*
In fortune's golden cup. What thought hath he
How hunger warpeth honesty, whose meal
Still waited on the hour? Can he perceive
How nakedness converts the kindly milk
Of nature into ice, to whom each change
Of season—yea, each shifting of the wind,
Presents his fitting suit? Knows he the storm
That makes the valiant quail, who hears it only
Thro' the safe wall—its voice alone can pierce;
And there talks comfort to him with the tongue,
That bids without the shelterless despair?
Perhaps he marks the mountain wave, and smiles
So high it rolls!—*while on its fellow hangs*
The fainting seaman glaring down at death
In the deep trough below! I will extract
Riches from penury; from sufferings
Coin blessings; that if I assume again
The sceptre, I may be the more a king
By being more a man!

MAUDE *re-enters, goes towards the fire, lifts the cakes, goes to* ALFRED, *and holds them to him.*

Maude. Is this your care?
Ne'er did you dream that meal was made of corn,
Which is not grown until the earth be plough'd;
Which is not garner'd up until 'tis cut;
Which is not fit for use until 'tis ground;
Nor used then till kneaded into bread?
Ne'er knew you this? It seems you never did,
Else had you known the value of the bread;
Thought of the ploughman's toil; the reaper's sweat;
The miller's labour; and the housewife's thrift;
And not have left my barley cakes to burn
To very cinders!
Alf. I forgot, good dame.
Maude. Forgot, good dame, forsooth! You ne'er forgot
To eat my barley cakes! *(knock)* Open the door!

The following is very striking. Some Saxons having come into the cottage, one of them feels a mysterious interest in the look of Alfred, and addresses a question to him as he sits mending his bow:—

Egbert (to Alfred) Is it a bow
You shape?
Alf. It is.
Eg. I pray you show it me.
Alf. (*rising and coming forward*) Here.
Eg. (*struck with the appearance of Alf.*) Forgive me that I call'd you from your seat.
Alf. No wrong is done where none is meant.
Eg. You make
The wrong the greater, so excusing it.
Lodge you beneath this roof?
Alf. I do.
Eg. (*aside.*) I've met
With men whose faces utter histories,
That seeing them I could tell their course of life—
Whether on ocean or on land—uneven
Or smooth—almost what perils they had run,
Or incidents of happy fortune seen.
Now his is one of them,
Alf. You'd see the bow?
Eg. (*mechanically taking, and almost at the same time returning it.*) Your pardon.

Alfred wants a harp to go into the Danish camp with, and bethinks him of one that he has seen in the neighbourhood:—

Yes! Life and empire on this cast I'll stake!
But how provide myself! There is a place
In the glen where, of its shaggy vesture scant,
It's sides stand bare, and their huge ribs expose
Of solid rock; so giddy steep withal,
That down direct from the precipitous verge
You many fathoms look.—There have I mark'd
A lonely wight at the bottom couch'd, with harp
Playing to the idle echoes by the hour,
Admiring how they mock'd him—I will use
That harp!—will use it to expel the foe,
That thrust its master from the shining hall
To the dim cavern-cell; spill'd his heap'd dish—
O'erturn'd his cup, from all sides running o'er,
And cast him, with that golden song of his,
To roots and water.

Is this melo-dramatic writing?

Papers picked up at Sea, relating to the Currency and Banking. 8vo. pp. 52. Le Roy. Calais. 1831.

So much has been written and spoken on the subject of Currency and Banking, that if the general enlightenment has been at all in proportion to the exertions of the advocates of all sides of these questions, there must be few persons who have now much to learn. Unhappily, with regard to the Currency, there are so many collateral topics to be considered in connexion with it, that a great deal of complexity is unavoidable; and the consequence is, that no decision is ever arrived at, so unequivocally right, as to obtain the acquiescence of the contending parties. Discussion, however, has not been without its usual good effects; a great many errors, supported by sounding names, have been exploded, and certain leading principles are no longer subjected to dispute. The present pamphlet merits distinction, on account of the lively manner in which the author handles subjects, apparently so unprepossessing, at the same time that he reasons so as to entitle him to the consideration which is accorded to graver disputants. The views of the author, and the contents of the pamphlet, may be gathered from the following passage from the preface:—

'They (the papers) consist of a conversation (beginning with a fable), on the Banking and Currency Question, between delegates of the people and the king's ministers. It opens with the history of the Bank restriction and its fatal consequences to us all. The delegates make known to the ministers that they are all very much embarrassed, and that low prices, with high rents and heavy taxes, cannot much longer be borne. A question is then raised whether it would be expedient, with a view of raising prices, to dose the public with a fresh issue of assignats; *that* being disposed of, the ministers are then asked to bring about an equitable adjustment, in which the fundholders are particularly comprehended. At the end of this discussion, a guinea falling from Lord Bexley's pocket becomes suddenly endowed with the faculty of speech, joins in the conversation, differs from the delegates as to the remedy for their distress, warmly defends Mr Peel's Bill of 1819, and suggests various alterations in our monetary system:—1st, That Government should break up and shiver to pieces the monopoly of the Bank, and take the currency and the management of the public debt into its own hands; 2ndly, that, with a view of preventing panics, we should change the present system of compensating the London bankers; and 3rdly, that we should let loose again, under certain regulations, the imprisoned one-pound notes. Such are the contents of these shipwrecked papers.'

Paper money is treated of under the symbol of horse-chesnuts, which he represents the minister (Mr Pitt) to have discovered to be an admirable substitute for the gold and silver, which the continuance of the war had gone near to exhaust. We cannot pretend to do justice to the author's arguments, and shall therefore merely quote a passage or two, that our readers may have a taste of his quality. He is speaking of the Bank-restriction, the issue of paper money, and the effects of those measures on the country.

'Thus supplied with fresh means, the nation acquired fresh appetite for war. It again unsheathed its sword in pursuit of what it called glory: the minister never lacked means. Did he contemplate an attack on Copenhagen? He sent his compliments to these bankers, who, ringing a bell, desired Mr Triquet to go into the garden, and shake down a million of horse-chesnuts. Did he desire to send an expedition to Walcheren? The chiefs were again applied to; the bell was again rung, and Mr Hogsflesh * was desired to hie into the court, and bring in two millions of the circulating medium. In this way matters went on for several years: as the new money was doled out, the products of the earth were seen to rise in value; and the great productive interests of the country found themselves suddenly enriched. All went on merrily as at a marriage-feast, for along with the rise of prices all these classes of society changed their habits of living. They became expensive and aristocratical. The farmers, in particular, became suddenly a new race of men. Instead of rising with the lark, and breakfasting off bacon, or at best a toad in the hole, they did not rise until the dew had disappeared from the ground, and for breakfast they ate maintenon cutlets, using a silver fork of the fiddle pattern. They rode fine blood-horses; and it appears from old legends, that they

* Mr Triquet and Mr Hogsflesh were two of the clerks who signed the Bank-notes.

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wore spurs of such a prodigious length, that they were obliged to walk down stairs *backwards*. Their children, instead of making dumplings, were taught pneumatics, hydrostatics, mathematics, vegetable physiology, and spherical trigonometry; and history relates, in proof of their effeminacy, that they travelled regularly twice a-year to the capital, to have their teeth cleaned by one Cartwright, a celebrated dentist. In short, the whole face of society underwent a total change.

'"Is there nothing unsound," exclaimed the philosophers, "in these high prices, and in this sudden prosperity? Is it not the effect of a fictitious circulation which has debased the standard, and is it not our duty to inform the people, and to warn them of the consequences, in respect of their dealings with one another, which will follow the withdrawal of this unreal measure of value, and the restoration of the precious metals?" *

'"No," said the elders of the nation; "the public need no warning at all. The prosperity of which you complain is wholesome and permanent, † and not the consequence of a vicious currency. Neither is it true that we have falsified the standard, and of this we will soon convince you." The elders then assembled in council, and having said their prayers, declared, by acclamation, that a horse-chesnut and a shilling were equal in value to a guinea. ‡

The mode of compensating the London Bankers, and the question, soon to be agitated, of the renewal of the Bank Charter, are discussed with ability; and in the concluding paragraph of his pamphlet, the author reviews his own strictures, and states the grounds on which only the Bank is entitled to ask for a continuance of their monopoly.

'In the foregoing pages I have abated nothing of the tone and manner of the different belligerents. At times there seems an asperity of feeling against the Bank, but as the battle turns upon events which took place before the present Directors were known to the public, they cannot complain of being personally flouted. It is the system, and not the men, that is here attacked; and it may be consolatory to the friends of the Bank to know that their nerves were never *yet* shaken by pamphlets. There is a banker in London, who, whenever this great lion is mentioned in public, is seen to prostrate himself before him, to comb his mane, wash his feet, and sprinkle him with rose-water. I desire no greater pleasure than that the lion should thus address him:—"I observe you very often chaunting complimentary ditties under my chamber-window: I am about to ask the Parliament to renew the lease of my den, and the time is now come when I require of my friends to do something else. I have been charged, by a reference to my own acts and also to public documents, with having misunderstood and largely mismanaged the trust that has been reposed in me. I am told that I have been a source of public injury and public wrong, and that my very existence is a satire upon the institutions of a free people. Now, as you love me, leave off, I implore you, these adulatory offerings to my power and beauty, and apply yourself to show,—1st, That I have not misunderstood nor mismanaged my trust; 2dly, that instead of a public wrong, the nation has always found in me a source of strength and prosperity; for on these conditions only will I consent to hold my exclusive privileges." '

* Edinburgh Reviews. 1809, 11, 12, 13
† George Rose, Lord Londonderry, Mr Perceval.
‡ Mr Vansittart's celebrated Resolution, 1811.

COLUMBUS.—The remains of Columbus were first deposited in the convent of St Francisco, at Valladolid, from whence they were removed in 1513, to the Carthusian Monastery of Santa Maria de las Cueras, at Seville. In 1536, his body and that of his son Diego were transported to Hispaniola, and buried in the cathedral of the city of St Domingo, from whence his mouldered dust, after the lapse of two centuries and a half, was again removed, and deposited in a final resting place, with great pomp, in the cathedral of the Havannah, Jan 15, 1796. Thus, like himself, his ashes were doomed to wander; and, when no longer animated by his lofty spirit, were seen buffeting amid the Atlantic waves, to seek repose on the shores of that world which had conferred so imperishable a fame on its discoverer.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.*

A GREAT DINNER AMONG GREAT PEOPLE.—The dinner proceeded heavily, and before the end of the third course, I was thoroughly bored. The company was unquestionably composed of persons of excellent family; and it is as certain that they were pre-eminently dull. I know not a more lamentable sight than stupidity surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of rank and wealth. A sixpenny print in a splendid frame is an object not more contemptible to the physical eye, than an insignificant person, who derives all his importance from extrinsic advantages, is to the moral perception. It had been Lady Cuthullin's intention, that her entertainment should be distinguished by an imposing character,—and she realized her wishes. Stateliness and dullness were the order of the day. The illustrious guests felt that they were in a situation in which they received their full allowance of honour and consideration for those properties, which are less duly estimated in more miscellaneous society. They therefore abstained from conversation, because they knew that it tended to produce a relaxation of dignity; besides, it was contrary to etiquette, to start a topic in the presence of Royalty, and neither of the Princes were men of talk.—*Sydenham, or the Man of the World.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

SLEEP PRODUCTIVE OF CORPULENCE.—It is well known that animals that sleep much grow fat; and this circumstance is taken advantage of by those who fatten cattle and cows for market. This seems to have given rise to the vulgar error, that animals grow fatter during their winter torpor, whilst it is forgotten that the requisite supply of nourishment is suspended. The fact, however, holds good with regard to much sleep upon man. Boerhaave relates the history of a physician who took it into his head that sleep was the natural state of man, and in compliance with his favourite theory, slept eighteen out of the twenty-four hours, till he became very corpulent, and died suddenly of apoplexy.—*Reeve—On the Torpidity of Animals.*

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR FRANKLIN.—The Doctor, when he was last in England, walking up Ludgate-hill, with his spectacles on, he jostled a porter very heavily laden. The fellow, irritated at what he supposed an insult, immediately turned round, and in the peevishness of resentment, exclaimed, "Damn your spectacles!'—"Thank you, my friend," replied the Doctor, "'tis not the first time my spectacles have saved my eyes; for I suppose, if I had happened not to have them on, it would have been,—damn your eyes."—*Taylor's Cabinet of Curiosities.*

THE SUPPOSED USES OF THE PYRAMIDS.—Mr Wilford informs us, that on his describing the great Egyptian Pyramid to several very learned Brahmins, they declared it at once to have been a temple; and one of them asked if it had not a communication with the river Nile. When he answered that such a passage was mentioned as having existed, and that a well was at this day to be seen, they unanimously agreed that it was a place appropriated to the worship of Padna Devi, and that the supposed tomb was a trough, which, on certain festivals, her priests used to fill with the sacred water and lotus-flowers. The most probable opinion respecting the object of these vast edifices is that which combines the double use of the sepulchre and the temple,—nothing being more common in all nations than to bury distinguished men in places consecrated to divine worship.—*Egypt. Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. III.*

LENGTHENED TORPIDITY.—It has been observed that animals that remain torpid during the winter season, lose little of their size or weight, during this space of time (sometimes three or four months) in which they take no food; and that it is only when accident deprives them of food after their revival, that they are soon lean and emaciated in the spring. It seems that the torpidity may be long continued, by artificial means, without ultimate injury to the animal. "It sometimes happens that some hybernating animals kept in warm rooms, do not become torpid at the temperature which would have rendered them so, if they had been at liberty. The great processes of life, the respiration, the circulation, and the nutrition, are not interrupted in these instances; and here we may notice a remarkable difference between the viviparous and oviparous quadrupeds, since the latter become torpid in every possible situation and in all circumstances, when exposed to the proper degree of cold, and remain so as long as they are kept in that condition. Spallanzani discovered this fact by keeping some species of these quadrupeds in a temperature between 38, and 39, for three years and a half, without food; when they recovered their vital functions and original vivacity in the month of May, on being put into a reservoir of water, where they multiplied.—*Reeve—on the Torpidity of Animals.*

FAIRYLAND.—The Reverend Robert Kirke, author of the 'Secret Commonwealth' (a work concerning the fairy people) is believed himself to have been taken away by the fairies, in revenge, perhaps, for his having let in too much light upon the secrets of their commonwealth. We learn this catastrophe from the information of his successor, the late amiable and learned Dr Patrick Grahame, also minister of Aberfoil, who, in his Sketches of Perthshire, has not forgotten to touch upon the *Daoine Shie*, or men of peace. The Rev. Robert Kirke was, it seems, walking upon a little eminence to the west of the present manse, which is still held a *Dun Shie*, or fairy mound, when he sunk down in what seemed to mortals a fit, and was supposed to be dead. This, however, was not his real fate.—"Mr Kirke was the near relation of Graham of Duchray, the ancestor of the present General Graham Stirling. Shortly after his funeral, he appeared, in the dress in which he had sunk down, to a medical relation of his own and of Duchray. "Go," said he to him, "to my cousin Duchray, and tell him that I am not dead. I fell down in a swoon, and was carried into fairyland, where I now am. Tell him, that when he and my friends are assembled at the baptism of my child (for he had left his wife pregnant) I will appear in the room, and that if he throws the knife which he holds in his hand, over my head, I will be released, and restored to human society."—The man, it seems, neglected to deliver the message. Mr Kirke appeared to him a second time, threatening to haunt him night and day, till he executed his commission, which at length he did. The time of the baptism arrived. They were seated at table, the figure of Mr Kirke entered, but the Laird of Duchray, by some unaccountable fatality, neglected to perform the prescribed ceremony. Mr Kirke retired by another door, and was seen no more. It is firmly believed that he is, at this day, in Fairyland."—*Notes to Rob Roy.*

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FEMALE CLAIMS ADMITTED.—In the course of the late war, and during the alarm of invasion, a fleet of transports entered the Frith of Forth, under the convoy of some ships of war that would reply to no signals. A general alarm was excited, in consequence of which all the fishers who were enrolled as sea-fencibles got on board the gun-boats, which they were to man as occasion should require, and sailed to oppose the supposed enemy. The foreigners proved to be Russians, with whom we were then at peace. The country gentlemen of Mid-Lothian, pleased with the zeal displayed by the sea-fencibles at a critical moment, passed a vote for presenting the community of fishers with a silver punch-bowl, to be used on occasions of festivity. But the fisherwomen, on hearing what was intended, put in their claim to have some separate share in the intended honorary reward. The men, they said, were their husbands; it was they who would have been the sufferers if their husbands had been killed, and it was by their permission and injunctions that they embarked on board the gun-boats for the public service. They therefore claimed to share the reward in some manner that should distinguish the female patriotism which they had shewn on the occasion. The gentlemen of the county willingly admitted the claim; and without diminishing the value of their compliment to the men, they made the females a present of a valuable brooch, to fasten the plaid of the queen of the fisherwomen for the time. It may be further remarked, that these Nereids are punctilious among themselves, and observe different ranks, according to the commodities they deal in. One experienced dame was heard to characterize a younger damsel as "a puir silly thing, who had no ambition, and would never," she prophesied "rise above the *mussell-line* of business."—*Notes to the Antiquary.*

GENEROUS SELF-DEVOTION.—Among the inmates of the house in which Mr Withering lodged (in 1764) he found an entertaining companion in an elderly lady of the name of Tulloch,—well read, and replete with family anecdote, a kind of knowledge in which the matrons of the North usually pride themselves. From her was derived an historical fact, which, probably, being little known, and affording a noble instance of devotion on the part of a gallant Scotsman to Prince Charles Edward Stuart (who, however unsuccessful in his attempts to seize the sovereignty of these kingdoms, reigned in the hearts of the faithful Highlanders) may be here inserted. The Prince, in his flight, after the battle of Culloden, sought shelter in a wood, accompanied by Daniel Tulloch, Rory Mackenzie, and a few others. The wood had been invested for some days by the King's troops, when the Duke of Cumberland received positive information that the object of pursuit was there concealed. The soldiers were divided into thirty companies, with orders to penetrate from so many different points. The refugees observing their enemies approach, and finding escape impracticable, resolved to die like heroes; but Mackenzie prepared for a still more generous sacrifice. Having prevailed upon his companions to ascend a large tree, he himself remained below, pretending to be the young Chevalier. He was discovered stretched on the ground, and instantly commanded to surrender; when, starting up and drawing his claymore, "What!" he exclaimed, "do you not know your Prince?" at the same moment rushing forward with desperation, he cut down two of his opponents before he fell, overpowered by numbers. His head was severed from his body, and having been declared to be that of the unhappy Charles, even by the barber who had shaved his head in Edinburgh, was conveyed to London, where the mortifying mistake was detected.—*Memoirs of Dr Withering.*

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Werner—A Day After the Wedding—The Brigand.
COVENT GARDEN.—The School for Scandal—The Waterman.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Seria, in Two Acts, of

MEDEA.

[By MAYER.]

The principal Characters by Madame Pasta, Miss F. Ayton, Mlle. Feliani, Signor Rubini, Signor Curioni, Signor Deville, and Signor Lablache.

After which, the New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA NAYADE.

[Composed by M. TAGLIONI.]
The Music by M. Nadaud.

Principal Characters, Mlle. Taglioni, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, and Mlle. Brocard.
M. Emile, and M. Lefebvre.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.
[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Lesbia, Zemira, Miss Cawse, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with the Farce of

THE £100 NOTE.

Lady Pedigree, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Arlington, Miss Taylor, in which she will sing 'My Father Land,' and The Bavarian Broom Girl's Song.
Mrs Arlington, Miss Lawrence. Nurse, Mrs Daly. Janus, Mr F. Matthews.
Montmorency, Mr Wrench. Morgan, Mr Blanchard. O'Shockneesy, Mr Power.
Billy Black, Mr Keeley. Paperfund, Mr Turnour. Bilker, Mr Evans.

To-morrow, The Merchant of Venice; The Romance of a Day.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]
The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'The Law of Java,' and Rossini's Overture to 'La Cenerentola.'

After which, a Musical Farce, in Two Acts, called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Fatima, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Irza, Miss Faucit. Aboulifar, Mr Thompson. Arzan, Mr Bland.
Alibajou, Mr Webster. Bowbell, Mr Liston. Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To conclude with a New Farce, called

TURNING THE TABLES.

[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To-morrow, The Emissary; or, the Revolt of Moscow; Popping the Question; and The Jenkinses.

SURREY THEATRE.

The celebrated Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

VIRGINIUS! THE ROMAN FATHER.

Virginia, Miss Scott. Servia, Miss M. C. Poole.
Appius Claudius, Mr Dibdin Pitt. Caius Claudius, Mr Honner.
Marcus, Mr Almar. Virginius, Mr Osbaldiston.
Dentatus, Mr Williams. Icilius, Mr C. Hill. Numitorius, Mr Gough.
Lucius, Mr Lee. Titus, Mr Webb.
Servius, Mr Rogers. Cneius, Mr Maitland. Publius, Mr Asbury.

The Military Brigand Dance, by Mlle. Rosier.

After which a New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND! OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

[By Mr THOMPSON.]
The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Mrs Vale. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Enniscore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

To conclude with the Melo-Drama, entitled

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

[By E. FITZBALL, Esq.]

The Dumb Sailor Boy, Miss Scott. Becky Butterfly, Mrs Vale.
Hans Hattock, Mr D. Pitt. Guy Ruthven, Mr C. Hill. Capt. Taffrail, Mr Honner.
Sir John Trevanley, Mr Gough. Samson Sawdust, Mr Vale.
Jupiter Seabreeze, Mr Rogers.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Drama, called

THE MOUNTAIN DEVIL.

Julitte Corvenio, Mlle. Celeste.
Count Corvenio, Mr Spencer. Strapado, Mr Marshall.
Justine, Mr Tilbury. Moco, Mr Bennet. Antonio, Mr Munro.
Desperetto, Mr Cooke.

After which a Variety of National Dances.

To which will be added a Musical Entertainment, called

BARON TRENCK.

Countess Holtzdorf, Miss Stobwasser. Victorine, Miss Vernon.
Count of Linsdorf, Mr Tilbury. Major Muffledorf, Mr Marshall.
Baron Trenck, Mr Green. Augustus, Mr Bennett. Boltzheim, Mr Cooke.
François Bassomrompdorf, Mr J. Russell.

And a New Divertissement Ballet, entitled

THE PATRIOTS OF POLAND.

With New Music by Mr Harroway.
The principal Characters by Mlle. Celeste, Mlle. Constance, Mlle. Josephine, Mr H. Cooke, Mr Seymour, and the Corps de Ballet.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]
The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Loudon, Miss Stobwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessaix, Mr Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cheese.
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The White and the Black Bear.

COBURG THEATRE. — Guy Fawkes — Reform — Oh Crikey! What a Shocking Bad Hat—Devil's Ducat.

ROYAL PANARMONION THEATRE.—Idiot Witness—Les Villageurs—Miller's Maid.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1831.

THE EAST-WIND.

Our readers, it seems, are not unwilling that we should occasionally vary our paper with articles of the same sort as those we put forth in a periodical published some years ago under the title of the *Indicator*; and as we are glad to know their pleasure, and the plan is very agreeable to us, especially when the book season is not very stirring, we shall from time to time act accordingly. Here follows then an assault upon that common enemy, the East-Wind.

Did anybody ever hear of the East-Wind when he was a boy? We remember no such thing. We never heard a word about it, all the time we were at school. There was the schoolmaster with his *ferula*, but there was no East-Wind. Our elders might have talked about it, but their calamities are inaudible in the ears of the juvenile. A fine day was a fine day, let the wind be in what quarter it might. At present, we hear everybody complaining, that the fine weather is polluted by the presence of the East-Wind. It has lasted so long as to force itself upon people's attention. The ladies confess their exasperation with it, for making free without being agreeable; and as ladies' quarrels are to be taken up, and there is no other way of grappling with this invisible enemy, we have put ourselves in a state of Editorial resentment, and have resolved to write an article against it.

The winds are among the most mysterious of the operations of the elements. We know not whence they come, or whither they go,—how they spring up, or how fall,—why they prevail so long, after such and such a fashion in certain quarters; nor, above all, why some of them should be at once so lasting and apparently so pernicious. We know some of their uses; but there is a great deal about them we do not know, and it is difficult to put them to the question. As the sailor said of the ghosts, "we do not understand their tackle." What is very curious is, there seems to be one of them which prevails in some particular quarter, and has a character for malignity. In the South there is the *Scirocco*, an ugly customer, dark, close, suffocating, making melancholy; which blots the sky, and dejects the spirits of the most lively. In the Oriental parts of the Earth, there is the Tifoon, supposed by some to be the Typhon, or Evil Principle of the ancients; and in Europe we have the East-Wind, whom the ancients reckoned among the Sons of Typhon. The winds, Mr Keightley tells us, were divided by the Greeks into *wholesome* and *noxious*; the former of which, Boreas (North-Wind), Zephyrus (West-Wind), and Notus (South-Wind), were, according to Hesiod, the children of Astræus *(Starry)* and Eos *(Dawn)*. The other winds, he says (probably meaning only those [who blow from the East), are the race of Typhoëus, whom he describes as the last and most terrible child of Earth. In Greece, as over the rest of Europe, the East-Wind was pernicious.'

In England, the East-Wind is accounted pernicious if it last long, and it is calculated, we believe, that it blows during three parts even of our fine weather. We have known a single blast of it blight a long row of plants in a green-house. Its effects upon the vegetable creation are sure to be visible if it last any time; and it puts invalids into a very unpleasant state, by drying the pores of the skin, and thus giving activity to those numerous internal disorders, of which none are more painful than what the moderns call nervousness, and our fathers understood by the name of the Vapours or the "Spleen," which, as Shenstone observed, is often little else than obstructed perspiration. An irritable poet exclaimed—

> "Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
> Our melting clime, except the baleful East
> Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
> The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk'd
> Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene:
> Good Heav'n! for what unexpiated crimes
> This dismal change?———

This terrible question we shall answer presently. Meantime, the suffering poet may be allowed to have been a little irritated. It is certainly provoking to have this invisible enemy invading a whole nation at his will, and sending among us, for weeks together, his impertinent and cutting influence, drying up our skins, blowing dust in our eyes, contradicting our sunshine, smoking our suburbs, behaving boisterously to our women, aggravating our scolds, withering up our old gentlemen and ladies, nullifying the respite from smoke at Bow, perplexing our rooms between hot and cold, closing up our windows, exasperating our rheumatisms, basely treating the wounds of our old soldiers, spoiling our gardens, preventing our voyages, assisting thereby our Bow Street runners, hurting our tempers, increasing our melancholies, deteriorating our night-airs, shewing our wives' ancles, disordering our little children, not being good for our beasts, perplexing our pantaloons (to know which to put on), deranging our ringlets, scarifying our eyes, thinning our apple-tarts, endangering our dances, getting damned our weathercocks, barbarizing our creditors, incapacitating our debtors, obstructing all moist processes in the arts, hindering our astronomers,* tiring our editors, and endangering our sales.

The poet asks what crimes could have brought upon us the evils of our climate? He should ask the school-boy that runs about, the gipsy who laughs at the climate, or the ghost of some old English yeoman, before taxes and sedentary living abounded. An East-Wind, like every other evil, except folly and ill intention, is found, when properly grappled with, to be not only no evil, but a good, at least a negative one, sometimes a positive; and even folly and ill intention are but the mistakes of a community in its progress from bad to good. How evil comes at all, we cannot say. It suffices us to believe, that it is in its nature fugitive; and that it is the nature of good, when good returns, to outlast it beyond all calculation. If we led the natural lives to which we hope and believe that the advance of knowledge and comfort will bring us round, we should feel the East-Wind as little as the gypsies do: it would be the same refreshment to us, that it is to the glowing school-boy, after his exercise; and as to nipping our fruits and flowers, some living creature makes a dish of them, if we do not. With these considerations, we should be well content to recognise the *concordia discors* that harmonizes the inanimate creation. If it were not for the East-Wind in this country, we should probably have too much wet. Our winters would not dry up; our June fields would be impassable: we should not be able to enjoy the West-Wind itself, the Zephyr with his lap full of flowers. And upon the supposition that there is no peril in the East-Wind that may not ultimately be nullified, we need not trouble ourselves with the question, why the danger of excessive moisture must be counteracted by a wind full of dryness? All the excesses of the elements will one day be pastime, for the healthy arms and discerning faculties of discovering man.

And so we finish our vituperations in the way in which such things ought generally to be finished, with a discovery that the fault objected to is in ourselves, and renewed admiration of the abundance of promise in all the works of nature.

* During East-Winds astronomers are unable to pursue their observations, on account of a certain hazy motion in the air.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Mlle. Celeste.—This lady took her benefit at the Queen's Theatre last night, previous to her leaving London. For the sakes of those gentlemen who admire her as I do, I can inform them that she is engaged for the Adelphi in October, and will appear there in a piece founded on one of Cooper's novels. She will succeed, make happy (and I hope be happy herself) wherever she goes, for she has a soul, and eyes that tell you so.—This theatre closes on Monday, but re-opens on the Monday following, after having made some alteration in the establishment.—Vester.

Progress of Reason and Life.—But as when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, *he first opens a little eye of heaven*, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and *by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud*, and peeps over the Eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shews a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly.—*Jeremy Taylor.*—[We could not forbear putting the above passages in italics, though their own exceeding beauty could scarcely have failed making them shine forth to the eye of the reader like the glorious object they describe.—M. V. C.]

How to Keep Fruit through the Winter.—At a recent meeting of the Horticultural Society, a paper was read, entitled "An Account of the different Modes of Keeping Fruit which have been tried at the Society's Garden for the Season 1831." The statement was drawn up at the garden, and enumerated eight different modes; the three best and most practicable of which were, the covering of the fruit in pure and perfectly dry sand, dry fern, or in a deal box buried in the earth. By any of these modes it was preserved, free from shrivelling and any disagreeable flavour: in all it must be deposited in a cold situation. By the other five modes, although the fruit was preserved in a pretty sound state, a musty flavour was found to be communicated; this was especially the case where oat-chaff was the medium.

— Dean Swift, one day travelling in England, asked a farmer which was the road to such a place. The farmer answered, it lay straight before him; he could not miss it. Swift riding a little way, observed a bye-road on the left, and turned into it. The farmer called out to him that he was wrong. "Why," said Swift, "did you not tell me I could not miss it?"—"No more you could," said the farmer, "if you had not been a fool."

Anecdote of the Death of John Hunter.—Reason alone is a very unsafe test to try any man's conduct by; his passions, his impulses, and his caprice are often active, while his reason is asleep. So much are we under the influence of sensation, that John Hunter, the great surgeon and physiologist, died in a fit of enraged passion, although he often said that such an excitement would certainly prove fatal to him. He died in St George's Hospital, October 16, 1793, under these circumstances:—Being there in the exercise of his official duty as a surgeon, he had a warm dispute with Dr Pierson on a professional subject, upon which he said, "I must retire, for I feel an agitation which will be fatal to me if I increase it;" and he immediately withdrew into an adjoining room; but Dr Pierson, not willing to give up his argument, followed him, which so enraged Hunter, that he vehemently exclaimed, "You have followed me on purpose to be the death of me!—you have murdered me!" and instantly fell and expired.—(R. D., a correspondent to the *Athenæum.*)

Jerome Stone.—Jerome Stone was left an orphan at three years old. His father, a sea-faring man, left him and several other helpless little ones, to the care of the mother, in great poverty. Jerome soon betook himself to selling buckles, garters, buttons, pins, thimbles, needles, &c. as a means of subsistence. A taste for reading at length led him to prefer attending at fairs as an itinerant bookseller; through dealing in books, his passion for literary pursuits increased, and, with little assistance, he made himself acquainted first with the Hebrew, and next the Greek authors; but of the Latin language he was altogether ignorant. He applied himself to the acquisition of this language, however, with so much diligence, as, in a short time, to be able to prosecute his studies at the University of St Andrews. By the patronage and munificence of a learned divine, a man of property near Leven, our young scholar was enabled to go through the usual academic course with ease and comfort. He made great progress in every department of science, but before he had finished his third session, he was appointed assistant to the rector of Dunkeld school, and a few years after succeeded to the rectorship. Although quite ignorant of the Gaelic when he went to Dunkeld, he soon acquired such a knowledge of it, as to enable him to collect and translate several of our ancient poems which he published in the Scots Magazine; in which are also to be seen several of his original pieces. But in 1757, when in the thirtieth year of his age, he breathed his last; and thus the fond hopes of all who knew his worth and uncommon attainments were at once blighted. The kind and dutiful attention which Stone paid to his aged mother, who survived him but two years, is noticed with peculiar satisfaction by the author from whom this slight sketch is borrowed.—*Campbell's Tour in Scotland.*

The Editor of the *Age* has been much moved, we understand, with what has been said of him in this journal. and has been remonstrating in a ridiculous way with our Publisher. If he is moved with that *exordium*, he will have much more cause to be moved with what will be said further, in case he does not behave himself.

Election Query.—Why did Mr Ward resign?—Because the Livery were so *backward* in coming *for-Ward.—Daily Paper.*

Modest Item in an Attorney's Bill.—Among the persons opposing the discharge of Sir John Ignatius Burt, who lately applied for relief under the Insolvent Debtor's Act, were several agents. Rather a curious item was introduced into the bill of one of them, which was the following:—"To coming from Dublin to Holyhead in a storm for you; in fact, Sir John, for doing impossibilities for you, 500*l.*"—*Legal Observer.*

English Enterprise.—Young, inexperienced, and enthusiastic travellers, must frequently be liable to fall into ludicrous situations; more peculiarly the English, who are noted for their enquiry into everything, at all hazards; and who are not to be turned from their purpose, either by height, or depth, distance, or danger. In Conder's Italy, a passage is quoted from 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' which gives an instance of this kind:—'In the last of these halls (of the Baths of Cavacalla), there is a deep draw-well; and in one of our many visits to these ruins, we found a young Englishman of our acquaintance, who, in his ardour for antiquities, was on the point of descending in the bucket to the bottom of it. We could not succeed in stopping him, till we called in the testimony of the old woman who opens the door, in corroboration of our own, to prove that the well was not *antico*, but was made for the use of the pigs that now revel undisturbed in all the luxuries of these imperial halls.'

Condition of the Streets in some Parts of America.—I mentioned to you, in my last, that the streets of Norfolk were in a most disagreeable state, but I am informed that, some time before, they had been much worse; that at one time, the news-carrier delivered his papers from a boat which he poled along through the mire; and that a party of sailors, having nothing better to do, actually launched a ship's long boat into the streets, rowing along with four oars through the mud, while one stood at the bow, heaving the lead, and singing out the depth.—*Memoirs of Wilson, prefixed to the American Ornithology.*—[The American ornithologist died in a very characteristic manner:—While he was sitting in the house of one of his friends, enjoying the pleasures of conversation, he chanced to see a bird of a rare species, for one of which he had long been in search. With his usual enthusiasm, he ran out, followed it, swam across a river over which it had flown, fired at, killed, and obtained the object of his eager pursuit; but caught a cold which ended in his death.]

Ill-timed Etiquette.—The custom of keeping the door of a house or chateau locked during the time of dinner, probably arose from the family being anciently assembled in the hall at that meal, and liable to surprise. But it was in many instances continued as a point of high etiquette, of which the following is an example:—A considerable landed proprietor in Dumfriesshire, being a bachelor, without near relations, and determined to make his will, resolved previously to visit his two nearest kinsmen, and decide which should be his heir, according to the degree of kindness with which he should be received. Like a good clansman, he first visited his own chief, a baronet in rank, descendant and representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland. Unhappily, the dinner-bell had rung, and the door of the castle had been locked before his arrival. The visitor in vain announced his name and requested admittance; his chief adhered to the ancient etiquette, and would on no account suffer the doors to be unbarred. Irritated at this cold reception, the old laird rode on to Sanquhar Castle, then the residence of the Duke of Queensberry, who no sooner heard his name than, knowing well he had a will to make, the drawbridge dropped, and the gates flew open,—the table was covered anew—his grace's bachelor and intestate kinsman was received with the utmost attention and respect; and it is scarcely necessary to add that, upon his death some years after, the visitor's considerable landed property went to augment the domains of the ducal house of Queensberry. This happened about the end of the seventeenth century.—*Notes to Old Mortality.*

The Princess Victoria.—A Correspondent (*Medicus*) of a Sunday paper, speaking of the weakness in the young Princess's legs, says—"Through the whole winter, the Heiress Presumptive has had a similar affection in her knees and ankles to that from which the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg and the Princess Sophia have long suffered; and that the tendency of such attacks has been so enfeebling, that an opinion has been expressed, that in case the young Princess should grow stout and heavy, like the rest of her family, the idea of her walking must be given up. I perceive, with great pleasure, that her Royal Highness has been walking in the park this week; and I have myself seen her alight from her carriage with a tolerably firm step; but from her wearing her slippers down at the heel, I should guess she is still rather tender-footed. These observations I make merely in consequence of the flat contradiction which has been given to the facts; for no one can wish more sincerely than myself that the Princess Victoria's succession to the throne may not be defeated by any circumstance whatever. The nation is, in fact, unanimous in that wish; and it is on this very account that the most trifling circumstance relating to her Royal Highness is noticed with anxiety and attention."

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Medea—La Nayade.
DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—The Illustrious Stranger—Turning the Tables
COVENT GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—The £100 Note.

KING'S THEATRE.

MADAME PASTA was received last night in the manner to be expected. MILTON speaks of 'raining influence.' The moment she was recognized, the clapping of hands came down in a perfect *hail*-storm of approbation: and she stood bending in her graceful fashion under the shower. We looked with some anxiety to know whether our love was to be put to the test by her having grown fatter; but she is not at all so. We think she has altered in that respect for the better.

The part she appeared in was *Medea*, which is reckoned her finest. We know not how that may be, for we have seen her but in few of her characters; but that it is one of the finest things on the stage, we can bear testimony.—[By the way, the subject and conduct of this Italian opera of *Medea*, its altars and hymns, and its chorusses of spectators, who bring victorious or agitating news, give as good an idea of the Greek drama as is likely to be had in modern times; perhaps a better one than we should suppose from its being all set to music; for there was a great deal of music in the Greek tragedies; nor is the Italian recitative unlikely to have borne a much nearer resemblance to the recitation of their actors, than the style of our northern speech might lead us to conceive. Recitative is nearer to the speech of the modern Italians than most people imagine.]

The charm of Madame PASTA's style consists in the wonderful truth of it, invested with moral beauty; that is to say, she never minces what she feels, or goes aside of it, or affects anything as superior to it, or has any doubt about it; but is as full of faith as a child, and being child-like in her faith, she is rewarded by having as much grace in her exposition of it, as a child has in its movements. We do not mean that she is as unconscious as a child. The stage itself, as well as her knowledge, would prevent that; nor would it be natural, if she were. What we mean is, that grace in her is always subordinate to the truth, and moulded by it. She knows as truly the best attitudes in which she can put herself, as she knows what passion she is to express, and she knows the one, because of the other. The tree bends with the fruit. She carries so much beauty and truth in her, that she must carry it in the most beautiful manner.

This is the reason why a little superfluity of person never stood in the way of the effect produced by this divine actress,—at least with those who had any perception of the morally beautiful themselves. And for the same reason, her voice, which though excellent, is not of the very finest order, does not stand in the way of what it expresses. It is the vehicle, as all voices should be, of emotion. Those who value no singer except their voice or execution be perfect, and are contented if it is, mistake the means for the end. Madame PASTA's execution can be extraordinary when she pleases; but in general she restrains it, agreeably to what nature requires. In every respect, the means with her are subordinate to the end; and hence it is, that with less means than some, there is no singer or actress upon the stage who attains her end so perfectly.

Madame PASTA's style is epic. She hits the great points, and leaves you to feel the rest. Her gestures are voluminous; the tender ones are full of the last soul of love, her threatening or calamitous ones, appalling; there is catastrophe in them,—the certainty of doom. Thus when *Jason* tells her she is to look for his love no longer, and she feels the first dim movements in her soul of all that is about to happen, she walks away, *laying her hands over her eyes*, as if she did not dare to look upon the mournful and dreadful things that must happen. Afterwards, when she threatens *Jason*, she holds out to him a hand, trembling as if it held misery for both of them: and when she is to express a passionate resolution, by suddenly leaping to a high note, she dares, with a noble confidence, to make almost a shriek of it. It is as if a Pythian priestess were crying from her tripod.—Her classical dresses and attitudes are known to everybody. They are fine, not merely because they are classical, but because the ancients, in the height and purity of their perceptions, hit upon the finest attitudes, and she and the ancients think in this matter alike. In only one point could we conceive that EURIPIDES would have desired a finer *Medea* than she (supposing that he had the luck to have so good a one); and that is, when she relents a while from her murderous impulses against her children, and fondles them with love. We think (with submission) that Madame PASTA is somewhat *too* much absorbed in the love, and that it makes her look a little too happy. We would have had her look at them as if there were tears in her eyes.

We have not time to say more, or to speak of TAGLIONI, whom we must notice at a future opportunity. We can only add, that the music of this opera, by MAYER, though you do not carry any passages away from it, is good and expressive; that LABLACHE, in *Creonte*, looked like a king of the old heroic times, when kings were great stalwart fellows, a head and shoulders taller than their subjects; that his voice was worthy of such a royalty, and as easy as it was powerful; that Miss FANNY AYTON, though weak in her voice for this stage, and not always in tune, is a clever little *opera* person, who has more feeling than she appears to have from her ambitious theatrical style, and might reasonably get a little more applause now and then: that the merit of CURIONI is perhaps just upon a par with Mr MEYER's *Jason*; and that Signor RUBINI is spoiled by his execution, much about in the same manner, and with the same amount of wit, as some men are by a good set of teeth. He is always for shewing it. He is one of your greatest mistakers of the means for the end; and all the mistaken people in the house applaud him; which is a pity, for with a voice at once powerful and sweet, he ought to do better. But we are afraid he errs for want of ideas. He seems to think at present, that there are but three things in the world:—to be full of demisemiquavers, to be loud, and to be soft. He thunders on one half of a bar, and languishes through the rest. He snaps a pistol at your head, and then falls to scratching it.

A VISIT TO COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL STREET.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—To connoisseurs in horses, and those gentlemen of the West End, who indulge in equestrianism, the Theatre, or rather Circus, lately established in Windmill street by Mr Cooke, will offer great amusement. I should imagine that it were a formidable rival to Astley's; and indeed it must be, for I have been there twice, and it has each time had a crowded house. The boxes (of which there are private and public) are very snug and comfortable, and the pit and gallery are no less so. I should conceive that the latter division of the house was larger than the same division in any other theatre; it is at any rate as noisy and as enjoying.

I will not, my dear Mr T., give your readers the cramp, by a "full, true, and particular account" of the distortions of the extraordinary Positionist (with the Chinese-Latin name) Quang-Cœlis. His genius consists in being devoid of bone, having double knees, being able to put his head into his waistcoat pocket, and shake hands with his *tendon Achilles*. These are odd things to be told of; but the process is of the most painful nature; and what with the number of real wonders in the world, to say nothing of the ease with which people make them, I do think exhibitions of this nature might be dispensed with, and ought not to be encouraged, when we consider the harm he does himself, and the ricketty children he means to have. He is surely the least interesting of Mr COOKE's performers, and the skill of his sons and daughters, and one or two others, would be amply rewarded without the introduction

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of this misguided boy. He gets more pity than applause, and gives people more pain than pleasure.

Messrs EDWINS and WILLIAMS are two very active and powerful men; and next to the DIAVOLO himself, the most enterprising of enterprisers. The leap the former gave us over the horses was truly wonderful; and no less so was Mr WILLIAMS on the Corde Volante. I did not clap him much, as I was fearful of putting him out of time, which, by unsettling the swing, might have been dangerous. He got great applause, however, from less prudent people, as did also his compeer, Mr EDWINS.

The horse Hare-Bell is a beautiful little animal, about two feet high. It is sagacious (that is to say, eats beef-steaks), and though not entirely smooth, it has a beautiful mane and tail, and frisks about like a fawn. I do not care for horses or horsemanship myself, but the Circus is well worthy the attention of those who do, and gave altogether great amusement to

Your ardent admirer,

VESTER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents must excuse us till to-morrow.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Grand Opera, entitled

THE EMISSARY; OR, THE REVOLT OF MOSCOW.

The Music chiefly selected from the Opera of 'Le Colporteur' of Onslow. The whole adapted (with additional Music) by Barham Livius.

Lisinka, Miss Pearson. Mina, Miss Bruce. Katherine, Mrs Broad.
Alexis, Mr Sinclair. Oscar, Mr T. Cooke.
Lorinski, Mr Horn. Orloff, Mr Phillips. Knoutski, Mr Bedford.
Stephanoff, Mr Latham. Koli, Mr Harley.

In the course of the Evening, the Band will perform Onslow's Overture to 'Le Colporteur;' Winter's Overture to 'Calypso;' and Rossini's Overture to 'Tancredi.'

After which, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called

POPPING THE QUESTION.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

Ellen Murray, Mrs Newcombe. Miss Biffin, Mrs C. Jones. Bobbin, Mrs Orger.
Miss Winterblossom, Mrs Broad.
Mr Primrose, Mr Farren. Henry Thornton, Mr Howard.

To conclude with a Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

THE JENKINSES.

Mrs John Jenkins, Mrs Orger. Miss Georgiana Jenkins, Miss Crawford.
Martha, Mrs Broad. Mr Carraway, Mr Farren.
Augustus Gingham, Mr J. Vining. Mr John Jenkins, Mr Cooper.
Master John Jenkins, Master Fenton.

To-morrow, A New Grand Opera; Deaf as a Post; The Portrait of Cervantes.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

SHAKSPEARE'S Comedy of

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Portia, Miss F. Kemble. Nerissa, Miss Nelson. Jessica, Miss Forde.
The Duke of Venice, Mr Evans. Shylock, Mr C. Kemble. Antonio, Mr Warde.
Bassanio, Mr Abbott. Lorenzo, Mr Duruset. Gratiano, Mr Farley.
Salanio, Mr Henry. Solarino, Mr Baker. Tubal, Mr Turnour.
Gobbo, Mr Blanchard. Launcelot, Mr Meadows.
Balthasar, Mr Irwin. Servant, Mr Addison.

Previous to the Comedy, Bishop's Overture to 'Fazio.'

After which, Mr Thompson will pourtray his living representation of the celebrated

GRECIAN STATUES!

To conclude with a New Operatic Drama, called

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

The Music by Mr H. R. Bishop.

Sophia Walstein, Miss Cawse. Liese, Miss E. Tree. Thertse, Miss P. Horton.
Widow Klaffen, Mrs Gibbs. Karoline Klaffen, Miss H. Cawse.
Adolph, Mr Wilson. General Kienwitz, Mr Bartley.
Col. Francoeur, Mr Abbot. Nikel Unterhand, Mr G. Penson. Moritz, Mr Blanchard.
Fritz Klaffen, Mr Keeley. Paul Richter, Miss Taylor.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; Hide and Seek; Teddy the Tiler.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—

'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—

Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gosscon; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

Published this Day.

NOW READY.—MR KENNEY'S NEW TRAGIC DRAMA.

THE PLEDGE; OR CASTILIAN HONOR:

A Tragic Drama, in Five Acts, with an illuminative Preface. By JAMES KENNEY, Esq. 8vo. price 2s.

*** The Character of ZANTHE, as Miss PHILLIPS represented it, seemed full of grace and dignity, and the Play altogether has many noble and novel attractions; it is in no instance feeble or common-place, but in all graceful, vigorous, and condensed. The success of it has realised the expectations which had been excited.

The TOUCHSTONE; OR, THE WORLD AS IT GOES: a Comedy, in Five Acts, 8vo. price 3s. By the same Author.

The HOUSE OUT AT WINDOWS; a Farce, in Two Acts, 8vo. price 2s. By the same Author. Also any of his former Works may be had.

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Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. SCRIBE et DUPIN.

Auguste, Mlle. Eliza. Victor, Mlle. Corra. Piedléger, Mlle. St. Angé.
Rose, Mme. Gamard. Jolivet, M. Brunet. Derville, M. Alfred.
Franval, M. St Aubert. Dubelair, M. Paulin.

Suivi de

LA REINE DE 16 ANS.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de M. BAYARD.

Reine, Mlle. L. Fay. Emma, Mlle. St. Ange.
Le Comte de Rantzoff, M. St. Albert. Frédéric de Bury, M. Alfred.
M. de Vaderg, M. Gamard. Un Officier du Palais, M. Guenée.

Suivi de

LA SECONDE ANNEE; OU, A QUI LA FAUTE?

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. SCRIBE.

Madame Denneville, Mlle. Léontine Fay.
Denneville, M. Alfred. Edmond, M. Paulin. Gervault, M. Gamard.

On finira, à la demande des Souscripteurs. par

LES HABITANS DES LANDES.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, du Théâtre des Variétés.

Madame de St. Léon, Mlle. Eliza. Madame Dax, Mme. Préval.
Zoé, Mme. Gamard. Pierette, Mlle. Florval. Claireine, Mlle. St Ange.
Tremblin, M. Brunet. Boucaut, M. Préval. M. de St. Léon, M. Pelissié.
Eustache, M. Gamard. Rustique, M. Arnaud.
Le Tabellion, M. Granville. Un Paysan, M. Guenée.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Comedy of

THE HEIR AT LAW.

[By G. COLMAN.]

Lady Duberly, Madame Simon. Cicely Homespun, Miss Somerville.
Caroline, Miss Scott. Daniel Dowlas, Mr Williams. Dick Dowlas, Mr C. Hill.
Doctor Pangloss, Mr Elliston. Henry Moreland, Mr Honner.
Steadfast, Mr D. Pitt. Zekiel Homespun, Mr Vale. Kenrick, Mr Gough.
John, Mr Rogers. Waiter at Hotel, Mr Collier.
Waiter at Blue Boar, Mr Lee.

The Highland Fling, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which,

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

[By MASSINGER.]

Lady Allworth, Miss M. C. Poole. Margaret, Miss Scott.
Froth, Miss Nicol. Tabitha, Miss Rumens. Abigal, Miss Jordan.
Sir Giles Overreach, Mr Osbaldiston. Lord Lovel, Mr Gough.
Wellborn, Mr C. Hill. Allworth, Mr Honner. Justice Greedy, Mr Vale.
Marrall, Mr Williams. Welldo, Mr Young. Tapwell, Mr Hobbs.
Order, Mr Lee. Amble, Mr Rogers. Vintner, Mr Collier. Watchall, Mr Maitland.
Furnace, Mr Webb. Tailor, Mr Asbury.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Operatic Piece, entitled

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With Handel's celebrated Music, newly arranged by Mr C. Potter.

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To be succeeded by a New Farcetta, called

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[By Mr BARNETT.]

Mrs Properly, Mrs Glover. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
Thomas, Mr Barnett. Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

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THE TROUBADOUR.

With new and selected Music by Mr Harroway.

Donna Clara, Mademoiselle Constance. Florio, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Spanish Peasants, by the Corps de Ballet.

To conclude with a New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Panza, Mr Green.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The White and the Black Bear.

COBURG THEATRE. — Guy Fawkes — Reform — Oh Crikey! What a Shocking Bad Hat—Devil's Ducat.

ROYAL PANARMONION THEATRE.—Idiot Witness—Les Villageurs—Miller's Maid.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.— Feats of Horsemanship —Rob Roy M'Gregor—Lilliputian Bonaparte—Gymnastics by Quang-Cœlis—Performances by the Lilliputian Ponies—Cupid and Zephyr—The Hunted Tailor.

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Nº 217.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1831.

ENGLISH POLITENESS.

Good manners are well defined by Swift. They are 'the art,' he says, 'of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.'

Observe, that conversation is not to be understood here in its restricted sense of dialogue; but as including mixed intercourse of any sort, however large the assembly.

To judge from this definition (and we believe nobody will dispute the correctness of it), the audience at the Opera the other night consisted of some of the worst-bred people in Europe. The standing room in the pit was crowded, and there was no getting a seat without putting people to a shame of which you were ashamed yourself; though in the middle of the pit they were evidently sitting as wide as possible, and might have accommodated all those who stood. It might be said that the standing place would have been crowded still, because others would have remained who went away. But if it had been their pleasure to do so, this only shows that more persons might have been gratified. Those who stood as it was, would have been seated; and those who were obliged to stand, would have had the comfort of observing that they were not selfishly excluded. It may be said again that those who were excluded, would have excluded the others, and therefore had no reason to complain. Probably they might; but this does not mend the matter for our character as a 'polite people.' It is an awkward defence of the 'circles' to argue, that three parts of a polite assembly shew themselves ill-mannered, because the fourth would do so, if it could.

In vain we may be told, that the circumstance might have happened on that night exclusively. We know that it happens too often. In vain some Exclusive may assure us, that the pit of the Opera contains many very unpolite people; that anybody can get there, who can pay his half-guinea; and that their betters are to be found in the stalls and the boxes. Exclusiveness is itself a vulgarity. There should be no such things as stalls. Those who wish to keep aloof, might leave the pit to men of a larger good breeding; that is to say, of a humaner spirit of intercourse; and as to the boxes, the bad manners are conspicuous there. Nay, there is reason to believe that they are in direct proportion to the 'quality' of the parties; for as most of the privileges of that class exist upon no real grounds, they seem to take a delight in defying the uneasiness caused by an instinctive consciousness to that effect, and in seeing how many privileges they can assume. The men, therefore, who come in from their wine, and the hardfaced dowagers, take a pleasure in talking loud; particularly the latter, because as women, they are expected to be more decent. We were often reminded the other night, by one of these ill-looking personages (whose husband must delight in his separate bed), of the story of the gentleman at the theatre, who upon hissing a beautiful singer, and being asked by a neighbour why he did it, replied, 'Because she hinders me, sir, from *hearing you*.'

Here again the Exclusive may interfere, and say, 'You must not judge of the best circles by that woman, whatever may have been her quality. The question is,—Is she one of *us*? We are a very small and select body, and mere rank is not a passport to us, we assure you. Even genius cannot get among us, if its behaviour be not of the most perfect description.' Very likely: and the perfection must be something on which you are all agreed. O wise Exclusives! O sage corporate body, as sage as all other corporate bodies! and O the sage Exclusives that have existed in times the most barbarous, and of course have anticipated the wisdom of ages! Fashionable politeness has not even the liberality of a stone. The circles it makes grow smaller and smaller. And this forsooth is to exalt our character as a polite nation! We are not to raise others to our level, or to make them partake of our graces, but to keep them off, and despise them, and then value ourselves for being their superiors! To what are we superior, if only to persons whom we despise?

The other night, when some persons almost at the very edge of the benches were requested to make room for some ladies (which they could manifestly have done with ease), they did not hesitate to reply that it would greatly inconvenience them, and they would rather not. Some alleged that there was no room, meaning the spaces on each side of them; some, that they would move if others did, though they took no pains to bring it about; and one man said, that his legs were very long; which would have been a pleasant impudent joke enough, if he had not had a stupid face, and said it in the desperation of his dullness.

Bonaparte called us a 'shop-keeping nation;' but he was hardly aware that the sarcasm applied to our polite circles. Ben Jonson is reported to have said to a messenger, who brought him some small and tardy gratuity as poet laureate, from King James, 'I suppose he sends me this, because I live in an alley. Tell him, his soul lives in an alley.' The fashionable world have shops in their souls, where they sit amidst their jewels and millinery, in as narrow a stall as any in a bazaar, and make as great a 'number one' with their luxurious selfishness, as others do with their niggardly. It is amazing, and an evidence of the semi-barbarism of countries in a state of false refinement, to see how little it enters people's heads, that the including of others in their satisfactions is an addition to them, and not only to be recognized in books, but to be daily and hourly enjoyed. A late eminent writer left a treatise to prove, that children were not enough taught this in their infancy; and that if they were, they would be as much in the habit of looking to *two numbers*, as to 'number one.' Supposing that the pit, the other night, had been a little crowded, if they had admitted the standers among them, and that the heat might have been increased in proportion, and the comfort diminished, it is not to be denied that there are individuals who can derive a real pleasure from so accommodating their neighbours; otherwise, according to the reasoning of the selfish themselves, they would not prefer doing it. It is nothing to the purpose to argue, that they do it from vanity, or ostentation, or inability to say nay, or any other weakness, or out of a *theory* (a fine word for helping the selfish out of an argument.) People will naturally give the behaviour of others a good or ill construction, according to what they have reason to think of themselves. At all events, prefer it the others do, and so reap a greater pleasure from the inconvenience than they would have done by approving the conduct, and not pursuing it; and it is no reply to this, that they are as selfish as anybody else, on account of the pleasure they derive; for we are selfish in proportion as we think of ourselves *only*, and can dispense with any attention to our fellow-creatures; otherwise mere self would mean something different from self. *Ego* would mean two persons instead of one. That we cannot get rid entirely of ourselves, is to be granted. We should reduce everything to an absurdity if we could, and receive no sensations. But we are more or less selfish, in proportion as we think of anybody besides. No matter if we reap a great joy from it: far greater than any which mere selfishness can bestow. That is in the nature of things, and not a dry calculation. A man, to be able to be entirely selfish, should unite the two characters of a hog and a hermit. As long as the most selfish of men finds it necessary to him to give some sort of pleasure to others, granting even that he may calculate upon it, his very enormities have something at the root of them that is not unconnected with a better principle; and *if he did but know this*, he would mend; or at least make the very best of his bad habits.—But we shall be getting into a train of ethics. As to the charge of weakness, it is weakness to make it. It is a sorry resource, and likely to be resorted to by none so much as those who have no strength of any kind to go upon. It is fit only for the bully or the 'Lord Mayor's Fool.' He that will never do a good-natured action, for fear of being imposed upon, is inferior in energy of nature to the very vagabonds he fears. The best and wisest of men have

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been imposed upon, *because* they were such:—because they had qualities in themselves, which, without being ignorant of any folly or inferiority existing in the world, have led them too often to suppose them in others. Would we be better than the best and wisest, and shew ourselves utterly unworthy of sharing their chances with them?

To conclude this mixed paper of great and small, what we meant to say was, that as everybody after all has his excuses, and mistake may be pleaded on all hands, so we are bound to take thought when occasion offers it; and therefore, by virtue of the classical title of this our paper, and not in our own unworthy persons, we do hereby give notice to such of our play-going readers as have not thought upon the matter agreeably to their genial impulses, that they will commence doing so from this fourteenth day of May 1831, and never take up a seat and a half when they can share it, much less with a woman, and particularly if she is not pretty nor young. And so doing, we shall think them worthy readers of the paper with the aforesaid title; and do furthermore privilege and empower them to report all and every offender whom they may catch with too great an appropriation of bench, especially if a woman be standing by, and there is reason to believe that the criminal had a mother.

THE WINE VAULTS OF XERES.

Nothing at Xeres so much surprises the stranger, and nothing indeed is more worthy of inspection, than the bodegas or wine vaults. The vintage itself, though interesting, has nothing particularly striking or picturesque in it; and after having walked through the broiling vineyards, and seen the process of picking and pressing the grapes, the curiosity of the traveller will be satisfied. There are few, however, who would not feel inclined, I think, to repeat their visits more than once to the bodega. The term wine vaults is ill-suited to convey an idea of these really splendid and extraordinary establishments, which I should class among the things best worth seeing in Spain. Instead of descending into a dark, low, grovelling, and musty magazine, like the London Dock wine vaults, spacious as they are, you first pass through a street, one entire side of which, for the extent of a quarter of a mile, is occupied by one of these bodegas; and entering through large folding doors, you find yourself, to your astonishment, in what at first sight appears to be a church of considerable dimensions, with a lofty roof, and divided into spacious aisles. In the centre you see in large characters, "Bodega of Jesus;" and at the sides, "Nave of St Andrew, St Pedro, St Jago." Your eye soon runs along the lower part of the building, and you see some thousand butts of wine ranged along the aisles, and against the arched pillars. A delicious fragrance, which you easily recognise, soon convinces you, notwithstanding the pious inscriptions you have been reading, that you are in a place exclusively dedicated to the enjoyments of the body. On entering, you are waited upon by the superintendant of the bodega, who accompanies you through the different aisles, and who explains to you, on passing each barrel, the name, quality, age, and peculiar flavour of the wine within it; and in order that you may understand it practically as well as theoretically, his observations are rendered clear and intelligible by a full glass of the delicious liquor. You proceed thus slowly through the whole range of the bodega, occasionally reposing, like Bacchus, astride of a large butt, and sipping bumpers of delicious Paxareti, fragrant Muscatel, or dark creamy Sherry, half a century old. While on the outside everything is blazing with the intenseness of the noontide heat, within, a delightful coolness and a soft mellow light prevail, and you fancy you should like to pass the remainder of your days in this pleasant retreat. In this manner, you keep on quaffing the nectar which is so liberally supplied you, until your senses become not quite so cool and collected as when you first entered, and you think it high time to make your retreat into the hot and dusty streets of Xeres. Each wine establishment is conducted by an overseer, who is called the Capataz, and to whom is intrusted the purchasing the different wines from the grower, the selection, and the mixing of them, as also the proving and tasting of the brandies required; in all of which considerable judgment, skill, and experience are required. These men, who, with nearly all employed in the bodegas, come from the mountains of Asturia,—the Andalusians being too indolent,—generally amass large fortunes by their care and frugality, and afterwards retire to their native province, with the fruit of their industry. The interior of one of these large bodegas may be compared to an immense hospital filled with patients,—and the capataz to the visiting physician. The former goes his daily round, accompanied by one of the superintendants of the bodega, whom we will call the apothecary. As he passes each butt, he begins his inquiry into the state of his patient, not by feeling his pulse, but by tapping, which is immediately performed by his attendant, who runs a spike into it, and presents him with a bumper of the contents. On tasting it, he may probably find that the wine is sick, as it is called by merchants, being usually the case with young wines; a jar or two of brandy is therefore prescribed for the invalid, and the dose is forthwith administered. A second butt may be found to be equally qualmish, and is relieved in the same manner. The body or constitution of a third may probably be found to be naturally weak and delicate; this is strengthened and improved by being mixed with wine which is sounder and stronger; while a fourth may be at the last extremity, so as to require the application of musk. Speaking, however, more seriously, the bodega requires a great deal of skill, constant attention, a nice taste, and a discriminating judgment, in the selection not only of the wines, but of the brandies; in the improving the delicacy and flavour of the former, increasing or diminishing the body, dryness, and colour, and finally giving such a variety of shades and differences in flavour and price, as may best suit the particular market, and gratify the taste and caprice of John Bull.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.* Vol. I, pp. 89—92.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay
Beneath the verdure of the plain
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death;
Nor trifle even with the mould
Once quickened by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath hallowed every part:
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held a mighty heart,
That strong arm—Ah! 'tis strengthless now:
Spare them,—each mouldering fragment spare
Of God's own image; let them rest
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed. H.

A Mountain Guide.—One of them (the well-known guides noted for their boldness in attending travellers who ascend Mont Blanc) Jacques Balma, *dit des dames*, on account of his particular attention to ladies climbing under his guidance, gave us, on our return in the evening, after so many hours of hard labour, a proof of his undiminished strength, spirit, and perhaps rashness, at the age of sixty. A party of young men, on a botanizing excursion, spied a very fine plant (*saxifraga pyramidalis*) blooming in apparent safety out of reach, on the top of an innacccessible rock. Jacques Balma considered a few minutes, then took off his shoes, and securing a foot here, a hand there, holding once by his teeth to a twig, springing from one shelving place to another, like a chamois, or writhing, like a snake, among stones and bushes out of sight, without once hesitating or looking back, worked himself up to the pyramidal bunch of flowers, and threw it down to the wondering spectators. This was not enough. Another bunch of flowers bloomed over his head, in a still more difficult and hazardous situation: he sprang for it. We joined our entreaties to those of the other guides, who wared nhim of his danger, and then turned away, not to appear to encourage the mad attempt. A general exclamation induced us soon after to look back again. We beheld him in equilibrium on his breast, plucking the flower with the toes of an outstretched leg! How he came down, I know not, but in a few minutes we saw him again by our side, not even out of breath.—*Note to Conder's Italy (quoted from Simond).*

Venice.—Venice was always an unintelligible place, and is still unintelligible. I knew before, that it was situated on many islands; that its highways were canals; that gondolas were its hackney-coaches; that it had St Mark, and the Rialto, and the Doge's Palace; and I know no more now. It was always a dream, and will continue a dream for ever. A man must be born or live long enough in it to become endeared to it, before he will either understand or feel at home at Venice. It is a glorious place for cripples; for I know of no use that a gentleman has for his limbs. * * * You step out of your gondola into an hotel, and out of your hotel into a gondola; and this is all the exertion that is becoming. The Piazza di S. Marco, and the adjoining quay, are the only places where you can stretch a limb, and if you desire to do so, they carry you there, and bring you home again. To walk, requires predetermination, and you order your gondola, and go on purpose. To come to Venice, is to come on board; and it only differs from ship-board, that there is no danger of sea-sickness. The Canal Grande is nearly three hundred feet wide. Other canals are wide enough, but the widest street in the city is not more than ten or twelve feet from house to house, and the majority do not exceed six or eight. To wind and jostle through these irregularities, is intolerable, and all but impossible; no one thinks of doing so; and who would, that had a gondola at command? The gondola is all that is dreamy and delightful; its black funereal look in high imaginative contrast with its internal luxury. You float on without sensible motion; its cushions were stolen from Mammon's chambers, "blown up, not stuffed;" you seat yourself upon one of them, and sink, sink, sink, as if it were all air; you throw your leg upon another, and if you have occasion for it, which is rare at Venice, must hunt after it,—lost, sunk.—*Conder's Italy.*

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— The term *Boroughmonger* was first applied by Sir Francis Burdett, about twenty years ago, to the Parliamentary phalanx, or *Regiment*, as he called it. When first broached, it was laughed at, but at length it is an epithet which makes its objects laugh on the other side of their mouths.

— A lawyer, engaged in a cause before Judge Peters, tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared that he was so exhausted, that he must have a drink of water before he could say anything more. Upon this the Judge called out to the teasing lawyer, 'I think, Sir, you must have done with the witness now, for you have *pumped him dry*.'—*New York Gazette.*

— A second-rate player, who was also a teacher of elocution, never could conquer in himself the inability to pronounce the letter *R*. The celebrated passage in *Pierre* he would pronounce thus—'Yats die in holes and coyneys—dogs yun mad;—man has a nobley yemedy—yevenge!'

— In most of the South-Sea Islands a prejudice exists against a woman eating in the presence of her husband; in the Archipelago, her doing so is a crime punishable by death.

Charity Prevalent.—Between two persons of liberal education, like opinions, and common feelings, oftentimes subsists a vanity of sentiment, which disposes each to look upon the other as the only being in the universe worthy of friendship, or capable of understanding it,—themselves they consider as the solitary receptacles of all that is delicate in feeling, or stable in attachment; when the odds are, that under every green hill, and in every crowded street, people of equal worth are to be found, who do more good in their generation, and make less noise in the doing of it.—*Charles Lamb's 'Rosamund Gray.'*

Italian Soprani.—The unnatural invention for giving artificial longevity to the voice of youth is the greatest, perhaps the only crime with which music can be reproached. And even this is not in fairness to be attributed either to the art or its professors; it was those from whose ranks the afflicted of Providence are carefully excluded—a priesthood which refuses to number amongst its brethren any one labouring under a natural infirmity—that first entertained the monstrous idea of swelling the pomp around the altars of God with beings whom the act of man, tyrannic or mercenary man, had excluded from the fair sympathies of their kind. The barbaric jealousy of the Eastern nations had from the earliest times sought for its security in the same enormous outrage, but it was reserved for the envious convents and chapels of Catholic Italy to make mutilation subservient to emulative vanity, and to insult the Deity by offering up their supplications, or uttering their praises, through the voices of their own victims.—*Harmonicon.*

Privilege of High Blood.—The pride of ancient descent is nowhere carried to so ludicrous an extent as in Spain. If a man can boast of having the *sangre azula*, or blue blood, as it is called, although this blue blood may have been reduced ages ago to bodily labour for its own support, on no account would he disgrace it by mixing it with the inferior blood of a family of whatever rank and eminence, and however wealthy it might happen to be. Among the lower orders in Spain, particularly in Andalusia, there are great numbers who, poor and illiterate as they are, boast the *sangre azula*, and who are sometimes compelled, by the sad reverse of fortune, to transmit this inestimable treasure into the hands of the common hangman. When this happens, which is not unfrequently the case, a great parade is made by the relations, who, as well as the unfortunate criminal, are equally ambitious and desirous that his exit should take place in a manner worthy of the blue blood which still flows in his veins. A silken rope, as is always the custom, agreeable to ancient privilege, is accordingly procured, and the unlucky representative of a long line of ancestors thus winds up his family pedigree by a sudden and final descent.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.* Vol. I. p. 70.

A Coptic Christening.—Mr Hume relates that, when at Rosetta, he and a friend were invited by a Coptic merchant, to witness the christening of a child. On entering, they were received by the lady of the house with great civility. She poured a little perfumed rose-water into their hands, from a bottle covered with silver filagree, of very fine work; and as they passed into the room they were sprinkled over with rose-water. This was found to be a common custom in all Coptic and Levantine houses, when a person makes a visit of ceremony. The apartment into which they were introduced, was on the highest floor, where there was a table covered with all kinds of sweetmeats and fruits. The mistress of the family, and her sister, also a married lady, with her husband and other guests, soon made their appearance. The infant was completely swathed. The ceremony was performed by a Coptic priest, according to a service which he read from a manuscript ritual; which, if we may trust to the description given by Pococke, consists in plunging the child three times into water, after which it is confirmed, and receives the other sacrament;—that is, the minister dips his finger in consecrated wine, and puts it to the infant's mouth. —*Egypt, Edinburgh Cabinet Library.* Vol. III.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury-Lane.—The Emissary—Popping the Question—The Jenkinses.
Covent Garden.—The Merchant of Venice—The Romance of a Day.

Drury Lane.

A new opera, called *The Emissary*, was produced here last night with doubtful success. We feel unaffected pain whenever we have to record the failure, or probable failure, of a new piece: for if the author is rich enough to afford it, the mortification is still likely to be a great one; and if he is not, the anxieties he may suffer are not to be lightly thought of. We know there is a short way, among the critics, of dismissing these inconvenient sympathies, by saying that a man has no right to attempt to earn his bread in a department for which he is not fit. But when we consider all the chances that determine men's modes of existence, how many earn a living, a very substantial one too, in a way for which they are not at all fitted, and how many of the very critics would be badly off if they were paid according to their merits, we confess the bread-argument on such occasions has little weight with us. Would they like it to be turned against themselves?

The plot of the new piece, it must be confessed, is not very new; nor is the dialogue, or the characters; yet there are some pleasantries here and there that made us laugh right out (which is not always the case with new operas); there is at least one good scene, that where the pedlar treats the peasants to wine; and we were agreeably surprised to meet with some pleasing passages among the verses,—a specimen of which we shall give presently. The plot, which is founded upon one of the usurpations in the barbarous history of Russia, is soon told. *Alexis*, the rightful prince (Mr Sinclair) has been saved from death when an infant, in the hut of a woodman, and in due time is discovered. A party is formed in his favour. *Orloff*, an Emissary of the Usurper's (Mr H. Phillips), is sent to contrive his destruction, before he can make head against the tyrant; but just when he thinks himself on the point of succeeding, and is about to kill one of the Prince's friends, is shot; and all ends happily for the right side. There is a cowardly buffoon, as usual (Mr Harley), and a variety of peasants, soldiers, &c.

The last line of the following stanza appears to us to be beautiful, with a fine tone in the vowels:—

'To love is woman's first desire,
To be loved next succeeds it;
And mutual once the holy fire,
Each moment deeper feeds it.
Her life is then the land of dreams,
Her heart fond cares encumber:
And aye with restless fancy teems,
Till calm in bridal slumber.'

The music, the principal part of which is by Mr Onslow (a gentleman of family, we believe, residing on the Continent, and well known to the professional world as an accomplished amateur) is of the modern German cast, more scientific, and numerous in its harmonies, than remarkable for expression and invention, yet not deficient in the one, as far as the literal style of illustration is concerned: and there are some pleasing passages of melody too. Mr Barham Livius's share of the composition is lively and tasteful. Indeed a more than usual degree of *movement* prevails in the music throughout; and as the whole strength of the theatre's vocal corps was brought forward, with the exception of Mrs Waylett, the audience heard the piece throughout with an attention and occasional applause, which, notwithstanding some hisses directed against proposed encores, did not prepare us for the violent opposition made to the applauders, when the curtain fell. Mr H. Phillips, who sang with great good taste, and gave us some fine relishing sustained notes in his bass, was encored in a Russian melody, the burden of which had a pleasing quaintness.

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There is a most beautiful scene of a bridge, with a distant prospect, painted, we suppose, by Mr STANFIELD.

Miss PEARSON is improved: but why will she not look a little more smiling, and encourage us to encourage her?

NEW CITY THEATRE.—MR REEVE.

TO THE TATLER.

MR TATLER,—REEVE has been giving some capital imitations in a trifling piece, called 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, *by Advertisement*, at the New City Theatre. He first assumes the character of *Sir Peter Teazle*, and gives you a most exact idea of the voice, gait, and manner of FARREN, even to the taking a pinch of snuff,—he, but for his fatness, might have been taken for the man himself. Next, one *Dr Endall*, an excellent imitation of the queer, bobbing, restless style of Harley. Thirdly, MUNDEN as *Sam Dabbs*, the apothecary's man. This was supreme: he hit to a nicety the peculiar causticity of expression and astonishing impudence which characterised MUNDEN's performance of that character. And lastly, MATHEWS as himself. KEAN is to play there in the course of a fortnight. Miss ELLEN TREE and POWER are also said to be engaged.

Your admirer and constant reader,

S. W. H.

Wednesday, May 11, 1831.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend S. W. H. will see that we have availed ourselves of his communication.

The subject of PHILO-TATLER's letter, we think, is hardly important enough for notice.

OMEGA is received.

Thanks to H. We have always observed that when a Correspondent offers us anything worth acceptance, it is sure to be modestly put.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Seria, in Two Acts, of

MEDEA.

[By MAYER.]

Medea, Wife of Jason . . . Madame Pasta.
Creusa, Daughter of Creontes . . . . . Miss F. Ayton.
Ismenes, Confidant of Medea . . . Mlle. Feliani.
Creontes, King of Corinth . . . . . Signor Lablache.
Ægeus, King of Athens . . . Signor Rubini.
Jason . . . . Signor Curioni.
Tideus, Confidant of Creontes . . . Signor Deville.
Two Children of Jason and Medea.
Corinthians, Maidens, Priests, Followers of Ægeus, Guards.

After which, the New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA NAYADE.

[Composed by M. TAGLIONI.]
The Music by M. Nadaud.

Principal Characters, Mlle. Taglioni, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, and Mlle. Brocard.
M. Emile, and M. Lefebvre.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Grand Opera, entitled

THE EMISSARY; OR, THE REVOLT OF MOSCOW.

[By G. DANCE.]

The Music chiefly selected from the Opera of 'Le Colporteur' of Onslow. The whole adapted (with additional Music) by Barham Livius.

Lisinka, Miss Pearson. Mina, Miss Bruce. Katherine, Mrs Broad.
Alexis, Mr Sinclair. Oscar, Mr T. Cooke.
Lovinski, Mr Horn. Orloff, Mr Phillips. Knoutzki, Mr Bedford.
Stephanoff, Mr Latham. Koli, Mr Harley.

In the course of the Evening, the Band will perform Onslow's Overture to 'Le Colporteur;' Boieldieu's Overture to 'La Dame Blanche;' and Cherubini's Overture to 'Les Deux Journees.'

To which will be added,

DEAF AS A POST.

Sophy Walton, Mrs Newcombe. Amy Templeton, Miss E. Absolon.
Sally Maggs, Mrs Orger. Mrs Plumpley, Mrs C. Jones.
Old Walton, Mr W. Bennet. Captain Templeton, Mr Cooper.
Tristram Sappy, Mr Liston. Crupper, Mr Hughes. Gallop, Mr Salter.

After which, the Exhibition of the New and Splendid DIORAMA, designed and painted by Mr STANFIELD.

To conclude with

THE PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES.

Isabella, Mrs Newcombe. Lucetta, Mrs Orger.
Murillo, Mr Farren. Don Guzman, Mr C. Jones. Don Carlos, Mr J. Vining.
Father Benito, Mr W. Bennett. Scipio, Mr Webster.
Sancho, Mr Liston.

On Monday, Alfred the Great, and Timour the Tartar.

THE EXHIBITION OF LODGE'S PORTRAITS
Of the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES of GREAT BRITAIN, from the Galleries of HIS MAJESTY, the Nobility, and from public Collections, will open on MONDAY next, May 16th, at Messrs HARDING and LEPARD'S, 4 Pallmall East.
Admittance, by Tickets only, which may be had free of expense, on application to Messrs Harding and Lepard.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.
[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Miss Cawse. Leshia, Miss H. Cawse. Zemira, Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

After the Opera, Mozart's Overture to 'Le Clemenza di Tito;' previous to Teddy the Tiler, Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflote.'

After which, an Interlude, called

HIDE AND SEEK.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree. Charlotte, Miss Lawrence.
Moses, Mr Keeley.
Mordaunt, Mr Baker. Bertrand, Mr Duruset. Merton, Mr Henry.

To conclude with the Farce of

TEDDY THE TILER.

Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly. Oriel, Miss Lawrence. Flora, Miss Nelson.
Julia, Mrs Brown. Ladies, Mesds. Perry and Appleton.
Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans. Henry, Mr Perry. Frederick, Mr Baker.
Bombardine, Mr Henry. Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour. Tim, Mr Addison.
Teddy Mulowney, Mr Power. Stiff, Mr Mears.
Apewell, Mr Irwin. Constable, Mr Fuller. Richard, Mr Heath.

On Monday, Napoleon Buonaparte.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Historical Drama of

WILLIAM TELL.

Austrians—Anneli, Miss Nicol. Agnes, Miss Scott.
Gesler, Mr D. Pitt. Sarnam, Mr Almar. Struth, Mr Hobbs. Braun, Mr Rogers.
Rudolph, Mr Lee. Lutold, Mr Richards.
Swiss—Emma, Miss M. C. Poole. William Tell, Mr Osbaldiston.
Albert, Miss Ellis. Waldman, Mr Webb. Michael, Mr C. Hill.
Meletal, Mr Gough. Erni, Mr Nelson. Verner, Mr Maitland.
Furst, Mr Young. Jaghelli, Mr Honner. Pierre, Mr Ransford.
Theodore, Mr Asbury.
Tyrolienne Dance, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which, a Dramatic Romance, in Two Acts, called

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Helena di Rosalvi, Miss M. C. Poole. Claudine, Miss Jordan.
Jacinthe, Miss Rumens. Rosa, Miss Nicol. Genevieve, Miss Somerville.
Felix, Mr Osbaldiston. Rosalvi, Mr D. Pitt. Jeronymo, Mr Young.
Marco, Mr Lee. Florio di Rosalvi, Miss Ellis. Baptista, Mr Webb.
Julio di Rosalvi, Master F. Carbery. Juan, Mr Tully.
Pietro, Mr Collier. Fabricio, Mr Fone.

After which a New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND! OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

[By Mr THOMPSON.]
The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Emden Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

Taken from Sir W. SCOTT's celebrated Story.

Lady Ashton, Miss Wells. Lucy Ashton, Mrs Evans. Marion, Miss Ayres.
Dame Lightbody, Mrs Garrick. Sir William Ashton, Mr Munroe.
Edgar, Mr Keppell. Hayston of Bucklaw, Mr Forrester. Randolph, Mr Cooke.
Captain Craigengelt, Mr Marshall. And Caleb Balderstone, Mr J. Russell.

Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music, to be spoken by Mrs Glover
After which, a Concert on the Stage.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflote,' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

To which will be added a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

Mrs Pimpernel, Mrs Glover.
Mr Theophilus Bunbury, Mr Marshall. And Mr Alexis Twisselton, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Grand Melo-dramatic Military Spectacle, called

THE FRENCH SPY.

[By Mr HAINES.]
The Music composed and selected by Mr Harroway.

French—Mathilde de Grammont, the dumb lady, assuming the Characters of Pierre Graziot, a Cadet of the Lancers, and Omar Almorid, an Houah, or inspired Arab boy, Mademoiselle Celeste.
Madame Beauvine, Mrs Garrick. Louison, Miss Stolwasser.
The General, Mr Tilbury. Major Lafont, Mr Spencer.
Captain Dessain, Mr G. Lejeune. Serjeant Beauvine, Mr Marshall.
Colin Coquinard, Mr Wilkinson.
Algerines—Zitta, Mademoiselle Constance.
The Dey, Mr Munroe. Ali Ben Al Hamed, Mr H. Cooke.
Ben Mousa, Mr Keppell.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The White and the Black Bear.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.—Feats of Horsemanship—Rob Roy M'Gregor—Lilliputian Bonaparte—Gymnastics by Quang-Cœlis—Performances by the Lilliputian Ponies—Cupid and Zephyr—The Hunted Tailor.

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Nº 218.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, MAY 16, 1831.

REVOLUTIONS IN THE SWISS CANTONS.

As our visits to the theatre try our health not a little, and sometimes render it difficult to write the first part of the paper in the manner we like, we prefer on these occasions giving an interesting extract by itself, to making sleepy remarks upon it. The following, from the second volume, just published, of the 'Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs,' is one upon a set of events that ought to be better known, and presents the reader with a very complete idea of them:—

'While the population of Portugal was below the level of being touched by the events of the French revolution, it was generally supposed that the free republics of Switzerland, whose constitutions have been praised by Montesquieu and the historian Müller, would be equally exempt from agitation, being raised above them. No idea could be more erroneous. The political state and civil government of the Swiss cantons, as settled by the congress of Vienna, and watched with jealousy by the holy alliance, have been to the great body of the people a source of uneasiness and dissatisfaction. Though republics, nothing could be less republican than many of their laws, customs, and institutions. Privileges of orders, privileges of corporations, privileges of localities, and privileges of family, almost universally interfered with the equal rights and free action of the majority of the citizens. A narrow oligarchy engrossed the offices and advantages which belonged to all, prevented the development of talent and intelligence, and restrained the enjoyment of industry and civil liberty. The holy alliance domineered over the diet or federal directory; the diet tyrannised over the cantons; the chief towns of the cantons tyrannised over the country districts; and trades or families tyrannised over the chief towns. The taxes were not imposed according to the abilities of the tax-payers; and several exemptions were enjoyed by particular classes.

'The people in most of the cantons complained that all the powers of the state were monopolized by the minority. In some of them, places of trust and emolument were concentrated in a small junta in the cities, and had become the patrimony of a few families. The representation of the republic was often so unjustly distributed, that the towns, though the minority, enjoyed the privilege of returning two-thirds of the supreme council, while the country could only send one-third. Thus, in Fribourg, for instance, the capital sent 108 members to the canton legislature, while the country only sent 36. In Zurich the grand council consisted of 212 members, of whom the capital elected 130, and the rest of the canton only 82. The small council at Fribourg engrossed all the executive, administrative, and judicial appointments of the state. It nominated the parish clergy, appointed the judges, and directed public instruction. In discharge of the latter duty, it afforded an asylum to the Jesuits when expelled from France, encouraged them by their patronage, and protected them against their enemies. In other cantons, such as that of Berne, the government was entirely in the hands of a privileged nobility, who not only robbed the people of their equal rights, but insulted them by their aristocratic haughtiness. At Bâle and several of the other cantons, patrician insolence and patrician oppression were the subjects of as heavy complaints as with the people of Rome before they retired to the *Mons Sacer*. In cantons where no nobility existed, the town inhabitants enjoyed advantages of trade and immunities from duties which were denied to the peasantry or the inhabitants of the country. Sometimes those Swiss officers, who had returned with some fortune and consideration from waiting in the ante-chambers of foreign despots, insulted their countrymen by the enjoyment of political immunities to which they could not aspire.

'But domestic oppression and injustice were not the only evils that resulted from these oligarchical powers and institutions. The parties thus exercising authority, exempt from the control of their fellow-citizens, leagued themselves with foreign potentates, and often surrendered from complaisance the just rights and independence of their confederation. Hence they sent away the refugees from Piedmont at the request of the King of Sardinia, and the German students on the demand of the German princes. Hence they allowed the press to be enslaved by the holy alliance. Hence they permitted the discussions in the Diet to be bridled, and the character and movements of strangers who visited their mountains to be reported upon at Paris, Vienna, and St Petersburg. If an article of too liberal a tendency was published in a journal, or a speech of too bold a spirit was delivered in a cantonal assembly, the diplomatic spies of absolute monarchs censured the former, and remonstrated against the latter. The authorities, not always sympathising with their fellow-citizens, submitted to these indignities; and the liberty of discussion was as much restrained on the mountains of Switzerland as in the heart of the Germanic confederation. Since the Helvetians have ceased to migrate in a body, like their ancestors of Cæsar's day, in quest of new settlements, they have ceased to be formidable to neighbouring states by their ambition of conquest, and therefore might have been allowed to discuss their own interests, and enjoy their own franchises, without molestation from the absolute sovereigns of Europe.

'These evils, whether less or more severely felt, might have been endured much longer, or have been gradually removed without an explosion, had it not been for the occurrence of the French revolution. This event acted upon the Swiss as upon the Belgians, with the compound effect of vicinage and similarity of institutions, multiplied by political sympathy, identity of language, and certainty of protection. While the inhabitants of each canton had their attention called to this opportunity of rapidly bettering their condition, without interference from neighbouring absolute governments, the attention of the whole confederation was roused to the means of preserving its neutrality in the midst of the conflict which the convulsion in France might provoke. Thus it was impossible either for the separate cantons or the general government to remain inactive spectators of the events on their frontiers.

'Towards the middle of October, symptoms of popular effervescence began to appear, which an exhortation from the directing canton could not allay; and by the end of November or middle of December, eleven out of the twenty-two members of the confederation had either risen against their executive and supreme councils, to demand a popular change in their constitution, or had been promised a revision of their constitutional act without an insurrectionary movement. The cantons which thus demanded fundamental reforms were Zurich, Bâle, Berne, Vaux, Lucerne, Soleure, Fribourg, St Gall, Argovie, Thurgovie, and Schwitz. The diet, or general government, did not interfere, and in the midst of such a general agitation could not have been heard. As the grievances of all were nearly the same, redress was demanded by nearly the same class of persons, enforced by the same kind of means, and extended to nearly the same articles of reform.

'The usual mode of proceeding was for the reformers of each canton to meet in smaller bodies in their separate districts, or in large masses, and petition the government for a revision of the constitution or fundamentul law of the republic on certain bases, of a more enlarged electoral system and a more equal representation,—of the abolition of privileges, and the equal partition of political power between the town and the country. On receiving these petitions, the administration referred them to the grand councils, who usually appointed a commission, of a smaller or a greater number of members, to draw up a reformed constitutional law, to be submitted, first to the council, and then to the people. The petitioners, in the mean time, kept their eye closely fixed on the work preparing in the council, and either stimulated the commission to activity in its undertaking, or prepared to resist its propositions if they were not sufficiently liberal. Sometimes the people and their rulers agreed without any demonstration of physical force on the part of the former; sometimes, on the contrary, the petitioners found it necessary to assemble in great bands, to proceed armed to the chief town, and to dictate to the council both the time of completing its labours, and the principles of its intended work. In some instances these petitionary assemblies were of a very formidable and tumultuous nature. They had learned from the civic sharpshooters and political clubs of Paris the doctrines of popular sovereignty, and could practise the lesson as well as their masters. Excited by agitators, who assured them that they were oppressed, and that now was the time for redress, they gathered from hill and dale, and formed themselves into troops, to invade the towns and overawe the councils; proclaiming a war of the country or villages against the capital,—of the peasantry against oligarchical privileges,—of the body of the citizens against corporations and monopolies.

'It may be enough to state what occurred in two or three cases, to give the reader some idea of the singular manner in which they effect a revolution in Switzerland. The people in Zurich demanded a revision of their constitution. The work was entrusted to a commission of the grand council, which made its report on the 25th of November. This council consisted of 212 members, 130 of whom belonged to the chief town of the canton. The commission reduced the representatives of this town to 82, and gave 118 to the country. Still this popular change did not satisfy the rural inhabitants of the canton, who imagined that their share of influence was left too small. Discontent spread; meetings took place, speeches were made, and petitions were drawn up against the

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new project. At last, to give more effect to their representations, a meeting consisting of more than 10,000 men assembled at Uster, a village about three leagues from the capital. This meeting was harangued by several patriotic orators, who agreed to a petition, which was signed by thousands of names, appointed a deputation to carry it to the government, and resolved to remain in permanent insurrection till an answer should be received. The petition insisted on the principle, that in all free countries the people are the sovereign; it represented that the revision of the constitution ought to be submitted to the majority of the citizens as well as to the grand council; that the decision of the grand council in this case was not conformable to the will of the people; that the due representation of the canton would give two thirds of the deputies to the country, and only one third to the capital; that a better system of election should be introduced; that the privileges of trades should be suppressed, the duration of military service shortened, the rights of parishes to choose their pastors established, and other grievances redressed too tedious to be enumerated. The deputation arrived in Zurich when in a state of alarm at hearing of the great assemblage in its neighbourhood. It had an interview with the chief magistrate; it was called to the grand council, and represented the state of ferment in which it had left the meeting. The council met at eight o'clock in the morning, and sat till six in the evening, having been addressed by eighty speakers. It then came to an agreement to adopt the principle laid down by the assembly at Uster, giving two thirds of the representation to the country, instead of one third as then existed; and the effervescence ceased.

'On the 5th of December the canton of Berne, comprising nearly a third of the confederation, held a grand council, consisting of 217 members, in which, after an address by the chief magistrate on the state of Europe, and the dangers which beset the confederation, he showed, that in case of a war the independence of the cantons could only be maintained by unanimous councils and firm resolutions. The turbulence which had appeared in some cantons it was supposed would end by timely concessions to the popular will. In their turn, the council appointed a commission of eleven to examine all propositions for a change in the constitution, either emanating from the government or from other parties. This was reckoned a victory by the petitioners for a change, and was celebrated with every token of joy.

'On the 5th of December a popular movement was directed on Arau, in the canton of Argovie, at the head of which was an innkeeper and a physician. The government prepared to oppose them by a corps of militia, some gensdarmes, and four pieces of cannon, on Monday the 6th, and ranged them in order of battle near Stansberg. The innkeeper and his party, being reinforced by the inhabitants of the towns through which they passed, formed themselves in order of battle, and prepared to attack the government force. Some shots were fired, and the militia fled; the malcontents got the cannon, which had been abandoned by the artillerymen, and, having made some prisoners, entered Arau. The government offered to resign in their favour; but the insurgents declared that they were not desirous of power, and that they only wished the prayers of the people to be granted. On this the government retained its authority, and convoked the great council for the 9th. This council named a constituent committee, with orders to present its project to the grand council in fifteen days. The insurgents then dispersed quietly, leaving the town with a garrison of 600 men. The innkeeper Fisher maintained strict discipline: the arsenal, the town house, and all public property were guarded and respected.

'Lausanne, or the Pays de Vaud, was among the last of the cantons to raise the standard of insurrection; but when it declared itself for reform, its resolution was decided and effectual. At the request and earnest entreaty of a great body of the country population, a commission was appointed to revise the constitutional act, and to propose such changes as would render it consistent with the more enlargened notions of liberty which time and knowledge had introduced. The movements of this commission were too slow for public impatience, or its dispositions too narrow for public confidence. The patriots, therefore, who had compelled its formation, soon began to clamour against its delay, and to mingle rumours of intrigues and treachery with their expressions of dissatisfaction. The popular mind became greatly irritated against the council; and on the 17th of December, about 300 or 400 armed petitioners arrived in the town to urge more expeditious measures. They addressed themselves to the council, and believed their prayer rejected. On this they conceived that a display of force was necessary; and force was ready at their command. They had previously placed bonfires at proper distances, to be kindled in case of need, as gathering signals for their friends. The one above the town was lighted, and almost immediately a line of revolutionary beacons blazed along the lake. The people gathered at the signal, and 8000 petitioners were soon assembled at Lauzanne. The tree of liberty was planted in the middle of the town; and the insurgents, without arms or violence, engrossed all the powers of the state. They sent a deputation to the grand council in the name of the people; but the council had suspended their sittings, and nothing could be done. All resistance to the assembled villagers of the canton was vain; and no violence being offered, no excess was committed. On an assurance of redress from the most respectable people of the canton, this crowd dispersed, and its chief demands were complied with.

'In only one case was there any continued resistance or bloodshed, and that was at Bâle, where the authorities, supported by the town's people, resolved not to yield to the demands of the country districts. In this canton, therefore, hostilities were kept up for some time. The peasantry surrounded and besieged the town. Collected from their farms or their flocks, from their cottages in the mountains or the fastnesses of their rocky land, with fowling-pieces, pistols, pitchforks, or any kind of weapon which they could lay hold of, they followed the banner of liberty to the seat of government, to demand a change in their constitution. The drifting snows of winter did not interrupt their campaign, or arrest their attempts to storm the ramparts of oligarchical privilege. For a whole fortnight they bivouacked on the wintry ground in the neighbourhood of the town, which was regularly defended with artillery. As they approached, the citizens flew to arms,—the tocsin sounded, and the walls were mounted with soldiers as against a foreign enemy. As many of the Swiss officers who had returned from foreign service took part with the government, and as Bâle is a defensible position, the number of undisciplined peasants were unable to make any impression, and dispersed after being repulsed with some discharges of artillery. The council, notwithstanding its success, resolved to revise the constitution, and to grant those fundamental reforms promised by the other cantons.

'Such was the position of this interesting assemblage of republics at the end of the year. The people had everywhere demanded a change in the distribution of political power, to which the constituted authorities had consented, on the basis fixed by the majority of the citizens; and a constitutional reform, amounting to a revolution, was everywhere in progress.'

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Genuine Homage.—Rude and savage natures, who seem born with a propensity to express contempt for anything that looks like prosperity, yet felt respect for its declining lustre.—*Charles Lamb's 'Rosamund Gray.'*

Strange Instance of Vanity.—Sir Godfrey Kneller was remarkably vain. On one occasion, when he heard a low man damning himself,—'God damn you, indeed!' cried the indignant artist; 'God may damn the Duke of Marlborough or Sir Godfrey Kneller; but do you suppose he would take the trouble to damn such a low fellow as you?'—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

The Stirrup-cup.—When the landlord of an inn presented his guests with *deoch-an-dorais*, that is the drink at the door, or the stirrup-cup, the draught was not charged in the reckoning. On this point, a learned bailie of the town of Forfar pronounced a very sound judgment:—A., an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her "peck of malt," and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour of A., chanced to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came to take in her liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her "browst" had disappeared. To take vengeance on Crummie's ribs with a stick was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B., her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which Crummie had drunk up. B. refused payment, and was conveyed before C. the bailie, or sitting magistrate. He heard the case patiently, and then demanded of the plaintiff A. whether the cow had sat down to her potation, or taken it standing. The plaintiff answered she had not seen the deed committed, but she supposed the cow drank the ale while standing on her feet; adding, that had she been near, she would have made her use them to some purpose. The bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to be a stirrup-cup, for which no charge could be made, without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.—*Notes to Waverley.*

English and Continental Meals.—I have almost always found the utmost variety, and in general, good cookery, in the Swiss bill of fare, with the exception of Zurich and its neighbourhood, where certain spices are used in too great abundance. At the inn at Glarus, where one might scarcely expect the handsomest entertainment, my dinner consisted of soup, fish, and five dishes of meat, two dishes of vegetables, and seven of a dessert. It has often occurred to me when dining at one of the best served tables, at the inns on the Continent, how great must be the surprise of a foreigner, when, having asked for dinner, in England, for the first time, a beef-steak perhaps, and a few potatoes, are placed before him. A Swiss gentleman, whom I met at Wesen, informed me that the first evening he landed at Brighton, he asked for supper; and a huge piece of cold beef being soon after placed upon the table, he supposed that the company at supper would consist of at least twenty persons; for abroad, he had been accustomed to see little more of one dish served up, than would suffice for the company. In the expectation that the company would arrive, he waited long; and at length, being told that the beef was intended for no one but himself, he cut one thin slice, marvelling much at the extraordinary appetites of Englishmen, and expecting six or eight as ponderous dishes to follow; the sequel needs no telling.—*Conway's Switzerland, France, and the Pyrenees.—(Constable's Miscellany.* Vol. LXVI.)

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A Church-Yard in Switzerland.—I left Basil for Zurich soon after sunrise. The road for at least ten miles lies along the southern bank of the Rhine, and passes through a country rich in grain, and thickly studded with cherry, apple, and walnut-trees. The north bank of the Rhine, exposed to the sun, being covered with vineyards. I stopped to breakfast at a small inn by the river-side, and while breakfast was preparing, I walked into a small church-yard close by, where I found not only the usual crosses and the complement of fresh flowers, but also a small wooden vessel upon each grave, half full of water, which, upon enquiry, I found to be holy water.—*Conway's Switzerland.*

A Dramatic Incident in Real Life.—His Lordship's (the Marquis of Exeter) first marriage had been unfortunate, and his second was at least singular. Disturbed in mind at the unhappy result of his first union, he had retired to a farm-house near Shrewsbury, where he lived *incog.* and solaced himself in rural musings. His command of money and his want of employment at last set the busy gossips of the neighbourhood at conjecture, and inferences were drawn not very favourable to his character and sources of indolent support. At last, his host thought of cutting acquaintance, partly on this score, and partly because the neighbourhood began to think him attached to his daughter. "But," replied the noble recluse, "what would you say, if I really loved Sarah Hoggins, and married her?" This altered the case. The wedding was agreed upon, the parties repaired to Burghley, and until they arrived at the splendid place of the Cecils, Sarah Hoggins had no idea that she was to be the Marchioness of Exeter.—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.* [The word Marchioness, seems to have been written by mistake, since the damsel of Shrewsbury was the second wife of the Earl, who, as the author himself tells us, was created a Marquis while Sir Thomas Lawrence was engaged in painting the portrait of the third wife.]

Value of Musical Notes.—Stephen Storace had a remarkably good head for figures. When a boy, his passion for calculation was beyond all belief. Michael Kelly says he has been known to multiply four figures by four figures, by memory, in three minutes. When young, Kelly tells us Storace was so astonished that fifty guineas should be paid for *singing a song*, that he counted the notes in it, and calculated the amount of each at 4*s.* 10*d.* This passion for calculating the value of notes (musical ones) has seized a Parisian dilettante, who, according to the *Furet de Londres*, has been fixing the price of every note and rest in certain pieces played by Paganini recently, at a concert given at the Opera at Paris, which produced him 16,500 francs. This may be *play* to Paganini, but destruction to less fortunate musicians, for he swallows up all that would otherwise be distributed among many. An English violinist must work many long laborious days and nights before he can *scrape* together six hundred and eighty-seven pounds sterling, the sum, it seems, which the lucky Italian gets by a single concert!—*Dilettante in Harmonicon for May.*

Diet to Procure a Grateful Old Age.—One thing above all is grateful to the spirits: that there be a continual progress to the more benign. Therefore, we should lead such a youth and manhood, that our old age should find new solaces; whereof the chief is *moderate ease.* And, therefore, old men in honourable places lay violent hands upon themselves, who retire not to their ease: whereof may be found an eminent example in Cassiodorus; who was of that reputation among the Gothish Kings of Italy, that he was as the soul of their affairs. Afterwards, being eighty years of age, he betook himself to a monastery, where he ended not his days before he was a hundred years old. But this thing doth require two cautions; one, that they drive not off till their bodies be utterly worn out and diseased; for in such bodies, all mutation, though to the more benign, hasteneth death: the other, that they surrender not themselves to a sluggish ease; but that they embrace something, which may entertain the thoughts and mind with contentation. In which kind, the chief delights are, reading and contemplation; and then the desires of building and planting.—*Lord Bacon—History of Life and Death.*

Glees and Madrigals *v.* Mozart.—In the mean time I had made the acquaintance of some young Germans, whose mercantile pursuits, and the passion for youthful travelling, which more or less governs every German, from the mechanic to the merchant, had led to London and its counting-houses. Conversation with them opened a new field to me—and what a field! Haydn, Mozart, Paer, and even the early works of Beethoven, were spread before my eyes, and poured into my ears. 'Get thee behind me,' said I forthwith to the whole school of glee-writers and madrigal composers, past, present, or to come. Here is a grace and power beyond the reach of art. Music here is dealing not with the abstract ideas alone, but with the passions and business of life. Listen to the amorous boy, *Cherubino*, languishing his youthful aspirations in 'Voi che sapete,' or expressing all their precocious fervour in 'Non so più cosa son;' weigh in an equal balance the tender regrets of the neglected wife, when the Countess sings 'Dove sono;' and the equally tender anticipations of the bride's 'Deh vieni, non tardar.' Compare the lofty and aristocratic, but depraved jealousy of the Count Almaviva in the 'Vedro mentr' io sospiro,' with that of the crafty Figaro in 'Se vuol ballare' and 'Aprite un po quegl' occhi,' and confess with me, that the glee-writer may be elegant, erudite even, and sometimes touching; but that to have your sensations awakened as music *can* awake them, you must quit the glee-school, and listen to the dramatic.—*Harmonicon.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

King's Theatre.—Medea—La Nayade.
Drury-Lane.—The Emissary—Deaf as a Post—The Portrait of Cervantes.
Covent Garden.—Azor and Zemira—Hide and Seek—Teddy the Tiler.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE HAYMARKET.

TO THE TATLER.

Saturday, May 14, 1831.

Dear Mr Tatler,—I was at the Haymarket Theatre last night, and as you, being on duty at Drury Lane, could not possibly have been present, I may as well tell you what was going on at the smaller house. To begin with the beginning:—My companion and myself could only obtain seats on the third row; these, however, would have well pleased us, had it not happened that, at the sudden announcement of "First and second company," a train of ladies entered, one of whom had her head so built upon with a profusion of gauzes, ribbons, and flowers, that the stage was entirely hidden from our sight. Even to this we could have been reconciled, Mr Tatler, had we considered only the first piece, which is generally comparatively, if not positively, poor; but these tremendous towers were to conceal from us the delightful actress we went purposely to see. We kept our feelings to ourselves, and endeavoured to make the best of it, and our patience was rewarded; for the whole party removed to one of the private boxes, and we advanced to the front row. I begin to suspect, Sir, that ladies are fee'd by the box-keepers, to wear these screens upon their heads, by which front rows are rendered objects of so much importance, that people will give a handsome sum to obtain them. The second piece was *La Reine de Seize Ans*, which is the same subject, and indeed the same piece, though in another language, as that which was lately acted at the greater theatres, under the title of the *Youthful Queen.*

It represents Christina of Sweden, in her youth, patronising and rapidly promoting a young officer, with whom she, at last, resolves to share her throne. Her prime minister, who discovers this design, effectually frustrates it, by bestowing his own niece upon the young officer, who had long loved her;—at the very moment when the Queen is waiting for him to declare her intentions. Mademoiselle Leontine Fay did not *act*, she *was Christina,—Christina* in her youth, with all her fervency and self-will; but before she was hardened by power. The last scene was inimitable. Having learned, from *Frederic's* own lips, that he is married, and listened, with conflicting passions, to a manly and pathetic appeal to her feelings, from the prime minister,—she addresses the bridegroom, whom she dispatches as her ambassador to Denmark; bidding him depart immediately, and remember that he has friends in Sweden, who will watch over his fortunes. This speech is uttered with a suppressed emotion that at once shows the strength of her feelings, and her endeavour to preserve the dignity of her station. As Nature taught her, Mademoiselle Leontine suffered the woman rather to predominate over the Queen, but it was only by the unconquerable failure of the voice, which modified the tones, and compelled her frequently to hesitate, while she endeavoured to gain the mastery of them. Her last action is to return to the prime minister, the order, of which, in her anger, she had deprived him,—with these simple and eloquent words,—"*Etes vous content?*" There was in the expression of these few words, such an union of regret for her former harshness to her old friend, mingled with the consciousness that she had acted nobly, under trying circumstances, that the whole audience, after one moment's pause, broke forth into one—nay, into repeated bursts of applause. I actually began to doubt whether they did not mean to encore the piece; but I presume the persevering plaudits that seemed continually to gain new vigour after fainting, were intended to bring the actress forward. She did not, however, appear; she was to act in the next piece, and was probably dressing for it. At the conclusion of that piece, *La Seconde Année; ou, A Qui La Faute?*—though admirably acted, the enthusiasm of the audience was not called forth in so striking a manner. I do not think Paulin appeared to advantage in *Edmonde. Denville*

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would have suited him better, but ALFRED acts this part so well, that it would be an injustice to take it from him. It is surprising how this actor and Mademoiselle St ANGE have improved since they first played in London! I have neither space nor inclination to say much of M. BRUNET. I believe last night was his last, and perhaps it would be unjust to speak from one performance; but I own to you, Mr TATLER, that to me his chief merit appeared to lie in the extraordinary manner in which he could feign death, and preserve the appearance of total inanimation, in the various positions in which he is placed, in the "*Habitans des Landes.*" And I can scarcely think this a great or a pleasing accomplishment. Hoping that your health will allow you to see Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY before she leaves us,

I remain, Mr TATLER, your sincerely,

A. A.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Sinclair. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Arnold, Mr Cathie.

Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'Cortez.'

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Melo-Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Zorilda, Miss Huddart. Selima, Miss Russell. Liska, Miss S. Phillips.
Timour, Mr H. Wallack. Oglou, Mr Cooper.
Agib, Miss Poole. Bermeddin, Mr Cooke. Abdalec, Mr Howard
Octar, Mr Honner. Orasmin, Mr Fenton.
Kerim, Mr T. Blanchard. Sanballat, Mr Howell.
Tartar Chiefs—Messrs. Eaton, Bishop, Robinson, Walsh, T Price, East, &c.
Georgian Cavalry—Messrs. Cooke, Cooke, jun., Davis, Smith, Williams, &c.

To-morrow, The Emissary; with Comfortable Lodgings; and Timour the Tartar.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, to be called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Ward. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Johnson.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Ward. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.

Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr G. Mears. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Waldor, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stapps, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (In France). 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Shegog.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.

Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Vials.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgaud, Mr Wills.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Watson.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

BERTRAND ET SUZETTE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de M. SCRIBE.
Suzette, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Madame Pinchon, Mlle. St. Ange.
M. de Brémont, M. St. Aubert. Edouard, M. Alfred.
Bertrand, M. Pelissié. Pinchon, M. Laporte.

Suivi de

VALERIE: OU, LA JEUNE AVEUGLE.

Comédie en Trois Actes, du Théâtre Français de MM. SCRIBE et MELESVILLE.
Valérie, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Caroline de Blumfeld, Mlle. St. Ange.
Ernest, M. Pelissié. Henry Milner, M. Alfred. Ambroise, M. Laporte.

On finira par

LA DEMOISELLE A MARIER.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, de MM. SCRIBE et MELESVILLE.
Camille, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Madame Dumesnil, Mme. Préval.
M. Dumesnil, M. Cloup. Alphonse de Laceval, M. Alfred.
Ducoudrai, M. Gamard. Baptiste, M. Guenée.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—

'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—

Madame Pompeydour; Lord Phibbis Crachstone; Signor Tommaso Jackassini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gossoon; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Drama, founded on SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

KING RICHARD III.

Queen, Miss M. C. Poole. Lady Anne, Miss Scott. Duchess of York, Madame Simon.
King Henry VI., Mr Gough. Prince of Wales, Miss Ellis.
Duke of York, Master Frank Carbery. Duke of Buckingham, Mr Honner.
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Mr Osbaldiston.
Duke of Norfolk, Mr Maitland. Tressel, Mr C. Hill.
Earl of Richmond, Mr D. Pitt. Earl of Oxford, Mr Ransford.
Lord Stanley, Mr Almar. Lord Mayor, Mr Webb.
Sir William Catesby, Mr Rogers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Mr Lee.
Sir Robert Brackenbury, Mr Asbury. Sir William Brandon, Mr Tully.
Sir James Tyrrel, Mr Hobbs. Sir James Blunt, Mr Collier.

The Highland Reel (in Character) by Mlle. Rosier.

To conclude with the admired Melodrama of

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

[By Mr POCOCK.]

Ravina, Miss M. C. Poole. Claudine, Miss Vincent. Lauretta, Miss Jordan.
Grindoff, Mr D. Pitt. Count Frederic Friberg, Mr Honner.
Lothair, Mr C. Hill. Karl, Mr Vale. Krauts, Miss Barker.
Kelmar, Mr Gough. Zingra, Mr Ransford. Riber, Mr Asbury.
Golotz, Mr Lee. Spado, Mr Jones. Sanguino, Mr White.
Spalatro, Mr Boulanger. Schampt, Mr Fone. Michello, Mr Tully.
Margio, Mr Webb. Rolpho, Mr Allcroft. Maurice, Mr Young.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Musical Entertainment, called

BARON TRENCK.

Countess Holtzdorf, Miss Stohwasser. Victorine, Miss Vernon.
Count of Lissdorf, Mr Tilbury. Major Muffledorf, Mr Marshall.
Baron Trenck, Mr Green. Augustus, Mr Bennett. Boltzheim, Mr Cooke.
François Bassecarompdorf, Mr J. Russell.

Immediately after the Farcetta, the Curtain will rise to

A GRAND CONCERT ON THE STAGE.

Immediately after the Concert, the admired Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

DELUSIONS.

[By Mr BARNARD.]

Ellen Mowbray, Miss Stohwasser. Mary, Miss Wells.
Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick. Frank, Mr Marshall. Charles Easton, Mr Green.

At the End of the Comedietta, 'True Courage,' (Dibdin) by Mr J. Russell.

After which a New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Vernon. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Pansa, Mr Green.

To conclude with a Comic Entertainment, in One Act, called

EVERY BODY'S HUSBAND.

Mrs Pimpernel, Miss Glover.
Mr Theophilus Bunbury, Mr Marshall. And Mr Alexis Twisselton, Mr Green.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Stud of Burmese Ponies—Lilliputian Countess—Master H. Cooke's Riding Act—Vaulting Act—Xenocles the Greek Warrior.

PAVILION THEATRE.—Black-Eyed Susan—Performances of Michel Boai—Fifteen years of a British Seaman's Life.

ROYAL PANARMONION THEATRE.—Napoleon Buonaparte—Cupid and the Classics—The Miser Outwitted—Raymond and Agnes.

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12 *Chancery lane, and in Wine Office Court, Fleet street.*

Nº 219.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1831.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.

We remember no Magazine, the first numbers of which have pleased us so much as those of the present. And the reasons are clear enough. It is the most unfettered in its opinions we have yet met with, and the writers appear to be more in earnest. The number for April we had in our hands but for a short time; and can only say from recollection, that we were pleased with the vivacity of the outset, and the *Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote*. The second number, if we mistake not, is superior to the first; but before we speak more particularly of it, we must not forget to observe, that what gave us a highly favourable idea of the work, and spoke volumes in its favour before we read a word of it, was the engraving of De Foe's head on the wrapper. There appeared to us a very unequivocal honesty in this; the more so, as De Foe, however celebrated as the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' was never admitted into 'the circles;' and therefore, in setting him up as the symbol of their political honesty, and their determination to abide by it, the writers began by waiving that kind of dandyism in literature, and that dependence upon the good word of the frivolous, which, in the very best of their brethren not capable of so doing, argues but a half-strength and a half-sincerity. There is the more grace in it, because De Foe was not an educated man, at least not a scholar; and there seems to be no want, among the writers of the 'Englishman,' either of scholarship or 'good birth.' To be content to be thus introduced into company by a mere man of genius and worth—argued, we thought, a strain of spirit, aye, and of gentility, far higher than common. We looked at De Foe's resolute face (the same that was advertised by the Jacobite government), and being fresh from the perusal of his 'Memoirs' by Walter Wilson, said to ourselves, 'Thou wert an honest fellow; and we'll be sworn those who come with thee are of the right heart.'

Besides this earnest of its being in earnest, the Magazine has hitherto presented us with an engraving of a scene in Italy, and is to do so (if we remember the Prospectus), for some time, as a series of illustrations of that beautiful country. Fault has been found with this, as being something foreign to the work. *Foreign* it is (Punicè); but it is an Englishman's business now-a-days to consider nothing foreign to his notice that concerns the good or pleasure of mankind, and the diffusion of knowledge. For our parts, we are particularly pleased with this notion of a series of Italian views. It agreeably varies the track of thought, and shews that the writers, besides being sturdy Britons, are cultivators of the graces. We accordingly hailed, in the first number, our old friends the Italian peasants, dancing, as we hope English peasants will dance some day, *con permesso*, in the Villa of a great Signor; and by the favour of the second number, we have already taken several walks with those ladies and gentlemen who are expatiating in the gardens of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli. Those cypress trees (poplars with the levity taken out of them, and a solemn grandeur superadded)—we sit within their dark girdle, and hear the plashing of the fountain. Those pine-trees,—we see how auburn their tops will be in the setting sun.

Another engraving in the second number is a *Map* of the progress of Indian Cholera. Fault has been found with the introduction of articles on this disease. But if a magazine is to notice contemporaneous events, especially such as concern the general welfare, it appears to us that nothing could be more proper than an account of this tremendous stranger, which has awed a considerable part of the east, and brought his deadly shadow to the door of Europe. Government have thought proper to take precautions against it, and we know that on such occasions, governments are not apt to move for nothing. The map points out the different places at which it has successively made its appearance, since the year 1817. We confess we inspected it with no ordinary interest. It looks as if death had descended on the earth visibly, and mankind were tracking his steps. It makes one fancy that the old fable of Gog and Magog, was the history of a disease; or that the dreadful stranger was coming, designated to an acquaintance of ours by a poor woman, by a name not unlike in sound to those frightful cognomina. "What has come to your poor child?" said the gentleman. "Oh, Sir," said she, "the Doctor tells me it's the Hawcus Mawcus." This turned out to be nothing less than the subject of our present remarks. Gog and Magog, who in spite of their gigantic incarnations in Guildhall, are described as having been a swarm of little men, have been sometimes explained to mean a visitation of locusts. The Cholera Morbus made its first appearance at Moscow, under the guidance of "dense masses of small green flies, which in Asia are the forerunners of pestilence." Now Pope or Gay, we know not which, has evidently foretold the Hawcus Mawcus, in his account of the Hawcubites, who he says are the same as the Mohawks, and he concludes that these Mohawks and Hawcubites are Gog and Magog. In the confidence that Government is taking care of us, and with the same sensations with which little children "snatch a fearful joy" before the den of a lion locked up, we have therefore suffered ourselves to diverge into this learned speculation.* To return to our gravity, the article in the Englishman's Magazine contains a frightful specimen of the progress of the disease to a termination, in the case of a gentleman at Calcutta. The following are specimens of the account of its travels and ravages:—

'Epidemic cholera has in general rigidly followed the great highways of human intercourse. Pursuing the line of navigable waters, and the route of caravans, it entered or traversed the different countries. Through India it extended along the rivers Ganges, Hooghley, Jumna, and Nerbudda. Arabia, Persia, and Syria were penetrated by the Persian Gulf, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. Moscow received the disease by the route of the Volga. China, other parts of Eastern Asia, and the various islands, were infected over sea, as appears from the cholera making its earliest ravages in the port towns and maritime districts. Agreeing with the disposition of contagious diseases, the cholera has been most virulent wherever human beings were numerous and concentrated,—in densely peopled cities, in armies encamped, or upon the march, in localities unfavourable to free ventilation,—as low sheltered grounds, narrow streets, close dirty houses. The slow rate of progression at which the epidemic advanced from place to place in succession, and the temporary halts which it occasionally made, perfectly agree with a contagious origin; but they cannot be reconciled to an atmospheric. It travels, on an average, at a rate varying between ten and eighteen miles a day. But often, in particular instances, much less. Within the Zillah of Nellore, it proceeded thirty-two miles in twelve days, in the next twenty-seven days, eighty miles.'—P. 157.

* * * * *

'It is calculated that four millions of the natives of India have been swept away by this scourge since 1817. A share of the mortality, however, may be fairly attributed to partial or total want, in a multitude of instances, of medical assistance. In one district, the population of which is about 200,000 souls, the cases of cholera amounted to 15,945; of these, 1294 had been without medicine or medical aid, and there is reason to believe, that of the number, every individual perished. When proper remedial means could be supplied at an early period, and their use continued, the result was gratifying to the friends of humanity, and creditable to the profession, if the intractable nature of the malady be taken into account. The Madras army consisted of 83,336 men, European and native. During 1818, and the four succeeding years, there died 5¼ per cent. of the whole force, or 23¾ per cent. of those who had been attacked by the epidemic.

'The laws of cholera bear the impress of that presiding Intelligence who has described a circle, beyond which every species of physical evil must cease to mar the harmony of life. Were the disease to continue its ravages in the same place uninterruptedly for a series of years, it would depopulate the world. Few localities

* See an admirable banter on the Prophecies of the Almanacs, in one of the miscellaneous volumes of Swift, written by his friends. It is entitled "A Wonderful Prophecy taken from the mouth of the Spirit of a Person, who was barbarously slain by the Mohawks" (the bucks and street-bullies of those times); "proving also that the said Mohawks and Hawcubites, are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations." It is most likely by Gay. Among his poems, are some verses on the Mohawks, exquisitely ludicrous.

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have suffered longer than four or six weeks at a time, under the worst form of the distemper, and to this succeed long intervals of safety more or less complete. It does not, moreover, promise to be a plague that will descend a miserable inheritance to many generations. Some countries, formerly afflicted, are even now returning thanks for permanent relief; and in most the destroyer has relaxed its severity. Wherever it may next direct its course, the principal danger is to be apprehended. May its footsteps be averted from the dwellings of the poor in Great Britain and Ireland!'

If we have been surprised to hear an objection made to this article, it seems still more unaccountable that any should have been made to the excellent one on the "Slavery Question," a question of the greatest importance, the discussion of which is most becoming to the character of an Englishman, and has been just this moment revived by a seasonable advantage taken of the question of Reform. The article traces the history of the question, and of the noble Society that first organized themselves in its behalf;—we ought rather to say the divine-minded Society; for noble is a term of equivocal import. It is due to the honesty of the drawer-up of it, and of the author upon whom he has drawn, to say, that he speaks of having availed himself freely of a pamphlet published in January last, at the *Cape of Good Hope*, entitled "Considerations on the Exact Position of the Slave Question, by Thomas Miller, Esq." Good God! What have such wretched *coteries* as the Boroughmongers to hope for, when the interests of mankind are advocated by means of the *Press*, at the southern extremity of Africa!

The pleasant article on the same subject, entitled "Black and White," which supposes the Blacks uppermost in the world, and the Whites their slaves, very well turns the tables upon the West Indian Interest. The argument with which the "Interest" begins and ends, to wit, that there is a "Divine Providence" in these matters, a "Will of Heaven," is easily answered in the style of Zeno's slave, who, when he appealed to his master's doctrine of fatality, and said he could not help stealing, was allowed to have made a valid remark, "but then," answered Zeno, "neither can I help flogging you for it!" The Divine Providence may for its inscrutable purposes suffer the Rev. Mr Bridges of Jamaica; but it surely would be rash to argue, that the abolition of the power of Bridges would not be equally providential. For our parts, we can freely suppose that all the past events of the world, and even the miseries combined with them may have been necessary to the amount of final good; but this opinion does not give us the less right to suppose, that the moment good and wise men rise up in opposition to a misery, the time is come that it ought to cease. Who shall say, that their voice is not the Divine signal for its destruction?

We have not read all the articles in this second number of the Englishman's Magazine, but what we have read we like very much, with the exception of the banter on an article which appeared in the *Spectator*, entitled "Trustees of the Nation." We grant that the *Spectator's* talk of its being "the best Family Newspaper" is a cant; but the article in question appeared to us to unite much that was personally interesting, with what was undoubtedly interesting to the public at a moment like the present; and we can bear our testimony, in many respects, to the soundness of its recommendations. It is true, it was superfluous to mention the names of several of the parties,—that of Sir John Swinburne for instance, who was one of the Society of Friends of the People that mooted the Question of Reform, as proposed by Lord Grey, and is as distinguished for his public as beloved for his private beneficence. But if there was any mistake in the article, this surely was it; for it is a strange doctrine to us, and unworthy of being put forth in De Foe's Englishman, that the names of other excellent men should not have been brought forward, because they were obscure. De Foe was obscure for a long while, yet he was not the less a desirable coadjutor to the freemen of his time; and it would have been well for the cause of liberty, had his worth and abilities been made better known.

One of the articles that has pleased us most in this Magazine is the Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote. La Mancha, it seems, is a poor district. It has produced however Don Quixote, and all the world make pilgrimages to it in imagination, if they have not the luck, like the Rambler, to see it personally. A man of genius descends like an angel upon the barrenest spot of earth, and laying his hand upon it, says, "Let this be different hereafter.' We need not tell the readers of Don Quixote, that the gallant Knight, who has interested us so much, is a more real person than the myriads of men, whom we never think about; and that any illustration of a *fact* in his history hig ly concerns us.

'As we entered Puerto Lapiche,' says the writer, 'I noticed that all the women of the lower orders wore the skirts of their petticoats thrown over their heads; this is the universal custom in La Mancha, the *mantilla* being used only by the upper classes: it explains a passage in Don Quixote, which would otherwise be obscure. Sancho, when upon one occasion he returns home, endeavours to persuade his wife Theresa, to accept with a good grace the honours in store for her, when he shall have obtained the government of the island: he tells her how great a lady she will then be, and that she must make up her mind to the transformation. But Theresa replies, 'Neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess or governor's lady, to say, "Mind Mrs Pork-feeder, how proud she looks! it was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff; and went to mass *with the tail of her own gown about her head, instead of a veil.*"'

At the beginning of the number, there are some pretty verses to May; and a certain Pilgrimage to Glen Ora, in a style of which the enthusiasm does not seem to be as much in earnest in some parts as the others. But there is some striking natural painting in it, and the story affected us.

The scenes in Poland are spirited and interesting; and there is an account of the extraordinary School of St Simon, which has interested us so much, that we must make a separate article of it to-morrow. We must not omit to mention 'Bird-Nesting' by a Field-Naturalist,—a mode of pursuing the sport which we can heartily recommend to our readers, whether young or old, since it appears to leave the birds where it finds them, and only brings away the most pleasing descriptions of their nidification and manners.

The new Magazine 'reports progress,' as it ought to do, on the Reform Question; and is altogether to be distinguished from its contemporaries, by the independence and fervour of its tone. We doubt, however, whether those who like it best will not require more theatricals in it. We pardon its mention of this our painstaking, and most play-going TATLER, in a list of publications, which, however respectable, are devoted, we believe, to mere compilation.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

WANT OF 'THE BALLOT.'—A lady, who had for the last two years received her rent ten pounds short, wrote to her tenant that if he would vote for her friend, the same reduction should be made at the end of the present year, but if he refused to do so, the full rent and all arrears would be insisted upon!

VICAR OF BRAY.—The celebrated Vicar of Bray was Simon Symonds, who held that benefice during the reigns of four successive monarchs. Twice a Protestant and twice a Papist, he had always governed himself by what he thought a very laudable principle, which was, never on any terms to part with his vicarage.

AN HONEST MAN.—An anecdote is given from 'Oldfield's History of Boroughs,' of a Mr Taylor, of the Isle of Wight. The object was to change the influence under which the voters acted. The corporation was exactly divided, and the deciding vote was in Mr Taylor, who held back. Two thousand pounds were offered for his vote by the party he was inclined to favour. He rejected the bribe, and because of the insult implied in such an offer, he determined to *give* his vote to the opposite party. *They* attempted to bribe him with a still higher sum; and finding, as he said, that both parties were seeking illegally an object of ambition, he laid down his gown, and declined voting for either.

THE GREAT CORRAL OF SEVILLE.—As I am here giving a list of the objects best worthy the traveller's notice, let me add that among them the great Corrall ought not to be omitted, as it is really a curiosity. It is a building inhabited by the very lowest classes; the form of its construction being quadrangular, with a large court-yard, from which successive flights of open galleries rise one above the other, to the top of the building, along which are ranged the doors of the innumerable small apartments, each of which is inhabited by a family. The one which I visited at Seville contained, as I was informed, 368 families, being the population of a small town crowded into this confined spot. There was a good deal of activity and industry visible; the only idle persons being the few men visible, the other sex being busily engaged in washing. The sight was altogether very singular, the court-yard being literally quite crowded with some hundreds of young and old women, mules, and scores of children, many of them by no means infants, and who were moving about without a rag on. On looking at the old ladies, I was almost induced to alter my opinion of the beauty of the Andalusian women, for I never saw a scantier display of charms. On leaving the place, these poor people, who seemed happy and contented, pressed me to see their small altar, which was on one side of the entrance door, and, unlocking a kind of closet, brought out for my inspection, a large doll, miserably dressed out with flowers and tawdry-like finery, and intended to represent the Virgin. For the sight of this, they received with gratitude a small sum which I dropped into the poor-box.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.* Vol. I, pp. 58, 59.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Bertrand et Suzette—Valerie—Le Demoiselle à Marier.
DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—Timour the Tartar.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE great, or to use an unequivocal term, the large theatres., which every now and then exhibit a strong tendency to fulfil the lot for which they are destined, and become houses of spectacle, have suddenly announced their intention of making some grand assaults upon us in that way, with horse as well as foot. Drury Lane has revived *Timour the Tartar* (of which we shall give an account to-morrow); and Covent Garden, following in military as in naval respects the example set them by the stirring minors, produced last night a very singular kind of drama, in seven acts, called, '*Napoleon Bonaparte*, Captain of Artillery, General, First Consul, Emperor, and Exile.'

This title, and the qualification of 'Historical Spectacle,' explain the nature of the piece, which consists of a rapid sketch of *Bonaparte's* rise, power, and downfall; or rather of some leading points, sufficient to indicate those events. The first act presents us, for instance, with his conduct at the siege of Toulon, as Captain of Artillery; the second, with his passage of Mount St Bernard, as General of the Army of Italy; the third, his behaviour at Vienna after the battle of Austerlitz; the fourth, his attempt to rally against the Allied Forces in *France*; the fifth, his taking leave of his guard at Fontainebleau; sixth, the dream of a woman, who sees the principal events of his life in a series of visions; and seventh, his exile and death at St Helena. Politics are ingeniously and almost entirely excluded: there is not a word of the battle of Waterloo:—yes, the word itself was once uttered, and a *dead silence* ensued, but nothing was founded on it. We missed the first act; but in all the rest, not a syllable did we hear in allusion to politics, but twice; and one of these could hardly be called such. It was where *Napoleon*, after defeating the Emperor Francis, and while he was lodging in the palace at Schoenbrunn is asked by one of his ministers,—

'Will your Majesty be pleased to receive an envoy from the Emperor of Austria?'

Napol. (*hastily*). 'Let him wait.'

The audience enjoyed this nihilification of an Allied Monarch extremely. The other allusion, however, was the thing. His exile to St Helena was designated a 'cruel policy;' and indeed the whole of the last act went to shew it one. The words were received with loud approbation. A few hisses mixed in; but they were drowned with reiterated applause.

We expected to be disappointed in WARDE's personation of *Napoleon*. We could not contrive to associate the two ideas. But he disappointed us agreeably, especially in the latter part of the piece, when he grew fatter and staider. In the others, out of a desire to present us with a literal portrait, we cannot help thinking he must have exaggerated the restlessness and abruptness of *Bonaparte's* movements. It is with difficulty we can suppose so great a man to have been so eternally on the *fidget*. At intervals the effect was excellent, and received its due applause. We had everything *ad vivum*,—the short and hasty though firm step, the snuff-taking, the clasping the hands behind the back, &c. And Mr WARDE succeeded for the most part in modulating his voice into something lighter and more various than it is in general. The likeness improved as the scenes advanced. From the commencement of *Bonaparte's* downfall and corpulence (for they seem to have gone together) the illusion would sometimes have almost been complete, had the actor been shorter: and even his greater height was hardly in the way. The corpulence, the wide shaven side of the face, and the little hat, were exact to the portraits; and the white breeches and jack boots finished the resemblance. The hearts of the audience could not help opening to the *man* thus brought so vividly before them, and they repeatedly expressed their sympathy and admiration. Some of the scenes assisted the portraiture. In going over the Alps, the actor mounted a real horse, a very beautiful one; and riding it up an ascent, presented us with the famous portrait by David. Sometimes he stood with his back toward the spectators, reviewing his soldiers with his arms folded; sometimes wrote a dispatch on a drum-head, &c. The Alpine scenery is very fine: so was the burning of Moscow, in one of the scenes of the vision; and several others. The only fault of the piece was one which will doubtless be remedied in the performance of this evening, but which gave occasion to an opposition, which we suspect would not otherwise have ventured to shew itself. This was the length of the last act. *Bonaparte* is kept too long at St Helena, and in a dying state, considering the rapidity and energetic interest of the rest of the scenes; and there is an adventure, a fanciful one to the best of our remembrance, of a pretended seaman who attempts his rescue and induces him to resume his sword and talk of succeeding or perishing; a melo-dramatic incident which did the piece no good. We think also, that instead of making a sort of prefatory death in his chair, and being fairly put to bed after it before the spectators, to make another, his dying scene ought to present him in bed at once, if bed there must be. We doubt whether it is not a little too real. There is too much also about the attempt of the German student to assassinate himself, especially, if we are not much mistaken, as the event is misrepresented, and *Bonaparte* made to pardon the youth. *Bonaparte* could pardon well enough, as the Polignacs know; but surely in this instance the event was otherwise.

We were strongly impressed, during the performance, with the reasonableness of accompanying spectacles of this nature with music. Music acts the part of the *ideal*, which throws a grace over splendid actions, and the contemplation of great characters. It represents also, as it were, the bloom of our own admiration, and keeps us in a tone to admire, aloof from our common-places. Finally, in a piece like the present, it sounds as if an everlasting march of victory were going forward.

One of the most curious things was to see British soldiers performing the characters of French,—doubtless too with all due respect for their gallant enemies, now enemies too no longer. There are no real enemies in the world but Boroughmongers (whatever be their denomination) and those who would see justice done to their fellow-creatures.

The piece, greatly owing to the circumstance we have mentioned, was opposed a good deal at the end, but the applause unquestionably and highly predominated. There was a call for WARDE, and a great waving of hats in the pit; nor have we any doubt that the performance will have a run; but the last act must be materially shortened.

Upon the whole, we look upon the production and good reception of this piece as a curious sign of the times, and *a great credit to them*. Studiously as politics were for the most part avoided, you could plainly gather from the conduct of the audience, that the Holy Allies are looked upon in a very different light from that in which they were regarded during their visit to this country. If Sir Hudson Lowe had been in one of the boxes, he would have made but a short stay of it. The Castlereagh times are evidently clean gone out of favour, to the very last spark. It was plainly enough signified last night, that the audience had no sort of respect for legitimate despots of any sort, or for any of their footmen, *high* or low. Justice was done to King William, at the end of the piece, by a call for 'God Save the King;' and justice was done, *during* the piece, to what was really admirable, or pardonable, or pitiable, in the life and adventures of the wonderful man who was the subject it,—*with this special memento by the way*,—that when somebody in the dialogue said, that *if he had fought for liberty always as he did at first*, he would never have been conquered, *there was an enthusiastic reception of this sentiment*;—a circumstance which completed the interest of the performance, which shewed that the audience took it all in the right light, and made us look round upon the faces of our countrymen with respect and joy.

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— Nothing is so intolerable to Superstition as a rival absurdity.— *Forster on the Atmosphere.*

SAINTS IN DISGRACE.—In old almanacks, St Paul's day is mentioned as a very critical one. If the weather was clear on that day, the peasants expected a fruitful year. Schenck, in his 'Treatise on Images,' says that in Germany they used to drag St Paul and St Urban in effigy through the streets, down to the rivers, if their respective feasts happened to occur in foul weather. It is well known that many of the saints who have been devoutly worshipped by the ignorant, when their aid was required, have been threatened, and even knocked down and beaten, if that aid was not granted, or was thought too slow in coming.

CURIOUS PROFESSION OF FAITH.—The salvation of Catholics and Protestants being discussed in a company, of which Kneller was one, he rose, and said, "I think God is merciful, and at the last day will say to the Protestants, You go to that part of heaven, and to the Catholics, You go to that,—then, turning to me, he will say, But you, Sir Godfrey Kneller, are at liberty to go wherever you please."—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

CELSUS ON PHYSICAL CONDUCT.—The direction of Celsus, who was not only a learned physician, but a wise man, is not to be omitted: who adviseth interchanging, and alternation of the diet, but still with an inclination to the more benign. As that a man should sometimes accustom himself to watching, sometimes to sleep; but to sleep oftenest; again that he should sometimes give himself to fasting, sometimes to feasting; but to feasting oftenest: that he should sometimes enure himself to great labours of the mind, sometimes to relaxations of the same; but to relaxation oftenest. Certainly, this is without all question; that diet, well ordered, bears the greatest part in the prolongation of life. Neither did I ever meet an extreme long-lived man, but being asked of his course, he observed something peculiar: some one thing, some another. I remember an old man, above a hundred years of age, who was produced as a witness, touching an ancient prescription. When he had finished his testimony, the Judge familiarly asked him, "How he came to live so long?" He answered beside expectation, and not without the laughter of the hearers; "By eating before I was hungry, and drinking before I was dry."—*Lord Bacon's Natural History of Life and Death.*—[Bacon has repeated the above instructions in one of his essays. The old proverb says; "Every man is a physician at 40;" and it was the usual expression of Tiberius, that, "He was a fool, who after 30 years of age took advice of a physician." General rules of conduct may be laid down, and in the majority of cases with success; but every one who desires to attain an unburthened maturity of years, must narrowly observe his own temperament of body, for no one is without some peculiarity of conformation, and that should not be perplexed or thwarted.] C.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Seria, in Two Acts, of

MEDEA.

[By MAYER.]

Medea, Wife of Jason . . . Madame Pasta.
Creusa, Daughter of Creontes . . . . . Miss F. Ayton.
Ismenes, Confidant of Medea . . . Mlle. Feliani.
Creontes, King of Corinth . . . . . Signor Lablache.
Ægeus, King of Athens . . . Signor Rubini.
Jason . . . . Signor Curioni.
Tideus, Confidant of Creontes . . . Signor Deville.
Two Children of Jason and Medea.
Corinthians, Maidens, Priests, Followers of Ægeus, Guards.

Between the Acts,

A FAVORITE DIVERTISSEMENT.

Principal Dancers: Mlle. Taglioni, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Brocard, M. Emile, and M. Lefebvre.

After the Opera will be presented the Second Act of

GUILLAUME TELL.

In which Mademoiselle Taglioni will dance the Tyrollienne.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Grand Opera, entitled

THE EMISSARY; OR, THE REVOLT OF MOSCOW.

[By G. DANCE.]

The Music chiefly selected from the Opera of 'Le Colporteur' of Onslow. The whole adapted (with additional Music) by Barham Livius.

Lisinka, Miss Pearson. Mina, Miss Bruce. Katherine, Mrs Broad.
Alexis, Mr Sinclair. Oscar, Mr T. Cooke.
Lovinski, Mr Horn. Orloff, Mr Phillips. Knoutzki, Mr Bedford.
Stephanoff, Mr Latham. Koli, Mr Harley.

In the course of the Evening, Onslow's Overture to 'Le Colporteur;' Auber's Overture to 'Leocadie;' and H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'Cortes.'

After which,

COMFORTABLE LODGINGS.

Antoinette, Miss Chikini. Madame Pelagie Bonassus, Mrs C. Jones.
Sir Hippington Miff, Mr Liston. Captain Bonassus, Mr W. Bennett.
Bombardier Babillard, Mr Tayleure. Rigmarole, Mr Harley.
Monsieur de Caché, Mr Andrews. Roué, Mr Webster.
Durville, Mr Hooper. Gregory, Mr Hughes.

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Melo-Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Zorilda, Miss Huddart. Selima, Miss Russell. Liska, Miss S. Phillips.
Timour, Mr H. Wallack. Oglou, Mr Cooper.
Agib, Miss Poole. Bermeddin, Mr Cooke. Abdalec, Mr Howard
Octar, Mr Honner. Orasmin, Mr Fenton.
Kerim, Mr Howell. Sanballat, Mr Bartlett,
Tartar Chiefs—Messrs. Eaton, Bishop, Robinson, Walsh, T Price, East, &c.
Georgian Cavalry—Messrs. Cooke, Cooke, jun., Davis, Smith, Williams, &c.

To-morrow, The Legion of Honour; Turning the Tables; The Illustrious Stranger; and Timour the Tartar.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, to be called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Johnson.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schönenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.

Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr G. Mears. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stappe, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Bellhard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Shegog.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.

Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Vials.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgand, Mr Wills.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Watson.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play of

THE STRANGER.

Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. Poole. Countess Winterstein, Miss Scott.
Charlotte, Mrs Vale. Savoyard, Miss Somerville, with the original Ballad, 'I have a silent sorrow here.'
The Stranger, Mr Osbaldiston. Count Winterstein, Mr Honner. Peter, Mr Vale
Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Solomon, Mr Williams. Francis, Mr C. Hill.
Tobias, Mr Gough. The Count's Son, Master F. Carbery.
The Stranger's Children, Misses Clark and E. Clarke.

After which an entirely New Petite Drama, entitled

CHARLEY OVER THE WATER.

Mary Primrose, assuming the Character of The Right Hon. Miss Matilda Rosabella Florina Flitterflutter, Madame Simon.
Farmer Primrose, Mr Gough. Squire Scapegrace, Mr Maitland.
Launcelot Longface, Mr Asbury.
Charley Primrose, assuming the Characters of Paddy O'Whack, Archibald Malapropos, Fribble, Hercules Hannibal Sureshot, Mr C. Hill.

To conclude with a New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND! OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

[By Mr THOMPSON.]
The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Mrs Vale. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Osbaldiston. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Executioner of Voorn—Basket Maker — Shocking Bad Hat—Bleeding Nun.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Catherine and Petruchio—Napoleon Buonaparte—The Man and the Marquis.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.— Feats of Horsemanship —The Stud of Burmese Ponies — Lilliputian Countess — Master H. Cooke's Riding Act— Vaulting Act—Xenocles the Greek Warrior.

PAVILION THEATRE. — Clarissa Harlowe — Who's to Have Him?—The Hut of the Burning Wood.

ROYAL PANARMONION THEATRE.—Napoleon Buonaparte — Cupid and the Classics — The Miser Outwitted—Raymond and Agnes.

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Nº 220.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1831.

SCHOOL OF ST SIMON.

We proceed to extract the greater part of the interesting article on this subject, in the *Englishman's Magazine;* but it takes up so much room in our pages, and we are tempted to make so many remarks upon it, that we must reserve what we had to say for our to-morrow's Number:—

'Within these two years past, an entirely new system of political doctrines, embodied in the form of a religious creed, has been gaining ground so rapidly on the continent, especially in France, where it first had its birth, and has taken firm hold on the minds of so many reflecting men, that there can be little doubt it is destined to occupy a very conspicuous place in the intellectual, if not in the political history, of the nineteenth century.

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'The founder of this school of political philosophy, the Count de St Simon, was born on the 17th of April 1760. In conformity with the custom generally prevalent among the French nobility, previous to the revolution, he was sent into the army at the age of seventeen, and the following year embarked with the French troops for America, where he served, during the greater part of the war, under Bouillé and Washington. He returned to France in time to witness the first outbreak of the revolution, but took no active part in the great struggle that ensued. In 1790, he had entered into a commercial partnership with another nobleman; and notwithstanding the circumstances of the times, or perhaps on account of them, the affairs of the firm went on so prosperously, that at the end of seven years, when a separation took place, St Simon's share of the profits amounted to a tolerably large fortune. This he resolved to devote to the fulfilment of the plans he had, even at that early period, conceived, for the amelioration of the condition and prospects of his fellow-beings. In pursuance of his benevolent object, he began in the first place by applying himself to the acquisition of the knowledge he considered necessary for its full and satisfactory accomplishment. For this purpose, he took up his residence opposite the *Ecole Polytechnique*, at Paris, and regulated his hospitality on such a scale, that during the three years he remained there, he never lacked the society of some of his neighbours, the professors over the way. From their conversation he gathered valuable assistance, in the course of his studies in mathematics and natural philosophy, with which, inasmuch as a part of his early education had been conducted under the superintendence of D'Alembert, it is to be supposed he was in some degree familiar beforehand. This achieved, his next step was to initiate himself into the mysteries of physiological science; and accordingly shifting his quarters to the immediate neighbourhood of the School of Medicine, he made companions of several of the most eminent of the professors in that institution. Soon after, the peace of Amiens gave him an opportunity of paying a short visit to England, and he subsequently travelled into Switzerland and Germany. It was not till he had thus devoted nearly ten years to the acquirement of a fund of scientific and practical knowledge, that he appeared before the world in the character of an author. His first publication was a work in two quarto volumes, bearing the title of 'An Introduction to the Scientific Labours of the Nineteenth Century,' which was printed at Paris in 1807. From this period, up to the time of his death, which occurred on the 19th of May 1825, he was constantly employed, either in maturing his ideas into a system, or in communicating them to the public. The catalogue alone of his works would go near to fill a page. But numerous as they are, and various as are the subjects on which they profess to treat, they are all conceived in the same spirit, all have equally in view the object to which every thought and every wish of this enthusiastic philanthropist were directed,—the amelioration of the condition of mankind. His last and most celebrated work, *Le Nouveau Christianisme*, was published but a very short time before his death.

'The laborious duties of the great task St Simon had imposed upon himself, were performed for the most part in the midst of poverty and distress. His fortune had been entirely exhausted in the course of his search after knowledge; and before he began to make a direct application of the mental stores he had laid up, his pecuniary means were reduced to a slender allowance, made him by his relations. Even this he rarely appropriated to his own personal use. He would often deprive himself of all but the bare necessaries of life, take no other food than a scanty pittance of bread and water, consume no fuel, nay, sell his very clothes, to provide for the expense of printing and distributing his works. He even went further than this. He laid aside the pride of rank, of station, of former independence. The coldness, the insolence, the rebuffs that await a man who makes frequent demands upon the purses of his acquaintance,—all this he consented to endure, rather than want the means of propagating opinions which he felt convinced were calculated to further the best interests of the human species. Once only his spirit rebelled against the indignities he was thus called on to put up with. Oppressed and worn down as he was with long privation and with physical suffering, the insults of the wealthy and the proud man's contumely added so keen a sting to the consciousness of his misery, that existence became insupportable to him, and in a moment of despair he raised his hand against his life. The ball, however, did not take mortal effect; and he afterwards found resources in his own mind to bear him up against the spurns and the contempts of the world. He died at length in poverty and in obscurity; his genius unappreciated, his motives mistaken or misrepresented, and his enthusiastic devotion to the principles he had discovered, ridiculed as the obstinacy of a crazy dreamer.

'But though such was the general impression as to the character of St Simon and his opinions, yet among the few disciples whom he had attached to his person and his doctrines, he had left as much enthusiasm for the common cause as had animated himself.

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'The first direct attempt made by the Saint-Simonists, after the death of their master, to disseminate his doctrines, was the publication of a weekly periodical, under the title of *Le Producteur*.

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'It was supported wholly by the gratuitous contributions of six of the most active disciples of the school; and so earnestly did they labour in furtherance of the object they had at heart, giving to it every moment they could snatch from their usual avocations, that, according to their own account, by the time their pecuniary fund was exhausted, and the refusal of their monied acquaintance to furnish a fresh one had reduced them to the necessity of discontinuing the publication, they had all injured their health by overexertion, in a degree that would have rendered a similar termination of their work in any case inevitable. Four volumes of it in all had been published. * * * * * In 1829 they, the leaders of the school, found it necessary to appeal once more to the press for correct explanation of their system, both because their followers had then become too numerous, and were scattered in too many places, to be in the way of oral instruction, and because, the system having taken too firm root to be shaken by mere sarcasm, their opponents had had recourse to misrepresentation; and had accused them of professing opinions which it was important to shew formed no part of their creed. A weekly paper, *L'Organisateur*, was therefore established, and it continues in organization at this moment. An exposition of the leading points of their doctrine, which had been orally communicated to a congregation of the school, was published during the same year. This work, an octavo of more than four hundred pages, speedily arrived at a second edition, and has since been followed by another. Besides all these efforts for the propagation of the Saint Simonean doctrine, several literary and political journals have also contributed more or less to the same object by occasional notices; and there is one daily paper of considerable repute, *Le Globe*, which professes to be the direct organ of the school, bearing emblazoned on it the title of *Journal de la Doctrine de Saint Simon*. The doctrine is also regularly preached and explained twice a week in Paris, and some of the principal towns of France. The number of the disciples increases daily; and they include many of the foreigners always to be found in Paris, who spare no pains to propagate their creed throughout Europe. England is not omitted in this zealous search after proselytes. We could name a dozen persons among our own private acquaintance, to whom copies of the two volumes mentioned have been sent from Paris in the name of the school.

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'The fundamental principle on which the whole system of St Simon rests is, that the condition of the human race is susceptible of amelioration in an indefinite degree,—that it is, and always has been making, and will continue to make, nearer approaches to a state of absolute perfection. So far as regards the matter of future perfectibility, this doctrine is by no means new; but the peculiarity of St Simon's conception is, that we are warranted by the experience of the past, in pronouncing a future progression to such a state to be necessary and inevitable. He considers the whole human race as one collective being, subject to settled laws, by which it is governed with the same certainty and the same regularity as the material world. And as in physics, when from a multitude of obser-

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vations of particular facts of phenomena, we find them to have succeeded one another in a constant and uniform order, we are justified in concluding that the same law or principle which has hitherto regulated this order, will continue to regulate it for the future; so, with regard to the human race, if experience gives us the certainty that its condition has undergone any regular series of changes, from this certainty we are authorised to deduce the inference, that changes will continue to take place in it, according to the same law or principle as that which has governed the series already accomplished. * * * * *

'This state of perfection, towards which the human race has hitherto been constantly approaching, and will constantly continue to approach in the same ratio, is one of association and community of interests among mankind. It is not pretended that the progress towards such a state of things has hitherto been uninterrupted and invariable. On the contrary, society has always presented two alternate phases, or has passed alternately through two distinct conditions, which may be termed the organic, and the critical. The organic is one in which men feel that their existence has a definite end and object; and towards the attainment of this, education, legislation, and all the other engines of the social machine direct their efforts. The character of such an epoch is decidedly religious. The critical æra is distinguished by characteristics of an opposite tendency. It is unsettled and irreligious, having in fact no other end to accomplish than to break up one organic state of society, and prepare the way for the foundation of another. Thus the time when polytheism flourished in full vigour was an organic epoch, and the æra of philosophy was the critical one which followed it, preparing mankind for entering a different organic condition, which was that of Christianity. Since the days of Luther, society has been placed in the critical condition; and appearances at present seem to indicate that the time is arrived, or at least is near at hand, for the foundation of a new organic period.

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'*History proves that* not only antagonism, but also *the direct exercise of power by one* man over another, has shewn a constant tendency to decrease. For example, in the earliest and most imperfect stage of society, a prisoner taken in war was either actually devoured, as among the Anthropophagi, or at all events put to death by his captors. It was a great step towards perfection, when the custom of converting captives into slaves put an end to this practice. The next amelioration of the lot of humanity, was the institution of modified states of servitude, such as were introduced during the middle ages. At present, in the more civilized states of Europe, there exists no other direct exercise of power by one man over another, than that which takes place in the different relations of master and servant, or, in a word, that which derives its being from the unequal distribution of wealth. This state of things is to give place, in its turn, to a more improved condition of mankind, in which every one shall be rewarded according to his works. The necessary preliminary to the constitution of the social fabric, is the entire abolition of the privilege of inheritance.

'*The impious prerogative*, as the Saint Simonists term it, *of idleness*, or the privilege of living on the labour of others, being wholly done away with,—neither wealth nor poverty, neither high rank nor inferiority of station, being transmissable from father to son,—the amount of riches possessed by every individual will be the exact measure of his talents and industry. But, in order that the principle of rewards proportionate to merit be effectually acted upon, it is necessary that every one be placed in a situation wherein he, as well as the great association of which he is a member, may derive the greatest possible benefit from the peculiar capabilities nature has endowed him with. Now these capabilities are either physical or intellectual. The intellectual, however, are of two very distinct kinds, namely, those which have relation, or may be more advantageously applied, to reason, or what is the same thing, to science, and those to sentiment, or to the fine arts; including under the latter head poetry, fictitious literature, in short all that addresses itself to the imagination or the sympathies. All men, therefore, may be said to reason, to sympathise, or to act; and every man is in future to have his path in life allotted to him, according to his fitness for exerting himself with success, in any of the occupations comprehended in these great classifications of human industry. To call out and develope the peculiar faculties of every individual in the new association of mankind, will be the business of education; and after the first moral instruction, which will be common to all alike, each youth will have his place assigned him in one of the three classes of special or professional schools, according to the natural disposition he evinces either for reasoning, for sympathizing, or for acting. Legislation and government in general, will be regulated according to the same classification; that is, the legislators who will frame, and the judges who will administer, the special laws designed for each class of persons, will be themselves chosen from among that class. Laws will be simple, for they will be divested of that great element of complexity, the hereditary transmission of property. There will be a remunerative as well as a penal legislation, that is, encouragement and reward for virtue, as well as prohibition and punishment for vice.

'The universal association of mankind, thus foretold and provided for, would be incomplete, and indeed impossible, did there not also exist a perfect unanimity in devotion to one religious faith. This faith will form, to use the somewhat obscure expression of the Saint Simonian school, the synthesis of all the conceptions and all the modes of being, of humanity. It will therefore furnish the best if not the only means of government, and the whole frame of society will in fact be a religious institution.' * * *

'We will content ourselves with merely indicating that the priesthood is to be constituted with regard to the triple classification already mentioned; it is to consist of as many gradations as there are degrees of capability, the highest dignity and power belonging to one sovereign hierarch, whose spiritual and temporal authority will of course be as much greater than that of the Popes, as the priesthood generally is to have greater power than was ever pretended to, even by the clergy of the Church of Rome. The same reason which prevents us from entering into any details on this and other topics of more general interest, discussed in the two volumes before us, (namely, the brevity of space allotted to this article), must also be our excuse if we refrain at present from attempting a refutation of any of the numerous propositions contained in them, which are in our estimation partly or wholly erroneous. Whether true or false, they are maintained sometimes with strong and always with plausible arguments; it would therefore be equally unjust and useless, even should they appear absolutely ridiculous, to attack them merely with passing cavils, or sneers and raillery. Did our limits permit, we should desire nothing better than to grapple with some of the doctrines we dissent from; but since this for the present cannot be, we leave the whole untouched, recommending those who are fond of such reading as furnishes matter for thought and reflection, to set about the perusal of the two volumes.'

THE BITE OF THE TARANTULA.

Of the numerous superstitions prevalent in Calabria, few are more extraordinary than the popular delusion respecting the tarantula, a large spider common in the vicinity of Brindisi, of which the bite is supposed to infect its victims with an unconquerable passion for dancing. In the neighbourhood of Taranto, the peasants assert that the influence of the venom on the person bitten produces the same slow effect on the system as hydrophobia. A black spot is discernible round the part affected, and the patient becomes afflicted with languor, stupor, and melancholy, at which stage of the disorder, music being called in to the relief of the sufferers, they never fail to break out into a paroxysm of leaping and dancing, which usually terminates in a perfect cure. The paroxysm is immediately followed by a total muscular exhaustion, succeeded by temporary relief; and when the experiment has been repeated for several successive days, the sufferings of the patient are relieved. The spider itself is very rarely seen, but the symptoms of its venomous sting are very frequent. By other persons, the disorder called *tarantismo* is supposed to be produced by the bite of the common scorpion, which abounds in the fields of that country; while the more enlightened believe that the disorder is wilfully affected by the young women of the country; as a motive for diversion and festivity. The ceremonies observed in the cure of a *tarantata* form a recreation for the whole village in which the person resides. The friends and relations of the party being invited to assist in the superstitious rite, array themselves in their holiday clothes; and, on repairing to the appointed spot, they find a collection of the musicians of the country, who perform on this occasion the part of the physician. The patient, attired in white robes adorned with a variety of colored ribbons, interlaced with vine leaves and golden ornaments, is now led out upon a terrace, bearing in her hand a drawn sword. She assumes a pensive or distracted air, while the musicians try the effect of successive pieces of music, and different chords, upon her disordered nerves. At length one of these wild preludes appears to touch her feelings; and the *tarantata* rises and comes forward. It has been observed that minor keys, and slow or mournful pieces of music, generally produce the strongest effect in these instances. But when the attention of the patient is once engaged, the successful musician displays his further skill in the art, by gradually accelerating the measure, till it acquires the velocity of the *pizzica*, or that to which the *tarantella*, the national dance of the Calabrese, is usually performed. The patient, now excited to a paroxysm of her mysterious disorder, continues to dance to a succession of these animated tunes; occasionally selecting one of the spectators as her partner, and refreshing herself by sprinkling her own face with cold water, from a large vessel placed within her reach. During the intervals of her performance, the guests invited to witness the ceremony, amuse themselves by taking her place; and when at length, overcome by lassitude, the *tarantata* resolves to put an end to the exhibition of the day, she seizes the vessel of water, and pours the contents entirely on her own head; after which, she is conveyed by her friends to bed, and the remainder of the company sit down to supper. Several learned travellers in Calabria have expressed an opinion that these superstitious practices are derived from the orgies used in the celebration of the worship of Bacchus, in times of antiquity; while many suppose that the *tarantismo* was originally confounded with St Vitus's dance;—San Vito being a saint especially revered and worshipped on the shores of the Bay of Taranto. A small town near Ostuni, and a cape and ruined monastery near Taranto, still bear his name; as well as a convent near Polignano. This disease or imposture is strictly confined to Calabria.—*Historical Traveller*. Vol. II.—[By this account, it would seem that dancing was the mode of cure resorted to, rather than that a passion for that exercise was the necessary result of the venomous bite. It appears that the patient must be excited by music, not that the exertion is a voluntary or an uncontrollable one. As a remedy it would be absurd to doubt its efficacy; and it is not unlikely that it might prove beneficial in other disorders of the nerves, than that produced by the bite of the tarantula.]

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

THE DANGER OF PROSPERITY.—As long as the waters of persecution are upon the earth, so long we dwell in the ark; but where the land is dry, the dove itself will be tempted to a wandering course of life, and never to return to the house of her safety.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

PROMPT JUSTICE.—A cachief who had not long been accustomed to the government of the Viceroy, punished one of his own servants with death. He was called before Mahommed, who asked him by what authority he had committed this outrage. He thought it enough to urge in his defence that the man was his own servant. 'True,' retorted the pasha, 'but he was my subject;' and in the same breath, he passed sentence that the culprit should be immediately beheaded.—*Egypt. Edinburgh Cabinet Library.* Vol. III.

— The term Husting, or Hustings, as applied to the scaffold erected at elections, from which candidates address the electors, is derived from the Court of Husting, of Saxon origin, and the most ancient in the kingdom. Its name is a compound of *hers* and *ding*; the former implying a house, and the latter a thing, cause, suit, or plea; whereby 'tis manifest that *husting* imports a house or hall, wherein causes are heard and determined; which is farther evinced by the Saxon *dingere*, or *thingere*, an advocate, or lawyer. [*Hus* and *thing* (thong) a place enclosed, a building roped round.]—*Atlas.*

IDIOTS.—In detailing a recent case of the horrible murder of a child by an idiot, the *Atlas* makes the following sensible observations:—'Rich idiots are the wards of Chancery, and the most important legislation is now proceeding in their behalf. The idiot or maniac *poor* must commit crime before the law is called on to secure him, or must be the victim of guilt before it will protect him. Society and the individual call loudly for some national asylum for this unfortunate class—where their vices might be restrained, their slight capacities improved, their protection ensured, and the public secured from the not unfrequent outrage of the irresponsible. Might not the fortune of the wealthy idiot, useless to society, be taken to support his wretched brother?'

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—This day's march disclosed a horrible calamity. A large house, situated in an obscure part of the mountains, was discovered, filled with starving people. Above thirty women and children had sunk, and, sitting by the bodies, were fifteen or sixteen survivors, of whom one only was a man, but all so enfeebled as to be unable to eat the little food we had to offer them. The youngest had fallen first; all the children were dead; none were emaciated in the bodies; but the muscles of the face were invariably drawn transversely, giving the appearance of laughing, and presenting the most ghastly sight imaginable. The man seemed most eager for life; the women appeared patient and resigned, and, even in this distress, had arranged the bodies of those who first died, with decency and care.—*Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War.* Vol. III.

GARRICK AT DEVIZES.—Garrick was very much amused by the singularities of the father of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was an innkeeper at Devizes. He and Mrs Garrick generally passed and repassed through that town once a year, and always stopped at Mr Lawrence's house. No sooner had the inkeeper brought forward his bill of fare, and given an account of the accommodation which he could afford them, than he always addressed Garrick in these words,—"Tommy, sir, has learned one or two speeches since you were here;" and he prevailed upon them to adjourn to a summer-house in the garden, to hear him recite them. Garrick, at this time, considered that the future walk in life of the boy was poised between the pencil and the stage, for he then showed talents for the former: fortunately, he directed his efforts to the pencil.—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence,* Vol. 1. pp. 53—54.

THE ANCIENT FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF EGYPT.—We shall confine ourselves to a single extract from Diodorus Siculus, relative to the funeral ceremonies which were observed in the days of the Pharaonic dynasty. He tells us that a talent of silver,—450*l.*—was sometimes expended in performing the last offices to a distinguished individual. The relatives of the deceased, says he, announce to the judges, and to all the connexions of the family, the time appointed for the ceremony, which includes the passage of the defunct over the lake or canal of the Nome to which he belonged. Two-and-forty judges are then collected, and arranged on a semi-circular bench, which is situated on the banks of the canal; the boat is prepared, and the pilot, who is called by the Egyptians *Charon*, is ready to perform his office; whence it is said that Orpheus borrowed the mythological character of this personage. But before the coffin is put into the boat, the law permits any one, who chooses, to bring forward his accusations against the dead person; and if it is proved that his life was criminal, the funeral rites are prohibited; while, on the other hand, if the charges are not substantiated, the accuser is subjected to a severe punishment. If there are no insinuations against the deceased, or if they have been satisfactorily repelled, the relations cease to give any further expression of their grief, and proceed to pronounce suitable encomiums on his good principles and humane actions, asserting that he is about to pass a happy eternity with the pious, in the regions of Hades. The body is then deposited in the catacomb prepared for it, with becoming solemnity.—*Egypt. Edinburgh Cabinet Library.* Vol. III.

HUMAN YEARNINGS.—It is not medicine, it is not broths and coarse meats, served up at a stated hour with all the hard formalities of a prison,—it is not the scanty dole of a bed to die on,—which a dying man requires from his species. Looks, attentions, consolations,—in a word, *sympathies*, are what a man most needs in this awful close of mortal sufferings. A kind look, a smile, a drop of cold water to the parched lip,—for these things a man shall bless you in death.—*Charles Lamb's 'Rosamund Gray.'*

THE WELCH CURATE AND HIS GOAT.—About two hundred years ago, Sir Philip, the curate of Aberystwith (for in the days of Popery all curates had that title of honour, as being the Pope's knights) had a he-goat which he had brought up from a kid, which slept in his chamber at night, and followed him wherever he went by day. When the goat attended his master to church, he was left in the porch, where, as he heard his voice, the animal remained contented. It was then the custom for the people to go directly from the church to the ale-house, as soon as the service was over; and the curate sometimes accompanied them. One day, the company forced the goat to drink so much ale as made him drunk, so that in passing over the bridge, on his return, he fell into the river, which so much intimidated him, that from that time he would never enter the ale-house.—*Taylor's Cabinet of Curiosities.*—[Many animals have this power of benefiting by experience. A somewhat similar accident happened to a parrot: the bird was very fond of port wine; upon one occasion it drunk too much, reeled and tumbled about, and shewed every symptom of intoxication. From that time the parrot would never taste wine. His fear of the consequence overcame his relish for it.]

THE EARLY PROMISE OF SIR T. LAWRENCE.—The Honourable Daines Barrington makes the following mention of young Lawrence in his 'Miscellanies:'—'As I have mentioned so many other proofs of early genius in children, I here cannot pass unnoticed a Master Lawrence, son of an innkeeper at Devizes, in Wiltshire. This boy is now (Feb. 1780) nearly ten years and a half old; but at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted. He is likewise an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton and Shakspeare.—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence,* Vol. I, p. 65.—[The boyhood of Sir Thomas Lawrence, like that of the Young Roscius, seems to have given larger promise than his manhood could redeem. His biographer seems to measure his merits as an artist by the prices he received for his labours: rather a doubtful criterion, more especially as Sir Thomas was employed at Court.]

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Medea—A Favorite Divertissement.—Guillaume Tell.
DRURY-LANE.—The Emissary—Comfortable Lodgings—Timour the Tartar.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Buonaparte.

DRURY LANE.

As a set-off to the attractions of the once excommunicated 'Corsican,' they have brought out here the revived spectacle of *Timour the Tartar*, and give us two other pieces besides! Thus we have three pieces at Drury Lane, to one at Covent Garden. It is a strong appeal to that side of our beloved countrymen's hearts, which love to have 'enough for their money.' What a pity, while the managers were about it, that they did not add a bit of cold dumpling a-piece for us, or a ticket for soup!

For our parts, we must protest against this substitution of quantity for quality, or rather this heaping dish upon dish, and keeping us up to surfeit upon a huge supper. Last night the performances were not over till half-past twelve, probably till nearer one. At Drury Lane, if we are not mistaken, they were over on Monday night at a quarter past eleven, and they must now (we conclude) be shorter. Now eleven is a very good hour to finish, in default of there being any hope of finishing at ten. The case is hard upon the critics, who have to notice the new pieces, and to wait to the last possible moment, in order to see what is said to them when the curtain has fallen. On Monday night, or morning rather, we were not home till three, and we shall have gone nigh to be as late on the occasion before us,—unless we cut our criticism very short. As people hum and sing tunes in their misery, it makes us parody the poet:

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'Now came still morning on, and two o'clock
Had in its fast embraces all things held.
The audience at the theatres, and the watchmen,
These to their several homes, those to their box,
Had slunk,—all but the writer of critiques.
He all night long his 'article' pursued,
Sole, or responsive to damn'd author's fears.'

Che sarà sarà, quoth the Duke of Bedford's motto on the market-place;—*What will be, will be.*

Timour the Tartar will hardly divide the town with *Napoleon Buonaparte*, even by the help of the lumps of pudding. The story, which is well known to play-goers, is not without interest, and (if we may judge others by ourselves) the announcement of *horses* on a stage is no mean attraction. But there are two or three horses in the spectacle of *Napoleon Buonaparte:* he himself rides on a handsome one, cream-coloured or white; and it is with regret that we must confess our disappointment at the pye-balled stud of Mr COOKE, which is introduced at the other house. We prefer the common-coloured sumpter horses that climb the Alps with the 'Army of Italy.' Pye-balled horses always look to us unnatural; and Mr COOKE's stud, with their singular spots, and their peculiar training (contrived so as to suit the narrow circle of a stage) have the appearance (at least in our eyes) of a sort of live rocking-horses, or *toy* animals. They are no doubt ingeniously managed; but besides this artificial look, they are not very numerous, some half-dozen, we believe, rank and file, with one or two others for the leaders. There is however a white horse too, for one of the latter; and a very handsome black one, which we admired above all the rest. One of these performers had to be killed on the stage; but he did not seem disposed to be dead above a minute or so, till an acquaintance went and sat at his head, and persuaded him to be deceased. ☞

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]
The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.

In the course of the Evening, A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles;' Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed;' and H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'Cortez.'

After which, a Musical Piece, in Two Acts, called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Fatima, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Irza, Miss Faucit. Aboulifar, Mr Thompson. Arzan, Mr Bland.
Alibajou, Mr Webster. Bowbell, Mr Liston. Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To which will be added, a New Farce, called

TURNING THE TABLES.

[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Melo-Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Zorilda, Miss Huddart. Selima, Miss Russell. Liska, Miss S. Phillips.
Timour, Mr H. Wallack. Oglou, Mr Cooper.
Agib, Miss Poole. Bermeddin, Mr Cooke. Abdalec, Mr Howard.
Octar, Mr Honner. Orasmin, Mr Fenton.
Kerim, Mr Howell. Samballat, Mr Bartlett,
Tartar Chiefs—Messrs. Eaton, Bishop, Robinson, Walsh, T. Price, East, &c.
Georgian Cavalry—Messrs. Cooke, Cooke, jun., Davis, Smith, Williams, &c.

To-morrow, The Emissary; Popping the Question; and Timour the Tartar.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.
PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gosscon; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Compton.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schöenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.

Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stapps, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Sheriff.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.

Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Vials.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgaud, Mr Willis.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Jones.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

To conclude with the Farce of

THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Ledger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Rooney, Mr Power.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Comedy of

THE HEIR AT LAW.

[By G. COLMAN.]

Lady Duberly, Madame Simon. Cicely Homespun, Miss Vincent.
Caroline, Miss Scott. Daniel Dowlas, Mr Williams. Dick Dowlas, Mr C. Hill.
Doctor Pangloss, Mr Elliston. Henry Moreland, Mr Horner.
Steadfast, Mr D. Pitt. Zekiel Homespun, Mr Vale. Kenrick, Mr Gough.
John, Mr Rogers. Waiter at Hotel, Mr Collier.
Waiter at Blue Boar, Mr Lee.

The Highland Fling, in Character, by Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which an entirely New Petite Drama, entitled

CHARLEY OVER THE WATER.

Mary Primrose, assuming the Character of The Right Hon. Miss Matilda Rosabella Florina Flitterflutter, Madame Simon.
Farmer Primrose, Mr Gough. Squire Scapegrace, Mr Maitland.
Launcelot Longface, Mr Asbury.
Charley Primrose, assuming the Characters of Paddy O'Whack, Archibald Malapropos, Fribble, Hercules Hannibal Sureshot, Mr C. Hill.

To conclude with an Historical Musical Drama, entitled

THE BEGGAR OF CRIPPLEGATE.

Marian, Miss Somerville, in which she will introduce 'Tell me my heart.'
Millicent, Miss Vincent. Mother Milldoll, Mrs Rogers. Alison, Miss Perry
Annot, Miss Nicol. Kate, Miss Rumens.
Henry VIII, Mr D. Pitt. Godfrey Osgood, Mr Gough.
Vincent Lorimer, Mr Honner. Sir Piers Maltravers, Mr Almar.
The Beggar of Cripplegate, Mr C. Hill. Barnaby, Mr Williams.
Cocke Lorell, Mr Vale. Father Ignatius, Mr Ransford. Fabian, Mr Asbury.
Valentine, Mr Rogers. Wynkin Cross-eye, Mr Webb. Ambrose, Mr Young.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Executioner of Voorn—Basket Maker—Shocking Bad Hat—Bleeding Nun.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Catherine and Petruchio—Napoleon Buonaparte—The Man and the Marquis.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Stud of Burmese Ponies—Lilliputian Countess—Master H. Cooke's Riding Act—Vaulting Act—Xenocles the Greek Warrior.

PAVILION THEATRE. — Clarissa Harlowe — Who's to Have Him?—The Hut of the Burning Wood.

ROYAL PANARMONION THEATRE.—Napoleon Buonaparte—Cupid and the Classics—The Miser Outwitted—Raymond and Agnes.

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Nº 221.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1831.

We are obliged to postpone our remarks on the 'School of St Simon' till to-morrow, and to apologize to our readers for presenting them with two papers in succession, consisting of little but extracts. The passages extracted require, in themselves, no apology, nor should we say anything about the absence of remarks, too often, we fear, of minor interest, were it not that we are anxious to shew a proper sense of our duty, and that a correspondent, now and then, pays us the painful compliment of remonstrating against their non-appearance. We trust, that in the course of a few days, arrangements will have taken place, that will both prevent the necessity of these excuses in future, and be otherwise advantageous to our journal; and meantime, we must request the correspondents alluded to, to bear in mind the excuses already made, and attribute them to the same causes, of ill-health and late hours. It is much in us, if the truth were known, to go to the theatre at all at this moment, even though recovering from an illness; and our friend T. S. H. must be told, that of all men in this state of health, critics are those who may the most reasonably be allowed to be sleepy on Saturdays, even if it had been for something that made them yawn on the Monday. Furthermore, our lively correspondent (with whom we should be willing enough to 'blow the cloud' he speaks of, if our heads could bear to be smoked as much as his), must be informed, that we suffer ourselves to be doubted by nobody but Mr Molloy Westmacott and such worthies, who naturally enough do what they can to disbelieve others, out of an instinct of apology for their own falsehood.

A word more to Mr Westmacott. We did not hear of his reply, or rather non-reply, or non-pretence even of a reply, to our exposition of him, till yesterday; for we live at a distance from the town gossip, and no more think of taking in the *Age*, than we should of making a guest of the pot-boy. Mr Molloy Westmacott, with the lustre of nine beatings upon him (for we know of two, and conclude there must have been another seven) has the modesty and bewitching valour, in case we say anything more about him, to threaten us with the visitation of his spotless hand. Perhaps he thinks we are invalided,—old soldiers of reform, whose crutch he may safely threaten to trip up. It does not become us to say what we should do against the dreadful Westmacott; but observe the advantages which this fellow takes. He puts himself out of the pale of being treated as a gentleman; his only modesty consists in not even pretending to it: he provokes people to beat him, by intolerable calumnies against the women; he cries out for mercy when they do: and then he gets behind the wall of his infamy, and calls names, and threatens! If he had never done this in any other style than that of his last Sunday's paper, the thing would have been innocent enough. Had we foreseen that the cause of reform had been so triumphant as it is, we mean at such an early season, we own that we should not have adopted the plan we thought fit, when we again commenced public writers, of taking notice of attacks upon us. It was in pursuance of this plan that we spoke of Mr Molloy Westmacott, not without a due sense of that unpleasant part of the necessity, which a gentleman who writes in the *Morning Herald* has, it seems, been good enough to regret for us. We are obliged to him, and confess the nuisance. We have never been so wanting in self-respect as not to shew ourselves sensible of it. But we had suffered so much, partly from a contemptuous, and partly, we will venture to say, from a good-natured silence towards calumniators, that we had made up our minds to suffer no longer; and if a just quarrel is taken up, it must be properly concluded. If Mr Westmacott is not desirous, we will not say of being beaten at the corner of every street (though there are lively young gentlemen, of his own height, whom it may be difficult under some circumstances to restrain), but of being received in a way we shall not mention at present, in every mixed company he enters, he will continue to take our advice, and abstain from those kinds of attack, which may not be considered quite so harmless, as his threats of another nature. We know that there are persons waiting only for somebody to give them the cue to that effect: their example would unquestionably be followed: and this, we trust, will be a second warning to Mr Westmacott, not only with respect to ourselves, but as hinting to him the policy of keeping his attacks upon everybody else within some little bounds of indecency.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.

A ROYAL PRIVILEGE.

The following day was rainy, and as it would not have been prudent to have appeared in the street with an umbrella, I remained within doors. The privilege of making use of an umbrella is very different from what it is in Europe, where every one keeps his head dry, without asking leave so to do. In Morocco, the umbrella is the privilege of royalty alone: no one but the Sultan can carry one; and should any of his subject slaves dare to make use of one, it would be an act of high treason, for which his head would be the forfeit.—[It is curious, the not only different, but opposite customs of nations. A few months since, the King of the French made as great a sensation by appearing in public with an umbrella under his arm, as could possibly have been made by an assumption of the royal privilege by the meanest slave in Morocco.]

TRAVELLING IN BARBARY.

In Barbary, no Christian is allowed to stir a step without a guard. * * * * The alcaid or officer into whose care you are committed considers you in the light of a mere parcel, for the loss of which his own head would be answerable. * * * * * Supper being concluded, I was left to myself to enjoy the luxury of a cigar, and some most excellent punch, which the care of my friend, Colonel Ehrinhoff, the Swedish Consul-General, had kindly provided me with. I began to think that journeying in Barbary was no bad thing, and almost fancied, as I lay stretched on my couch, and surrounded by luxuries, and my guards keeping watch at the door of my tent, that I was some Eastern Prince on his travels. It was now late, and I retired to bed. The alcaid of Zinat had furnished an additional guard, who, with Suse and Abdallah, sat round the fire, which had been replenished, and conversed together during the night. I was soon lulled asleep by the drowsy beatings of the Moorish drum from the distant huts, a simple method of rejoicing which denoted the celebration of a wedding.—[So can imagination give colour to circumstances: the author, who might in some measure be looked upon as a prisoner (for the attendance of the guard is enforced no less from suspicion of a traveller's designs, than anxiety for his personal safety) and who had been much annoyed by this constant espionage, takes a little wine, gives himself up to imagination and association, and he becomes an Eastern Prince. In a fit of indigestion, he would have been a prisoner under close guard; in a moment of health and gaiety, he is a prince with guards attending. He wisely avoided putting his power to the test, by attempting to dismiss them; and his dreams, no doubt, had the benefit of his prudence.]

THE JEWISH FESTIVAL, AND JEWISH WOMEN.

The Moorish festival was closely followed by one peculiar to the Jewish nation, and intended to commemorate the sojourn of that people in tents in the wilderness, which is kept by them for the space of eight days. During the whole of this period no Jew ought to sleep in his habitation, but should take up his abode in the open

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air, or nearly so, the only cover allowed during this period being what is afforded by a kind of hut composed of canes, or reeds, erected for this purpose, during this festival, in the court-yard of every house. These, arising from the interior of the habitations, present a singular appearance; the lofty tops of the canes, while fresh and green, contrasting with the brilliant white of the town in general. Among the wealthier Jews, the interior of the house is prettily ornamented, each room being thickly interwoven with shrubs, evergreens and flowers, producing a cool and pretty effect. The females of the family, during this festival, receive the visits of their friends in their best robes, decorated with their finest ornaments. In no part of the world, perhaps, are more beautiful women to be seen than among the Jewesses at Tangier. Their complexions are generally rather dark, but not swarthy, and mixed frequently with the most beautiful and inviting red possible: their eyes are brilliant, black and sparkling; and if to the above be added a fine contour of countenance, and hair like shining jet, it will be seen that this place, miserable as it is, is not entirely destitute of objects of attraction. The iron claw of despotism, however different may be the case with regard to the other sex, has passed lightly over the countenances of these captivating females; for who would imagine, on looking at them, that they were the daughters of slaves? of slaves as degraded and persecuted, as in any part of the globe subject to the tyranny of man? The costume of the Barbary Jewesses, and particularly that which is worn on Sabbaths and festivals, is splendid in the highest degree; and the effect is remarkably rich, dignified, and becoming. Their robes, which fold over, and are girt round with a silk sash worked in gold, are usually of superfine scarlet or dark-green cloth, richly embroidered in gold at the bosom, as also at the corners, which are likewise worked in crimson silk on the reverse side. On holidays, they wear splendid ear-rings, and a magnificent tiara of pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones, with numerous rings on their fingers of considerable value: the trinkets that are then worn by a young Jewess of the middle classes, amount frequently, in value, to more than a hundred pounds. The unmarried Jewesses live in a state of perfect seclusion; they by no means enjoy the same degree of liberty as the young Moorish women; on the contrary, they are not allowed to stir out; and a young Jewess will attain the age of eighteen or twenty without having been seen in the streets, or without having crossed the threshold of her house, except perhaps by stealth, in the evening, to pay a visit to her nearest neighbours. Notwithstanding this kind of imprisonment, which must be rendered more severe by the very confined size of the houses, and their being destitute of gardens, these poor things seem always happy and cheerful, and never idle; which, after all, is the great secret of content. It must be observed, at the same time, that the communication which the Moorish houses have with each other, by means of the flat roof or terrace, and which is appropriated exclusively to the sex, renders this restraint somewhat more bearable. After marriage, the Jewesses enjoy a considerably greater degree of liberty, though even then they appear less frequently out of doors than the Moorish women, whom the better classes imitate in some measure, by affecting a partial concealment of the face with the scarf which is thrown over the head. The beauty of the Jewish females renders them not unfrequently objects of attraction to the Moors, who are debarred from seeing or having any intercourse at all with their women previous to marriage, and instances on this account are not uncommon, of the former abjuring their religion, and becoming the wives of the Moors.—Vol. I, pp. 145—148.

A RUSE DE GUERRE.

A Sultan of Morocco, of the first race of the Moorish Sovereigns, is said in former times to have headed an expedition of five thousand men for Fez, and to have led it into the territories of Negroland and Guinea. Upon its arrival, however, it is related that the blacks mustered together so overwhelming a force, that the small daring Moorish army was surrounded on all sides. The chief, seeing the danger he had brought himself and troops into, and fearful of encountering the enemy, from their being so very superior in numbers, not knowing what to do, disguised himself as a common soldier, and went into the different tents of his own people, with a view of learning their opinion, secretly, as to the best method of effecting his retreat, and getting out of the scrape. It chanced that in his rounds he found in one of the tents two officers playing at chess; and hearing one say to the other, 'Your king is now in check, and you do not know how to get him out,' he, fancying that it was an allusion to his situation, and that he was discovered, stole away. The next day, however, he sent for the officer, told him what he had heard him say, and begged that he would give him his advice how to get clear off. The officer replied, that he thought the best plan would be, to select one of the handsomest of his women (the sex, whether in peace or war, always forming part of the Sultan's camp equipage), and dressing her up as handsomely as possible, to send her off to the Negro monarch. His Majesty was to be informed that such preparations for war were needless, as the King of Morocco had come, not with the least intention of invading his country, but of courting his friendship; and that in order to cement it the more firmly, he had actually brought with him one of his own daughters, whose fair hand he designed for his sable Majesty. The lady was accordingly dispatched in a handsome litter, decked out in all her best, to the Negro King, accompanied by splendid presents. On the arrrival of this friendly message, the princess, and the gifts, the poor man, taking it all for gospel, was both delighted and astonished at the honour intended him; and returned, on his part, a splendid present of gold and black slaves, for the use of the Sultan. It may be easily imagined that the latter was not a little rejoiced at the success of his artifice, and made the best of his way back to Morocco, determining, after the escape he had had, never to think of invading Negro-land again.

SIR T. LAWRENCE'S PENCHANT FOR THE STAGE.

[Mr Williams quotes a passage from Bernard's 'Reminiscences of the Stage,' shewing that Sir Thomas Lawrence, when about sixteen years of age, was much inclined to make the stage his profession. He asked Bernard's advice. The actor did not consider his theatrical talent upon a par with his powers as an artist, and no less in conformity with his own judgment than in compliance with the entreaties of Mr Lawrence senior, he, with the aid of Mr Palmer, dissuaded him from giving up the flattering prospects before him, for a profession in which his success was very doubtful. A letter addressed to his sister, nearly twenty years afterwards, shews that he still preserved his taste for the stage, and conveys an impression that his family were even then anxious for the consequences of it:]—'You have seen in the papers an account of a theatrical fête at the Marquis of Abercorn's. Shall I give you a little account of it? It was projected by a woman of great cleverness and beauty, Lady Caher—very young, and full of talent; with Lady Abercorn, and the rest of the female party; and of course it was acceded to by Lord Abercorn, who, whatever character of pride the world may have given him, is just as pleasant and kind and gentlemanly with his family and friends as man can be. It was determined to do it in a quiet way, and more as an odd experiment of the talents of the party than anything else;—but this and that friend would be offended;—and at last it swelled up to a perfect theatre (in a room) and a London audience. The Prince, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Melbourne (their sons of the party), Lord and Lady Essex, Lord and Lady Amherst, with a long *et cetera*, and amongst the rest, Sheridan, were present! A play was first thought of, and I was for Miss Bailey's comedy, *The Trial*. * * * * * At last, however, the pieces fixed upon were *The Wedding Day* and *Who's the Dupe?* In the first, the characters were thus:—*Sir A. Contest*, Mr J. Madox; *Mr Milden*, Mr Madox; *Lord Rakeland*, your brother; *Mr Contest*, Mr G. Lamb; *Lady Contest*, Lady Caher; *Hannah*, Hon. Miss Butler; *Mrs* ——, Mrs J. Kemble; *Lady Autumn*, Lady C. Lindsey. * * * * * I was obliged to be in town, and at first neglected my parts, but not being coxcomb enough to do it wholly, I made good sail at the last, and was perfect. The day at last came, and was very pleasant from all its distractions and inconveniences. The Prince was to dine at six, and in the same room that the performers dined in, who of course had an earlier hour—half-past three. We all sat down like a Rugby school party, but rather more vociferous, huzzaed our Manager, and hissed our Hostess off, for talking of the Prince and hours. At last, the dressing, &c. ended. The orchestra, behind the scenes, sat down. * * * * * The Prince then came in, and of course the orchestra struck up 'God save the King;' then a little terrifying bell rang, the curtain drew up, and *The Wedding Day* began. At first, I will own to you that Sheridan's face, the grave Duke of Devonshire, and two or three staunch critics, made me feel unpleasantly; for I opened the piece. However, this soon wore off. Our set all played extremely well, like persons of good sense, without extravagance or buffoonery, and yet with sufficient spirit. Lady Caher, Mr I. Madox, and G. Lamb were the most conspicuous; the first so beautiful, that I felt love-making very easy. A splendid supper closed the business, and the Prince, &c. slept at the Priory. Wednesday it was determined to act it again, but I have unfortunately prevented it by my illness, and they knew of it only on the morning; so that I have occasioned great inconvenience, and have just been of consequence enough to frustrate a pleasant scheme. At Easter, if not before, it will be done again. You know me too well, dear Anne, to believe that I should be of such a scheme, under any but very flattering circumstances; as it is, I was right to join it. Lord Abercorn is an old Jermyn street friend, a staunch and honourable one, and particularly kind to me in real services, and very gratifying distinctions. These all formed one strong reason for joining in the thing; and another secret one was, that whatever tends to heighten a character for general talent (when kept in prudent bounds) is of use to that particular direction of it which forms the pursuit of life. I have gained then, and not lost, by this, to you, singular step. I am not going to be a performer in other families. I stick to Lord Abercorn's; and, for the rest, I pursue my profession as quietly, and more steadily than ever.'—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*. Vol. I. p. 229—233.

THE TRIUMPH OF MERCY.

While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience, or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works, that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and, in this particular, our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me; and, though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they

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did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny *bits*, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy not long ago brought me a large basketful of crows! I expect his next load, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary, will be bull-frogs. One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening, and all the while, the pantings of its little heart shewed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but, happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensation that mercy leaves on the mind, when she triumphs over cruelty.—[From the interesting memoir of Alexander Wilson, prefixed to a delightful little work, entitled *American Ornithology*, which forms the 68th and 69th volumes of Constable's Miscellany.—A. A.]

MOUNT PILATE.

The form of its three peaks is singularly striking; and rising immediately from the lake to the height of more than seven thousand feet, it presents a grand, and seemingly very elevated front. It was upon this mountain that, many years ago, a great and useful work was constructed, for the purpose of facilitating the descent of timber. It was a kind of groove nearly eight miles in length;—a most gigantic work, and worthy of a more enduring fate. A trunk of a tree, ninety feet long, and two feet in diameter, committed to this groove, accomplished its journey in the inconceivably short space of two minutes and a half. [By a quotation from Playfair's works, in the appendix, it appears that trees descend quicker in proportion to their weight, the lighter ones being about six minutes on the way; the heavier, seldom more than three.] There is a tradition connected with this mountain, which I must not omit noticing. There is a small lake, very high up in the mountain, into which Pontius Pilate, stung with remorse, is said to have plunged, and this event in the popular belief of by-gone days, was of course looked upon as the cause of all the storms that assailed the mountain, and of every misfortune that befell those who lived within its precincts. The superstition, I believe, has now passed away.—*Conway's Switzerland, &c.*

THE DREADFUL DANGERS OF READING.

[Translated from VOLTAIRE.]

We, *Jousouf Cherebi*, by the grace of God, Mufti of the Holy Ottoman Empire, light of lights, elect among the elect, to all the faithful who shall see these presents, folly and benediction. Whereas *Said Effendi*, heretofore Ambassador of the Sublime Porte, to a little state, called Frankrom, situated between Spain and Italy, has introduced among us the pernicious use of printing; we, having consulted on this novelty our venerable brethren the cadis and imans of the imperial city of Stamboul, and more especially, the faquirs known for their zeal against all mental advancement, it has seemed good unto Mahomet and to us to condemn, proscribe, and anathematise the said infernal invention of printing, for the causes hereunto annexed.

1st. This facility of communicating thoughts, evidently tends to the dissipation of ignorance, which is the guardian and safe-guard of polished states.

2nd. It is to be feared that among the books brought from the West, there may be some which treat of agriculture, and the means of perfecting the mechanic arts, which works may at length, in opposition to the will of God, awaken the intellect of our cultivators and manufacturers, excite them to industry, increase their possessions, and, in the end, inspire them with some elevation of mind, some interest in the public good, with sentiments directly in opposition to sound doctrine.

3rd. It may happen, in the course of time, that we may have books of history freed from the marvels which now keep the nation in a happy state of stupidity. The authors of these books, may have the imprudence to do justice to good and bad actions, and to recommend equity and the love of one's country, which is visibly contrary to our rights.

4th. It may be that some miserable philosophers, under the specious but criminal pretence of enlightening and improving mankind, may come to instruct us in dangerous virtues, with which the people ought never to have any acquaintance.

5th. They may, by increasing the people's respect for God, and scandalously asserting in print that his power is the same in all places, diminish the number of pilgrims to Mecca, to the great detriment of the salvation of souls.

6th. It would undoubtedly come to pass, that by reading those ancient authors who have treated of contagious disorders, and of the manner of preventing them, we should be so unfortunate as to be freed from the plague; which would be manifestly flying in the face of Providence.

For these and other reasons, for the edification of the faithful, and the benefit of their souls, we forbid them ever to read any book, upon pain of eternal damnation; and lest they should be overcome by the diabolical temptation to gain knowledge, we forbid all fathers and mothers to teach their children to read. And, to prevent any opposition to this our ordinance, we expressly forbid them to think; under the same penalties. We enjoin all true believers to denounce to our tribunal, whomsoever shall have been heard to utter four connected phrases, expressive of a clear and distinct meaning. We ordain that, in conversation, no terms shall be used, but those which mean nothing, according to the ancient and long established usage of the Sublime Porte.

And, to prevent the entrance of any contraband thought into the sacred imperial city, we especially charge the first physician of his Highness* (born in a marsh in the South-west; which said physician having already killed four august members of the Ottoman family, is more interested than any other person in preventing the introduction of knowledge into the country), and empowers him, by these presents, to seize every idea that shall present itself, whether in writing or by word of mouth, at the gates of the city, and to bring before us the said idea, bound hand and foot, that we may inflict upon it such chastisement as may seem good unto us.

Given in our Palace of Stupidity, on the seventh of the month of Muharem, in the year 1143 of the Hegira.

[The Mufti has proved a true prophet. In countries where these wise precautions have not been taken, the threatened evils have happened; evils which admit of no remedy, for no opiate will set to sleep again the spirit that has been awakened among mankind.]

* This is intended for Van Swieten, first physician to the Empress, who had obtained the office of preventing the introduction of French books into the city of Vienna. He had a particular objection to the works of Voltaire, and, hating inoculation yet more than philosophy, had lost several of his royal patients by the small-pox, from his obstinacy on that point.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— 'Comparisons are odious' because they are impertinent, and lead only to the discovery of defects, by making one thing the standard of another which has no real relation to it.—*Hazlitt.*

A SCORPION SUICIDE.—A scorpion which was caught at Morocco by Dr Brown, of Gibralter, with a fork, in such a manner as not to kill the reptile, first bit the fork with extreme violence, and then, finding it could not extricate itself, darted its venomous fangs into its own body, and immediately died.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY RECORD.—There is a singular work, entitled 'Memoirs of Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester (son of Queen Anne) from his Birth to his Ninth Year,' in which Jenkin Lewis, an honest Welshman in attendance on the royal infant's person, is pleased to record that his Royal Highness cried, crowed, and said *Gig*, and *Dy*, very like a babe of plebeian descent.—*Notes to Old Mortality.*—[Sir Walter does not say whether he credits this assertion; he merely mentions that it is so recorded. On such an important point, it would be rash to give any opinion that was not grounded on industrious research.]

ZEAL.—The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spreads itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted with little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels: so is a man's prayer; if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshments.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE CELEBRATED STRASBURG CLOCK.—At Strasburg, in Germany, there is a clock, invented and made by Conradus Dasipodius, in 1571, before which on the ground stands a celestial globe, demonstrating the daily and annual motions of the heavens, stars, and planets, with great exactness. In the clock, the eclipses of the sun and moon are shown on two tables. On a third table, which is subdivided into three parts, is seen, on the first the statues of Apollo and Diana, and the annual revolution of the heavens; on the second, the year of the world, the year of our Lord, the hour and minutes of the day, the great festivals and the dominical letter; the third consists of a plan of Germany, and more especially of the city of Strasburg. In the middle frame of the clock, is an astrolabe, representing the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the planets posited in those houses, as they appear every day. There is likewise a terrestial globe, where the quarters, the half-hour, and the sixty minutes are delineated. There are the statues of Spring, Summer, and Winter. In the higher frame of the clock, are four very old men, who strike the quarters of the hour, when also appears a statue of death attempting to strike each quarter; it is forced back by a statue of Christ with a spear in his right hand, for three quarters; but at the end of each hour, the statue of Christ disappears, and that of death strikes the hour with a dead man's bone in his hand, and then the chimes play. On the top of the clock, is a cock which, every twelve hours, claps his wings, and crows audibly.—*Taylor's Cabinet of Curiosities.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Legion of Honour—The Illustrious Stranger—Turning the Tables—Timour the Tartar.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Buonaparte—The Omnibus.

THE FRENCH PLAYS.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—It is a general complaint with the visitors at the Haymarket Theatre, that the intervals between the pieces are so long, that none but first-rate actors can compensate to them for the tedious waiting they have to undergo. There is no doubt but the thin houses that have been lately seen there have been in some measure owing to this delay; and it is very desirable that M. LA PORTE should be aware of the circumstance. It is not improbable that to French people this delay is rather agreeable than otherwise. It gives them an opportunity of stretching their limbs a little; and even should they not be disposed to leave their seats, a Frenchman will commence a conversation with his neighbours, and forget the delay. With the English it is otherwise; they are more reserved; they do not talk with strangers, and with friends they can converse more freely at home.—The performances are long, and the long intervals make the conclusion later, and consequently, the entertainment altogether more fatiguing. This is perhaps the reason why the audiences have of late been not only smaller, but almost entirely composed of French visitors. The intervals did not alarm the French, and they would rather see poor acting, than none, in their own tongue. Since Mlle. LEONTINE FAY has appeared, the audiences have been fuller, and more English. The attraction overcame the *ennui*. This is rather against the chance of any immediate remedy of the objection. Empty benches have failed to admonish M. LA PORTE, and surely full ones will not do it; but it were well that he should know that such delay between the pieces keeps many persons from his theatre, who would otherwise attend it. It must always be the Manager's interest to keep an audience in good humour; more especially when the majority of the actors are mediocre; and as Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY'S engagement is a short one, it will be necessary to supply her place by equal talent (which may not be easy); or if that cannot be done, to contrive that the pieces shall more quickly succeed each other. Good acting is the great desideratum;—continuous entertainment of some kind is the next thing required. Let M. LA PORTE unite the two, and his audiences will again be, as at the English Opera House, full, and fashionable; but if both be neglected, as during the greater part of this season they have been, he will best promote his own interest, by closing the doors altogether; an alternative which would be regretted by others, as well as by his countrymen in London.

I remain, Mr Tatler,

Your respectful admirer,

A. A.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Romantic Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

[By C. M. VON WEBER.]

Linda, Miss Bruce. Rose, Mrs Bedford.
Bridesmaids—Miss Absolon, Miss Butline, Mrs East, &c.
Ottocar, Mr Yarnold. Bernhard, Mr Bedford. Adolph, Mr T. Cooke.
Caspar, Mr Horn.
Kilian, Mr Webster. Zamiel, Mr Howell. Hermit, Mr Downing.
Principal Foresters—Mr Honner, Mr Eaton, Mr Wieland, and Mr Chikini.

In the course of the Evening, Onslow's Overture to 'Le Colporteur;' Rossini's Overture to 'Eduardo e Christina;' and H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'Cortez.'

After which a Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

THE JENKINSES.

Mrs John Jenkins, Mrs Orger. Miss Georgiana Jenkins, Miss Crawford.
Martha, Mrs Broad. Mr Carraway, Mr Farren.
Augustus Gingham, Mr J. Vining. Mr John Jenkins, Mr Cooper.
Master John Jenkins, Master Fenton.

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Melo-Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Zorilda, Miss Huddart. Selima, Miss Russell. Liska, Miss S. Phillips.
Timour, Mr H. Wallack. Oglou, Mr Cooper.
Agib, Miss Poole. Bermeddin, Mr Cooke. Abdalec, Mr Howard.
Octar, Mr Honner. Orasmin, Mr Fenton.
Kerim, Mr Howell. Sanballat, Mr Bartlett.
Tartar Chiefs—Messrs. Eaton, Bishop, Robinson, Walsh, T. Price, East, &c.
Georgian Cavalry—Messrs. Cooke, Cooke, jun., Davis, Smith, Williams, &c.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; Popping the Question; and Timour the Tartar.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Compton.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schöenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.

Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stapps, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Monterean (in France). 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Sheriff.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.

Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Viala.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgand, Mr Willis.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Jones.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

To conclude with an Interlude, called

HIDE AND SEEK.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree. Charlotte, Miss Lawrence.
Mordaunt, Mr Baker. Merton, Mr Henry. Moses, Mr Keeley.

To-morrow, Napoleon Buonaparte; and Two Strings to Your Bow.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Drama, entitled

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Hermion, Miss M. C. Poole. Calanthe, Miss Scott. Phygenia, Miss Vincent.
Eudosia, Miss Somerville. Arria, Miss Rumsey.
Rygcia, Madame Simon. Lyphrasia, Mrs Vale. Listea, Miss Nicol.
Damon, Mr Osbaldiston. Philistrius, Mr Almar. Damocles, Mr Gough.
Procles, Mr Honner. Dionysius, Mr D. Pitt. Pythias, Mr C. Hill.
Lucullus, Mr Lee. Fabius, Mr Webb. Pellagus, Mr Young.
Arcas, Mr Hobbs. Melchton, Mr Edwin. Aranthon, Mr Ransford.

After which,

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

[By COLMAN, the Younger.]

Floranthe, Miss Blanche Kemble. Zorayda, Miss Scott. Agnes, Miss Somerville.
Octavian, Mr H. Kemble. Bulcasin Muley, Mr D. Pitt.
Count Virolet, Mr Honner. Killmalloch, Mr Young. Sadi, Mr Vale.
Lopo Tocho, Mr Williams. Ganem, Mr Almar. Perequillo, Mr T. Hill.
Roque, Mr Gough. Old Man, Mr Hobbs. Yusif, Mr Webb.
Muleteer, Mr Asbery. Boy, Miss Ellis.
Muleteers, (with a Glee) Messrs Ransford, Maitland, and Tully.

To conclude with a Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Georgiana Dorio, Miss M. C. Poole. Babbla, Miss Vincent.
Arabella, Mlle. Rosier. Rosa, Miss Somerville.
Count di Dorio, Mr Gough. The Marquis Sapparino, Mr C. Hill.
Count Fernando, Mr Edwin. Sancho, Mr Vale.
Ladroni, Mr Rogers. Old Jessmo, Mr Webb.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Executioner of Voorn—Basket Maker — Shocking Bad Hat—Bleeding Nun.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Catherine and Petruchio—Napoleon Buonaparte—The Man and the Marquis.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.— Feats of Horsemanship —The Stud of Burmese Ponies — Lilliputian Countess — Master H. Cooke's Riding Act—Vaulting Act—Xenocles the Greek Warrior.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1831.

QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. LXXXIX.

'Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppressed,
Stretched on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-opened eyne he shut straightway;
He led, I wot, the softest way to death.'—THOMSON.

'Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas:
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.'—VIRGIL.

If it is interesting to man to contemplate the progress of the human mind, to sympathise with those who stand foremost in its career, who are engaged in redeeming it from the errors of the present and the past, who identify themselves with its redemption, and esteem its progress and perfection as far greater objects in their search after happiness, than the trifling joys of time and sense;—if it form one of our greatest pleasures to love and reverence such men as these, to call their nature ours, to catch a spark of their enthusiasm, and kindle in our breasts a like flame of noble virtue and philanthropy; if we have so much at heart, the essential integrity and ultimate perfection of human nature, of how much melancholy interest, and with what serious and deep regret must be to us the consideration of those causes which operate to the demolition of our dearest hopes, which would destroy our only foundation for pleasure in existence, and poison the atmosphere in which 'we live and move, and have our being.'

A subject like this, involving 'everything which is valuable to the existence of man,' calls forth, indeed, during its discussion, other feelings than those which reason contributes. Singularly interesting, absorbing, and passionate, will be the reflections of the man, who, with the nature and causes of the present crisis before him, throws down the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. Astonishment, incredulity, resentment, and scorn, will be expressed on his countenance. Let us endeavour to trace the sources of these various feelings. History and experience are null to the men of whom we are speaking. Who is not astonished at beholding their audacity, with the fate of Charles I before their eyes, in menacing to uphold by force, doctrines, equally revolting to the spirit of the age, as those to which he was a martyr;—and are their circumstances so propitious as his were? Have they an equal strength of association amongst the people in their favour? Have they assistance from Ireland, Holland, and France? Have they to head their armies, such men as Hopton, Newcastle, or Rupert, aided by the unequalled chivalry of the daring Montrose, by the patriotism of Falkland, the abilities of Davenant or Clarendon, or the deceiving diplomacy of Charles and his statesmen? Have they to fight against an enemy obstinately divided, one party of whom not scrupling to affirm that it prefers them to the other? In short do they doubt the records of history, and refuse to believe that 'the vigour, and energy of the living principle of the body politic,' has not made good its cause against 'mere human nature?' On all hands, there is room here for incredulity and astonishment.

Again, these men cannot conceive, that there is growing up amongst the youth of the present age, those who are independent of personal considerations, as well as amongst those who have suffered directly by the effects of their principles, a deep, fervent, and unextinguishable hatred of them and their cause. To all rules there are certainly exceptions. It would be unjust, we know, to charge their creed upon the character of all of them; but this does not prevent us from branding them, as a class, with base deception. We know, and hate them, as those who, to serve their own purposes, would blacken the nature of man, and, of consequence, its creator. We remember that they have made deceit and dissimulation essential parts of the social system, have lorded it over young hearts, and crushed the hopes of innocence in the bud. We know them as the poisoners of the fountain of truth, and the hoary calumniators of genuine virtue, as 'men who are incapable of comprehending lofty principles of action,' as ignorant of those impulses 'which the unwearied spirit of the universe is for ever suggesting to young and enthusiastic hearts.' They call themselves Christians, but their own creed condemns them to a deeper hell than that to which the infidel is doomed. We know them as the venders of right and wrong, who sell absolution for slavery, and whilst declaring their principles immutable and universal, conferring a charter of sole interpretation upon themselves, whose privilege is their own exception. When men cause others to believe that faith is virtue, we cannot but expect that the first article should be in their own divinity. We know them as the champions of Negro Slavery, as making its debasement a necessary consequence, an argument against emancipation. What must be the responsibility of those men who have sunk their fellows to a degree in the scale of despotism, whence the mental spirit which we think restless and ceaseless seems to be frozen, and its place to be usurped by the spirit of slavery, where the heart seems to beat mechanically, and the blood to burn no more, and the conscience to be seared 'with a red-hot iron,' and the brain to sleep the sleep of death, and the man to become part of the soil on which he crawls, and live and die a slave, and cease to be. We know them as heartless persecutors, as enemies to improvement and change, thus mocking the very nature and object of all religion.

Finally, we know them as charging on liberty itself, those blots and defections from its cause, which their own overbearing influence has produced.* Yes, of how many noble minds have they been the perversion? How many who now truckle to the parasites of princes, would, but for them, have burned with the 'sacred flame of liberty?'† How many a soul which might 'have plucked bright honour from the pale-faced moon' now 'meditates amidst decay, and stands a ruin amidst ruins?' To conclude, it is peculiarly striking to behold, in the moral landscape, amidst the freshness and verdure which is now springing up, the withered and blighted leaves put forth by the plants which grow on the arid and unwatered soil of despotism; they remind one of the 'girdled' trees in America,‡ whose stems, and blackened, and leafless branches, are left to darken by their unrefreshing shade, and frown, and creak, amidst the rich and smiling corn fields.

AGIS.

* If, Mr Tatler, amidst the partizans of the great cause of mankind, now that it prospers, we find men who fought the good fight 'in less propitious times,'—men, who for a good name and pure conscience, have undergone slander, scorn, and poverty, with an uncompromising front, and, that too, with the interests of those around them, which can form a better defence for concession than all the sophistry of selfish time-servers; surely, surely, now the sun is brightening, the friends of freedom will not forget the veterans in their cause—of whom, if neglected, 'the world is not worthy.'

† Godwin has some interesting remarks on this subject in his 'Commonwealth,' vol. ii, pp. 32, 219.

‡ See Hall's 'America,' Vol. I, where he describes some of them, as popping their black snouts above the young grain like a shoal of seals.—Ah! Captain Hall, why did they not figure forth to thee the desolate condition of a 'girdled' Quarterly Reviewer?

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EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

[*From Conder's Italy.*]

SENSELESS PRODIGALITY.

Many of the nobles of Siena, who had ruined their fortunes in the Crusades and other wars, renounced the name and arms of their family, and entered into commerce. On rising into merchants, some of those patricians branched off into foreign countries. The Buonsignori established in France 'the Bank of the Great Table,' which flourished for a century, and was then pillaged by Philip the Fair. The Chigi opened a bank of equal celebrity at Rome, where the vain Agostino made as stupid a sacrifice to his sovereign as that of Gresham. Not satisfied with the magnificence usual on such occasions, when he invited Leo the Tenth to a banquet at the Farnesina, he served the whole Papal court with a succession of silver plate, and ordered the removes, as they went from table, to be tossed into the river. By what contagion is it that merchants, so prudent while at home, lose their senses when they approach sovereigns? * * * * Dante refers to a club of young prodigals at Siena, called *La Brigata Godereccia*, who could club a purse of 200,000 ducats, and spend it in a few months. Their pheasants were roasted with burning cloves, and their horses were shod with silver, to ape, it may be presumed, the nuptial extravagance of the great Marquis of Tuscany. The scene of their debauchery is now a chapel.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF NAPLES.

They delight in the crooked, the piebald, the gaudy, and push irregularity to its furthest bourn. Alfonzo's arch in Castel-Nuova, though a mixed composition of the fifteenth century, is purity itself, compared with those abominable heaps of sculpture called *guglias*, which were raised in the last reign. Some of the modern churches are striking to the eye; but so is every monster. Within, they are spotted things, mere harlequins in marble, quite ugly with decoration. Carving is tormented, and gold-leaf laid on wherever it can find room. A rage for gilding runs through the nation. It disfigures walls, furniture, carriages,—even the hackney calash must have its coat of gold; the collar-maker gilds his harness; the apothecary gilds his pills; the butcher sticks gold-leaf on his mutton.

THE DOGE AND ANTI-DOGE OF VENICE.

Venice is built on two great collections of shoals, which are divided from each other by a serpentine channel, called the *Canalozo* or Grand Canal, which is bestrid by the bridge of the Rialto (*rio alto* or deep stream). It follows that the city may be divided into two great parts made up of small islands, and each part separated from the other, except at this bridge. * * * * * This division of the ancient city into distinct parts or quarters, appears to have given rise to the two rival factions of *Castellani* and *Nicoloti*, whose distinguishing colours, manifested in their caps and sashes, were black and red. Even in the present day, a *Castellano* detests black as much as a chameleon, and a *Nicoloto*, in his abhorrence of red, could scarcely be surpassed by a turkey-cock. These factions are now going out. In former times the Doge, in whatever quarter born, was, from his residence at St Marks, always looked upon as a *Castellano*; the *Nicoloti*, therefore, annually elected some clever waterman of their own party, as a sort of anti-Doge, who was allowed a bark, place, and some sort of authority in the procession on Ascension-day, for the yearly espousals of the Adriatic.

THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA.

The celebrated Abate Mezzofanti, Professor of Greek and Oriental Literature in the University, is an example of a faculty for acquiring languages probably unequalled. At thirty-six years of age, in 1817, he read twenty, and conversed with fluency and accuracy in eighteen languages. An Italian gentleman having introduced to him two Russians and a Pole, who were passing through Bologna, Mezzofanti entered at once into conversation with them in their own languages. One of the Russians then addressed him in Turkish, and was answered in the same tongue, although Mezzofanti informed them it was only the second time of his having conversed in that language. The Pole now addressed him in a language which he supposed it impossible he should be able to understand, that of the Bohemians or Gipsies. To his great astonishment, Mezzofanti promptly answered him in that dialect, and produced some sheets of a grammar and vocabulary of the Gipsy tongue, compiled from information he had obtained from some *Zingari* confined at Bologna. His Greek master, a Spaniard, had taught him Spanish, French, and English; and German, Polish, and Hungarian, he had acquired by reading and conversation with travellers. Yet he had never wandered above thirty miles from Bologna, and spoke only Bolognese in his own family. * * * * * Not many years before Mrs Piozzi visited Bologna, *la dotteressa*, Laura Bassi, gave lectures upon the mathematics and natural philosophy till she grew very old and infirm, and her pupils always handed her very respectfully to and from the doctor's chair. A marble tablet has been erected to her memory. Many learned ladies were at that time members of the University. Madonna Manzolina was about the same time Professor of Anatomy. Still more recently, the Professorship of Greek was held by Signora Clotilda Tambroni, whose severity, we are told, is still remembered by her pupils. * * * * * The Signora, Lady Morgan says, had vacated her chair by death only, a short time before she visited Bologna; and it was pleasant to hear her learned coadjutor, the Abate Mezzofanti, do ample justice to her profound learning, which had raised her to an equality in collegiate rank with himself.

SABLE HUNTING.

The sable hunters form themselves into troops, from five to forty each, the last subdivide into lesser parties, and each chooses a leader, but there is one that directs the whole: a small covered boat is provided for each party, laden with provision, a dog and net for every two men, and a vessel to bake their bread in: each party also has an interpreter for the country they penetrate into. Every party then sets out according to the course their leader points out. They go against the stream of the rivers, drawing their boats up, till they arrive in the hunting country; there they stop, build huts, and wait till the waters are frozen and the season commences. Before they begin the chace, their leader assembles them, they unite in a prayer to the Almighty for success, and then separate. The first sable they take is called God's sable, and is dedicated to the church. They then penetrate into the woods, mark the trees as they advance, that they may know their way back, and in their hunting quarters, form huts of trees, and bank up the snow round them. Near these, they lay their traps, then advance farther, and lay more traps, still building new huts in every quarter, and return successively to every old one, to visit the traps, and take out the game to skin it, which none but the chief of the party may do. During this time, they are supplied with provisions by persons who are employed to bring it on sledges, from the places on the road where they are obliged to form magazines, by reasou of the impracticability of bringing quantities through the rough country they must pass. The traps are a sort of pit-fall with a loose board placed over it, baited with fish or flesh. When sables grow scarce, the hunters trace them in the new-fallen snow, to their holes, place their nets at the entrance, and watch two or three days for the coming out of the animal. It has happened that these poor people have, by the failure of their provisions, been so pinched with hunger, that, to still the cravings of appetite, they have been reduced to take two thin boards, one of which they apply to the pit of the stomach, the other to the back, drawing them tight together, by ropes placed at the ends. The season of chace being finished, the hunters re-assemble, make a report to their leader of the number of sables each has taken; make complaints of offenders against their regulations; punish delinquents; share the booty; then continue at the head-quarters, till the rivers are clear of ice; return home, and give to every church the dedicated furs. * * * * * The character of the sable fur is, that notwithstanding the hair naturally lies from the head towards the tail, yet will it lie equally in any direction, as you strike your hand over it.—*Pennant's History of Quadrupeds.*

THE ORIGINAL OLD MORTALITY.

The old man was at one time following his wonted occupation of repairing the tombs of the martyrs in the church-yard of Girthon, and the sexton of the parish was plying his kindred task at no small distance. Some roguish urchins were sporting near them, and by their noisy gambols disturbing the old men in their serious occupation. The most petulant of the juvenile party were two or three boys, grand-children of a person well known by the name of Cooper Climent. This artist enjoyed almost a monopoly in Girthon and the neighbouring parishes, for making and selling ladles, caups, bickers, bowls, spoons, cogues, and trenchers formed of wood, for the use of the country people. It must be noticed, that notwithstanding the excellence of the cooper's vessels, they were apt, when new, to impart a reddish tinge to whatever liquor was put into them, a circumstance not uncommon in like cases. The grand-children of this dealer in wooden work took it into their heads to ask the sexton what use he could possibly make of the numerous fragments of old coffins which were thrown up in opening new graves. 'Do you not know,' said Old Mortality, 'that he sells them to your grandfather, who makes them into spoons, trenchers, bickers, bowls, and so forth?' At this assertion, the youthful group broke up in great confusion and disgust, on reflecting how many meals they had eaten out of dishes which, by Old Mortality's account, were only fit to be used at a banquet of ghouls or witches. They carried the tidings home, when many a dinner was spoiled by the loathing which the intelligence imparted; for the account of the materials was supposed to explain the tinge which, even in the days of the cooper's fame, had seemed somewhat suspicious. The ware of Cooper Climent was rejected in horror, much to the benefit of his rivals the muggers, who dealt in earthenware. The man of cutty-spoon and ladle saw his trade interrupted, and learned the reason by his quondam customers coming upon him in wrath to return the goods which were composed of such unhallowed materials, and demanded repayment of their money. In this disagreeable predicament, the forlorn artist cited Old Mortality into a court of justice, where he proved that the wood he used in his trade, was that of the staves of old wine-pipes bought from smugglers, with whom the country then abounded, a circumstance which fully accounted for their imparting a colour to their contents. Old Mortality himself made the fullest declaration, that he had no other purpose in making the assertion, than to check the petulance of the children. But it is easier to take away a good name than to restore it. Cooper Climent's business continued to languish, and he died in a state of poverty.—*Notes to Old Mortality.*

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THE EARLY CHILDHOOD OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

[Mr Lawrence, who kept the Black Bear Inn at Devizes, was very proud of his young son Thomas, and would sometimes expose himself to a degree of ridicule by the display of paternal vanity before persons wholly uninterested in him or his family.]—In 1775, Mr ——, subsequently Lord Kenyon, arrived with his lady, late in the evening, at the Black Bear Inn, at Devizes. They were on their way to Bath, and had felt the inconvenience of the heavy style of travelling in those 'good old times;' and, as they confessed, they were not in the best possible humour, when Mr Lawrence, senior, entered their sitting-room, and proposed to show them his wonderful child. 'The boy,' he said, 'was only five years old, but he could take their likenesses, or repeat to them any speech in Milton's Pandemonium.' To that place the offended guests were on the eve of commending their host to go, and the lawyer's lips were just opened to pronounce the sentence, when the child rushed in; and, as Lady Kenyon used to relate, her vexation and anger were suddenly changed into admiration. He was riding on a stick, and went round and round the room, in the height of infantile joyousness. Mrs Kenyon, as soon as she could get him to stand, asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to her husband. 'That I can,' said the little Lawrence, 'and very like too.' A high chair was placed at the table, pencils and paper were brought, and the infant artist soon produced an astonishingly striking likeness. Mr Kenyon now coaxed the child, who had got tired by the half-hour's labour, and asked him if he could take a likeness of the lady. 'Yes, that I can,' was his reply once more, 'if she will turn her side to me, for her face is not straight.' Our artist learned in good time not to speak so bluntly before ladies; but his remark produced a laugh, as it happened to be true. He accordingly took a side likeness of Mrs Kenyon. About the year 1799, an intimate friend of Lady Kenyon's saw this portrait, and could distinctly trace a very strong resemblance to what her ladyship had been at the period when the likeness was taken. The drawing was about five inches broad, and delicately shaded, but exhibited an indecision or feebleness of contour, that might have been expected from a childish artist.—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.* Vol. I. pp. 40, 41.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Hope and Envy.—Sanazzaro being present one day when several persons, and among others, some medical men, were discussing which was the most general disease, he offered to decide the dispute; and, on being asked to do so, he replied that the fever of hope killed more persons than any other. On a similar occasion, when some physicians were consulting as to what remedy was the best for weakness of sight, he observed that envy was more likely than anything else to quicken the power of vision.—*Stebbing's Lives of the Italian Poets.*—[Few persons would acquiesce in this libel upon Hope, who is more prone to save than to kill. Sanazzaro had, perhaps, suffered too little, to know her value. Nor is it every one who would think Envy more likely to quicken the vision, than some other passions, more especially Love; and though the young archer is represented as blind, it is much to be suspected that he has himself a quicker eye than most passions, which are generally a blind race.]

Sale of Winds.—It is well known that the Laplanders derive a profitable trade in selling *winds*; but it is perhaps less notorious, that within these few years such a commodity might be purchased on British ground, where it was likely to be in great request. At the village of Stromness, on the Orkney main island, called Pomona, lived, in 1814, an aged dame called Bessie Millie, who helped out her subsistence by selling favourable winds to mariners. He was a venturous master of a vessel, who left the roadstead of Stromness, without paying his offering to propitiate Bessie Millie; her fee was extremely moderate, being exactly sixpence, for which, as she explained herself, she boiled her kettle, and gave the bark advantage of her prayers; for she disclaimed all unlawful arts. The wind thus petitioned for was sure, she said, to arrive, though occasionally the mariners had to wait some time for it. The woman's dwelling and appearance were not unbecoming her pretensions; her house, which was on the brow of the steep hill on which Stromness is founded, was only accessible by a series of dirty and precipitous lanes, and for exposure, might have been the abode of Æolus himself, in whose commodities the inhabitant dealt. She herself was, as she told us, nearly one hundred years old, withered and dried up, like a mummy. A clay-coloured kerchief folded round her head, corresponded in colour to her corpse-like complexion. Two light blue eyes, that gleamed with a lustre like that of insanity, an utterance of astonishing rapidity, a nose and chin that almost met together, and a ghastly expression of cunning, gave her the effect of Hecate. She remembered Gow the pirate, who had been a native of those islands, in which he closed his career. Such was Bessie Millie, to whom the mariners paid a sort of tribute, with a feeling betwixt jest and earnest.—*Notes to the Pirate.*—[It would be curious to know how the old lady contrived to satisfy voyagers in different directions, who required opposing winds at the same time.]

An English Death.—Among the ships lying in the harbour, was the wreck of one of the Pacha's own vessels. The Captain had committed some crime, which was represented by his crew to the Viceroy, who ordered him immediately ashore, to answer his accusers. Knowing his guilt, he pretended sickness, till a second message from the same quarter, left him no alternative; and unable longer to evade his fate, he sent all his crew ashore, and calling to an old and faithful servant, the only person on board, he bade him jump out of the port into the sea; at the same time, having loaded two pistols, he fired into the magazine, and blew up the ship and himself together. When the story was related to the Pacha, he said, 'These are Frank customs; this is dying like an Englishman!'—*Egypt. Edinburgh Cabinet Library.* Vol. III.

Knox and Claverhouse.—It is said by tradition, that he (John Graham of Claverhouse) was very desirous to see, and be introduced to a certain Lady Elphinstoun, who had reached the advanced age of an hundred years and upwards. The noble matron being a stanch Whig, was rather unwilling to receive Claver'se (as he was called from his title) but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the officer observed to the lady, that having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must, in her time, have seen many strange changes. 'Hout na, Sir,' said Lady Elphinstoun, 'the world is just to end with me as it began. When I was entering life, there was ane Knox deaving us a' wi' his *clavers*; and now I am ganging out, there is ane Claver'se deaving us a' wi' his *knocks*.' *Clavers* signifying, in common parlance, idle chat, the double pun does credit to the ingenuity of a lady of an hundred years old.—*Notes to Old Mortality.*

Laws that Die of Their Own Absurdity.—The laws peculiar to this canton (Glarus) respecting marriage, &c. are unusually strict, and somewhat curious. Whatever may be the age of persons desirous of marrying, they cannot accomplish their wish without the consent of their respective parents. A man of fifty must still remain a bachelor, if his father of seventy-five should so determine. The absurdity of this law has given rise to a laxity in morals, unknown in any other part of Switzerland; and this again has produced another, and a very wholesome law, which in part neutralizes the absurdity of the other. If it should so happen that a young woman becomes *enceinte*, the person in fault is obliged to marry her; and, in case of a refusal, he is declared incapable of being elected to a seat in the Council; his evidence is inadmissible in a court of justice, and, in short, he is deprived of civil rights. It is quite consistent with all this, that, if the marriage take place, which, with such penalties in case of non-compliance, is almost always the case, the female should be received into society, and that no stain should be supposed to attach to her. All laws whose tendency is to defeat, and not merely to regulate the laws of nature, must fail in their object; and accordingly, other laws, equally or more absurd, are required to remedy the evils that arise.—*Conway's Switzerland, France, and the Pyrenees.*

Superstitious Interpretation of a Natural Accident.—The concluding circumstance of Elspeth's death is taken from an incident said to have happened at the funeral of John, Duke of Roxburgh. All who were acquainted with that accomplished Nobleman must remember that he was not more remarkable for creating and possessing a most curious and splendid library, than for his acquaintance with the literary treasures it contained. In arranging his books, fetching and replacing the volumes he wanted, and carrying on all the necessary intercourse which a man of letters holds with his library, it was the Duke's custom to employ, not a secretary or librarian, but a livery servant called Archie, whom habit had made so perfectly acquainted with the library, that he knew every book, as a shepherd does the individuals of his flock, by what is called head-mark, and could bring his master whatever volume he wanted, and afford all the mechanical aid the Duke required in his literary researches. To secure the attendance of Archie, there was a bell hung in his room, which was used on no occasion except to call him individually to the Duke's study. His Grace died in St James's square, in London, in the year 1804; the body was to be conveyed to Scotland, to lie in state at his mansion of Fleurs, and to be removed from thence to the family burial-place at Bowden. At this time, Archie, who had been long attacked by a liver complaint, was in the very last stage of that disease. Yet he prepared himself to accompany the body of his master, whom he had so long and so faithfully waited upon. The medical persons assured him he could not survive the journey. It signified nothing, he said, whether he died in England or in Scotland; he was resolved to assist in rendering the last honours to the kind master from whom he had been inseparable for so many years,—even if he should expire in the attempt. The poor invalid was permitted to attend the Duke's body to Scotland; but when they reached Fleurs, he was totally exhausted, and obliged to keep his bed, in a sort of stupor that announced speedy dissolution. On the morning of the day fixed for removing the dead body of the Duke to the place of burial, the private bell by which he was wont to summon his attendant to his study was rung violently. This might easily happen in the confusion of such a scene, although the people of the neighbourhood prefer believing that the bell sounded of its own accord. Ring, however, it did; and Archie, roused by the well-known summons, rose up in his bed, and faltered in broken accents, 'Yes, my Lord Duke, yes,—I will wait on your Grace immediately;' and, with these words on his lips, he is said to have fallen back and expired.—*Notes to the Antiquary.*

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JEWISH BRANDY.—The Jews here make brandy from the following articles:—

From 150lb. of pears, which when in season cost about tenpence, they make about two gallons.

From 150lb. of figs, which cost about sixpence, they make about eight gallons.

From 150lb. of raisins, which cost about tenpence, eight and a half or nine gallons are extracted.

From 150lb. of dates, costing from twenty-five to twenty-eight pence, about seven gallons are obtained.

The brandy from dates is considered the best, and is sold for three shillings and sixpence per gallon.

The brandy from raisins and figs sells for about two and sixpence a gallon.

The brandy from pears fetches about three shillings and sixpence a gallon.

From 150lb. of grapes about eight gallons of tolerable wine is made, and four of brandy.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.*

[This spirit, moderate as the price is compared with even the British brandy in this country, appears very highly charged when compared with the cost of the fruit, that of the figs more especially, which, according to this statement, are sold at the rate of about six pounds for a farthing.]

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Der Freischutz—The Jenkinses—Timour the Tartar.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Buonaparte—Hide and Seek.

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Seria, in Two Acts, of

MEDEA.

[By MAYER.]

Medea, Wife of Jason . . . Madame Pasta.
Creusa, Daughter of Creontes . . . . . Miss F. Ayton.
Ismenes, Confidant of Medea . . . . Mlle. Feliani.
Creontes, King of Corinth . . . . . Signor Lablache.
Ægeus, King of Athens . . . Signor Rubini.
Jason . . . . Signor Curioni.
Tideus, Confidant of Creontes . . . Signor Deville.
Two Children of Jason and Medea.
Corinthians, Maidens, Priests, Followers of Ægeus, Guards.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

In which Mademoiselle Taglioni will dance the Tyrolienne.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Yarnold. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Dane—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); Lindpaintner's Overture to 'Der Borgkonig;' and H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'Cortes.'

After which, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called

POPPING THE QUESTION.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

Ellen Murray, Mrs Newcombe. Miss Biffin, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Winterblossom, Mrs Broad. Bobbin, Mrs Orger.
Mr Primrose, Mr Farren. Henry Thornton, Mr Howard.

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Melo-Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Zorilda, Miss Huddart. Selima, Miss Russell. Liska, Miss S. Phillips.
Timour, Mr H. Wallack. Oglou, Mr Cooper.
Agib, Miss Poole. Bermeddin, Mr Cooke. Abdalec, Mr Howard.
Octar, Mr Honner. Orasmin, Mr Fenton.
Kerim, Mr Howell. Sanballat, Mr Bartlett.
Tartar Chiefs—Messrs. Eaton, Bishop, Robinson, Walsh, T. Price, East, &c.
Georgian Cavalry—Messrs. Cooke, Cooke, jun., Davis, Smith, Williams, &c.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LA REINE DE 16 ANS.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de M. BAYARD.
Reine, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Emma, Mlle. St. Ange.
Le Comte de Rantzoff, M. St. Albert. Frédéric de Bury, M. Alfred.
M. de Vaderg, M. Gamard. Un Officier du Palais, M. Guenée.

Suivi de

MALVINA; OU, UN MARIAGE D'INCLINATION.

Vaudeville nouveau en Deux Actes, de M. SCRIBE.
Malvina, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Marie, Mlle. Florval. Catherine, Mme. Baudin.
M. Dubreuil, M. St. Aubert. Arved Dubreuil, M. Paulin.
M. de Barentin, M. Alfred.

On finira par

LE QUAKER ET LA DANSEUSE.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, par MM. SCRIBE et PAUL DUPONT.
Miss Georgina Barlow, Mlle. Léontine Fay.
James Morton, M. Laporte. Arthur D'Arsie, M. Alfred. Murray, M. Paulin.
Toby, M. Gamard. Un Domestique, M. Granville.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Compton.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs A. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schöenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.

Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stapps, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Sheriff.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.

Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Vials.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgaud, Mr Willis.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Jones.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

To conclude with the Farce of

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

Donna Clara, Miss Taylor. Leonora, Miss Lawrence. Maid, Mrs Brown.
Lazarillo, Mr Keeley. Don Pedro, Mr F. Matthews.
Don Sancho, Mr Barnes. Ferdinand, Mr Duruset. Borachio, Mr Evans.
Octavio, Mr Parry. Porter, Mr Fuller. Waiters, Messrs. Heath and Mears.

To-morrow, a Grand Performance of Sacred Music.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Play of

THE STRANGER.

[By KOTZEBUE.]

Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. Poole. Countess Winterstein, Miss Scott.
Charlotte, Miss Vincent. Savoyard, Miss Somerville, with the original Ballad, 'I have a silent sorrow here.'
The Stranger, Mr Osbaldiston. Count Winterstein, Mr Honner. Peter, Mr Vale
Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Solomon, Mr Williams. Francis, Mr C. Hill.
Tobias, Mr Gough. The Count's Son, Master F. Carbery.
The Stranger's Children, Misses Clark and E. Clarke.

After which a New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND! OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

[By Mr THOMPSON.]

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Honner. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

To conclude with a new Petite Drama, entitled

THE COBLER OF MUNICH.

Liska, Miss Vincent.
Claus Kellerman, Mr C. Hill. Wynkin Plaus, Mr Vale. Franz, Mr Rogers.
Steibelt, Mr Lee. Soldiers, &c.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Executioner of Voorn—Basket Maker—Shocking Bad Hat—Bleeding Nun.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Stud of Burmese Ponies—Lilliputian Countess—Master H. Cooke's Riding Act—Vaulting Act—Xenocles the Greek Warrior.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1831.

SOCIETY AS IT IS, AND AS IT MAY BE.

I DO not profess myself a Millenarian, but I have, nevertheless, a pleasure in imagining that a time will come, when mankind generally shall entertain juster opinions upon most subjects than they do at present, or have done hitherto; when the ordinary tone of thinking shall have been raised to a higher pitch; and when assumptions which will not bear the test of reason and reflection shall be no longer tolerated. In such a state of things, the objects of men's ambition will be changed. The rich man, no longer regarded for his riches, will learn to consider mere accumulation as folly, and study rather to employ his wealth usefully, conscious that only by so doing he can hope to derive respect from his fellow-creatures, or permanent satisfaction for himself. So also power, of whatever description, will be estimated according to the manner of its exercise; for the eyes of observers will be directed to its use rather than to its possession, and will measure its title to consideration, not by its extent, but by its productiveness in human happiness. I am no enemy to an Aristocracy, considered as persons who, without their own agency, find themselves in possession of distinctions, which, if they were to be conferred again, it is probable few of their actual possessors would receive; but I confess, that in a more advanced stage of thinking, I believe such distinctions will be but lightly appreciated by any; and I cannot conceive that the anomalies arising from them will find countenance from reasonable beings; nor that men will bear to hear such palpable absurdities, as that 'the crooked policy and *mean* disguise of the *Noble* Lord's conduct, is only to be paralleled by the *treacherous* proceeding of the *Honourable* Gentleman.' Such things are now said, and excite no particular wonder; they are even quite consistent with that laxity in the application of terms, which runs more or less through the general system of society. But other distinctions may with advantage undergo investigation. Those arising from acquirements in intellectual pursuits, may be expected to be submitted to various modifications; and the degrees of skill and capacity necessary to attain eminence in the diversified paths of literary occupation being more generally understood and appreciated, the merit ascribable to industry, patience, and perseverance, will not be confounded with that other and higher attribute which will be seen to belong to original talent or genius.

I will hazard a conjecture, that as moral qualities shall become, of all qualities, the most influential, and held in highest consideration, there will accordingly be many alterations in the present classification of the different grades of society, and that our arrangements with respect to the *server* and the *served* will assume altogether a new, or at least a revived and primitive character. At present, everybody is sensible, at times, of an unnatural alienation: an important service rendered by an inferior (the term in use) is acknowledged frequently, not as the heart prompts, but as the supposed dignity of the superior dictates as befitting. Much of this alienation is the result of the inequality of education; even the most free from the pride of rank or station may be excused for feeling some reluctance to treat as companions persons distinguished by habits of vulgarity or ignorance. When there is little to produce sympathy, there will easily be found something repulsive. But when the excrescences consequent on the neglect of the interests of the lower orders, as they are called, have been smoothed away by the hand of the instructor, the repulsiveness will be no longer felt, and the title of fellow-creature will be recognised as a full warrant to all who bear it, to claim a free participation in all the means of friendship. The abuse of the term Equality during the French Revolution has blinded the world to its natural propriety; and yet such are the present habits of society, that from the peasant to the peer, the generality are in slavish awe of some one they acknowledge as their superior, and whose superiority they, at the same time feel to be a grievance. Is there nothing which requires correction here? Is it a *necessary* consequence of human society, that the individuals which compose it should submit to regulations which they dislike, and yet can change? Surely not: but it is possible that a craving after things erroneously supposed to be necessary to human happiness may generate a disposition to acquiesce, for private purposes, in much which a clear judgment would not sanction; but when men learn to regulate their avidity after objects by truer estimates of their value, a consistency more creditable to human nature will ensue, and the homage which the lip now too often pays, without the concurrence of the understanding or the heart, will then be neither sought nor yielded.

SAINT-MAKING.

[Translated from VOLTAIRE.]

IT is well known that all civilized countries have worshipped a God, the creator of the world. Some have composed for this God, a court, of which he has no need; and in this court they have placed their great men, that they might have friends and protectors near their master. *Divus Trajanus*, and *Divus Antoninus*, literally mean nothing more than St Trajan, and St Antoninus. These saints were proposed as models to the emperors,—models but little copied. If we had St Bertrand du Guesclin, St Bayard, St Montmorency, and especially St Henry the Fourth, I do not see that such an apotheosis would be misplaced. Why should we not have St l'Hôpital? The Chancellor was moderate in a violent age, and made wise laws, notwithstanding the horrible extravagances of the court. I would willingly address an orison to St Thou, the most just of magistrates, and the best of historians.

The Marshal de Turenne is certainly in paradise, since he became a catholic, and there can be no doubt but the Marshal de Catinat is there too. The one died for his country, the other, after gaining its battles, suffered disgrace and poverty, without complaining. If altars should be raised to them, I promise to invoke them.

'Oh! oh!' say the bankers of the court of Rome, 'but saints are not to be made at will. It is a very expensive process. Here you propose eight at a time;—that would cost eight hundred thousand crowns, to be paid to the apostolic chamber,—at three hundred thousand francs a piece, which is quite a bargain.' • • • I reply to these gentlemen, that I do not design to obtain these saintships in exchange for money: that I wish to revere Henry the Fourth, Turenne, Catinat, de Thou, and the Chancellor de l'Hôpital, as saints, without going to any expense about it, and that I will never purchase paradise, either for myself or for any one else.

Who were the first saints of Christianity?—Charitable men, martyrs. How did they become so venerated?—By the general consent of the people, without cost. Now I maintain that Henry the Fourth is a true martyr. He was engaged in promoting the happiness of Europe, when he fell a martyr to fanaticism. And as to the consent of the people, it is already given. When the Bishop of Puy en Vélai pronounced his funeral oration, in St Denis, those who could not hear him, whether from distance or hardness of hearing, left their places, went to the tomb of Henry the Fourth, threw themselves on their knees, watered it with their tears, and offered up the most touching prayers. What is wanting to such a consecration? He was canonized by the hearts of his people,—by the voice of their love. It is now thought necessary that a hundred years should pass away before a man can be canonized, that the witnesses of his earthly follies may have time to die. More than a hundred and fifty have elapsed since the martyrdom of Henry the Fourth. But let the witnesses and the objects of his weaknesses re-appear;—let them depose against him,—I will adore him still. I will say to *Corisande d'Andouin*, to *Charlotte des Essarts*, to *La Belle Gabrielle*, and to the rest,—'It is true, ladies, that he caressed you, but he saved France at the battles of Arques and Ivry; he was just, merciful, and beneficent; he had the goodness of Titus, and the valour of Cæsar: this is my saint.' They will tell me, that we must have female saints also. I fully admit this. Who shall hinder me from glorifying Margaret of Anjou, who fought in person, in twelve battles against the English, to deliver from prison her imbecile husband? I will invoke our Maid of Orleans, for whom the service has already been composed, in decasyllabic verse. We have a score of noble women, who deserve to have prayers addressed to them. To whom, indeed, should we give festivals, if not to them? Most assuredly they ought to have their festivals.—[However readily it may be admitted that Voltaire's choice of saints was an improvement upon that of the priests, the philosophers of the present day would make a better.]

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EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.

THE COHENS IN BARBARY.

The Jews who bear the name of Cohen, are held in great respect in Barbary. When in the synagogue, they are placed higher than the rest of the congregation, and one of them reads a chapter from the Bible to the congregation every sabbath day. On the birth of the first born child in every family, it is customary for one of the Cohens, at the same synagogue as that to which the father of the child belongs, to be introduced to the mother when in bed, whom he interrogates as to the real father of the infant. After this, the child being placed in his hands, he advances towards the door, pretending that he is going to carry it away in order to adopt is as his own, and to dedicate it to the Lord, by bringing it up as a priest. When he reaches the door, however, the relations of the infant get round him, and a kind of bargain is made, with a good deal of mock ceremony, by which on the payment of a few dollars, he agrees to give back the child to the parents. The money thus obtained, should he be rich, is distributed among the poor; if needy himself, which is usually the case, care is taken that his charity begins at home.—[This strange piece of flummery seems about as useless, and absurd, as the affectedly mysterious preparation of the *kenno* and *groaning-malt*, described by Sir Walter Scott.]

MOORISH WEDDINGS AT TANGIER.

Nothing appears more extraordinary to a European on his first arrival in the country, or impresses him more forcibly with a conviction that he is among a barbarous race, than the marriage ceremonies. The Moor marries when corn is plentiful. This was now the case, the harvest having been most abundant; and the number of weddings that were celebrated every night, according to the custom, kept the town in a state of continual rejoicing and uproar. As soon as it was dark, the narrow streets of Tangier were literally blocked up by moving crowds, whose steps were illuminated by numberless lanterns, while their ears were regaled with irregular discharge of guns, relieved, if it could so be called, by the barbarous notes of the Moorish instruments. To give, however, a more detailed account of this curious ceremony, which is divided into several acts:—The first part of it that I had an opportunity of witnessing, was the bearing of the present from the future bridegroom to the parents of his intended. The former walked at the head of a numerous procession, in the midst of which three black female slaves bore on their heads vessels containing cloth, muslin, and other stuffs, tied up in silk bands; an enormous dish of kouskous then followed; the rear being brought up by two horses, and a mule laden with wheat and barley. Previous to the wedding, a procession is formed at night by the bridegroom, who is conducted by his friends, arm in arm, through the different parts of the town, accompanied by music and firing. The concluding and most singular part of the whole ceremony is the bridal night. On this occasion, the bridegroom on leaving his own house, attired in his white salham, or cloak, and with his sword girded before him, proceeds on horseback towards the quarter where his intended resides; he is accompanied by large bodies of his friends and connexions on foot, bearing lanterns in their hands, and is attended by two boys, who keep throwing handkerchiefs towards him, as if in the act of fanning him; the procession being headed by a band of music, consisting of the Moorish tambour or drum, and two or three hautboys, from which the most detestable sounds proceed. The approach of the procession is announced by loud discharges of guns; and it having arrived at the house of the bride, it stays there until she is ready, the bridegroom remaining on horseback, and the whole length of the street being thronged by the accompanying crowds. The door of the house is now thrown open, and a kind of wooden cage with a conical top, and not unlike a small pulpit, is brought out, containing the fair bird. This is hoisted on the back of a horse, stationed ready to receive its precious burden and led by a slave. This part of the operation is not accomplished frequently without some difficulty, on account of the weight of the cage, but more particularly of that of its fair inhabitant, who, according to the Moorish taste in this respect, not unfrequently weighs as much as the animal who has the felicity of bearing her. Should the bridegroom have been married before, the wedding is not near so brilliant, as he remains at home to receive his bride; and should the latter be a widow, she does not ride, but is conducted on foot by the women to the house of the bridegroom. The bride being on horseback, the whole procession, which by this time, has been very considerably swelled, proceeds at a slow pace through all parts of the town, winding along the numerous dark alleys and streets, which are scarcely wide enough to admit a person on horseback. The strangeness of the spectacle is such that a Christian observing it for the first time, would scarcely suppose that he beheld human beings. Fancy the procession in motion, and a concourse of people attired wholly in white, proceeding at nearly midnight perhaps, at a slow funeral pace; in the rear, numbers of men armed with guns of an enormous length, deafen you with repeated irregular discharges of powder, firing at the feet and faces of the spectators, dancing at the same time, and making use of the most extravagant gestures. The music now advances, and your ears are greeted with sounds as diabolical as any savages ever made, which are produced by the instruments before mentioned. A confused crowd of persons now approach with lanterns in their hands, in the midst of which is seen the bridegroom on horseback, his face muffled up, and his sword now girded behind him, and followed by another horse, bearing the strange machine already described. The rear of the cavalcade is brought up by several women, who accompany the bride to her new habitation, while an indiscriminate crowd of persons follow. The procession does not proceed direct to the house of the bridegroom, if it did, the ceremony would be all over in a few minutes, and the effect lost; on which account, it is first conducted through all parts of the town, and from the slowness of the pace at which it proceeds, and the crowds that accompany it, it is frequently an hour or more before it reaches its final destination. On arriving at the house, a general halt is made, the bridegroom dismounts and enters his habitation, and the box which contains his better half is carried in at the same time; the door is then shut, and this terminates the ceremony. Large dishes of kouskous are afterwards brought out and distributed to the crowd, and the firing and rejoicing is often kept up a great part of the night. Among the poorer classes, the whole affair lasts only two or three days, but is prolonged should the bridegroom be wealthy, it being usual for him to invite his friends and acquaintance to an entertainment: and thus the rejoicings conclude.—Vol. I. pp. 165—169.

THE AUTHOR'S RECEPTION IN TETUAN.

I had not been very long at my new quarters at Mr Hassan's, when an officer came, on the part of the governor, to congratulate me on my arrival at Tetuan; and having dismissed him with a present, and intrusted to him the letters I had brought, I received a second communication to say that the governor would receive me at four in the afternoon; and accordingly, at that hour, I proceeded to the palace or house which belongs to the Sultan, accompanied by my interpreter, Mr Hassan, and two superior alkaids or officers, who had been sent to conduct me, and whose rapacious looks were already devouring the dollars that it would be necessary to give them. I had previously arranged my present of tea and sugar, to soften the countenance and gladden the heart of the great man I was about to visit. As we passed through the filthy streets of the Jews' town, we were followed as usual by troops of Jew boys, who were, however, kept at a respectful distance by a venerable looking old Moor with a white flowing beard, who had joined our party, and evinced so much attention, which was evidently never intended to be gratuitous,—that I inquired who he was; and learnt that he was the Moorish alkaid of the quarter in which the Jews resided. On entering the palace, I was not a little surprised to find myself received with all the state of an eastern prince. A long file of soldiers attired in milk-white hayks and turbans, with swords and dirks, were ranged in a kind of lofty entrance-hall; from whence we passed into an open court where the governor's horses were drawn up, handsomely accoutred, with an attendant to each in his best robes. Among them, I remarked a chesnut and a gray not far short of the height of an English horse, and displaying very fine shape and bone. We now proceeded through a garden, along a trellis-walk covered with vines loaded with grapes, on each side of which was drawn up a line of troops, who were remarkably fine fierce-looking well-dressed fellows. Passing through them, we reached an open kind of alcove, in which the governor was sitting in state in an arm-chair worked in silk, and which was apparently of old French manufacture. No one was with him but a Moor, who was seated cross-legged on a small stuffed kind of cushion, and who, I was informed, was the second collector of the customs, the governor discharging the duties of the first himself. There were some chairs ready placed at a short distance from him; and with the dignity of manner which in particular distinguishes the Moor, on my appearance, he desired me to be seated. Addressing him then, through my interpreter, I spoke shortly but forcibly to his best feelings, by saying that, although I intended to make only a short stay, I was unwilling to present myself empty-handed; and begged to offer him my profound respects, accompanied with some tea and sugar: this, my interpreter, suiting the action to the speech, and advancing immediately, delivered to one of his attendants, who placed the present on the ground near his master. At the sight of the tea and sugar, his countenance assumed a look of complacency; and, addressing me, he told me that I was welcome, and that he was glad to see me; that as to my present, there was no occasion for my having brought it, for that it was his duty to attend to all my wants; that he was always glad to see the English, and liked them better than any other nation. Having ceased speaking, the attendants now brought in a large tea-tray, with a handsome set of English china, which they placed upon the ground, together with a smaller tray, filled with fine lump-sugar, and a variety of almond-cakes. The latter were very delicious, and had been prepared, as I was afterwards told, in expectation of the Sultan's coming. Green tea of an exceedingly good flavour, was now poured out, ready sweetened, in small cups. The governor, whose name was Mohamed Ashash, and whose father was said to have been once a common muleteer, was attired in a fine white sulham. He was a good-looking man, about forty years of age, with a round fairish face, and a sensible penetrating expression of countenance. Few questions were asked by him during the interview; and when I was about to take my leave, he asked me if there was anything he could do for me, and said he would send an officer to show me the Sultan's garden at Kitan, a short distance from the town. I was well aware that I should have to pay for all the attention and honours shewn to me, and the hour of reckoning now arrived; for,

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with the exception of the governor himself, there was not a person that it was not necessary to give a present of money to,—from the alkaids who were in attendance, down to the grooms, including the whole of the soldiers. Altogether, as may be supposed, the fees amounted to a good round sum. This would have been all very well, if they had been satisfied with what had certainly been liberally bestowed; but having previously heard that I was a great man and very rich, they were determined to get as much out of me as possible; and such a clamour was set up by these mean wretches for more money, even within the hearing of the governor himself, and such a scene of altercation and wrangling ensued as to the division of what had been received, that I was glad to make my escape as quickly as possible.

JEWISH VALUATION OF PRESENTS.

No one who looks at a Moor, can do so without paying for it in some shape or other; but the stranger who is ambitious to be presented to the sultan,—or in other words, to behold his face, as the Moorish expression is—must purchase the gratification on pretty dear terms, no one being admitted to his royal presence, without carrying something, and the very lowest present that a European could offer would cost him, together with the numerous fees and other expenses, scarcely less than a hundred pounds. The presents usually made, and which are most acceptable to the descendant of the Prophet, are, besides those already mentioned, velvets, china, fire-arms, gun-powder,—all of which are considered, as it is termed, good articles. When a present is received of a consul, it is generally valued immediately afterwards by a Jew; and should his valuation pretty nearly equal what it is stated to have cost, the sultan prizes it, says it is good, and keeps it. This, however is not often the case, as the Jew usually fixes a value upon it, which is about a third of the original price; because, if, to please the sultan, he should value it highly, it is ten to one but he is compelled to take it himself; whereas, should he fix a low price upon it, he has a chance of getting something by it, by purchasing it himself. When a present is made—with the exception of what the sultan keeps for his own use, or that of his harem—it generally finds its way into the hands of the Jews a few days after it has been made; and instances have sometimes occurred of a magnificent and costly service of china having been presented by a European consul on the part of his sovereign, and which, having been disposed of by the sultan for a mere trifle, and dispersed piecemeal among the Jews, has afterwards been actually collected and bought up for a tenth part of what it had originally cost, by the very person who had given it as a present.—Vol. I. pp. 221—223.

THE PROTECTION OF GOVERNMENT.

In those golden days,—and for aught I know it may still be practised,—it was a frequent custom for an individual to buy another of the Sultan, if he fancied he was rich, and that he could make anything by this humane speculation. The way in which it was managed was this: the person wishing to make the purchase went before the bashaw or governor of the district, and bargained with him for such or such a person; and when at last they had agreed between themselves as to the price, each party trying to cheat the other, in enhancing the probability of gain or loss by the transaction, the money was paid, and a receipt given, which entitled the buyer to the body of the individual bought, whoever he might be, and who was accordingly delivered into his hands. The latter part I cannot better explain than by inserting part of a letter on this horrible system, written by an English merchant who resided at Tetuan in the reign of Muley Ishmael, and which I find inserted in a curious account of a journey to Mequinez in 1721, written during Commodore Stewart's embassy to that city. 'Yesterday, Mr Noble and I were passing by the prison, where we saw a man hanged by the heels, with irons upon his legs, pincers upon his nose, his flesh cut with scissors, and two men perpetually drubbing him, and demanding money. When the fellow was not able to speak, they renewed their blows; and this was a bought man, that they gave 500 ducats for, and expected by the tortures to force out of him 500 ducats more.' It is related of Muley Ishmael, in the same account, that being on an expedition, and coming to a river, which his army could not pass, he ordered all his prisoners to be killed, and interwoven with rushes to form a bridge. It may easily be imagined, when Christian slavery was in full force, in what way the unfortunate wretches were treated who fell into his clutches, when so little regard was paid to the lives of his own subjects. No person appeared before him without trembling and uncertainty of going out of his presence alive. When he had killed a favourite through caprice or passion, he would sometimes forget what he had done, and make enquiry for the murdered person; and on being told he was dead, he would ask who killed him; to which his attendants would reply, trembling, that they did not know, but supposed it was God's doing. When he chanced, in his haste, to kill any one in mistake for another, as was frequently the case, he would civilly beg his pardon, saying he did not intend to kill the poor man; and whenever he beat a person soundly, and put him in chains, he was considered in the high road to preferment, as he would generally call on him a few days afterwards, and finding him in prison, affect to be surprised, and, calling him 'his dear friend,' would enquire how he came in that unfortunate plight, and sending him a suit of his own clothes, would place him in some high and lucrative post, which having entered upon in a pennyless state, it could be calculated with the greater certainty how much he would be worth at the expiration of a certain term, when he was sure of being again stripped of everything by his royal patron.—Vol. I, pp. 228—230.—[It is understood that laws and governments originated in the general necessity of obtaining protection from brute force; yet, great as the mistake has proved, in many instances, in allowing so much power to their governors, men have for ages submitted to their tyranny, and thus subjected themselves to greater evils than they had originally sought to avoid. It is less strange that unlimited power should thus brutalize the few who enjoy it, than that myriads should consent to be thus enslaved, and to tremble before the meanest of their species.]

JEWISH CEREMONIES.

April 4th.—At night the Jewish ceremonies commenced, to commemorate the deliverance of the Israelites from their captivity in Egypt, and I went to the house of one of the principal Jews for the purpose of witnessing them. They were introduced by all present singing part of the Bible in a loud voice, the company afterwards drinking each a glass of wine and eating some celery dipped in vinegar, and every one taking a small portion of unleavened bread in his hands. A verse was then sung, and the supper being ready prepared, the principal dish was waved by the master of the house over the heads of the family and the rest of the company assembled, the dish being afterwards placed in the centre of the table, while he continued to read from the Bible: a basin was now brought in, containing water, and while each person washed his hands, wine was added drop by drop, certain words being pronounced on the falling of each drop. A glass of wine was then handed round to all, and held up, and on the reading of a certain passage in the holy book, all drank, children as well as grown-up people. Water was now again brought in, and every one washed his hands; two small pieces of unleavened bread being also given to each person. A small ball, resembling a good-sized pill, was then put into a saucer of vinegar to dissolve, and each person dipping his piece of celery in it, carried it to his mouth, some words of Hebrew being pronounced at the same time. The ball was composed, I was told, of almonds, walnuts, figs, apples, honey, and all kinds of spices, pounded together. More unleavened bread and a piece of celery were afterwards distributed to all, and eaten, some words being repeated as before; after which the company proceeded to supper. During the repast, two more glasses of wine were drunk, making four glasses altogether, which quantity every Jew is obliged to drink that night: after the last glass is finished, no one can eat or drink anything more until the next morning. During the above, the master of the house was seated higher than the rest of the company, leaning on his right arm. While this ceremony, which is called the Pasqua, continues, there is a general feasting; bread, or anything containing leaven, as porter, &c. must be removed: even wafers cannot be kept in the house at this period. Numbers of articles of this kind were now sent me as presents: every dish and utensil must also be new at the time of this feast. This ceremony of the Pasqua is practised, I believe, by the Jews in all countries.

April 6th.—This was the last day of the Pasqua, and in the evening I repaired to the house of the principal Jewish merchant of the town, Isaac Benzeatreati, to witness the conclusion of the ceremonies, which latter part is peculiar, as I was told, to Barbary. On my entrance, I was conducted by the master of the house to the principal room, and seated beside him. The apartment was highly illuminated by about twenty lamps, suspended by handsome brass chains from the ceiling; there being likewise silver candlesticks with wax candles. Over the lamps were placed ears of new wheat, which at this season was of course quite green; in the middle of the room, a large table was laid out, covered with silk, and containing the following things: namely, a handsome glass vessel filled with milk, china dishes containing salad, fish (a kind of river mullet or trout, as I was told) honey, cakes, and all sorts of sweetmeats. This being the grand night, I had not arrived long before numerous visitors came in, each person on his entrance saluting the master and mistress of the house, by kissing their hands. As each person entered, he was presented with a small piece of the salad dipped in the honey; on receiving this, the visitor blessed the house, wishing it all kind of prosperity and good fortune. The mistress of the house, to whom the whole management of everything appeared to be left (the master chatting and laughing all the time along with his guests), offered the company sweetmeats, which some accepted, others not, according to their inclinations. The salad dipped in honey, was, I observed, taken, as a matter of course, by all. Some of the visitors remained but a short time, taking their departure for the houses of their other friends, the same kind of ceremony being general throughout the town, and being continued from eight o'clock until midnight. I observed no wine or other liquors in use this evening. In Barbary, no Jew is allowed to shave his head for forty days, from the commencement of the feast of the Pasqua.

A Royal Pun.—His Majesty, it is well known, has a great aversion to unnecessary ceremonies. A correspondent of a daily paper says, he has been frequently heard to observe to the Lords in Waiting, 'I hate all *form*, unless it be *Re*-form.'

—Previous to the threatened contest in Devonshire, a noble Tory lord was heard to declare that he had the election in his pocket. On this being told to Lord Ebrington, he is said to have rejoined, 'That may be; but what Lord R. has got in his pocket he likes to keep there.'

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

"Without hearts there is no home."—BYRON.

He sat beside his forsaken hearth,
And mute were the gladsome tones of mirth
That once from the lips of the loved and young
Gladden'd his heart with the songs they sung,
The songs of his youthful years.

His thin grey hairs o'er his high brow fell,
Whiten'd by griefs which he might not tell;
Wan were his cheeks, and his eyes' dim light
Shone weak as the faintest star of night
Through its misty world of tears.

He sighs for the songs and the burst of glee
From their young hearts flowing in gladness free,
And the sunset hours, when their steps were heard
In the shadowy grove by the leaves they stirr'd;
As the leaves their hearts were light.

They meet not now in the evening hour,
'Neath the golden bloom of their cottage bower,
Where the rose-tree breathes, and the violet's breast,
So bright with the dews that have there sought rest
Through the dreary hours of night.

He deems they may yet return to their home,
With the joy of childhood they all may come;
For his spirit oft calls the wanderers back
To his cheerless hearth, from the stormy track
Where their weary feet have trode.

They may all return, but the light will be dead
In the cottage hearth which their fathers fed;
A dark green mound, where no mourner weeps,
Will tell where his broken spirit sleeps,
In death's sad silent abode. H.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

THE MINORS.—The little theatres are thriving most gloriously. Some of our best actors or now on their boards. Kean appears at the City Subscription on Monday next; Mrs Glover is engaged at the Pavilion; Wilkinson, Russell, and Mrs Humby, and Mr Green are at the Queen's (which re-opens on Monday); and Elliston is playing at the Surrey. Covent Garden and Drury Lane may well look about them after this. When Warde, Abbott, and Egerton leave Covent Garden, which it is said they are about to do, and take with them some of the best performers of the two large houses to the new theatre now building at Knightsbridge, the Patent Theatres will be in a poor plight indeed! Had they not better revive some of the good old comedies, and not depend for their success on one or two clever new ones?—VESTER.

PAGANINI.—Our friend Sir Charles, who, by the the bye, never wears *creaking shoes*, consequently has no *music* in his *sole*, perpetrated the following, on learning the *moderate* charge to witness the performance of this modern Orpheus, at the Opera-house:—

What are they who pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's?
Echo—'*Pac o'ninnies!*' *Times.*

NOVEL CORPS DRAMATIQUE.—A drama of a singular kind has been brought out at the Cirque Olympique in Paris, entitled *Les Lions de Mysore*, in which real lions perform their parts to the great delight of crowded houses—even kangaroos, boas, and other wild animals have been tamed, and taught to bear their parts *comme des personnes raisonnables.—Globe.*

— It is said that the elephant just placed in the Zoological Gardens took a great liking, when on board of ship, to articles of female apparel: while at Blackwall he took from her head, and devoured without ceremony, a lady's bonnet; and took from another her reticule, containing half-a-dozen nonpareils, which he swallowed, bag and all!

WEIGHTY REASONS FOR AN IDLE LIFE.—A Highland laird, whose peculiarities live still in the recollection of his countrymen, used to regulate his residence at Edinburgh in the following manner:—Every day he visited the Water-gate, as it is called, of the Canongate, over which is extended a wooden arch. Specie being then the general currency, he threw his purse over the gate, and so long as it was heavy enough to be thrown over, he continued his round of pleasure in the metropolis; when it was too light, he thought it time to retire to the Highlands.—Query—How often would he have repeated this experiment at Temple-bar?—*Notes to Old Mortality.*

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Mr MACREADY respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public, that his Benefit is fixed for FRIDAY, May 27, 1831, when will be revived Shakspeare's Historical Tragedy of CORIOLANUS. Menenius Agrippa, Mr DOWTON; Tullus Aufidius, Mr COOPER; Caius Marcius, Mr MACREADY; Volumnia, Miss HUDDART; Virgilia, Miss PHILLIPS. After which, in One Act, Sheridan's Entertainment of THE CRITIC, OR A TRAGEDY REHEARSED. Don Ferdinando Whiskerandos, Mr LISTON; Beefeater, Mr HARLEY; Sneer, Mr COOPER; Puff, (for that night only) Mr MACREADY. To conclude with a Grand Dramatic Spectacle.

Tickets and Places to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre, and of Mr MACREADY, 31 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Medea—Kenilworth.
DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great—Popping the Question—Timour the Tartar.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Buonaparte—Two Strings to Your Bow.
FRENCH PLAYS.—La Reine de 16 Ans—Malvina—Le Quaker et la Danseuse.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Grand Miscellaneous and Popular Selection of
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.
Conductor, Mr H. R. Bishop.
Principal Vocal Performers:
Miss Inverarity, Miss Hughes, Miss Pearson, Miss Riviere, Miss Bruce, Miss S. Phillips, Miss Byfeld, Miss Russell, Mrs Bedford, Miss Harrington, Miss Crawford, Miss Levoi, Mrs Mapleson, and Mrs Waylett. Mr Braham, Mr Sinclair, Mr T. Cooke, Mr Horn, Mr Bedford, Mr Robinson, Mr G. Smith, and Mr Phillips.

Instrumental Solo Performers:

Mr Oury	Violin.
Mr Lindley	Violoncello.
Mr Nicholson	Flute.
Signor Puzzi	Horn.
Mr Harper	Trumpet.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.
New Entertainment.
Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his
COMIC ANNUAL.
In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.
PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'
PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.
After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called
YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.
In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gossoon; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Historical, Allegorical and Pictorial Drama, in Six Parts, entitled
NAPOLEON THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.
The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.
French.—Josephine, Miss M. C. Peole. Therese, Miss Nicol. Panchon, Mlle. Rosier. Friska, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent. Madame Bertrand, Mme. Matilda. Madame Montholon, Miss Jordan. Jeannette, Miss Ellis. Victorine, Miss Pharaoh. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon. Bumbong, Miss Rumens.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Ney, Mr Ede. Marmont, Mr Almar. Lauriston, Mr Lee. Prince of Benevento, Mr Young. Roustan, Mr Honner. Captain Boncour, Mr Ransford. Sergeant Dupont, Mr D. Pitt. Count Hilt, Mr Maitland. Henri, Mr T. Hill. Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale. Boo, Mr Asbury. Chief Deputy, Mr Harris. Eau de vie, Mr Rogers. Hannibal Wildfire, Master F. Carbery. Sergeant André, Mr Harris. Mayor of Frejus, Mr Webb. Guillaume, Mr Hobbs. François, Mr Emden. Jean, Mr C. Pitt.
Russians.—Peterhoff, Mr Ransford. Rimski, Mr Williams. Soldiers, Peasants, &c.
English.—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville. General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Halcombe, Mr Young. Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Ap Griffiths, Mr Honner. Ensign Tipperary, Mr Ede.
In the Allegory.—Ambition, Mr Almar. Justice, Miss Scott.

To conclude with the Burletta, entitled
THE SPOIL'D CHILD.
Little Pickle, (with the original Songs and a Sailor's Hornpipe) Miss Vincent. Miss Pickle, Mme. Simon. Maria, Miss Nicol. Margery, Mrs Rogers. Susan, Miss Rumens. Old Pickle, Mr D. Pitt. John, Mr Rogers. Thomas, Mr Tully. Tag, Mr Vale.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE. — The Executioner of Voorn—Basket Maker—Shocking Bad Hat—Bleeding Nun.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Stud of Burmese Ponies—Lilliputian Countess—Master H. Cooke's Riding Act—Vaulting Act—Xenocles the Greek Warrior.

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Nº 224.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, MAY 23, 1831.

PROGRESSIVE CHANGES IN ENGLISH PROSE WRITING.

[About thirteen years ago, Mr Coleridge delivered a series of Lectures on various subjects, at the room of the Philosophical Society in Fetter lane. The following are recollections of one of them, from a few notes made at the time, by one of his auditors, who felt too highly gratified with what he heard, not to be desirous of preserving something for future reflection. This sketch conveys a very inadequate idea of the Lecture itself, and is offered to the reader as the crude and imperfect attempt of an unprofessional and unpractised hand. It is to be regretted that the series has never been published by the author.]

The influence of national character on language is exemplified in the literature of the eastern nations, in that of the Greeks, of our own, and of the northern nations.

The Greek writings are distinguished by long sentences, formed, as it were, architecturally; each part is built on the preceding; and the whole sentence would lose by changing the arrangement. The modern construction among ourselves is more simple. The sentences are short, but preserve a consistency with each other. Such is the prose writing of Chaucer.

A more popular style followed; but the confusion resulting from the civil wars prevents us from seeing the transition. In Luther we have a striking example of the popular style, popular in the highest sense of the term, addressing the intellect of the reader, and readily understood wherever good sense is the habit of the mind. A similar style, with less genius, may be found in Latimer and other writers of Edward the Sixth's time and the preceding reign.

After the restoration came the classic style. A true relish of this style presupposed a taste and cultivation in the reader somewhat corresponding to it; for it was too learned to be popular. Boccaccio, it is true, was popular; but we can account for the exception in him, by the fascination of his subjects. Hooker, Bacon, Milton, and Jeremy Taylor are distinguished ornaments of the classic style.

[The Lecturer here read an extract from Sir Francis Walsingham, Minister in Queen Elizabeth's time. He characterized it as plain, sober language, but distinguished by talent; void of affectation, and of clear meaning. It bore evidence that the writer had thought before he attempted to communicate. The subject was Honesty.]

Jeremy Taylor reconciles the architectural and the classic styles. His sentences are of great length, yet do not require review in order to understand them; the words are judiciously chosen, and the sentence grows with the importance of the subject. [Two admirable extracts were read in illustration,—the first on Original Sin, the other on the Progress of Disputes.]

The style next in succession was of a very different nature. The new stylists resembled a person who tries to recollect all the good things he has heard during the last three months, that he may give utterance to them all together. They strung together sparkling points, unrelieved by intermediate plainness. Their writings bear marks of recollection, not of reflection. In the writings of Taylor, &c. uncommon and foreign words are not unfrequently used; but they are used only when no others could be found so expressive of the author's meaning. Sir Thomas Browne appears to be the first who used uncommon words for their own sake. Mr C. confessed that Sir Thomas, with all his imperfections, was a favourite of his. He described him as a sublime and quiet enthusiast; as bearing some resemblance to Montaigne, but entering into his speculations with more intenseness of purpose than the French writer. His writings bear the stamp of an original and amiable mind. The only imitable quality of them is their entireness, or plenitude of illustration. [A passage from Sir T. B.'s 'Treatise on Urn-Burial' was read.

Barrow and his contemporaries next come under consideration. Their predecessors offended by pedantry. It now became a mark of loyalty to pass into the other extreme, and everything must appear free and unlaboured. Hence proceeded occasional quaintness, and sometimes even ludicrousness. For instance, in Barrow's 'Sermon on Spiritual Monarchy,' the action of St Peter, in cutting off the ear of the High Priest's servant, is thus stated,—'Up rose his blood, and out popped his sword.' Sir Roger L'Estrange and Jeremy Collier carried this plainness to excess. The style of this period was infected with a sort of slang or blackguardism. Notwithstanding these defects, there is much to approve in the writers in question. Their style is purely English, full of idioms, and partakes of the passions of man in general. An extract from Roger North's 'Life of his Brother, the Lord Keeper,' followed in illustration. The liveliness of the thoughts were well conveyed by the words. It was the opinion of some, that the first perfect models of good writing were produced [after the Revolution. We had,' however, perfect models before,—of the architectural style in Hooker, of the impetuous in Taylor, of elegant simplicity in Cowley: with some abatement, Algernon Sydney and Dryden were also good models. [Here Cowley's account of Oliver Cromwell's funeral was in part extracted.] The style of Cowley is most fitted for imitation; it is distinguished by variety of excellence.

Our great poets, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, &c. were all good prose-writers: they seemed to have kept their thoughts on separate shelves, so as to avoid that injudicious mixture of poetry with prose which disgusts us in less skilful writers. The style of Swift may be considered perfect: by no defects it reminds us of itself.

After the Revolution, we became commercial; and our style suffered considerably. It was not learned, nor plain, nor popular; the thoughts were common-place, but the manner was strange. The first object seemed to be,—*not* to speak naturally. [Mr C. illustrated this part of his subject by extracts from Mr Phillips's speech, in the case of Guthrie v. Sterne, and exposed the absurdities and false eloquence contained in it. The instances he selected were of false antithesis, confusion of metaphor, bathos and sheer nonsense.]

Mr Coleridge then gave a few instructions which he conceived might be usefully adopted in order to write and talk respectably.—We should not express ourselves till we feel that we know clearly what we mean to express. The want of previous reflection is the cause of much incoherent and unconnected writing and talking.

Adverting to the opinion of a Greek writer (Strabo, I believe), that none but a good man could be a great poet, the Lecturer concurred with him, and thought, moreover, that moral excellence was necessary to the perfection of the understanding and the taste. The good writer should be a lover of what is common to all his fellow-creatures, rather than of what makes them unequal; he should desire the esteem of good men; he should look to fame rather than to reputation. Fame is the approbation of the wise of successive generations; reputation is often no more than the echo of hastily-formed opinions. Many contemptible works have had great reputation; few works greatly reputed at first, have afterwards ripened into fame.

We should use no words nor sentences which can be translated into simpler words with the same meaning.

Shakspeare and Milton are distinguished by their appropriate use of words. You cannot change a word without injury to the effect. The first two lines of Dryden's translation of Juvenal's Tenth Satire were contrasted with Johnson's imitation of the same passage. Johnson takes up six lines, and does not well express his meaning after all.

Dryden's two lines are,—

> 'Look round the habitable globe: how few
> Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.'

Johnson's six are,—

> 'Let observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
> Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
> And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
> Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
> O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
> Where wavering man,' &c.

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The great source of bad writing is a desire in the writers to be thought something more than men of sense. Language is made a sort of leap-frog. Our poetry runs after something more than human; our prose runs after our poetry; and even our conversation follows in the pursuit. At a dinner of twenty persons, when your health is proposed, you are expected to return thanks in a set speech. Metaphors are used, not to illustrate, but as substitutes for plain speaking. The frequent rendering of abstractions into persons is also a growing evil, as in the following line:—

'Come, I shed compassion's tear.'

which is the same as saying that Mrs A. sheds Mrs B's tear.

Sound sense and sound feeling are necessary to a good writer. Accuracy is akin to veracity. They who are accustomed to weigh the meaning of words before they utter them are much less likely to disregard truth in greater matters, than those who, from neglecting accuracy, lose the sense of its importance. We should habituate ourselves to see the relation of our thoughts to each other; we should consider pleasure derived without any effort as enervating, and therefore undesirable. That only is permanent which appeals to something permanent in our natures.—[A few brief observations concluded the Lecture.]—*From a Correspondent.*

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM SIR GEORGE OUSLEY TO THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

In consequence of the Persian ambassador, Mina Abul Hassun Khan's limited sojourn in England in 1810, and I am proud to think, from a kindly feeling to myself, Sir Thomas Lawrence contrived, in the short space of seventy-four days, to finish a beautiful portrait of his Excellency, that is generally considered, not only an excellent likeness, but one of the best pictures he ever painted. Indeed he was himself so proud of it, that on my return from Persia in 1815, he made me promise never to let any one but himself clean or varnish it. His Excellency Mirza Shefi, prime minister of the King of Persia, called upon me one morning at Tehran, so unexpectedly that I had not time to remove the Persian ambassador's portrait from the sofa on which I had placed it, the moment before, from out of its packing-case. I hastened to the door of the drawing-room to receive the minister, and taking him by the hand, was leading him to the sofa, when he unaccountably drew back. It is necessary to premise that in Persian houses (and I was then living in a palace lent me by the king, while my own was building) the apartments have frequently open windows, as well as doors of communication to other rooms on the same floor, and that Mirza Shefi may have possibly mistaken the frame of the picture, erect against the wall, for that of a window. At all events, it did not injure the illusion. On looking back to learn the cause of the hesitation, I perceived the minister's countenance inflamed with anger, which, before I could enquire the cause of it, burst forth in an apostrophe to the portrait. "I think," said he, "that when the representative of the King of England does me the honour of standing up to receive me, in due respect to him, you should not be seated." I could not resist laughing at this delightful mistake, and before I could explain, he said to me, "Yes, it is your Excellency's kindness to that impertinent fellow that encourages such disrespect, but with your permission, I'll soon teach him to know his distance." Shaking his cane at the picture, he uttered a volley of abuse at poor Mirza Abul Hassan, and said that if he had forgotten all proper respect to Sir Gore Ouseley, he must at least show it to the representative of his own sovereign. His rage was most violent, and I was obliged to bring him close to the picture, before he was undeceived. In the course of my life, I think I never met with such a flattering, natural, and unsophisticated tribute to superior talents! On approaching the picture, he passed his hand over the canvass, and with a look of unaffected surprise exclaimed, "Why, it has a flat surface!! Yet, at a little distance, I could have sworn by the Koran, that it was a projecting substance—in truth, that it was Abul Hassan Khan himself. — *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.* Vol. II. pp. 55—57.

FISH, FLESH, AND FALLIBILITY.

It happened upon a time that Ralph, Abbot of Kinloss, was on a journey, along some brother Abbots of the Cistertian order, who were summoned to attend a general chapter. Their cook travelled along with them, and one day observing the Abbots to be much tired and worn out, having zeal, but not according to knowledge, he mixed a quantity of flesh with the fish stews which he was preparing for his superiors, and by the cunning of his art, so cooked it up, that it became exquisitely savoury, but yet seemed only to be fish fried in butter. The Abbots eat largely, but asked no questions for conscience' sake; and then, as was their wont after meals, retired to bed. Deep sleep fell upon all except the Abbot of Kinloss, who, as he lay awake, gazing on a high window in his dormitory, saw, to his horror, a black Ethiop, of a grim and terrible aspect, enter through the casement into the chamber, comporting himself as if he felt an excellent odour. This horrid guest then walked slowly up to each bed, and drawing the curtains, gazed in with a smile of triumph upon the sleeping brethren. At last, coming to the cook's bed, he could not conceal his joy, but embracing the sleeping and unconscious delinquent, kissed him with much affection. He next looked fiercely at the Abbot, who sat upright in his bed, staring with dismay on such proceedings, and then dissolving into a cloud of smoke, he vanished from his eyes. In the morning, the pious Ralph sent for the traitor of the kitchen, and recounted to him the horrid vision of the night, upon which the cook fell down at the feet of his superior, confessed the fraud he had practised upon the fish-stew, and promised, for the future, to conduct his culinary mystery with more attention to the spiritual than the carnal wants of his brethren.—*Fordun.*—[How graphically ludicrous is this story, if it did not bring along with it a melancholy reflection upon that thick and hopeless moral twilight which must have overcast the mind of the people, when the clergy did not hesitate to recount, and the multitude to believe, such absurd fables.]—*Family Library*, No. XXII. *Lives of Scottish Worthies.*

THE BENI ESSA SECT.

[It is not in Europe only, that fanatics impose upon the ignorant and credulous, by a species of jugglery which is confounded with religious zeal. Travellers are continually telling us of men, who in the fervour of their pious frenzy, pretend to foretell great events, as well as the fortunes of individuals; to eat snakes, or endure their bite with impunity, &c. &c. and who are considered as saints, by the deluded people. In Morocco, it seems there is a large sect of these raving hypocrites, called the Beni Essa Sect, who do considerable mischief, more especially to the Jews, whom they sometimes actually kill, in their fits of frenzy. The more extravagant the conduct, the less is their responsibility, for madness itself being respected as a kind of sanctity, these fanatical sectarians are looked up to with a religious veneration, very ill bestowed upon them.]—An extraordinary circumstance was related to-day to my Moorish interpreter, which I shall give as I received it, leaving it to others to believe it; all that I can say is, that I was not an eye-witness of the thing, although the account proceeded from a Moor of respectability, who was entitled to credit. One of the mad sectarians before mentioned, whose name was Tyer Symock, and who, before he became converted, was a good, quiet, honest baker, rambling about one day by himself, came to a shop kept by a Moor named Salem Ben Joseph, and proceeded to exhibit some of the pranks of his sect. Upon this, the shopman began to remonstrate with the disciple, by telling him that none but bad men would act so, and speaking, at the same time, in no very respectful terms of the followers of Ben Essa. During the time the altercation was going on, the follower had worked himself up to a tolerable degree of frenzy, which was greatly increased, when he heard his holy sect thus reviled. The revenge he bethought himself of was whimsical enough, for he proceeded forthwith to devour every article in the poor man's shop, soap, oil, butter, figs, raisins, walnuts, the whole of which proceeded down his throat, to the astonishment and horror of the shop-keeper, occasioning him a loss of a hundred and fifty dollars. After he made this singular clearing of the poor man's goods, the latter posted away to the governor, to complain of the severe loss he had sustained, through the gormandizing and revengeful appetite of the fanatic. The governor accordingly sent soldiers to bring him before him, which was done, as soon as the fellow was in a fit state to make his appearance. Upon his being asked the reason of his behaviour, in eating up the whole of the poor man's stock in trade, the man replied, it was to avenge the injury the saint had sustained from the impious language of the shopkeeper. The bashaw, upon this, wishing to put to a further trial his supernatural power of swallowing, ordered his attendants to prepare an enormous dish of kouskousou; and, accordingly, a tub containing a hundred pounds weight of kouskousou, and a whole sheep, was brought smoking hot before the monster. The bashaw told him it was necessary that he should offer an ocular proof to all present of the power of his saint, by devouring instanter the mouthful of victuals he saw before him,—if so,—all well and good, and his saint would be a great man. Should he, however, fail in this performance, he would not only be obliged to pay for the loss he had occasioned the shopkeeper, but would receive the additional punishment of the bastinado, as a warning for the future. The hungry fanatic, upon hearing this, began to work himself up in the same manner which had before been attended with so fatal a result to the poor man's stock in trade; his countenance turned black, and his eyes looked like blood, and vowing that, if necessary, he would not only eat what was placed before him, but the bashaw and his attendant into the bargain, to work he went at the loaves and fishes, and in a short time cleared up everything before him, to the astonishment of all present, and the satisfaction of every one except the poor shopkeeper, who was now convinced that the devil himself had borrowed the man's inside for his wicked purposes. The story goes, that the fanatic afterwards ate up all the grass about the bashaw's door, as a salad after his meal, and was dismissed with honour and credit. My interpreter, on whom I can rely, informed me that he actually saw the same fellow, when under the influence of one of these fits of religious frenzy, go into a heated oven, and that he came out *à la Chabert*, as if nothing had happened—in short, as cool as a cucumber, and with not even a hair curled.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.*

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ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—In looking over a volume of Voltaire's *Melanges Litteraires*, I was struck by an article entitled *Conseils à un Journaliste*, which might have been supposed to describe the plan of your own delightful paper. It is much too long for extraction (occupying nearly forty closely-printed pages) or I should have been tempted to translate the whole of it, so very excellent, and so peculiarly applicable, did it appear to me. I have contented myself with selecting a few passages, which may give some little idea to those who are not familiar with the volume, how singularly Voltaire's idea of what a journal should be coincides with your own. It will appear yet more striking to those who may be disposed to turn to the volume, and read the whole paper.

Believe me, Mr Tatler,

An Admirer, almost as *old* as I am *aged*.

ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Translated and Abridged from Voltaire.]

The periodical work which you design to establish, Sir, may well expect success, though there are already too many of this nature. You ask me what methods you should pursue to render such a journal agreeable both to the present age, and to posterity; I will answer you in two words:—*Be impartial.* You have knowledge and taste; if, with these, you are just, I predict for you a durable success. Our nation loves literature of all kinds,—from mathematics to epigram. None of the journals speak much of the most brilliant part of belles lettres, which is the drama; nor of the many agreeable poetical works which daily sustain the amiable character of our nation. These may well enter into the plan of your journal; even down to a well-written song;—which is not to be disdained. Greece, which boasts of giving birth to Plato, is proud also of Anacreon; and Cicero does not cast Catullus into oblivion. * * * * To come to the *belles lettres*, which will form one of the principal features of your journal:—You intend to speak much of the theatres. This project is so much the more reasonable, as our theatre is refined, and the stage has become a school of manners. You will, doubtless, avoid the example of some periodical writers, who endeavour to cry down all their contemporaries, and to discourage the arts, of which a good journalist should be the support. It is just to give the preference to Molière, over the comic writers of all times and countries, but not to admire him exclusively. Imitate the judicious Italians, who place Raphael in the first rank, but admire also the Paul Veroneses, the Caracci, &c. Molière is the first, but it would be unjust and ridiculous not to rank *Le Joueur* among the best pieces. Not to admire the *Menechmes*, or to find amusement in *Legataire Universelle*, would be to want justice and taste; and he who cannot derive pleasure from Regnard is unworthy to admire Molière. * * * * * There is an art in giving an account of a new piece. I have always recognised the talent of young people, by the account they gave of a piece they had seen at the theatre; and I have remarked that those who have acquitted themselves the best, have been those who have afterwards acquired the most reputation in their profession. So true is it that real talent, whether for business or *belles lettres*, is one and the same things. To explain in clear and elegant terms a plot which is often intricate; and without attending to the division of the acts, to unravel the intrigue and the *denouement*; to relate them as an interesting narrative, to give an idea of the characters, to say what parts have appeared more or less probable,—well or ill brought about; to point out the best passages, and the beauty or defect of the general style, is what I have sometimes seen done, but it is very rare even among men of letters who make a study of it. For it is much easier to most minds to follow their own ideas, than to explain those of others. * * * * * It is necesary that a good journalist should be acquainted at least with the English and Italian languages, for there are many works of genius in both, and genius is seldom translated. They are, I think, the two European languages most necessary to a Frenchman. The Italians are the first who have rescued the arts from barbarism, and there is so much grandeur, so much force of imagination, even in the faults of the English, that the study of their language cannot be recommended too strongly.

A Name Exchanged for a Title.—An amusing anecdote has been told, to shew how artists live, in a world of their own, indifferent to all objects but their professional occupations. Several of our eminent artists at Rome, at a social meeting, were discussing the great men of the days of their youth. Among the 'palmaque nobilis terrarum dominos evehit Deos,' was of course the late J. S. Copley. 'Ah!' said one of the company, 'I remember him well; and he had a son, a fine promising lad: I wonder what became of him?' Nobody had heard anything of him, and of course nobody had heard of his paintings—his works—and therefore the general impression was, 'that he had come to no good.' About the period of this confabulation over the Falernian at Rome, the son in question was presiding over the House of Lords, being raised to the woolsack by the title of Lord Lyndhurst.—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*—[This might appear somewhat remarkable had the Chancellor still retained his name, but when his station made him conspicuous, his name was lost in the obscurity of a title. Had he been a man of first-rate talent, he would scarcely have been unknown to the artists at Rome.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Number of Contemporary Authors.—A reader acts with regard to books, as a citizen does with regard to men; he does not live on intimate terms with all his contemporaries, but selects a few friends. There is no more reason to be disconcerted at the sight of 150,000 volumes in the king's library, than that there are 700,000 men at Paris.—*Voltaire.*

New Fashions and Old Truths.—It is said that the French love novelty;—so they do in matters of fashion, and cookery; but for truths, they are not well received, until they grow old.—*Voltaire.* [This objection to new truths, is not peculiar to France; but happily nothing can better stand the test of time, and age does not deprive them of their beauty.]

The Fruit of the Italian Oak.—In the market-place (at Larache) I saw large quantities of the sweet acorn exposed for sale, and made a purchase of a basket-full. This nut, the produce of the *Quercus Esculus*, is considerably larger and longer than the common acorn; its taste being sweet and pleasant, aud a good deal like that of the Spanish chesnut. It is found in abundance in Spain, I believe, as well as Barbary.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.* [In the south of Europe, these acorns are brought to table, as a part of the dessert. Garcilasso, in one of his poems, describes a young Spanish lover climbing the tree, to shake down the sweet acorns in his mistress's lap.]

The Village and Inn of Suss.—In the village of Suss, which contains about 600 inhabitants, there is not a single individual who has not wherewithal to live comfortably—not a single individual who is indebted to others for the morsel he eats. This is a fine state of things, and may well render the inhabitants proud; but alas! it is a state of things incompatible with those many wants, and that division of labour, which are inseparable from an opulent and a great country. In this remote village there are many rich, and some who would not be looked upon as poor, even in England. I was informed that two peasants of Suss possessed, each, as much as 20,000*l.* sterling! * * * * * The habit so prevalent, of seeking fortunes in other countries, and of returning to invest it in their own, has sprinkled these vallies with men of considerable information and acquirements; and in the little ale-house—for it was nothing better—in this remote corner of the Grisons, a conversation was carried on, far superior in tone to any that I have ever heard in any of the commercial rooms in an English inn. I was somewhat surprised, upon being conducted to my chamber, which was but a garret, to find the pillow with an inner covering of blue satin, and the pillow-case, as well as the counterpane, set off with rich lace, at least nine inches broad.—*Conway's Switzerland, &c.*

A Town in one of the Oases of the Deserts.—The external appearance of the town of Siwah (in the oases of that name) is striking and singular as well as its internal arrangements. It is built on a steep conical rock of testacious lime-stone, and, both in its form and its crowded population, bears a resemblance to a beehive. The streets, narrow and crooked, are like staircases, and so dark, from the overhanging stories, that the inhabitants use a lamp at noon day. In the centre of the town, the streets are generally five feet broad, and about eleven feet high; but some are so low that you must stoop to pass through them. Each house has several floors, the upper communicating with the lower by galleries and chambers which cover the streets. The number of stories visible is three or four, but there are in fact five or six. On every marriage, the father builds a lodgment for his son above his own, so that the town is continually rising higher. The houses and walls are for the most part built of natron or mineral soda, and rock salt mixed with sand, coated with a gypseous earth, which preserves the salt from melting. The town is divided into two quarters: the upper is inhabited only by married people, women, and children; the lower, by widowers and youths; who, though allowed to go into the other quarter by day, must retire at dusk under penalty of a fine. The total population of the town is between 2,000 and 2,500; that of the oasis at large is supposed to amount to 8,000 souls.—*Egypt, Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, Vol. III.

An Inconvenient Compliment.—In the usages of the table, says Mr Carne,* Mohammed Ali is still an Osmanli; knives, forks, and other useful appendages never make their appearance at his meals. About five years ago, some English travellers were graciously received by him, and pressingly invited to dine. But not even in compliance with the taste of his guests, would he depart from his own habits; for, wishing to show a noble lady particular attention, he took a large piece of meat in his hand, and politely placed it before her. Perfectly dismayed at the compliment, and the sight of the savoury morsel that rested on her plate, she turned to her companion, who was more used to oriental manners, and earnestly asked what she was to do. 'Eat it to be sure,' was the reply. She looked at the pasha; his fine dark eye seemed to rest on her with a most kind and complacent expression; and there was no help for it, but to follow the excellent advice given her by her more experienced friend.—*Egypt, Edinburgh Cabinet Library.* Vol. III.

* Carne's Recollections of the East

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Vocal and Instrumental Music.

THEATRICAL LATE HOURS.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—Covent Garden is, as you see, no longer exemplary. They had last night, *Two Strings to Their Bow*, and the consequence was, that when they had shot it, a great portion of the audience was left half dead, and obliged to be conveyed to bed with all expedition. This making a toil of a pleasure, is a serious evil, Sir, and I do heartily wish that you would vehemently and pertinaciously attack this conspiracy against his Majesty's liege subjects. Entreating you to do which, I remain, Mr Tatler,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A SUFFERER.

May 21st.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Historical Play of

WILLIAM TELL.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

Emma, Miss Huddart. Anneli, Miss Russell. Agnes, Miss Faucit.
Gesler, Mr H. Wallack. Sarnam, Mr Thompson. Struth, Mr W. Bennett.
Rodolph, Mr Howard. Lufold, Mr Howell. Braun, Mr Ross.
William Tell, Mr Macready. Albert, Miss Poole. Melchtal, Mr Younge.
Erni, Mr Cathie. Furst, Mr Fenton. Verner, Mr Cooke.
Waldman, Mr Hughes. Michael, Mr Cooper. Jaghell, Mr J. Vining.
Pierre, Mr Eaton. Theodore, Mr Honner.
Savoyards—Miss Crawford, Mr Robinson, Mr Price, and Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, the Band will perform, Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell;" Onslow's Overture to "L'Alcade de la Vega;" and H. R. Bishop's Overture to "Cortes."

To which will be added, a New Farce, called

TURNING THE TABLES.

[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Mr Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Melo-Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Zorilda, Miss Huddart. Selima, Miss Russell. Liska, Miss S. Phillips.
Timour, Mr H. Wallack. Oglou, Mr Cooper.
Agib, Miss Poole. Bermeddin, Mr Cooke. Abdalec, Mr Howard.
Octar, Mr Honner. Orasmin, Mr Fenton.
Kerim, Mr Howell. Sanballat, Mr Bartlett.
Tartar Chiefs—Messrs. Eaton, Bishop, Robinson, Walsh, T. Price, East, &c.
Georgian Cavalry—Messrs. Cooke, Cooke, jun., Davis, Smith, Williams, &c.

To-morrow, Virginius; The Jenkinses; and Timour the Tartar.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—

Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gosson; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

An entirely New Historical, Allegorical and Pictorial Drama, in Six Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French.—Josephine, Miss M. C. Peole. Therese, Miss Nicol.
Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier. Friska, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent.
Madame Bertrand, Mme. Matilda. Madame Montholon, Miss Jordan.
Jeannette, Miss Ellis. Victorine, Miss Pharaoh. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Bumbong, Miss Rumens.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Ney, Mr Ede.
Marmont, Mr Almar. Lauriston, Mr Lee. Prince of Benevento, Mr Young.
Roustan, Mr Honner. Captain Boncour, Mr Ransford.
Sergeant Dupont, Mr D. Pitt. Count Rilt, Mr Maitland. Henri, Mr T. Hill.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale. Boo, Mr Asbury. Chief Deputy, Mr Harris.
Eau de vie, Mr Rogers. Hannibal Wildfire, Master F. Carbery.
Sergeant André, Mr Harris. Mayor of Frejus, Mr Webb. Guillaume, Mr Hobbs.
François, Mr Emden. Jean, Mr C. Pitt.
Russians.—Peterhoff, Mr Ransford. Rimski, Mr Williams. Soldiers, Peasants, &c.
English.—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Halcombe, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Ap Griffiths, Mr Honner. Ensign Tipperary, Mr Ede.
In the Allegory.—Ambition, Mr Almar. Justice, Miss Scott.

To conclude with the Melo-Drama, entitled

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

[By E. FITZBALL, Esq.]

The Dumb Sailor Boy, Miss Scott. Becky Butterfly, Mrs Vale.
Hans Hattock, Mr D. Pitt. Guy Ruthven, Mr C. Hill. Capt. Taffrail, Mr Honner.
Sir John Trevanley, Mr Gough. Samson Sawdust, Mr Vale.
Jupiter Seabreese, Mr Rogers.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Compton.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stapps, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Sheriff.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.
Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.
Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Miss Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Viala.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgaud, Mr Willis.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Jones.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

To conclude with the Farce of

TEDDY THE TILER.

Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly. Oriel, Miss Lawrence. Flora, Miss Nelson.
Julia, Mrs Brown. Ladies, Meeds. Perry and Appleton.
Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans. Henry, Mr Duruset. Frederick, Mr Baker.
Bombardine, Mr Henry. Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour. Tim, Mr Addison.
Teddy Mulowney, Mr Power. Stiff, Mr Mears.
Apewell, Mr Irwin. Constable, Mr Fuller. Richard, Mr Heath.

To-morrow, Napoleon Buonaparte, and The Highland Reel.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

The Music composed by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Miss Ayres.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Pescara, Mr Marshall. Foscari, Mr Munroe. Alberto, Mr Davis.
Julio, Mr Willing. Gerald, Master Smith. Pietro, Mr Young.
High Priest, Mr Jones. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson. Nixonomed, Mr Spencer.

After which a New Comic Operetta, called,

PECCADILLOES.

[By Mr RAYMOND.]

The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.

Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Ayres. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Panza, Mr Green.

To conclude with an Original Serious Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE DANISH WIFE.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

The Overture and Music by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Gertrude, Mrs Evans. Minna, Mrs Humby.
Ernest, Mr Forrester. Kalmark, Mr Spencer. Gedfrid, Mr Keppell.

CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE,

MILTON STREET, FORE STREET.

SHAKSPEARE'S Comedy of

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shylock, Mr Kean.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Shepherd of Derwent Vale —Martha Willis, the Maid Servant—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.— Feats of Horsemanship —Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—True British Sailor—Burmese Stud—Quang Cœlis—The Magician—Unlucky Valet.

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No. 225.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1831.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANOTHER OF MR COLERIDGE'S LECTURES;

NAMELY, ON RABELAIS, SWIFT, STERNE, &c.

NO ACCOUNT OF WHICH HAS BEEN PUBLISHED.

In a few prefatory observations on the nature of wit, the Lecturer stated that surprise in the hearers was one of its most common effects. He proceeded to illustrate his meaning by some remarkable sayings of the ancients:—for example, the answer made to one who complained of the shortness of his sword,—'It is but to advance a step further;' and the remark of Cato, 'That he would rather be asked, Why no statue of him was erected, than why there was one.' These instances may with propriety come under the denomination of wit, from the deep meaning which they involve, and the surprise they occasion.

The character of *Falstaff*, as drawn by Shakspeare, may be described as one of wit, rather than of humour. The speeches of *Falstaff* and *Prince Henry* would, for the most part, be equally proper in the mouth of either, and might indeed, with undiminished effect, proceed from any person. This is owing to their being composed almost wholly of wit, which is impersonal, and not of humour, which always more or less partakes of the character of the speaker. The character of *Parson Evans*, on the other hand, is one of humour throughout.

The wit of the Italians is of a mixed kind, something mid-way between what we understand by wit and humour. It is generally tinged with irony, and partakes of the character of the speaker. There is something sardonic about it. The three instances following are illustrative of French wit. 'An old man reading a romance was asked the reason of his partiality for that species of writing. He answered,—In my younger days I read a great deal of History; but to confess the truth I was obliged to discontinue it, *I found it so very improbable.*' The second is the address of a suitor to a French minister, from whom he had received many promises, and as many disappointments:—'I entreat you, sir, to grant me the favour *although you have promised me so many times.*' The third is of two Gascons, one of whom related an incredible story, of which the other shewed his disbelief by his gestures. The relator perceiving this indignantly demands, 'Do you not believe me, sir?' The other answers, 'Certainly, I believe you; but you'll excuse my repeating the story, lest I should injure it by my provincial accent.'

It may be remarked, that real wit always appeals to the understanding, and does not necessarily produce laughter. Error and idiotcy are not proper subjects of laughter.

The satires of Young are witty, but they are little productive of pleasure. Even Butler, when describing Hudibras as a sectary and a persecutor, ceases to give that pleasure which is afforded by his representations of his hero in love.

The origin of the word humour may be traced to the science of Pathology. The ancients were unacquainted with its present meaning. They considered the human body as the repository of four humours, viz. blood, phlegm, bile or gall, and the black bile, and according to the predominance of either of these they believed the character to be sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, or melancholy. When these distinctions ceased to be regarded, the word was still retained, and one of its applications was to persons engaged in pursuits of no abstract utility, but which had the limited effect of making happy those engaged in them. Sterne's Uncle Toby is of this kind. The fortifications on which he employed himself in his garden are represented as a source of unceasing delight to him, totally abstracted from the remotest idea of utility. Humour is also displayed in the comparison of finite things with those which our imaginations cannot bound; such as make our great appear little and our little great; or, rather, which reduces to a common littleness both the great and the little, when compared with infinity.

Plato, in his dialogues, gives the first true idea of humour in theory, when describing the effects at times produced on us by Tragedy and Comedy.

Humour and pathos are generally found together. In Sterne, they are admirably blended, so as to serve as reliefs to each other.

Mr Coleridge next considered separately the humourist and the man of humour.

The humourist is one who erroneously supposes himself calculated for certain things which occupy his mind, and whose deficiencies, in the very particulars on which he prides himself, are obvious to all about him. I knew, said Mr C., a man of this description. He was fond of giving advice as to the best way of addressing the great, and of escaping the arts of the designing. He was one of the most simple-hearted men in the world, one of the most undesigning and disinterested, and much less fitted to contend with the subtleties of mankind than to become himself their dupe. The man of humour is one skilled in the representation of the peculiarities of others.

Rabelais next engaged the Lecturer's notice. He considered it unaccountable how a man of genius should disfigure his works by so much sheer ribaldry. He conjectured that the ribaldry of Rabelais was merely a disguise, like the idiotcy of Brutus. Under this disguise he attacked boldly, but still with great peril, the vices of the priesthood and of the court of Francis the First. In perusing his writings therefore (an occupation perhaps only proper to scholars) his remarks should be considered, beyond a certain point, as so many words of no meaning, such as are made use of in those cyphers which pass between governments and their agents, to deceive those who are not in possession of the explanatory key. Mr C. here read two extracts from the character of Panurge. One of them related to the adventure of the sheep and Dingdong. Rabelais loses by the attempts made to particularize his characters. Their beauty consist in their truth to general nature. The writings of Swift and Rochefoucauld do not evince an accurate knowledge of mankind; they contain representations only of the dark side of things. The writings of Swift are also censurable for the vast quantity of physical dirt with which they abound; and not merely on that account, but for their moral dirt.

Gulliver's Travels is Swift's greatest work. The unimportance of mere exterior is well illustrated in the adventures of Gulliver among the great and little people. Adverting to absurd reports which are suffered to remain uncontradicted because they excite only the contempt of the parties attacked, but, owing to their circumstantiality, are believed by some, who ask—If these reports are unfounded, why are they not contradicted?—Mr C. quoted the following passage from Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput, relative to the Lilliputian sheep:—

'I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.'

In further illustration of Sterne, Mr C. adduced as a happy specimen of his talents, Mr Shandy's address to a friend on the importance of Christian names.

'My father's opinion in this matter, was, that there was a strange kind of magic bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct.

'The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more seriousness,—nor had he more faith,—or more to say on the powers of

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necromancy in dishonouring his deeds, or on Dulcinea's name, in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of Trismegistus or Archimedes, on the one hand—or of Nyky and Simpkin on the other. How many Cæsars and Pompeys, he would say, by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? And how many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing?

'I see plainly, Sir, by your looks, (or as the case happened) my father would say,—that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine,—which, to those, he would add, who have not carefully sifted it to the bottom,—I own has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it; and yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to you, not as a party in the dispute,—but as a judge, and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter;—you are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men;—and, if I may presume to penetrate farther into you—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion merely because it wants friends. Your son—your dear son,—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect;—your Billy, Sir!—would you for the world have called him Judas?—Would you, my dear Sir, he would say, laying his hand upon his breast, with the genteelest address,—and in that soft irresistible *piano* of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires;—Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a god-father had proposed the name of your child, had offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?—O my God!—he would say, looking up,—if I know your temper right, Sir, you are incapable of it;—you would have trampled upon the offer;—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

'Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money which you shew me in the whole transaction, is really noble;—and what renders it more so, is the principle of it;—the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, that was your son called Judas, the sordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a miser and a rascal of him,—in spite, Sir, of your example.'

He next passed to the faults of Sterne, whom he severely censured for his indecency, his degradation of the passion of Love, and his affected sensibility. In conclusion, he expressed his opinion that the works of Sterne had been productive of much more evil than good.

[In laying before the reader the above sketches, with which a friend has favoured us, it is not to be concluded that we agree with all the opinions they advance; but our friend justly thought that the least fragments of the Sybilline Leaves of their author would be regarded as valuable.]

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE SAINT AND THE TEA-POT.

We were now close to the town of Arzilla, and entered by a lofty massive tower, under the gateway of which some Moors were sitting, and among them a venerable-looking old man meanly clad. On approaching him, I was surprised to see the alkaid, and the rest of the Moors alight, and running up to him to kiss his garments. I was soon informed, in answer to my enquiries, that this was the great saint of Arzilla, Sidi Mohammed Ben Marzoug, of whom I had previously heard a good deal. The old man, on being informed I was a Christian, bade me welcome with more kindness of manner than I could have expected, and promised to pay me a visit. We advanced into the town, and after passing through many narrow winding streets, the wretched appearance of which was not a little increased by the torrents that were falling, we reached the house of a Jew to whom I had a letter;—men, beasts, and baggage, deluged with the storm. * * * * * * * I was hardly established in my new quarters, and was occupied in unpacking my things, being wet through,—when the saint himself did me the honor of a visit, and accompanied by a large concourse of his followers, entered the yard, which was completely filled with them. Having had no expectation of so early a call, I was quite unprepared for it, and in the state I was, I felt a good deal inclined to reverse the order of things, and instead of receiving a blessing from the holy man, to give him one, for the trouble he had put himself to in coming so soon. When I considered, however, that I was a good deal indebted to him, and that his power was very great over the people, I endeavoured to appear as pleased as I could at seeing him. On entering my little chamber, which was immediately filled with a crowd of Moors, the old man asked after my health, and said I was welcome to Arzilla. He then seated himself on the ground, his attendants remaining standing around him. After a short time had elapsed in conversation, my host, beckoning me aside, told me it would be necessary to entertain the saint and his party with tea, upon which the canteen being opened, and the tea-things produced, the pot was filled, and we all sat down to tea, although I felt much more inclined for my dinner, having fasted since an early hour in the morning. The countenances of the saint and his disciples showed evident marks of satisfaction at the sight of my green tea, which I made very strong to please their taste; and on the appearance of a plentiful supply of fine loaf-sugar, their eyes glistened like its sparkling lumps, in anticipation of the expected treat. To work we now set in good earnest, and when it is considered that I had to supply a party of a dozen thirsty Mahometans, who only respect a Christian for his tea and sugar, it may readily be supposed that the pot was kept turned continually downwards. A pretty constant fire was kept up for near an hour, until hot water itself began to fail, and fresh ammunition of tea as well as sugar became necessary, from the number of cups drunken and the quantity of sugar consumed, which the good saint, in his joy, distributed plentifully round to his followers, telling me at the same time that my tea was good, and that I was a good man. Among the old man's hangers-on, who, I could plainly see, were all a set of arrant rogues, was one in particular who seemed to be his chief disciple, and who, I was informed, lived entirely with him, studying the saintly trade, in which he hoped to succeed him at his death. He was a sanctified, demure-looking fellow, young and healthy, and doubtless found his account in paying the implicit respect and veneration to his master which he did, for he took care to find an opportunity of informing me that the saint always expected a present of money from every one, and in particular from a Christian; upon which I thought it politic to loose my purse-strings, and do as I was told. The old man received my offering with complacency, and immediately distributed it among his followers, among whom I observed that the personage who had kindly given me the advice, so disinterested on his part, did not receive the smallest share. The things were now about to be taken away. After many marks of admiration being bestowed on the cups and saucers, which were not very agreeable to my ears, the old man requested me to give him one of the tea-spoons, which I accordingly did, thinking myself lucky, at the time, to escape so well. I was, however, mistaken, for as I was slily conveying the tea-pot out of sight, the old man, who kept the eye of a hawk on it, desired he might look at it. It was of queen's metal, and such an one had never been seen before by any of them. Its shape was first discussed, and its good qualities for pouring, drawing, and making tea were so loudly praised, that I began to tremble; and the saint concluded, to my horror, by begging me to give him the tea-pot. At the same moment his cunning coadjutor gave me a most significant look on no account to refuse the saint what he asked for. I had now to get out of the scrape as well as I could. It was impossible I could part with the tea-pot; it was the comfort, nay, the very existence of us all; I had but this one; and besides all this, it was not mine own, having been lent me, as well as the contents of the canteen, by my friend Mr Duguid, of Gibraltar. All these excuses I enforced, as I thought, with such seeming reasonableness, that the saint appeared satisfied, and said no more. * * * * * It appeared to be now my turn to receive something; for thinking, perhaps, it would have great weight with me, he took it into his head to present me with a piece of his dirty robe, which he had cut off, and which he assured me would be a passport of safety and protection, not only in Morocco, but in all parts of the world inhabited by Musselmen. * * * * * He did not take his departure without making another most direct attack upon the tea-pot, which I parried as well as I could. * * * * * * In the course of the evening, a servant came from the saint, with a present of two small loaves of coarse black bread; which attention I returned by sending him some tea and sugar. A gift of the former kind, is considered by the Moors, as the greatest possible pledge of friendship, and is made by the sultan himself, whenever he wishes to testify sentiments of particular esteem and regard for a person. Although I was up at an early hour the following morning, the saint was beforehand with me; for, on putting my head out of my chamber door, to examine the state of the weather, I found his disciple patiently sitting on the steps, and learned that he had been there some time. On enquiring the reason of this early visit, he merely replied that he was come for my tea-pot. I now saw that the saint was determined not to give up his point, and as from his power, he could annoy me in a more serious manner, and even prevent my proceeding on my journey, I thought it prudent to comply with his wishes, and therefore sent word back that if he would lend me one, I would make him a present of mine. The messenger was not long in returning, and carried away my poor tea-pot in triumph leaving in its place an old earthenware one not worth a sixpence, but, singular enough, of English manufacture. * * * * * * I was told that the good saint was very curious in his tea-pots, of which he had a very large collection, of all sorts and sizes; but that he had never possessed, or seen, one of metal like mine, which was the reason he so much coveted it. I was now determined to be off as quickly as possible, to get out of the reach of this troublesome old saint, and to prevent my goods and chattels affording any further temptation.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.* Vol. II. pp. 104—114.

NATIONAL DISHES.

The word Kouskousou has occured so frequently in the foregoing pages, that I shall now explain the composition of what is to the Moor the same as the olla is to the Spaniard, or maccaroni to the Italian,—namely, a standing dish. The kouskousou, or the finely granulated paste which is the principal ingredient of the dish called by the Moors kouskous, is made from the sencola or heart of the Barbary wheat, which is both the finest and hardest part of the grain. The sencola is obtained by the grain being passed loosely through the mill. [The author describes the process of forming this sencola

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into a granulated paste, in a more particular manner than is necessary to extract. It will suffice to say, that it is done by mixing it with water in small successive portions, and passing it many times through sieves of different degrees of fineness. The grains are then dried, and used as they are wanted. They will keep a long time.] A very fine kind of koukousou is made by mixing sugar with the sencola, which is eaten boiled up with milk and butter, forming a very good kind of hasty-pudding: it is at other times simply boiled, and eaten with a little cinnamon mixed with it. The sieves made use of by the Moors in the preparation of the kouskousou, are of parchment, pierced with small holes. The dish called kouskous is a stew surrounded by the kouskousou. [For this purpose the kouskousou is dressed by steam.] When sufficiently stewed, it is put into the kouskousou-dish, which is a kind of high bowl on a stand, with a cover at top. It is then mixed with a small quantity of the gravy from the stew, a little fresh butter is added, and it is raised high around the dish, leaving only a cavity in the centre, in which the stew is placed. The kouskousou is then heaped about so as to fill the dish, and three or four hard boiled eggs are placed whole at the top, sprinkled with powdered cinnamon, and it is ready for the table. The stew is made of fowls, pigeons, or mutton, but generally the first, dressed in a saucepan with sliced onions, pepper, salt and a little saffron.—[In another part of the volume the author gives the following description of the Spanish olla.] Of fresh and tender beef, 3lbs.; of leg or neck of mutton, 7lbs.; a fine fat fowl; of ham 1lb.; of bacon, 1lb.; a few sausages or chorizos (a sort of dried sausages); of water to make broth, quantum suf. These are to be quickly boiled, and the scum carefully removed as long as any arises. The fowl, the bacon, the ham, and the chorizos should then be taken out of the pot, or they would be overdone. Add now the heart of a fine cabbage cut into eight parts, and a fine large Spanish onion whole, (or a tomata) with half a pint of garbanzos (a large kind of pea). Those additions will have cooled the liquor in the pot below 212 of Fahrenheit, and ebullition being restored, it must be kept up for the space of fifteen minutes. The former appendages are then to be returned to the pot, and the compound is to be allowed to simmer only till the broth be perfected. The whole process requires at least four hours. [The broth is sometimes thickened into soup, with bread and vermicelli]. The cabbage and onion being spread in the dish, the beef, mutton, fowl, ham, bacon, and chorizos, are to be laid in negligent disorder on the vegetables, with such garbanzos as may be unmixed with them.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.*—[Sir Arthur Brooke describes the preparation of these dishes as he himself went through every part of the process, even of granulating the kouskousou. These Moorish kouskous, the Spanish olla, and the Italian maccaroni, are, by the accounts of travellers, much more generally eaten in their respective countries, than our national dish—roast beef,—is here. Great numbers in this country do not taste roast beef throughout the year; whereas, the dishes before mentioned seem indispensable among all classes; differently prepared, no doubt. The Italian dish appears very spare diet in comparison with the others. The maccaroni paste, which is well known in this country, is commonly eaten, in Italy, boiled in water, sometimes enriched with a little olive oil. The richer classes dress it more luxuriously; but in any state, it must be a poorer, though probably not a less wholesome diet, than the compound stews above mentioned. It is remarkable, that the Italians are by far the livelier people of the three.]

A Pious Fraud; or the Forsaken Demon.—It is said that El Mahedy (who was in arms against the sultan), after having been beaten during the two first days, called his chiefs together, and told them not to be daunted, as his guardian angel had assured him that he should be successful the next day. To convince, and also to encourage them at the same time, he requested they would follow him to a certain place within the castle, where he had previously concealed a black man, named Embark, in a deep pit, artfully covered over. This they did, and having arrived at the spot, he began to mutter some incantations, intreating the assistance of the counterfeit spirit on the following day. Upon this he was immediately answered by the concealed demon beneath, that he need only have patience and fight bravely, and he would infallibly conquer his imperial antagonist. This being heard by all the chiefs, inspired them with renewed courage, and they certainly fought with the greatest bravery the following day, but unfortunately, contrary to the predictions of their guardian spirit, they were again beaten, and the castle itself taken. Very shortly after this event, some of the victorious troops happening to pass by the spot where poor Blacky was immured, heard a voice from beneath, calling lustily for help. This extraordinary circumstance caused them to look about them, and the entrance to the pit being found out, its unfortunate inmate was discovered, and having been hauled up almost starved to death, the whole mystery was revealed, as well as the treachery of his master, who had thus left him to perish.—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.*

'Virtual Representation.'—The view of the Scots of the duties of an M.P. is well illustrated by the following real dialogue:—'Why does Mr ——— no longer stand for ———shire?' —'Oh, he has no occasion now to go to Parliament;—*he has got appointments for all his relations.*'—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

CHARACTERISTIC EPITHETS.

TO THE TATLER.

Mr Tatler,—Will you be good enough to take care (among the other innumerable cares which you find it impossible to attend to,) that no more epithets are given to great men, not applicable to their qualities, or not rightly understood?

Many names of celebrity, like the states of Italy, have characteristic epithets, prefixed or annexed to them, which, in many instances, have been confirmed by time, perhaps somewhat in disregard of judgment. The most vague, the most common, and generally the least merited, is the epithet 'great,' which has been bestowed on so many persons who have had nothing great in them but their great littleness, that, when we speak of Alfred, we are well pleased that the name itself suffices to distinguish him from all others, without the use of a word, in this instance, understood without its utterance. That Raphael should be called Divine, is very natural, and all acquiesce in its propriety. The word has not been abused; it has been given to Raphael and to Corelli, and both deserve it. It might be amusing to examine the claims of various individuals to the epithets which have been associated with their names; as the 'magnificent,' the 'liberal,' the 'learned,' the 'just,' the 'pious,' &c. But there is one very strange prenomen, —'old:' it seems to imply either that he to whom it is given has never been young, or that he lived to so great an age, that his youth was as nothing in comparison with his after-life. While living, it may serve to distinguish a man from his son, or his grandson, or may serve to imply contempt, in a manner for which the speaker can scarcely be called to account,—as we say 'Good woman' or 'Honest man;' to which terms it is awkward to object, although they are always felt as a contemptuous assumption of superiority. But when a man has ceased to be, it seems absurd to call him old. It is true he may have been old, but he has also been young, and probably for a much longer period, as in the instance of Gerarde the herbalist, commonly called 'Old Gerarde,' 'Good old Gerarde,' or 'Honest old Gerarde,'—who died at the age of sixty-two. There was a readiness of faith in the said Gerarde, capable of swallowing all absurdities, which gave occasion for the sort of insolent patronage implied in the expression. Bede is generally spoken of as the 'venerable Bede,' when the fact is, as I have been told by a learned friend, that his Christian name was Venerable. This reminds one of the story of the linen supposed to have been the property of the 'admirable' Crichton, because it was marked with the letters A.C.

A. A.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Sir Bevis of Hampton.—I am happy to say, that the memory of Sir Bevis is still fragrant in his town of Southampton; the gate of which is sentinelled by the effigies of that doughty knight-errant, and his gigantic associate.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Dry Humour.—An Irish postboy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, he civilly said to Paddy, 'Are you not very wet?' 'Arrah! I don't know about being wet, but plase your honour, I'm very dry.'

Hint to a Traveller.—When you are in Egypt, enquire whence came the cavalry that Pharaoh sent into the Red Sea, in pursuit of the Israelites; for, all the animals having perished in the sixth and seventh plague, some impious persons pretend that Pharaoh no longer had any cavalry. Consult the Thousand and One Nights, the books of Exodus, of which Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, and Titus Livius make such particular mention; as well as all the Egyptian authors.—*Voltaire.*

St Fillan's Wells.—There are, in Perthshire, several wells and springs, dedicated to St Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimages and offerings, even among the protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and in some of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night, bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning. —*Sir Walter Scott.* [It would seem, that those who could prescribe such a remedy, must be themselves in great need of it.]

Moorish Bankrupt Law.—When a Moor is insolvent, he is confined in prison for the space of three days, after which, by giving up everything he possesses in the world, except just sufficient to cover his body, he can demand to be made a bankrupt. This is regularly drawn up and attested; and he is then freed from his debts, and, as with us, is freed from prison to begin the world again. —*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.* [There is, however, one great absurdity in the English law in these matters, of which the author makes no mention, in his account of the Moorish bankruptcy. In this country, a man is obliged to give up all he possesses, to make oath that he retains nothing; and thus being as it is understood quite pennyless, is called upon to pay a variety of fees, &c. without which, he cannot obtain his freedom. So that unless a man so circumstanced, has friends able and willing to assist him, he is, by the law itself, encouraged to take a false oath, and to keep back so much of his property as will be necessary for the recovery of his liberty. Surely, in common justice, a man should be exempted from the necessity of paying fees, in such a situation; and if the demand for them is an abuse not recognised by the law, well as it is known to exist, it should be remedied.]

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—William Tell—Turning the Tables—Timour the Tartar.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Buonaparte—Teddy the Tiler.

NEW CITY THEATRE.

MR KEAN having "taken an interest in this Theatre," made his first appearance last night in the character of *Shylock*. The play of the *Merchant of Venice*, and Mr KEAN'S personation of the principal character, are too familiar to the town to call for particular criticism. His masterly identification of himself with the strongly-marked qualities of the malignant Jew, while at the same time he seizes all the more delicate and recondite features which give completeness to the portrait, render this one of the most impressive and perhaps, at present, the most perfect of all his performances. The audience last night had the advantage, which only a house of moderate dimensions can afford, of hearing every word, and of seeing expressed the emotions resulting from hope, exultation, confidence, rage and despair, which in the course of the play agitate the breast of *Shylock*. Mr KEAN, it appears, had just arrived from Edinburgh, and was not recovered from the fatigue of travelling. This could not be inferred from his acting, which was fully equal to his best performances of last season. The character was judiciously chosen, requiring, as it does, mental more than physical energy. All the strong points were made; and they who saw Mr KEAN last night for the first time, will not soon forget the scene in which he vindicates his nation; that in which he encounters *Tubal*, and hears of his daughter's extravagances and *Antonio's* losses; and lastly, the trial scene. The look which he gives *Gratiano* when he leaves the Court, is itself worth going to see. After the fourth act, in which *Shylock's* part terminates, we quitted the theatre; but returned, on hearing from without great shouting in the house. On our re-admission we found Mr KEAN on the stage, about to address the audience. Owing to the noise which prevailed, we could not catch distinctly what he said. We understood him to express his gratitude for the reception given him—[which indeed was enthusiastic]—refer to the declining state of the large theatres, and their monopolizing spirit, and state his determination to try and make the little theatre in which he then addressed the patrons of the drama, the rival of the large ones in talent, though not in size. F. F.

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

TANCREDI.

[By ROSSINI.]

Amenaide, beloved by Tancredi . . . . . Madame M. Lalande.
Isaura, her Attendant . Madame Castelli.
Tancredi . . . . . Madame Pasta.
Orbazzano, his Rival . . . . . Signor Santini.
Argirio, the Father of Amenaide . . . . . Signor Rubini.
Roggiero, the Friend and Companion of Tancredi . Signor Galli.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, M. Emile, M. Antoni, and M. Lefebvre.

In the First Act, Mademoiselle Taglioni will dance the Tyrolienne.

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French.—Josephine, Miss M. C. Peole. Therese, Miss Nicol.
Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier. Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent.
Madame Bertrand, Mme. Matilda. Madame Montbolon, Miss Jordan.
Jeannette, Miss Ellis. Victorine, Miss Pharaoh. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Bumbong, Miss Rumens.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Ney, Mr Ede.
Marmont, Mr Almar. Lauriston, Mr Lee. Prince of Benevento, Mr Young.
Roustan, Mr Honner. Captain Boncour, Mr Ransford.
Sergeant Dupont, Mr D. Pitt. Count Hilt, Mr Maitland. Henri, Mr T. Hill.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale. Boo, Mr Asbury. Chief Deputy, Mr Tully.
Eau de vie, Mr Rogers. Hannibal Wildfire, Master F. Carbery.
Sergeant André, Mr Harris. Mayor of Frejus, Mr Webb. Guillaume, Mr Hobbs.
François, Mr Emden. Jean, Mr C. Pitt.
Russians.—Peterhoff, Mr Ransford. Rimski, Mr Williams. Soldiers, Peasants, &c.
English.—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcombe, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
Ensign Tipperary, Mr Ede.
In the Allegory.—Ambition, Mr Almar. Justice, Miss Scott.

To conclude with the Melo-Drama of

THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Mr MACREADY respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public, that his Benefit is fixed for FRIDAY, May 27, 1831, when will be revived Shakspeare's Historical Tragedy of CORIOLANUS. Menenius Agrippa, Mr DOWTON; Tullus Aufidius, Mr COOPER; Caius Marcius, Mr MACREADY; Volumnia, Miss HUDDART; Virgilia, Miss PHILLIPS. After which, in One Act, Sheridan's Entertainment of THE CRITIC, OR A TRAGEDY REHEARSED. Don Ferdinando Whiskerandos, Mr LISTON; Beefeater, Mr HARLEY; Sneer, Mr COOPER; Puff, (for that night only) Mr MACREADY. To conclude with a Grand Dramatic Spectacle.

Tickets and Places to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre, and of Mr MACREADY, 31 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Tragedy of

VIRGINIUS.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

Virginia, Miss Phillips. Shave, Mrs Webster.
Virginius, Mr Macready. Icilius, Mr Wallack.
Siccius Dentatus, Mr Cooper. Appius Claudius, Mr H. Wallack.
Numitorius, Mr Thompson. Spurius Oppius, Mr Howell.
Lucius, Mr Younge. Vibulanus, Mr Cathie. Honorius, Mr Stanley.
Valerius, Mr S. Jones. Caius Claudius, Mr J. Vining.
Marcus, Mr Cooke. Publius, Mr Honner. Titus, Mr Yarnold.

In the course of the Evening, Cherubini's Overture to 'Anacreon;' Winter's Overture to 'Calypso;' and H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'Cortez.'

After which a Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

THE JENKINSES.

Mrs John Jenkins, Mrs Orger. Miss Georgiana Jenkins, Miss Crawford.
Martha, Mrs Broad. Mr Carraway, Mr Farren.
Augustus Gingham, Mr J. Vining. Mr John Jenkins, Mr Cooper.
Master John Jenkins, Master Fenton.

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Melo-Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Zorilda, Miss Huddart. Selima, Miss Russell. Liska, Miss S. Phillips.
Timour, Mr H. Wallack. Oglou, Mr Cooper.
Agib, Miss Poole. Bermeddin, Mr Cooke. Abdalec, Mr Howard.
Octar, Mr Honner. Orasmin, Mr Fenton.
Kerim, Mr Howell. Sanballat, Mr Bartlett.

To-morrow, The School for Scandal; The Diorama; and Timour the Tartar.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Compton.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Medley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stapps, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Sheriff.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.
Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.
Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Vials.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgaud, Mr Willis.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Jones.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

After which, the Musical Farce of

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

Jenny, Miss Hughes. Moggy M'Gilpin, Miss Taylor.
M'Gilpin, Mr Blanchard. Sandy, Mr Wilson. Shelty, Mr Keeley.
Charley, Mr Henry. Sergeant Jack, Mr G. Stansbury.

To-morrow, Napoleon Buonaparte, and The Irish Tutor.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.— Feats of Horsemanship —Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—True British Sailor—Burmese Stud—Quang Cœlis—The Magician—Unlucky Valet.

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VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1831.

Mr Molloy Westmacott, not having anything to say for himself, has got somebody to say it for him in a very magnificent quarter; to wit, the back of a play-bill. Having exhausted absurdity in himself, he thinks it a cunning thing to be absurd by proxy. It is the opinion of some, however, that the say is still his own, especially as there is nothing in it. We have not seen it, but the contents have been reported to us. It is but the same desperate nonsense half a dozen times refuted,—the same boy's cry in the streets, hallooing after you when you have given him a shaking, and repeating the falsehood for which he was punished. It is a pity Mr Westmacott cannot make up his mind to be a little sensible. When a man has done a foolish thing, he has two wise things before him, to make amends for it, if he can but see them. The first is, to say no more about the matter; the second, to resolve that the experience shall do him good. Why cannot Mr Westmacott discern the common sense of abating, at once, the nuisances objected to in his behaviour, in preference to running the risk of being himself abated as a nuisance? A little agreement on the part of a very few persons would settle that matter in a shorter time than he seems to imagine; and we are surprised, that the reputation he affects of being a knowing fellow does not shew him the policy of getting this piece of saving knowledge as fast as possible.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE LATE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

(From the *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*, just published.)

The contemplation of domestic happiness must always be interesting, and yet more especially so when connected with princes;—not from any undue regard for their rank, but from a sense of its rarity among them. The affections of royal hearts are so apt to be thwarted, and they are so generally made the victims of policy, that, notwithstanding the many exclusive privileges they enjoy, we are pleased to see them, on any occasion, in possession of blessings commonly denied them, and yielding to sympathies that bind them to their fellow-beings, by ties infinitely more honourable than a long line of ancestry. During Sir Thomas Lawrence's first visit to Claremont, he found it the seat of happiness. His second visit, which was for the purpose of conveying to Prince Leopold the portrait of the young wife, whose loss had converted his happiness into mourning, has an interest, which is not unmixed with regret, that the feelings of the bereft husband should thus be laid bare before the world. Such feelings should be sacred; and one cannot but regret that, during the life of the Prince, Sir Thomas Lawrence's last interview with him should have been made thus public. In 1817, Sir Thomas Lawrence was commissioned to paint the portrait of the Princess Charlotte, a second time, and staid nine days at Claremont for that purpose. The following passages are extracted from letters to his friends, written after his return to town:—

A VISIT TO CLAREMONT.

'It is exceedingly gratifying to see that she (the Princess) both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character, seem justly to deserve these feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of the household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think that in his behaviour to her he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful and slily humourous, that it is evident (at least it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than of his displeasure. Their mode of life is very regular:—they breakfast together alone, about eleven: at half-past twelve she came in to visit me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time: about three, she would leave the painting-room, to take her airing round the grounds in a low phaeton with her ponies, the Prince always walking by her side: at five, she would come and sit to me till seven; at six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven or half-past; soon after which, we went to dinner, the Prince and Princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, where we soon heard the piano-forte accompanying their voices. At his own time, Colonel Addenbrooke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in, always, as I thought, to disturb them. After coffee the card-table was brought, and they sat down to whist, the young couple being always partners, the others changing. You know *my superiority* at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players; I therefore did not obey command, and from ignorance of the delicacy of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before my second visit there next week, which must indeed be a very short one. The Prince and Princess retire at eleven o'clock.'

A few short weeks after this letter was written, all England was lamenting the death of the Princess, with a sincerity equal to the great hope it had placed in her. Sir Thomas writing, after that event, to his friend, says:—

'Charity and justice, high integrity, frankness and humanity, were fixed in her character. Her mind seemed to have nothing of subtlety or littleness in it, and she had all the courage of her station. She once said, "I am a great coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them till the danger is over." I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr Baillie came in, and said, in answer to some enquiries, "She's doing very well: she'll not die of fear: she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter."

'She had a surprising quick ear, which I was pleasantly warned of: whilst playing whist, which being played for shillings was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the Baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone, at the end of the room, while her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations. * * * * * Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple:—'My love;' and his always 'Charlotte.' I told you that when we went in from dinner, they were generally sitting at the piano-forte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play; but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind. I was at Claremont on a call of enquiry the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to give to Prince Leopold upon his birth-day, the sixteenth of the next month.'

THE SECOND VISIT.

'I learnt that the Prince was very much overcome by the sight of the picture, and the train of recollections that it brought with it. Colonel Addenbrooke went in to the Prince, and returned shortly, saying, the Prince desires me to say how much obliged to you he is for this attention,—that he shall always remember it. He said, "Do you think Sir Thomas Lawrence would wish to see me? If he would, I shall be very glad to see him." I replied that I thought you would: so if you like, he will see you whenever you choose before your departure. Soon after, I went in to him. As I passed through the hall, Dr Short came up to me (he had evidently been, and was crying) and thanked me for having painted such a picture. "No one is a better judge than I am, sir," and he turned away.

'The Prince was looking extremely pale, but he received me with calm firmness, and that low, subdued voice that you know to be the effort at composure. He spoke at once about the picture, and of its value to him more than all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. "Two generations gone! gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte is gone from this country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did. It was my happiness, my duty to know her character; it was my delight." During a short pause, I spoke of the impression it had made on me. "Yes, she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick;—she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting; but she saw characters at the glance,—she read them so true. You saw her; you saw something of us—you saw us for some days—you saw our *year!* Oh! what happiness,—and it was solid,—it could not change, for we knew each other—except when I went out to shoot, we were together always, and we

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could be together—we did not tire." I tried to check this current of recollection, which was evidently overpowering him (as it was me) by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old King. "Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young, (as if it had really lived in childhood). For one so young it was surprisingly like—the nose—it was higher than children's are—the mouth so like her! My grief did not think of it, but if I could have had a drawing of it!—She was always thinking of others, not of herself—no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain, she was in that situation where selfishness must act, if it exists—when *good* people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not—my grief could not make her so! She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and I could not support her mistake. I left the room for a short time. in my absence, they took courage and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, "Call in Prince Leopold, there is none can comfort him but me!"—"My Charlotte, my dear Charlotte!" And now looking at the picture, he said, "Those beautiful hands, that at the last, when she was talking to others, were always looking out for mine!" * * * * I asked him if the Princess, at the *last*, felt her danger. He said, "No; my Charlotte thought herself very ill, but not in danger. And she was so well but an hour and a half after the delivery! And she said I should not leave her again,—and I should sleep in that room—and she should have in the sofa-bed—and she should have it where she liked—she herself would have it fixed. She was strong, and had much courage, but once she seemed to fear. You remember she was affected when you told her that you could not paint my picture just at that time; but she was much more affected when we were alone—and I told her I should sit when we went to Marlborough House, after her confinement. 'Then,' she said, 'if you are to sit when you go to town, and after my confinement—then I may never see the picture.'—My Charlotte felt she never should."

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

FIENDS MADE USEFUL.

Michael Scott was chosen to go upon an embassy, to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of Scotland. Instead of preparing a new equipage and splendid retinue, the ambassador retreated to his study, and evoked a fiend, in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the devil insidiously asked the rider what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time. A less experienced wizard might have answered, that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed the devil to precipitate him from his back. But Michael sternly replied, 'What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!' When he arrived at Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered, and boldly delivered his message. An ambassador with so little of the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy was not received with much respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous efusal to his demand, when Michael besought him to suspend his resolution till he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and caused all the bells to ring; the second threw down three towers of the palace, and the infernal steed had lifted his foot to give the third stamp, when the King rather chose to dismiss Michael with the most ample concessions, than to stand the probable consequences. * * * * * Michael was once much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a cauld, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, nnd still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael then ordered that Eildon Hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

Lives of the Scottish Worthies. (Quoted from Sir Walter Scott.)

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

His father, Sir Malcolm Wallace, upon the first publication of the orders for all to come in and take their oaths of allegiance to the English monarch, had fled from Ellerslie into the mountainous district of the Lennox, accompanied by his eldest son, and it is one of the least improbable of the stories which rest on the single authority of the Minstrel, that he was, not long afterward, slain in an encounter with the English at Kyle in Ayrshire. His mother, meanwhile, had taken refuge with her father's relations, and Wallace, now advancing into manhood, found himself driven from his paternal home, an object of suspicion to the government, and avoided by those cautious and timid friends who regarded Scotland as lost, and preferred the quiet security of servitude to the desperate chances of insurrection. Over all this, his mind, pent up in a silent restraint, which, for a season, he was compelled to observe, brooded and rankled in secret; but an event now took place, which settled his destiny, and drove him into open rebellion. It appears that he had formed an attachment to a beautiful woman who resided in the town of Lanark, and that, in passing through the streets of that burgh, well armed, and somewhar richly dressed, he was recognised by a troop of English soldiers, who surrounded and insulted him. Wallace, at first, would have prudently got clear of their insolence; but a contemptuous stroke which one of them made against his sword provoked him to draw, and the culprit was laid dead at his feet. A tumult now arose, and almost overpowered by numbers, he escaped with difficulty into the house of his mistress, and through it by a back passage, into the neighbouring woods. For this ready aid, the unfortunate girl was seized next day, by William de Heslope, the English sheriff, and with inhuman cruelty, condemned and executed. But Wallace's revenge, when he heard of her unmerited fate, was as rapid as it was stern. That very night, he collected thirty faithful and powerful partisans, who, entering the town when all were in their beds, reached the sheriff's lodging in silence. It was a room or loft, constructed, like most of the buildings of those times, of wood, and communicating with the street by a high stair. Up this Wallace rushed at midnight, and beating down the door, presented himself in full armour, and with his naked weapon, before the affrighted officer, who asked him whence he came or who he was?—"I am William Wallace," he replied, "whose life you sought yesterday, and now thou shalt answer me for my poor maiden's death." With these words, he seized his naked victim by the throat, and passing his sword through his body, cast the bleeding wretch down the stair into the street, where he was immediately slain. He then collected his soldiers, and as the stir and tumult arose, drew off through the streets into the woods which surrounded the town.—*The same.*

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

SEVENTH CONCERT, MONDAY MAY 23, 1831.

ACT I.

Sinfonia in C minor	*Spohr.*
Trio, Miss H. Cawse, Mr Horncastle, and Mr E. Taylor, "Ad Te levavi"	*Cherubini.*
Fantasie Caracteristique, pour le piano forte, sur un Air Indienne d'Oberon, Mr Hummel	*Hummel.*
Recitativo e Quartetto, Miss Inverarity, Miss H. Cawse, Mr Horncastle, and Mr E. Taylor, col Coro, "Alziam gli evviva," (Euryanthe)	*C. M. von Weber.*
Overture, Anacreon	*Cherubini.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia, No. V	*Haydn.*
Scena. Miss Inverarity, "Non mi dir," (Il Don Giovanni)	*Mozart.*
Fantasia, Violin, Mr Blagrove	*Mayseder.*
Quartet, Miss Inverarity, Miss H. Cawse, Mr Horncastle, and Mr E. Taylor, "Over the dark blue waters" (Oberon)	*C. M. von Weber.*
Overture, Fidelio	*Beethoven.*

Leader, Mr Mori.—Conductor, Sir George Smart.

They who assert that Spohr is deficient in melody, would find it difficult to maintain their ground with any show of reason, after hearing the very beautiful and masterly symphony which opened the concert on Monday evening. The same charge, however, was formerly urged against Beethoven by a majority of his audiences, till it was found that all the real musicians were unanimous in admiring his genius, and till they themselves began to understand him. And so it will be with Spohr. There is not a *scientific* musician now in London who will speak slightingly of his compositions, either on the score of melody or harmony; and if professors are not to be judges of their own art, who should? A man who has all his life been studying the construction of poetical thought, and the melody of verse, is more competent to understand the mind, and appreciate the design of an elaborate poem, than he who is ignorant of the first principles of composition, and who never attempted to construct a single verse. Music is pronounced to be an affair of pure feeling—so is poetry; judgment and design, however, must accompany the composer; and feeling, design, and judgment, are to be improved by cultivation. The man, therefore, whose sole occupation has been directed into an opposite channel, should feel some visitings of modesty before he presumes to express open contempt for a work of thought that is at the same moment receiving the unequivocal approbation of professors and men of acknowledged genius. But the English nation will never perish through modesty. Because a man busies himself in the economy of an academy of music, he does not in consequence become authorised to decide upon the merits of composition; still less can he be supposed to know much of the matter, whose chief employment has been to scour the country for orders of drugs. Such persons should be satisfied with the reflection that their mental vision is neither naturally nor artificially strong enough to perceive the merits of so elaborate a construction as the oratorio of 'The Last Judgment,' or of such a symphony as was performed on Monday evening

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—particularly at a single hearing. The same people, we feel assured, would not, at a single hearing, perceive one tithe of the beauties in the 'Paradise Lost;' and they would be completely mystified with COLLINS's ode 'On the Poetical Character:' yet these are pretty compositions; though to a dull man, or a rider to collect orders, the latter poem might appear wild and nonsensical.

With respect to the oratorio above named, the reader already knows our opinion; that opinion has increased and strengthened after a dozen hearings of the music: the same feeling of admiration has attended each time of hearing the 'Azor and Zemira,' which has been three times in public, and unremittingly in private; and we venture to predict that the symphony in question will eventually be pronounced worthy of any composer—not even excepting of MOZART himself. It is interspersed with the most charming melodies; with masterly scoring, exquisite passages of imitation for the various instruments; these are tossed about the orchestra, taken up, repeated, and inverted with excellent ingenuity and effect: the whole design is symmetrical, and the last movement contains a fine fugue upon an original subject.

The trio from CHERUBINI, 'Ad Te levavi,' is an old favourite with us. It forms one movement in his first mass (in F) for three voices, and in its present adaptation may be found in the first number of NOVELLO's 'Motetts for the Offertory.' It is a charming piece of dignified simplicity and sweetness, and gave so much pleasure upon the present occasion, both for its own merits and the judgment with which it was performed, as to obtain an animated encore.

The subject of HUMMEL's fantasia did not appear to us a very fertile one for various treatment; he however did wonders with it; and as for his own playing, we have only to repeat the universal opinion, that it is the perfection of skill and neatness, of grace and delicacy.

The quartet from 'Euryanthe' is a pleasing composition, and was well executed. The soprano part, which is of a florid character in the last movement, was written by the composer for Mademoiselle SONTAG.

The 'Overture to Anacreon'—an A 1, as the men at Lloyd's would rate it—was played with a fire and brilliancy worthy of its own fervid character.

HAYDN's symphony, which is in the same key as that of SPOHR—C minor, went off delightfully. The solo players, in two or three instances during the course of the evening, appeared to be a little wavering and nervous. The cause may be attributable to the relaxing state of the atmosphere, certainly not to original deficiency in themselves.

Miss INVERARITY sang the beautiful scena from *Don Giovanni* very creditably, both as to feeling and execution. She was evidently not in complete self-possession, probably from the reflection that her audience, generally speaking, were more fastidious judges than the ordinary assembly at a theatre. The piece, we observed, was transposed a note lower, a practice which seldom, perhaps never improves a fine composition.

With a little more power and feeling (and these will no doubt succeed with years, and study of the most sterling compositions) Mr BLAGROVE will become a finished performer. He has already a pure and delicate intonation, with abundant execution. It was evident that a party in the room supported him; which he did not require, for he is a young man of superior talent.

The pretty quartett from *Oberon* was encored, and purely as it appeared to us because two or three petulant ones hissed. If the demand for repetition were injudicious, the disapprobation was peevish; for we have in times past, at the Philharmonic concerts, heard compositions of the most flimsy character, and howlings worthy only of a menagerie, yet both have been tumultuously applauded.

The fine overture to *Fidelio* completed the performance of a most choice entertainment.

C.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

ST. CUTHBERT.—It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint's sepulture, which is only entrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depository of so valuable a secret.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

ORDERS FOR PAINTING.—A person one day called upon Sir Thomas Lawrence to give him orders about painting his house. Lawrence, by no means petulent or offended, replied with a smile, that he was not a painter of houses, but *only* a painter of faces. 'Well,' rejoined the man, 'If you are too proud to do the job, I'll find plenty of others that will be glad of it;'—saying which, he abruptly left the room, Sir Thomas seeming to enjoy the scene.—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

A LIVELY CORPSE.—Mr Gallaher, the celebrated ventriloquist, lately observed two simple country-looking fellows carrying a coffin out to Roundtown. When they got near the bridge at Harold's Cross, they stopped to rest themselves. Mr Gallaher pretended to be walking quietly by them, when he threw his voice into the coffin, and immediately a loud shriek of agony was heard to issue, followed by cries of 'Oh! murther! murther! is it into the canal you're goin' to throw me? Isn't it bad enough to *Burke* me, but you must be after drownin' me too?'—'What in the world is that?' said a person who was passing.—'Is that the question you're askin'?' said the voice from the coffin; 'let me out o'the coffin, you scoundrels, and though I am half choaked, I'll box the two o' you—one down and the other come on.'—'Oh! good Christians,' cried a poor woman, who was now attracted by the noise, 'here's a dead man in the coffin that wants to fight his two murderers.' A crowd was immediately collected; the two poor countrymen were arrested as resurrectionists, and it was not until the coffin was opened and examined, that they were permitted to proceed with their burden. Just as the crowd was dispersing, a voice from the coffin was heard to exclaim, 'Now, boys, after all the trouble I gave you, I hope you won't forget to bury me *dacently*.'—*Dublin Morning Register.*

"COMBING."—The *Morning Herald* gives the following amusing account of a "victimizer" or swindler, who has lately been figuring at Brighton:—'Brighton has been lately visited by one of those impudent swindlers who often carry everything before them at the watering places by stringing together lies about their condition in life, which ordinary means will often fail in detecting. The adventurer alluded to on this occasion exercised his ingenuity so dexterously, as to fix himself in an extensive and elegant acquaintance in the town. He is an Englishman, but represented himself as a Colonel in the Russian service, come here to arrange some family affairs thrown into confusion by the death of an old uncle, who died intestate. He was full of Russian anecdote, and boasted of an intimacy with the Duke of Devonshire, whom he described as a d——d liberal good fellow, to whom the British Government were under great obligations for the early information he was in the habit of communicating on Russian affairs, facilities being afforded to him by his intimacy with Count Diebitsch. Nobody doubted the veracity of the Colonel, until he thought proper to give a finishing stroke to his importance, by the introduction of a Polish Princess, and then his fortunes suddenly gave way, and his elegant associates found they were the dupes of a regular "victimizer." As he progressed in the good opinion of those whose circle he graced, he at one time threw a party of reformers into dismay, by telling them that his friend Lord John Russell, with whom he had dined that day at Lord Egremont's, had assured him confidentially that the Bill would be *mulled* in the Lords,—an intimation with whi h he was not a little pleased, as, although he loved a little reform, to prevent the bawling of the multitude, he did not like to see property, which ought to be as sacred as the grave, divided amongst mislead and vulgar robbers. After having excited consternation of this kind, he joined a whist party, and astonished them in another way. In the management of the cards consisted his peculiar excellence. He had a most graceful way of shuffling, which he called *combing*, and he won with so kind and obliging an air, that even those who were losing took pleasure in seeing him "comb." When engage l in this recreation, as he called it, he never spoke a word; and when asked the reason in private, said, "No, no, I never speak when I play; I speak a little when I comb, but I never speak when I play; I then make the cards speak for themselves." After whist it was usual for him to propose a new round game called "fright," in which he had extraordinary luck, for he invariably struck terror into his antagonists, and never left them till he combed them into mere apparitions. At last the Polish Princess made her appearance at Brighton, and put up at one of the most fashionable hotels, when she assumed a title hard enough to cause a locked-jaw in pronouncing; but she was not there long when she was recognised as an obliging acquaintance from the romantic neighbourhood of Hull. Her Serene Highness's bill was soon made out, and she departed in the Red Rover coach, for town. This led to an inquiry, by which the Colonel was at once found to be a London "victimizer," and to have been formerly a locksmith in the neighbourhood of Smithfield. He bolted from Brighton, after having obtained, amongst other valuable things, a splendid set of teeth and gold palate for his Princess, who had unfortunately occasion for such articles, in consequence of an intense cold caught in her native country in her alarm at the aggression of the Russian troops.'

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PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Tancredi—Kenilworth.
DRURY-LANE.—Virginius—The Jenkinses—Timour the Tartar.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Buonaparte—The Highland Reel.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr SHERIDAN.]

Lady Teazle, Miss Chester. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs Faucit.
Mrs Candour, Mrs Orger. Maria, Miss Faucit. Maid, Mrs Webster.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr Farren. Sir Oliver Surface, Mr Dowton.
Joseph Surface, Mr Macready. Charles Surface, Mr Wallack.
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr Harley. Crabtree, Mr W. Bennett.
Careless, Mr Yarnold. Rowley, Mr Younge.
Moses, Mr Webster. Trip, Mr Balls. Snake, Mr Thompson.
Sir Harry, (with a Song), Mr Sinclair.
John, Mr Eaton. William, Mr Honner.
First Gentleman, Mr East. Second Gentleman, Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Lindpaintner's Overture to 'Le Vampyr;' Mozart's Overture to 'Cosi Fan Tutti;' and H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'Cortez.'

After which, the Exhibition of the New and Splendid DIORAMA, designed and painted by Mr STANFIELD.

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Melo-Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Zorilda, Miss Huddart. Selima, Miss Russell. Liska, Miss S. Phillips.
Timour, Mr H. Wallack. Oglou, Mr Cooper.
Agib, Miss Poole. Bermeddin, Mr Cooke. Abdalec, Mr Howard.
Octar, Mr Honner. Orasmin, Mr Fenton.
Kerim, Mr Howell. Sanballat, Mr Bartlett.
Tartar Chiefs—Messrs. Eaton, Bishop, Robinson, Walsh, T. Price, East, &c.
Georgian Cavalry—Messrs. Cooke, Cooke, jun., Davis, Smith, Williams, &c.

To-morrow, The Legion of Honour; The Diorama; and Timour the Tartar.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Compton.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans, Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stappe, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Comte Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Sheriff.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.
Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.
Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Vials.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgaud, Mr Willis.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Jones.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

To which will be added, a Farce, called

THE IRISH TUTOR.

Rosa, Miss Lawrence. Mary, Mrs J. Hughes. Terry O'Rourke, Mr Power.
Mr Tillwell, Mr Evans. Charles, Mr Baker. Dr Flail, Mr Blanchard.

To-morrow, Napoleon Buonaparte, and Hide and Seek.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.
PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'
PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonnini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gossoon; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

MOLIERE'S celebrated Play of

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

(Avec les Corrections du Théâtre Français.)

Madame Jourdain, Mme. Baudin. La Marquise, Mlle. Eliza. Lucille, Mlle. Florval.
Nicole, Mlle. St. Ange. M. Jourdain, M. Laporte. Dorante, M. Alfred.
Cléonte, M. Guenée. Corvielle, M. Gamard. Le Maitre de Musique, M. Paulin.
Le Maitre d'Armes, M. Pelissié. Le Maitre de Danse, M. Préval.
Le Maitre de Philosophie, M. Cloup. Le Maitre Tailleur, M. Arnaud.
Un Valet, M. Granville.

In the course of the Evening, Madame Pasta will sing a Favorite Air.

Suivi de

LOUISE: OU, LA REPARATION.

Vaudeville en Deux Actes, de MM. SCRIBE et MELESVILLE.
Louise, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Madame Barneck, Mme. Préval.
M. de Malzen, M. Alfred. Sadler, M. Paulin. Salsbach, M. Laporte.
Frits, M. Guenée.

On Finira par

LE BAL CHAMPETRE:

Vaudeville de MM. SCRIBE et DUPIN.
Madame Durfort, Mlle. Jamain. Josephine, Mlle. St. Ange.
Angelina, Mlle. Florval. Amanda, Mme. Gamard. Toinette, Mlle. Corra.
Annette, Mlle. Eliza. M. Pastourelle, M. Guenée.
M. Belle Jambe, M. Laporte. Poussif, M. Préval. M. Durfort, M. Cloup.
At the End of which, a Quadrille, by Mlle. Taglioni, Mesdames Clara, Kaniel, and Zoe Beaupré, MM. Lefevre, Emile, Pelissie, and Laporte.

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French.—Josephine, Miss M. C. Poole. Therese, Miss Nicol.
Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier. Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent.
Madame Bertrand, Mme. Matilda. Madame Montholon, Miss Jordan.
Jeannette, Miss Ellis. Victorine, Miss Pharaoh. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Bumboog, Miss Rumens.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Ney, Mr Ede.
Marmont, Mr Almar. Lauriston, Mr Lee. Prince of Benevento, Mr Young.
Roustan, Mr Honner. Captain Boncour, Mr Ransford.
Sergeant Dupont, Mr D. Pitt. Count Hilt, Mr Maitland. Henri, Mr T. Hill.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale. Boo, Mr Asbury. Chief Deputy, Mr Tully.
Eau de Vie, Mr Rogers. Hannibal Wildfire, Master F. Carbery.
Sergeant André, Mr Harris. Mayor of Frejus, Mr Webb. Guillaume, Mr Hobbs.
François, Mr Emden. Jean, Mr C. Pitt.
Russians.—Peterhoff, Mr Ransford. Rimski, Mr Williams. Soldiers, Peasants, &c.
English.—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcombe, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
Ensign Tipperary, Mr Ede.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

After which a New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND! OR, THE ROSE OF KERRY.

[By Mr THOMPSON.]

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Edith, Miss Nicol.
Judy Magillicuddy, Madame Simon. Shelah, Miss Ellis.
Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Ennismore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Honner. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Old Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.
Ralph Brush, Mr Maitland. Landlord, Mr Webb. Sailors, &c.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

The Music composed by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Miss Ayres.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Pescara, Mr Marshall. Foscari, Mr Munroe. Alberto, Mr Davis.
Julio, Mr Willing. Gerald, Master Smith. Pietro, Mr Young.
High Priest, Mr Jones. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson. Nixonomed, Mr Spencer.

After which, the Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

DELUSIONS.

Ellen Mowbray, by a Young Lady. Mary, Miss Wells.
Mrs Jenkins, Mrs Garrick. Frank, Mr Marshall. Charles Euston, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

Taken from Sir W. SCOTT'S celebrated Story.

Lady Ashton, Miss Wells. Lucy Ashton, Mrs Evans. Marion, Miss Ayres.
Dame Lightbody, Mrs Garrick. Edgar, Mr Keppell.
Hayston of Bucklaw, Mr Forrester. Captain Craigengelt, Mr Marshall.
And Caleb Balderstone, Mr Munroe.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Shepherd of Derwent Vale —Martha Willis, the Maid Servant—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.— Feats of Horsemanship —Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—True British Sailor—Burmese Stud—Quang Cœlis—The Magician—Unlucky Valet.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1831.

SLANDERERS "WORSE THAN HOUSEBREAKERS."

——"Good name in man and woman
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."—Othello.

We are exposed in 'this best of all possible worlds' to a variety of evils, some of which act on our physical enjoyments, and others chiefly affect our minds. The thief who deprives us of our property, if his depredations proceed beyond a certain point does the one; the slanderer who assails our reputation, in a greater or less degree, does the other. As there can be no question that mental evils afflict us more intensely, and consequently are harder to bear than bodily ones, so I conceive there can be as little doubt that, comparing the slanderer and his adjunct, the willing listener to slander, with the thief and *his* auxiliary, the receiver of stolen goods, the palm of superior infamy must inevitably be awarded to the former. Many considerations support this conclusion. First of all, it must be admitted that the thief has more to offer in the way of extenuation, than his parallel, the slanderer, can pretend to. Necessity does *sometimes* drive the former unwillingly into his vocation, and once involved in it, the door of respectable society is shut against him, and he must continue outside, from loss of character. The slanderer can set up no such plea. For, although no doubt he too labours under an analogous poverty, that of imagination and right feeling, his want is not like the other's, of that peremptory nature which must immediately be satisfied: nobody dies of mental insufficiency. The motive of the slanderer, then, must be traced to something else, and may safely be attributed to a diseased appetite, an inward craving and fondness for mischief for its own sake; or, in other words, for a love of the worst kind of pleasure to himself, at the cost of the worst pain to others. This will appear more obviously, if we remember that the slanderer inflicts injury often without producing any apparent benefit to himself,* and that in few instances is the benefit to himself correspondent to the mischief done to others: add to this, as the aggravation of his criminality, that the victims he selects are generally persons distinguished by superior merit, or powerless from their weakness, and not seldom his acquaintances and supposed friends. On the first point of comparison, the thief may fairly be pronounced the better man. In the second place, the qualities called into exercise by the thief and the slanderer may be noticed. The known risk of detection and opposition in enterprises of hazard or difficulty, naturally suggests that they who engage in them must possess a certain portion both of courage and fortitude. Of these abstract virtues the slanderer needs not a particle, for as he practises his iniquities principally among his intimates, detracting from one or another, as occasion prompts, gaining the confidence of all (for a time) by false pretences of esteem for each; so he generally contrives to keep himself safe from detection, by making his slander rest on the authority of absent persons. Of course, if his own veracity is now and then called into question, he has no scruple about equivocating to any extent, and giving another colour to his defamation; and too frequently the speciousness which enables him effectually to injure saves him from the punishment which would follow the detection of his maliciousness. Again, then, must we award the preference to the thief.

To pursue the comparison but to one point more: I shall advert only to the means which society possesses to protect itself against these two nuisances. Little need be said of the precautions to protect property; they present themselves to our minds at once; and although not always effectual, they are so for the most part; and at the worst, the loss consequent on their inefficacy is determinate, and in general to be replaced. Not so the effects of slander. Despicable in its origin, having its root only in minds where better plants will not thrive, its fruits are correspondingly baleful; producing their effects by their agreeable flavour to some palates, like the fruit of some poisonous plants, which please while they destroy. A good name, which, by universal admission, is above riches, is the natural and favourite prey of the slanderer: creatures of his kind escape; better natures only excite his venom: indeed, you may know the better natures, as travellers in strange lands are said to know the wholesome fruit, by observing whether they have been pecked at or not. In conclusion—as to guarding against his machinations, it is impossible; he must possess cunning superior even to that of the slanderer to be either prepared for his crooked underminings, or able altogether to frustrate them.—The receivers of stolen goods, and the willing listeners to slander must be remanded for the present,—their trial cannot come on this session.

* It is proper to observe, that this desultory article is written with reference to private slanderers only; and therefore has only a partial application to such as make the press the channel of their malignity. The latter, it is well known, derive, by catering to diseased appetites, very considerable pecuniary advantage, for which they willingly forego any claim to decency of character.

MOORISH AND ENGLISH BEAUTY CONTRASTED.

'The Moorish ideas of female beauty differ from our English notions on that point in one considerable respect. With us a slender waist and graceful figure add very greatly to other personal charms; and fat people, though much respected, are not much admired. This is the very antipodes of Moorish criterion. A really handsome woman ought not to be able to walk, corpulence and comeliness being synonimous, and the extreme of the one being considered the height of the other. A woman of a ton weight is, in the opinion of a Moor, a morsel fit for the Sultan; and instead of the waspish proportion of a modern waist, which is laced in as tightly as the stomach, liver, and other superfluous parts will allow, a Moorish shape,

"If shape that can be called which shape hath none,"

is considered, by these sensual connoisseurs, as nearly approaching to perfection when it resembles, or rather exceeds, the circumference of a butt, pipe, or any other large measure. In order to obtain this degree of excellence, the Moorish ladies eat large quantities of kouskousou, in itself very nourishing, and its fattening qualities are increased by the introduction of a small yellow grain, or seed, called alholba (trigonilla) used also in making bread.'—*Brooke's Sketches of Spain and Morocco.*

It is doubtful whether the most enlightened men are admirers of these extremes, in any country. It is well known that English ladies are apt to make great mistakes on this point, and to make themselves actually hideous in the eyes of those whose admiration they sacrifice their health and comfort, and sometimes life itself, to obtain. It can never be to the interest of any woman, to sacrifice the attractions of healthful gaiety, and natural freedom of action, to any conventional ideas of form. The form most admired in this country, by men of taste, is, not the unnatural waspish one which begets disease, and is incompatible with graceful movement; but one of such delicate and feminine proportion, as to unite the plumpness of youth and health, with the slenderness of activity: a form that is neither associated with beef, vinegar, nor whalebone; but with pure blood, active limbs, and a cheerful mind. If the Moorish ladies mistake the taste of the other sex, as much as the English do, their cramming of kouskousou must be not only a superfluous tasking of the digestion, but a folly of which the result is more reprobated and pitied, than admired.

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EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

(*From the Lives of the Scottish Worthies.*)

MISCHIEVOUS FOLLIES.

The King (Alexander the Third, of Scotland) who was only in his forty-fifth year, dispatched his chancellor, Charteris, along with three knights, Sir Patrick Graham, Sir William St Clair, and Sir John de Soulis, on a matrimonial embassy to France. Their commission was to select, from one of the noblest families in that country, a second consort for their sovereign; and they chose Joleta, a daughter of the Count de Dreux, who was wedded to the king at Jedburgh, with great pomp and rejoicing, on the fifth of April 1285. Her extreme beauty, the splendour of the suite of French nobility who accompanied her, and the generous wishes of the Scottish nobles to manifest their joy at the marriage of the King, and to efface all melancholy recollections from his mind, rendered these festivities unusually brilliant. Amid a numerous concourse of all that was lordly and beautiful in the land, Alexander and his Queen presented gifts to the foreign Barons, who came to grace the ceremony; and the feast, the dance, and the rude dramatic or pantomimic entertainment of these times, occupied many successive days. But the nuptial mirth was suddenly overclouded by a singular apparition. At night, when joy was at its height, when the floor was thronged with maskers, and the minstrels made the roof echo to their music, a spectre like Death suddenly glided in amongst the revellers, and approaching the beautiful Joleta, invited her with a silent and fearful motion to join the dancers. All were horror-struck; a loud shriek from the Queen announced the extremity of her terror; and falling into the arms of her husband, the music ceased, and the entertainment abruptly broke off, amid the sighs and tears of the Queen's female attendants, and the indignant enquiries of the prince and his nobles. It was, indeed, soon discovered that the whole was only a well-acted piece of mumming; but a feeling of superstitious dread and dark presentiment had taken hold of the minds of the assembly, and the death-like mask at Jedburgh seems to have been universally considered as ominous of some deep national calamity. Nor was this an unfounded foreboding; for the King did not survive his marriage for a single year, and his death was sudden and violent. Having gone to visit his Queen, he returned on horseback with a small retinue of his nobles, and reached Inverkeithen in the evening. The night was dark, and as the road wound dangerously along some precipitous cliffs overhanging the sea, his courtiers earnestly entreated him to delay his journey till the morning; but he insisted on pressing forward towards Kinghorn, and his horse making a false step, stumbled over a cliff, and falling with its rider, killed him in an instant. The place where the accident happened is still pointed out in the tradition of the neighbourhood, by the name of 'the King's Wudend,' and a cross of stone was erected on the spot, which still existed in the reign of James the Second. In England, his death was considered, if we may believe Knighton, as a judgment from heaven, for having broken the holy season of Lent, by a visit to his Queen. Such is the ridiculous blindness of superstition! In Scotland, however, the universal love and affection of his subjects repelled so injurious an imputation. 'Let no one,' says Fordun, reasoning upon the suddenness of his death, 'presume to doubt as to the salvation of this King. He cannot die ill, who hath lived well.'

MICHAEL SCOTT.

In the brief but interesting accounts of this singular man, which we meet with in the ancient Chronicles of Italy, it is mentioned that he was the inventor of a new species of casque or steel basnet, denominated a cervilerium, which he commonly wore under the furred or velvet cap used by the learned of those times. The origin of this invention is curious. In those dark periods, when the belief of magic was universal, not only among the lower ranks, but with the learned and educated classes of the community, it was reported that the Wizard, having cast his own horoscope, had discovered that his death was to be occasioned by a stone falling upon his bare skull. With that anxiety which clings to life, he endeavoured to defeat the demon whom he served, and by repeated incantations constructed this magic casque, which he vainly deemed invulnerable. But his fate, according to the tradition of Italy, was not to be avoided. In passing a cathedral when the bell was ringing for vespers, Michael endeavoured to pay his devotions, and forgetful of his cervilerium, which was fixed inside his cap, uncovered as he reverentially knelt on the stone floor. The moment of his fate was arrived. The rope of the belfry had loosened one of the carved corbels which ornamented the interior of the roof beneath which the Magician knelt; before he could remove, the sharp and heavy mass descended on his forehead, and whilst it confirmed the infallibility of his prescience, in an instant deprived him of life. Michael, however, according to the account of Benvenuto da Imola, had strength enough to lift up the stone and ascertain its weight, after which he declared it was of the exact size he expected, and that nothing was left him but to die, which he did accordingly, after very properly making his will. It is needless to remark that this fable is confuted by the return of Michael to his native country; but it appears to have been the origin of a tradition still current among the peasantry of Scotland, and which ascribes a miraculous power to the bonnet of the Wizard. It is curious to find the tale of the invulnerable cervilerium of the Italians travelling on the breath of credulity and superstition into the 'far north countrie,' of which the Magician was a native, and only changed by tradition from the blue steel worked and welded by magic art, into the blue bonnet which was waited on by Scottish demons, who were heard wailing in mid air when it was waved by its dreaded master.

(*From the Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*)

TWO TONIES TOGETHER.

The late Mr Hayes, the surgeon, of Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, used to tell a singular anecdote of an occurrence in Sir Thomas Lawrence's attelier, when he resided in Old Bond street. It appears that Mr Hayes, ere the age at which the hey-day of the blood is tame, was not quite temptation-proof against strong excitement to wrath. It happened that Sir Thomas, then Mr Lawrence, had painted the portrait of a Mr Sheepshanks, a friend of Mr Hayes, whose appearance, however, was less singular than his name. Mr Lawrence told Mr Hayes of his progress in his friend's portrait; and when it was finished, Mr Hayes, who thought it an excellent likeness, one day escorted, to the artist's rooms, a friend from the town where Mr S. resided, and who was acquainted with him. The gentleman thus to be introduced to the arts, was one of the best specimens of a race now happily extinct in this country. He was a fine representative of the squirarchy, the country gentleman of "the good old times,"—a perfect Tony Lumpkin, rich, and master over all things in his neighbourhood, except himself. Mr Hayes, introducing this rural magistrate among the numerous portraits, watched his rubicund visage in expectation of his wonder and admiration at being surrounded by works of art, and he anticipated the climax of joy, when his eye should be caught, in a rude frenzy rolling, by the likeness of his country friend and neighbour, Mr Sheepshanks. The squire, however, gaped and gazed, without the slightest appearance of any emotion whatever; and, at last, as if tired, and wishing to depart, he begged that the portrait of his friend might be shewn to him at once. "Zounds!" cried the astonished and irritated surgeon, "that is it, which you have been looking at these five minutes!"—"That he! hang me if it is a bit like un—no more like un, than its like our parson." In vain did the doctor try to persuade the country gentleman, to whom he was showing the *lions* of London, that it was an admirable painting, and a correct likeness—his friend as sturdily maintained that "he was not to be done arter that fashion—that the portrait wasn't a bit like un, and he wouldn't give a guinea for a score of such pictures." Coarseness on the one side begot anger on the other; but the rustic gentleman repaid every term of irritation with an immense interest; and

> "So high at last the contest rose,
> From words, they *next proceed* to blows,
> When luckily came by a third:"—

The third was the astonished Mr Lawrence, who had been below, and knew nothing of the dispute; but hearing a scuffle in his painting room, he ran upstairs, and, to his surprise, saw the two infuriated combatants; and the portrait, the innocent cause of the battle, knocked off the easel upon the floor. Having parted "the friends," in terror least, like the bull in the china shop, they might destroy all things around them, he next learnt the source of their quarrel. He bore the explanation with great equanimity, and reconciled the parties; nor would he suffer them to leave his roof, till they "shook hands, embraced," and probably "hated each other most cordially ever after."—Vol. II. pp. 435—437.

A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

I went to Princess Lieven's to see Don Miguel, to whom, at his desire, I was introduced. He told me he had heard much of me at Vienna—was very courteous and pleasing. He has gained on the good opinions of all, by his quiet, modest manner, his attention to everything presented to his notice, and his avowed love of English society. I received a letter the next morning from a fair sitter of mine, telling me that he kept them up, teaching them German dances, till six in the morning. His features have symmetry, delicacy, and character. His eyes bear a larger proportion to the rest of the countenance, than is seen in our English faces: his nose is handsome, and mouth small and pleasing. When not speaking, he has a quiet gravity of expression; but then it lights up with an unaffected smile, and with a manner gracious without the alloy of condescension. He is about Andrew's size, or an inch taller, but stouter, without the least tendency to the corpulent.—[Had Sir Thomas Lawrence's pencil been no more successful than his pen, his portraits would surely have needed labels about their necks. His biographer remarks upon the consummate hypocrisy which could, in this instance, deceive the practised eye of this artist; but he would probably have been clearer, had Don Miguel been a person of inferior rank. He had seen much flattered, and admitted to habits of familiarity with princes and sovereigns, and was naturally willing to think the best of them;—to say nothing of that respect for high station, in the abstract, which he acknowledges in his letters.]

A BENEFICIAL REBUFF.

However gentle and kind, Sir Thomas was occasionally annoyed by presumptuous ignorance, and on one occasion he took rather a cruel or rough mode of performing what, in substance, was a real benefit to the individual—to check his seeking a livelihood in a profession for which he had no capacity. It was in the year 1815, just after he had received the honour of knighthood, that a young man, without any introduction or previous application by letter,

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called upon him, and intruding himself into his room, with an air of confidence and vanity that nothing could well depress or mortify, told Sir Thomas that he had brought his first production to shew him, and to ask his opinion of it. Sir Thomas took the painting handed to him, and seeing at a glance that it was fatally destitute of merit, he said, 'And pray, Sir, how many of these may you have produced?'—'Exactly two, Sir.'—'Then you have, in my opinion, painted exactly two too many,'—saying which, he wished the astonished aspirant a good morning, and rang the bell for the servant.—[The author of this work, although evidently a great admirer of his hero, so honestly admits his faults, that we are bound to give full credit to his assertion, that this roughness of manner was an exception to his usual treatment of those who asked his aid or counsel; we must therefore suppose the manners of the young artist to have compelled this rebuff, and it is well known that the mildest and kindest natures are apt to be the most severe, when their patience and forbearance is too much abused.]

THE FINEST PORTRAIT EVER PAINTED.

A gentleman, many years ago, took an opportunity of asking Sir Thomas which was decidedly, in his opinion, the best portrait his great predecessor, Sir Joshua, had ever painted. Sir Thomas, without hesitation, replied, 'The portrait of Mrs Siddons, as the Tragic Muse—that is the finest portrait ever painted under the canopy of heaven.'—'No, Sir,' answered the querist; 'I think Sir Joshua's portrait of the Marchioness of Tavistock, at Woburn Abbey, the very best.'—'Undoubtedly,' answered Lawrence with mildness, 'that is a very fine portrait; but I should give the palm decidedly to that which I have mentioned. I was so struck with the beauty of the colouring, and the extraordinary state of its preservation, that I was nearly two hours fixed before it, by admiration.'

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Paganini.—That Paganini has a right to double the ordinary prices of admission to his concerts, we think is as clear as a mathematical fact. In that view, therefore, nobody has a right to complain. The public, on the other hand, have a right to absent themselves; and in that event Paganini would probably discover that he was wrong in exercising his right. But the newspapers complain that Paganini has no right to deprive thousands of the opportunity of hearing him, who would willingly pay half-a-guinea, but who cannot afford a guinea. All this is very foolish; for not only has Paganini a right to deprive any portion of the public of all chance of witnessing his performances, by demanding prices that amount to a prohibition, but he has a right to deprive the whole public—'yea, the great globe itself, and all it doth inhabit'—of the same enjoyment. Our critics mistake it for a question of art. It is no such thing. It is not a question at all. Suppose Paganini finds the house crowded at his increased charges, then he will find that he has calculated correctly, and the public will thereby have admitted that he knows his own value better than they do. But suppose he is greeted by a beggarly account of empty benches, then no doubt he will tot up the items of his attraction over again, and reduce his price. Paganini, like any other marketable commodity, is worth just so much as he will bring, and no more. Perhaps he is only coming in, like the green peas, at a guinea a quart, and is merely putting on extravagant terms at first for the luxurious and exclusive ranks. As the season advances he will probably fall, and we have no doubt he will sink to his proper level in the long run. At all events, be that as it may, he is now doing that which is essential to the reputation of all great men, fiddlers included—*i. e.* getting himself into general notice. Having once accomplished that desirable object, it is not impossible but that he may strike before the doors open.—*Atlas.*

Combination of Authors.—In consequence of some attempts having lately been made by the French authorities to re-establish a censorship over dramatic productions, and the managers of some theatres having manifested a disposition to yield to it, by consenting to submit all pieces to a previous examination, the authors, to the number of seventy-five, have entered into a combination to resist it, and if they can hold out, they have hit on the right method. They have agreed, under a heavy penalty, to withdraw from those theatres whose managers submit pieces to previous examination, all their works, whether represented or not, over which they have control, and not to present any new ones until such managers shall think proper to come to their senses.—*Athenæum.*

— When Louis the Eighteenth sent the French Roscius (Talma) a service of Sevres porcelain, each sort of utensil being eighteen in number, and with '*Louis dix-huit*,' marked on each peice, 'Ah mon Dieu,' cried the witty actor, '*combien je voudrais que ce fut Louis vingt-huit!*'—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

An Artist Bewitched.—For many successive evenings Sir Thomas came to our house in such evident low spirits, that we all feared some painful circumstance had befallen him. At length he suddenly regained his usual manner, and I then ventured to ask what had so depressed him. He seemed astonished that I had not divined the cause, saying, 'How could you expect a man to be less than miserable, who had Michael Angelo's Witch on the wide seas, and did not know for a fortnight what had become of her?' *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

Popular Fancies.—It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on Christmas, or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them.—The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of their Philip II to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.—*Sir Walter Scott.* [This reminds one of a notion, prevalent among country-people, that pigs see the wind, and that those who eat the marrow of that animal, having the same power, become mad in consequence. The former, indeed, is the more gentlemanly superstition.]

"Conform to the Times."—My good friend, the late M. de Montampui, rector of the university of Paris, had a great wish to go to see the representation of *Zaire*, a very pious piece, in which the heroine makes an appointment, only for the purpose of being baptised. It would be necessary, however, to go in a hackney-coach from his college to the theatre, in his usual dress, as other honest men did; and he believed, like P. Cartel, that all the universe had eyes upon him; and he believed this with so much the more reason, as, according to the full meaning of the words, being rector of the university, he had the direction of the universe, which, of course, would be continually observing him. He felt that the universe would learn with astonishment, that a man named Montampui had been to the theatre, and that all ages would be scandalized at it. M. Montampui, unwilling either to give so much pain to the universe, or to give up his visit to the theatre, he bethought himself of going disguised as a woman. He had in an old wardrobe a dress of his grandmother's, who died in the time of the Fronde. He muffles himself up in a red petticoat and a russet-coloured mantle, covers his learned head with a head-dress of three stories, surmounted by a large knot of rose-coloured ribbons. A pair of long red ruffles, somewhat torn, show off to advantage his rough, square arms; and, thus dressed out, our rector leaves the college by a private door, and makes the best of his way to the theatre. His strange figure attracted everybody's attention; little respect was paid to *Madame*, who being hauled about pretty roughly, was soon discovered to be a man, and led off to prison, where she remained until she made full confession that she was the rector of the university, the eldest daughter of our kings. If M de Montampui had followed the admirable maxim, 'Conform to the times,' he would not thus have exposed himself before the universe.—*Voltaire's Facetiæ.*

Scottish Waggery.—Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crauford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme—

'I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Whoso pinches at her, his death is dight,*
In graith.'†

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared the next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:—

'I bear a pie picking at a piece,
Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nese,‡
In faith.'

This affront could only be expiated by a joust with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice. In the third encounter the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud, in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the King two hundred pounds, to be forfeited if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit, which, after much altercation, the King appointed to be paid to him, saying he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry the Fourth.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

* Prepared. † Armour. ‡ Nose.

Arrangements are in preparation, to be acted upon at the beginning of the week, which, without trenching upon the rest of its character, will vary the features of our journal, and we trust will considerably improve it. The reader in the mean time will be good enough, on this account, to excuse any defect more than ordinary which he may observe in our pages.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Drury-Lane.—The School for Scandal—Timour the Tartar.
Covent-Garden.—Napoleon Buonaparte—The Irish Tutor.
French Plays.—Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme—Louise—Le Bal Champetre.

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THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The First Act of an Opera Buffa, entitled

IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO.

[By Cimarosa.]

The principal Characters by Mme. Meric Lalande, Miss F. Ayton, Mme. Rubini, Signor Rubini, Signor Santini, and Signor Lablache.

Between the Acts, (by particular desire) the Second Act of

GUILLAUME TELL.

In which Mademoiselle Taglioni will dance the Tyrolienne.

After which will be presented the First Act of

TANCREDI.

[By Rossini.]

Amenaide, beloved by Tancredi . . . . . Madame M. Lalande.
Isaura, her Attendant . Madame Castelli.
Tancredi . . . . . Madame Pasta.
Orbazzano, his Rival . . . . . Signor Santini.
Argirio, the Father of Amenaide . . . . . Signor Rubini.
Roggiero, the Friend and Companion of Tancredi . Signor Galli.

To conclude with a New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA BAYADERE.

[Composed by M. Deshayes.]

The Music by Auber, arranged by M. Nadaud.

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Taglioni, M. Lefebvre, M. Emile, M. Simon, M. Hunt, M. O'Brien, and M. Bertram.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Compton.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schöenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stapps, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Sheriff.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.
Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.
Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Viola.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgaud, Mr Willis.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Jones.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

To conclude with an Interlude, called

HIDE AND SEEK.

[By Mr Lunn.]

Mrs Mordaunt, Miss E. Tree. Charlotte, Miss Lawrence.
Mordaunt, Mr Baker. Merton, Mr Henry. Moses, Mr Keeley.

To-morrow, Napoleon Buonaparte, and The Omnibus.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

The Music composed by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Miss Ayres.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Pescara, Mr Marshall. Foscari, Mr Munroe. Alberto, Mr G. Smith.
Julio, Mr Willing. Gerald, Master Smith. Pietro, Mr Young.
High Priest, Mr Jones. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson. Nixonomed, Mr Spencer.

To which will be added a New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

[From the French, by Mr Barnett.]

Mrs Properly, Miss Wells. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
And Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with a New Musical Entertainment, called

BARON TRENCK.

Countess Holtsdorff, Miss Stohwasser. Victorine, Miss Ayres.
Baron Trenck, Mr Green. Count of Linsdorf, Mr Munroe.
Major Muffledorf, Mr Marshall. Augustus, Mr G. Lejeune. Boltsheim, Mr Cooke.
François Bassontrompdorf, Mr Forrester.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Mr MACREADY respectfully announces to his Friends and the Public, that his Benefit is fixed for Friday, May 27, 1831, when will be revived Shakspeare's Historical Tragedy of CORIOLANUS. Menenius Agrippa, Mr Dowton; Tullus Aufidius, Mr Cooper; Caius Marcius, Mr Macready; Volumnia, Miss Huddart; Virgilia, Miss Phillips. After which, in One Act, Sheridan's Entertainment of THE CRITIC, OR A TRAGEDY REHEARSED. Don Ferdinando Whiskerandos, Mr Liston; Beefeater, Mr Harley; Sneer, Mr Cooper; Puff, (for that night only) Mr Macready. To conclude with a Grand Dramatic Spectacle.

Tickets and Places to be had at the Box Office of the Theatre, and of Mr Macready, 31 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr Planché.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing, 'Away, away to the Mountain's Brow.'
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.

In the course of the Evening, A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles;' Rossini's Overture to 'La Gazza Ladra;' and H. R. Bishop's Overture to 'Cortez.'

After which the Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr Planché.]

Ottavia, Miss Faucit. Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicolo, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert, Mr H. Wallack. Theodore, Mr J. Vining.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack.
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford. Spoletto, Mr Bland.

To which will be added, a New Farce, called

TURNING THE TABLES.

[Partly from the French, by Mr Poole.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Melo-Drama of

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Zorilda, Miss Huddart. Selima, Miss Russell. Liska, Miss S. Phillips.
Timour, Mr H. Wallack. Oglou, Mr Cooper.
Agib, Miss Poole. Bermeddin, Mr Cooke. Abdalec, Mr Howard.
Octar, Mr Honner. Orasmin, Mr Fenton.
Kerim, Mr Howell. Sanballat, Mr Bartlett.
Tartar Chiefs—Messrs. Eaton, Bishop, Robinson, Walsh, T. Price, East, &c.
Georgian Cavalry—Messrs. Cooke, Cooke, jun., Davis, Smith, Williams, &c.

To-morrow, Coriolanus; The Critic; and Blue Beard.

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French.—Josephine, Miss M. C. Peole. Therese, Miss Nicol.
Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier. Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent.
Madame Bertrand, Mme. Matilda. Madame Montholon, Miss Jordan.
Jeannette, Miss Ellis. Victorine, Miss Pharaoh. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Bumbong, Miss Rumens.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Ney, Mr Ede.
Marmont, Mr Almar. Lauriston, Mr Lee. Prince of Benevento, Mr Young.
Roustan, Mr Honner. Captain Boncour, Mr Ransford.
Sergeant Dupont, Mr D. Pitt. Count Hilt, Mr Maitland. Henri, Mr T. Hill.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale. Boo, Mr Asbury. Chief Deputy, Mr Tully.
Eau de Vie, Mr Rogers. Hannibal Wildfire, Master F. Carbery.
Sergeant André, Mr Harris. Mayor of Frejus, Mr Webb. Guillaume, Mr Hobbs.
François, Mr Emden. Jean, Mr C. Pitt.
Russians.—Peterhoff, Mr Ransford. Rimski, Mr Williams. Soldiers, Peasants, &c.
English.—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcombe, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
Ensign Tipperary, Mr Ede.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

To conclude with a Romantic Melo-Drama, entitled

THE BROKEN SWORD.

[By W. Dimond, Esq.]

Rosara, Miss Vincent. Stella, Miss Summerville, with the Song of 'Come where the Aspens quiver.' Jacintha, Miss Jordan.
Beatrice, Miss Nicol. Nina, Miss Rumens. Jeannette, Miss Boden.
Rosa, Miss R. Boden. Baron Maraldi, Mr Gough. Captain Zavior, Mr Williams.
Col. Rigolio, Mr D. Pitt. Claudio, Mr Honner. Pedro, Mr Thompson.
Pablo, Mr Vale. Estevan de Burgos, Mr C. Hill. Myrtillo, Mlle. Rosiez.
Fabio, Mr Smith. Nicaro, Mr Boulanger. Bartolo, Mr Jones. Thomaso, Mr Wild.

Astley's Amphitheatre. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

Coburg Theatre.—The Shepherd of Derwent Vale—Martha Willis, the Maid Servant—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

Cooke's Equestrian Circus.— Feats of Horsemanship—Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—True British Sailor—Burmese Stud—Quang Cœlis—The Magician—Unlucky Valet.

Royal Pavilion Theatre.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—The Sylph of the Sunflower.

Royal Panarmonion Theatre. — Irresistibles. — Jealousy! or the Secret Door.—Timour the Tartar.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1831.

A PAGE FROM THE "HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ANCIENT WORLD."

(Not published.)

THERE is a remnant of antiquity which throws some light on events now obscured by the obliterating hand of Time. The most acute antiquarian, aided by the profoundest research of the philosophic historian, has been able to elicit little that is certain or true respecting the remote age to which this Fragment must be referred. The scene of the transactions it alludes to was probably an island called Angland, or England, lying at the mouth of what was then called the Baltic Sea. This island has been long since lost, and little knowledge remains of the character or customs of the barbarians who inhabited it. The ignorance and superstition of those ages have left but little that can gratify the curiority, interest the philosophy, or conduce to the welfare of the modern world. A few scattered and unconnected events, lost in a fabulous origin, and terminating in uncertainty and contradiction, have been handed down to us by circumstances equally casual and fortuitous. Between cotemporary nations which possess extreme degrees of civilization, little certain knowledge of each other is established, and the hand of time quickly converts the gloom of obscurity into the impenetrable darkness of night. The first event which we can identify with the history of this island, is the fabulous invasion of Julius Cæsar. This chief, known as the destroyer of nearly three millions of his fellow-creatures, was invested with the attributes of Deity, as we suppose from the epithets which were applied to him, and the great respect in which his memory was held. To this fabulous period of history succeed ages, which, though more prolific of events, are equally involved in perplexity, from the poverty of records, and the conflicting nature of traditions. The characteristic features of ancient government appear to have been displayed here, in all their strange colours of incongruity in theory, and contradiction in effect. The people were perpetually engaged in resisting the encroachments, curbing the cruelty, and repairing the evil effects of those governments, which themselves had constituted for their own good. Considerable discussion has lately prevailed concerning the nature of the "Borough-mongers," and the parts which they filled in government and society. So wild has conjecture wandered in search of truth, that we have seen philosophers not scrupling to deny them the properties of humanity, nor, to make them fabled monsters, partaking, in the wild imaginations of the poets of the age, of the ferocious cowardice of the fabled crocodile, and the insatiate voracity of the modern vampire. This would be allowing too much, however, to the fancy, and too little to the judgment of the ancient poet; his Fragment also will decide against the theory of the principal of these philosophers in a different way. He has supposed that the whole history was but a version of the old story of Perseus and Andromeda, that the Boroughmongers resided on the banks of the Marsus, where the chief goods of the island were sacrificed to appease them, and that, finally, they were destroyed there, by St Stephen the English Hercules. Another more probable story, and that which the poet corroborates, is, that they were defeated at a great battle at St Stephen by Russello or Rollo, a famous chief, both sides fighting with such bravery that but one man survived. Concerning the era of Ossian, it is now clearly ascertained that he was the last prince of the Runic or Brunswick race. We shall not consider it beneath the dignity of history to insert here a poem, which may in some degree gratify a rational curiosity, concerning events which oblivion has almost enveloped, and regions of which a disputed existence is almost all that remains to mankind.

—— The night is dull and dark. Clouds rest on the hills. No star with green trembling beam; no moon looks from the sky. I see a dim form on the plain! It is a ghost! it fades, it flies. Ah! the Boroughmonger visits St Stephen's Hall; sad is the soul of the King. Chiefs gleam by his side; chiefs of the frowning brow. Where is now their fame of old? Where their deeds of mighty name? The fields of their battles are silent. Our sons shall ask of the aged, where stood the walls of their fathers? The Boroughmonger lifts his gloomy brow, and his voice is heard amidst the winds. 'Come down thou dweller between the harps, raise a song to the fame of our race.' 'Oh! why, thou wanderer unseen, that filled the pockets of Lora; why are thy notes departed, thou bender of the voices of the chiefs? We hear no distant roar of applause; no sound of gold from the bank. Yet, though the plains of our battles are dark and silent, and our fame is in the four grey stones, the voice of the Boroughmongers has been heard, and the sword was drawn in St Stephen.' Proud over them rises the moon. They lie like wings on the blast; their eyes are like flames, and their voices like distant thunder. Do we fear your gloomy forms, spirits of Sarum? Weak are your shields of clouds; the blast rolls them together. Feeble as a meteor your swords. Fly, sons of night, call your winds and fly. 'Who would force us from our places?' saith a gloomy voice. 'The people bent before us. We turned battles in the field of the brave. We looked on peace, and it vanished. Our nostrils poured forth the blast of death. Who saith to us, fly to your lands, receive your winds and fly?' But our hills are peaceful, spirits of the past. We trouble not your repose. Free is the world of clouds. Ye can divide them into tenths. Ye can tax their fleecy whiteness. The sunbeams are equal; gather them together; burn and be frozen. Hope is not dead, gloomy spirits, for the sun shines everywhere; the winds do not carry chains; the clouds trespass through all domain; the trade of nature is free. Hope is not dead, gloomy spirits. Come not then to disturb the land of your graves. Visit not the hall of your fathers. Fly, spirits of the past, receive your winds and fly. Clouds hide the face of the moon. Again floats the song of bards on the gale of night. 'Our dwellings were not always the blue circling clouds, nor our steps in the blast of the desert. Dun and feeble are the chiefs who travelled in terror before. Still is our delight to mingle in the blast of the wintry land storm, and exult with the howling waves. Did not we once make earth a desert? And what are the green billows, but moving graves? We sit in our stormy halls, the chambers of thunder. We laugh with the raging winds. Our voices echo in battle from heaven, and we paint its red scenes on the sky. We ride on the foaming waves when they leave their bed of repose, and cover the valley with death. But once we thundered in echoing halls. What wind withered like the blast of our rage? Then the earth drunk of blood, and tears of sorrow deluged the vales.' Broad over them rises the moon. The winds depart on their wings. The red stars lift their heads on high. The stream of the valley murmurs, but its murmur is sullen and sad. From the tree at the grave of the dead, the long-howling owl is heard. The bat flaps his wings in the shade. The Boroughmonger flits in the hall of St Stephen; sad flies the ghost of the King. The tales of old pass along his soul by night. He stands in his place. His name is not known in St Stephen's Hall. But a voice comes and awakes his soul; it is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before him with all their deeds. *Their* fire had resounded in the halls, but the voice of his people is heard no more. They are now forgot in their land. Their tombs are not found on the heath. Years came on with their storms. The green mounds are mouldered away. Scarce is the grave of Dunthalmo seen where he fell by the spear. Some grey warrior, half blind with age, sitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now their deeds to his sons, and the fall of the dark Dunthalmo. They have left no son; but the song shall prolong their name. * * * * * * * * They sit in a mist together. Gone is their strength in war. Their voice remains like a blast that roars lonely on a sea-surrounded shore when the winds are laid. Their form is not now the terror of the valiant. It is like a watery cloud, when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. * * * The winds moan in the ancient hall, The

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ghosts leer in the gloom. Each broods in his place in the hall of his fathers. Why do ye wander, spirits? Why do ye leave your home of clouds? Ye can sow divisions here no more. Love is shed upon the earth like dew; doth it not blight your repose? Whence that grim smile, dim spirits? Swords were buried in your graves. They rust in your clay. The earth favours all her children. The sons and daughters of distress have vanished. The wind that whistled through the moss of your graves drove them away. Whence that grim smile, dim spirits? None frowns on artless pleasure. None rolls in useless splendour. Hope grows, and buds, and brings forth fruit. None blasts it in early youth. Why that scorching glance, dim spirits? The polished smile belies not the heart's working. The heavings of sorrow have their home in the breast. Joy lies on the face not alone. Man looks into the heart of his neighbour, for his pleasure is also there. He loves his brethren, and his brethren are all, and his joy is the joy of his race. Whence that loud laugh, dim spirits?

The moon is in a cloud in the west. 'Who speaks in our place' saith a hollow voice, 'raise the song, O bards, let the words of the stranger be strewn on the wind.—We have been in the gloom of the battle, as a mist that is rolled on a valley, when storms invade the silent sunshine of heaven. We have buried swords in blood-stained breasts. Red eyes have awaited our course. Sad voices have published our triumph. Blood hath reeked on our altars. We have rolled hair in dust. We rushed to death and wounds. The groan of the people spread over the hills; it was like the thunder of night when the cloud bursts on Cona; and a thousand ghosts shriek at once in the hollow wind. We revelled at the banquet of death. As a hundred winds on Morven; as the streams of a hundred hills; as clouds fly successive over heaven; or, as the dark ocean assaults the shore of the desert; so roaring, so vast, so terrible the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath. We lifted the song of victory, and it was sung on a thousand hills. We earned our fame with the glittering spear. We trod on truth to power. We entered the mind of man, and ruled in the region of thought. He bent his knee to shadows. He was like a lovely tree, with all its branches around, but we came, as a blast from the desart, and laid its green head low. The spring returns with its showers; no leaves from it arise. We curbed man's tongue with a frown. He lisped a prayer to splendour, and called on glory, good. Faces were masked. Hope was dying. Hearts were hidden. Truth had flown. Peace was wounded. Who lifted the beam of war on the field of the brave? But now our grey hairs glitter on the beam. The winds lifts our flaming locks. Hast thou heard the spirit of Loda, when he comes on the roar of a thousand storms, and scatters battle from his eyes? Hast thou seen the green meteor of death sitting on the heath of Malmor, when the traveller is alone, and the broad moon is darkened in heaven? Hast thou heard a dark spirit descend from the skirt of his blast? The troubled ocean feels his steps as he strides from wave to wave. His path kindles behind him. Islands shake their heads on the heaving seas. * * * Our robes are the clouds of the hill. Our eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark are the wounds in our breasts.' * * * Light shines on the eastern clouds. The green hills lift their dewy heads. The blue streams rejoice in the vale. Ye love not the light, gloomy spirits, receive your winds and fly.——

TO THE TATLER.

Dear Mr Tatler,—Do you ever ride in an Omnibus? Shakspeare has said that 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' Without questioning that fact, I would ask you,—May it not as justly be said, that—all the world's an Omnibus, and all the men and women merely passengers? A journey from the Bank to Paddington is like a journey through life. Do not get into one of Shillibeer's omnibuses, unless you are disposed for a short life and a merry one. With this exception, you enter an Omnibus with as little foreknowledge of the life before you, as an infant has, in the first hour of its birth. You may find yourself thrown into a sphere of gentility, in the early part of your career, but you are continually making new acquaintances, and losing old ones, consequently go through many vicissitudes. I have lived many lives of this kind, which might furnish a volume of respectable dimensions, containing an autobiography for every degree of rank from a queen to a scullion. But you know how fickle Fortune is, Mr Tatler, and it has often happened that when I have commenced life as a queen or a princess, I have ended it as a scullion or washer-woman, and *vice versa*. Upon one occasion, I was jumbled amidst a number of individuals of such various ranks, that I seemed to have a choice in which to place myself. There was a princess and a great landholder present, but the former was sullen and the latter brutal and self-sufficient; I was as little disposed to associate with the one, as the other was to take any sort of notice of me; and I soon discovered by the familiar address of a blacksmith and his wife, who were taking a 'sixpenny cast,' that I belonged to a more humble sphere than I had intended to claim. The dingy couple departed this Omnibus, and I presently found myself considerably advanced in my fortunes. I was hand and glove with a portly dame, who sympathised tenderly with me in the great mortification which, like herself, I must necessarily endure, in travelling in a public conveyance. Sudden friends, however, are apt to be as fickle as fortune; and I was reduced to the necessity of seeking consolation for the forfeited favour of this elegant piece of rotundity, in the witticisms of a young hair-dresser, whose tongue seemed as sharp as his scissors. In short, Mr Tatler, in an Omnibus you meet with an amusing variety of characters in quick succession; and if you are not one of those persons who are shocked at the idea of travelling in the same vehicle with individuals less elegant and important than yourself, you would find it far preferable to a stage-coach; more especially in warm weather, because it is more roomy, and better ventilated. Yet it is remarkable that people generally seem ashamed of riding in them. A passenger in a stage-coach will ask you with a tone and manner conveying at once a contempt of the vehicle, and an apology for the doubt, if ever you have been in one of 'those Omnibuses;' and those persons who, being actually found seated in one, cannot deny the fact, generally contrive to let you know that they never rode in one before, but either that they have entered it from curiosity to see what it would be like, or have been reduced to it by some disappointment of a more dignified conveyance. The great objection made to them, is, that having no outside passengers, the company is not sufficiently select; and certainly I must own that I have sometime sat by the side of a man with his coat out at elbows, and once I remember being seated opposite to a woman who did not say anything which could lead the rest of the company to suppose either that she kept a carriage of her own, or that she even disdained that of which she had availed herself. The true cause of the contempt, as well as of the number of the passengers, is, no doubt, the cheapness of the conveyance. It is very convenient to save a few shillings, certainly; but it would not do to let people know we found it so. The proprietors would do well to put up a placard at one end, announcing that those who prefer it, are permitted to pay double. It would then only be necessary to insinuate that you did so, and you need no longer despise the Omnibus so vehemently. As I have acknowledged a frequent use of them, Mr Tatler, I do not think it prudent to subscribe my name. I will, therefore, as upon a former occasion, content myself with assuring you, that I am,

A Respectable Reader.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS.

AN UNPALATABLE DRAUGHT FROM THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

A person had a drawing which he considered to be a '*real* Raphael, and worth a hundred guineas, at least.' He accordingly took it to a celebrated dealer, for his valuation or purchase; but it was rejected with a contemptuous 'pshaw.' The possessor, however, was by no means disposed to be diffident of his own judgment; on the contrary, he was confirmed in his opinion, for he attributed the dealer's conduct to a sinister scheme of 'doing him out of the jewel.' He resolved, he said, 'to go to the fountain-head at once;' and accordingly he took it to Sir Thomas Lawrence, for his fiat. Sir Thomas, however, was engaged, and difficult of access, and after repeated calls, the gentleman at last sealed up the precious object, and left it at Sir Thomas's house, with a note explanatory of his wishes. The next day he came for an answer, full of confidence; and so impatient was he, that he untied the wrappers in the hall, when what was his astonishment and grief to behold, that the only answer was Sir Thomas's endorsement of the drawing in these words:—'I will be upon my solemn oath, that Raphael never saw this drawing.'—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

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(From the Lives of the Scottish Worthies.)

THE MARRIAGE OF ROBERT BRUCE, THE FATHER OF ROBERT THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND.

It appears that a short time after his return from the crusade, Bruce was riding through the beautiful domains of Turnberry Castle, the property of the widowed Countess of Carrick, who, in consequence of the death of her husband, had become a ward of the crown. The noble Baron, however, if we may believe an ancient historian, cannot be accused of having visited Turnberry with any design of throwing himself in the way of the heiress of Carrick; and, indeed, any such idea, in those days of jealous wardship, would have been highly dangerous. It happened, however, that the lady herself, whose ardent and impetuous temper was not much in love with the seclusion of a feudal castle, had come out to take the diversion of the chase, accompanied by her women, huntsmen, and falconers; and this gay cavalcade came suddenly upon Bruce, as he pursued his way through the forest alone and unarmed. The knight would have spurred his horse forward, and avoided the encounter, but he found himself surrounded by the attendants; and the Countess herself, riding up, and with gentle violence, taking hold of his horse's reins, reproached him in so sweet a tone for his want of gallantry in flying from a lady's castle, that Bruce, enamoured of her beauty, forgot the risk which he run, and suffered himself to be led away in a kind of triumph to Turnberry. He here remained for fifteen days, and the adventure concluded, as might have been anticipated, by his privately espousing the youthful Countess, without having obtained the concurrence of the king, or of any of her relations. Alexander III, however, although at first indignant at this bold interference with the rights of the crown, was a benevolent prince, and on the payment of a large feudal fine, extended his forgiveness to Bruce.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

When driven from haunt to haunt by his enemies, uncertain, in the complicated difficulties with which he was surrounded, whether it would not be desirable at once, to renounce the daring and desperate enterprise in which he was engaged, and become a voluntary exile from Scotland, Bruce had retreated into a wretched hovel, where he threw himself down to snatch a short interval of repose. There, as he lay on a heap of straw, and bitterly pondered on a plan for engaging in the holy war, and for ever forsaking his country, his eye was involuntarily directed to a spider, which, engaged in the process of constructing its web, had suspended itself by its long and slender thread from the roof above his head, and endeavoured with a perseverance, which was unconquered by repeated defeats, to swing itself from one joist or rafter to another. Bruce watched its efforts, and unconsciously became interested in them. Six times it had essayed to reach the destined point; six times it had failed, and fallen back. He was led, not unnaturally, to draw a parallel between himself and the insect, whose determination of purpose he admired; and with a superstition, which no one acquainted with the human mind will pronounce unnatural, he resolved that he would regulate his own conduct by its ultimate success or failure. The seventh effort was made: the spider attained its object, and fixed its web, and Bruce, not a little encouraged by this augury, dreamed no more of deserting Scotland. He accordingly retired into the more mountainous and inaccessible parts of the country, and whilst the English beset his haunts on every side, had the good fortune to escape the toils which were laid for him.*—[Much has been said of the extraordinary consequences of the fall of a tea-cup upon a lady's gown; here is another circumstance affording a similar opportunity to moralize upon the apparent disproportion of causes and effects. The movements of the insect appear equally trivial, in comparison with the results of its success; but the determination of Bruce to be guided by it, gives to this trifle an interest which the former had not. In the first instance, circumstances are traced back to a mere accident; in second, we look forward, and see the destinies of nations hanging upon the slender web of an insect, as it is spun under the almost superstitious observation of the discomfited warrior.]

PRIVILEGE OF THE GOATS OF THE ROYAL MANORS.

The winter soon approached; and the king (Bruce) with two hundred men, which was all that was now left him, found it impossible to maintain himself amongst the mountains, amidst the snow showers which began to fall, and the hunger and cold which every day grew more intense and grievous. He determined therefore to push forward as rapidly as he could to Kintyre, from which he trusted to sail for Ireland; and he dispatched Sir Neil Campbell with a small company to procure ships and provisions amongst his kinsmen who inhabited that country, from whom he confidently looked for support and assistance. He then continued his progress to Lochlomond, which he reached on the third day after Campbell had left him, towards evening. It was in vain, however, that he looked along the shore, in hopes of finding a boat to ferry them across the lake; and he was compelled to take up his quarters in a cave near Craigrostan, into the narrow entrance of which he and his men were glad to creep, that they might shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather. On lying down to sleep, they were suddenly terrified by hearing in the dark, a stirring and breathing around them, and began to fear that they had entered a den occupied by more desperate outlaws than themselves: but on striking a light, the shaggy countenances and towering horns of a flock of wild goats presented themselves, and mirth and laughter succeeded to serious alarm. It is said that Bruce was much amused with the adventure, and so pleased with his companions of the night, whose warm breath and shaggy coats were agreeable to men so poorly provided against the winter cold, than he ever after took an especial liking to the goat species; and when he came to be king, made a humourous provision, that on the manors belonging to the crown, all goats should be grass-mail free—that is, should pay no rent for their pasture.

* This tradition is strongly corroborated by the fact, that at the present day, in Scotland, no individual of the name of Bruce will willingly kill a spider.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Dramatists and Managers.—Mr Kenney, in the preface to his new play, states some painful facts of discourtesy and difficulties against which dramatists have to contend in their intercourse with managers. As to the particular establishment (Drury Lane) of which Mr Kenney writes, it is said there is too much cause for complaint; nor is Mr Kenney, if all that is reported be true, the only author who has experienced, in his dealings with the conductors, similar treatment. 'I state these facts at present, as well as those which precede, not in anger, but deliberately. I state them in an honest spirit of self-defence, and in the common cause of my brother dramatists. I state them, because I have found in this theatre an obtuse, an intractable, and an unblushing insensibility to the claims of authors in every way, which is only aggravated by forbearance. I state them because we have become so signally and so peculiarly the victims of the changed conditions of the London theatres, that, at a time when the spirit of reform and justice is abroad, it may seem good to the enlightened and influential portion of the patrons of the drama, that some efforts should be made in our behalf, either in the way of legislative protection, or relieving the regular drama from a monopoly so open to abuse. It is for these reasons that I begin to feel that grievances of this nature, increasing as they are, should no longer be indolently lost sight of, or dissipated, as mine have hitherto been, by a good night's sleep, or a walk in Regent's park.'—*Atlas.*

Miss Fanny Kemble's face is not regularly handsome, but she has a fine and flexible brow, with eyes and hair like Mrs Siddons in her finest time. In stature she is rather short, but with such admirable carriage and invariable grace of action, that on the stage, she appears fully of woman's height. Her voice is at once sweet and powerful; and blest with a clear 'Kemble' understanding, (for it is peculiar to her family), she has likewise fine literary talent, having written a tragedy of great interest, besides lighter pieces of admirable verse. Her manner in private is characterised by ease, and that modest gravity which I believe must belong to high tragic genius, and which, in Mrs Siddons, was strictly natural to her, though, from being peculiar in the general gaiety of society, it was often thought assumed.—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

Humility in a Bishop.—It was early in his (Sir Thomas's) career, while living, I think, in Broad street, that Dr Tracy, the Bishop of —— had fixed a sitting as early in the day as eleven o'clock. Mr Lawrence's friend, Mr Charles Moore, brother to Sir John Moore, called in, and being a man of wit, and of the most delightful conversation, time flew with the young friends; and at nearly one o'clock, the Bishop was only recollected by his want of punctuality. On Mr Moore's going away, their consternation was great, to find the Bishop over a poor fire, in the outer room, where he owned he had been more than an hour, having interdicted the servant from breaking up what he called so joyous a *tete-à-tête.*—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

A Saintly Sinner.—St Bernard's austerity of life is a favorite theme with the monkish chroniclers. On one occasion, he happened to fix his eyes on the face of a woman; but immediately reflecting that this was temptation, he ran to a pond, and leaped up to his neck into the water, which was then as cold as ice, to punish himself and to vanquish the enemy.—*Achievements of the Knights of Malta.*

A FRIEND COMMENDED.

Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I returned (as, without boast
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard.
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed. *The Maid's Tragedy.*

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

King's Theatre.—Il Matrimonio Segreto — Guillaume Tell — Tancredi — La Bayadere.

Drury-Lane.—The Legion of Honour—The Brigand—Timour the Tartar.

Covent-Garden.—Napoleon Buonaparte—Hide and Seek.

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THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

CORIOLANUS.

ROMANS.

Volumnia, Miss Huddart. Virgilia (for this night only) Miss Phillips.
Valeria, Miss Faucit. Servilia, Mrs Newcombe.
Caius Marcius, Mr Macready. Menenius Agrippa, Mr Dowton.
Young Marcius, Miss Marshall. Cominius, Mr H. Wallack.
Sicinius Velutus, Mr Thompson. Junius Brutus, Mr Younge.
1st Citizen, Mr Webster. 2nd Citizen, Mr Ross. 3rd Citizen, Mr Howard.
4th Citizen, Mr Honner. Fulvius, Mr C. Jones. Appius, Mr Cooke.

VOLSCIANS.

Sextus, Mr Howell. Lucius, Mr Cathie.
Tullus Aufidius, Mr Cooper. Volusius, Mr J. Vining.

In the course of the evening, Spontini's Overture to 'Ferdinand Cortez;' Rossini' Overture to 'Tancredi;' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

After which an Entertainment, in One Act, called

THE CRITIC, OR A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

[By SHERIDAN.]

Tilburina, Mrs Orger. Confidant, Mrs C. Jones
1st Niece, Mrs Webster. 2nd Niece, Mrs East.
Dangle, Mr Thompson. Sneer, Mr Cooper. Puff, Mr Macready.
Under Prompter, Mr C. Jones. James, Mr Honner.
Mrs Dangle, Mrs Newcombe.
TRAGEDIANS.—Don Ferolo Whikerandos, Mr Liston. Beef-Eater, Mr Harley.
Governor of Tilbury Fort, Mr W. Bennet. Earl of Leicester, Mr Webster.
Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr Ross. Sir Christopher Hatton, Mr Tayleure.
Lord Burleigh, Mr Andrews. 1st Sentinel, Mr Eaton.
Master of the Horse, Mr Richardson. 2nd Sentinel, Mr Dowsing.

To conclude with the Grand Dramatic Spectacle, called

BLUE BEARD.

In which Mr Cooke's Magnificent Stud of Horses will appear.

Fatima, Mrs Waylett. Irene, Miss Byfeld. Beda, Miss S. Phillips.
Abomelique, Mr Younge. Ibrahim, Mr W. Bennett. Hassan, Mr Horner.
Selim, Mr Horn (who will introduce the Song of 'Love's Empire.'
Shacabac, Mr Harley. 1st Spahi, Mr Yarnold.
2nd Spahi, Mr Bland. 3rd Spahi, Mr C. Jones. 4th Spahi, Mr Eaton.

To-morrow, Alfred the Great; Popping the Question; and Blue Beard.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LA LUNE DE MIEL: OU, LES SABOTIERS.

Vaudeville en Deux Actes, de M. SCRIBE.

Poleska, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Le Baronne de Vladimir, Mlle. St. Ange.
Micheline, Mlle. Eliza. Le Comte de Woronski, M. Alfred.
Koulikoff, M. Gamard. Jean, M. Prêval. Un Postillon, M. Arnaud.

Suivi de

LA SOMNAMBULE.

Vaudeville en Deux Actes, de MM. SCRIBE et DELAVIGNE.

La Somnambule, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Marie, Mme. Gamard.
M. Dormeuil, M. St. Aubert. Frédéric de Luzi, M. Paulin.
Gustave de Mauléon, M. Alfred. Baptiste, M. Laporte.

On Finira par

LA DEMOISELLE A MARIER.

Vaudeville nouveau en Un Acte, de MM. SCRIBE et MELESVILLE.

Camille, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Madame Dumesnil, Mme. Prêval.
M. Dumesnil, M. Cloup. Alphonse de Luceval, M. Alfred.
Ducoudrai, M. Gamard. Baptiste, M. Guenée.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

New Entertainment.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.
PART I.—In which he will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes,'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain the following characters:—
Madame Pompeydoor; Lord Phidias Crackstone; Signor Tommaso Jacksonaini; Signora Catterina; Sir Sturgeon Garrett; Fra Diavolo; Terence Gossoon; Beau Flamington; and Capt. Cloudesly Ogle.

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French.—Josephine, Miss M. C. Peole. Therese, Miss Nicol.
Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier. Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent.
Madame Bertrand, Mme. Matilda. Madame Montholon, Miss Jordan.
Jeannette, Miss Ellis. Victorine, Miss Pharaoh. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Bumbong, Miss Rumens.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Ney, Mr Ede.
Marmont, Mr Almar. Montholon, Mr Lee. Prince of Benevento, Mr Young.
Roustan, Mr Honner. Captain Boncour, Mr Ransford.
Sergeant Dupont, Mr D. Pitt. Count Hilt, Mr Maitland. Henri, Mr T. Hill.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale. Boo, Mr Asbury. Chief Deputy, Mr Tully.
Eau de Vie, Mr Rogers. Hannibal Wildfire, Master F. Carbery.
Sergeant André, Mr Harris. Mayor of Frejus, Mr Webb. Guillaume, Mr Hobbs.
François, Mr Emden. Jean, Mr C. Pitt.

Russians.—Peterhoff, Mr Ransford. Rimski, Mr Williams. Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

English.—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcombe, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
Ensign Tipperary, Mr Ede.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

To conclude with the Melo-Drama of

THE FOREST OF BONDY.

Dame Gertrude, Madame Simon. Ursula, Miss Vincent.
The Seneschal, Mr Almar. General Gontran, Mr Gough. Landry, Mr Asbury.
Chevalier Macaire, Mr D. Pitt. Aubri di Mont Didier, Mr C. Hill.
Bertrand, Mr Yale. Eloi, Mlle. Rosier.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Compton.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Lannes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schöenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.

Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stapps, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Sheriff.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.

Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Vials.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgaud, Mr Willis.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Jones.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

To conclude with the Farce of

THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Ledger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Rooney, Mr Power.

To-morrow, Napoleon Buonaparte; and The Waterman.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

The Music composed by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Miss Ayres.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudie, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Pescara, Mr Marshall. Foscari, Mr Munroe. Alberto, Mr G. Smith.
Julio, Mr Willing. Gerald, Master Smith. Pietro, Mr Young.
High Priest, Mr Jones. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson. Nixonomed, Mr Spencer.

To which will be added a New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

[From the French, by Mr BARNETT.]

Mrs Properly, Miss Wells. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
And Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with a New Musical Entertainment, called

BARON TRENCK.

Countess Holtsdorff, Miss Stohwasser. Victorine, Miss Ayres.
Baron Trenck, Mr Green. Count of Linsdorf, Mr Munroe.
Major Muffledorf, Mr Marshall. Augustus, Mr G. Lejeune. Boltzheim, Mr Cooke.
François Bassontrompdorf, Mr Forrester.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Shepherd of Derwent Vale —Martha Willis, the Maid Servant—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.— Feats of Horsemanship —Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—True British Sailor—Burmese Stud—Quang Cœlis—The Magician—Unlucky Valet.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—The Sylph of the Sunflower.

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No. 229.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1831.

Next Monday The Tatler, *in addition to its usual articles, will commence a regular series of Notices of the Fine Arts and of Music.*

Numerous Correspondents, whose letters our preparations have hindered us from duly acknowledging, will have the proper attention paid to them next week.

An accident occasioned the omission of the signature of Agis to the article in our yesterday's paper, entitled 'A Page from the History of the Decline and Fall of the Ancient World.'

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF SCENE-PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

[From the 'Library of the Fine Arts,' No. IV. for May.]

Much speculation has been bestowed upon the subject of scene-painting for the stage, though the result has not been so creditable to antiquarian research as other matters relating to the drama. The literati have devoted years of inquiry upon the etymologies of Shakspeare, and have elucidated the customs of the age in which he lived; but of that very interesting feature of the represented drama, the scenic department, so little is known, that it is not determined whether, at the Globe Theatre, there was a change of scenes for the different plays. Upon the subject of costume too, another essential to the illusion of dramatic exhibition, we can gather little information. It may be inferred, however, from certain scarce prints, that the *dramatis personæ* were dressed somewhat in character, though with no reference to the costume of the age which the play was intended to represent. Indeed, judging from these graphic documents, the costume was that of the age of Elizabeth, or James the First, the periods in which the plays were written.

The first record of painted scenes that we have been enabled to discover, is of the age of James the Sixth of Scotland, who is said to have employed a celebrated Scotch artist of the time to design and paint the scenery for the theatrical pieces played at the royal palace Holyrood House. This was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and a few years before the Scotch monarch became the sovereign of England.

Queen Elizabeth was partial to dramatic exhibitions, and the singing-boys of St Paul's and of Westminster Abbey were engaged as performers on the stage erected within her palace of Windsor Castle. It is likely that these performed the parts of angels, or spirits in Moralities, or religious dramas, so prevalent in former times.

Subsequently, the regular drama was performed at the palace of the Queen, as it is known that the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' written by Shakspeare at the express command of Her Majesty, was first acted at Windsor Castle. Whether the stage was supplied with scenes on those occasions, we have no means of discovering; though it is not improbable that it was, as there were English landscape painters of that period, some of whose topographical works are still to be found in the royal collection; and moreover it is known that neither this Queen nor her courtiers spared expense in furnishing materials for the royal pageants in which she delighted, and which were so abounding in her long and prosperous reign. It may not unreasonably be supposed, however, that the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' was got up under the management of Shakspeare; in which case, it is probable that he would avail himself of her Majesty's authority, to bring the piece before her Court with every advantage of stage effect; consequently appropriate costume and scenery would be supplied.

That the public stage was ornamented with scenes shortly subsequent to the death of Shakspeare, we can prove, by a scarce woodcut of nearly coeval date with this illustrious dramatic poet, in the possession of the writer of this article; and which may be seen, as a graphic curiosity, by the *cognoscenti* at our publisher's. In it the side scenery and other machinery of the stage, as at present in use, are clearly discernible.

Whether the dramatic exhibitions which were provided for the amusement of James the First and his Court at Windsor and Whitehall, were decorated with scenery, is equally left to conjecture; though his favourite architect, Inigo Jones, had practised as a landscape-painter before he studied architecture professionally. It may therefore, perhaps be not too vaguely hypothetical, to suppose that the King, who was not indifferent to the Arts, would have the private stage at his palace in England, as complete in all its appointments, as that had been at his palace it Scotland; particularly when it is recollected that Shakspeare, Jonson, Marlow, Chapman, and other distinguished play-wrights, flourished under his reign, and that the splendid-minded Duke of Buckingham was the *arbiter elegantiarum* of his Court, and the accomplished Prince Henry and Prince Charles, two of the greatest patrons and amateurs of the pictorial art, were living under the royal roof.

However these hypotheses may be regarded, we are satisfied that scene-painting for the stage was an art that had attained to some eminence in the early part of the reign of King Charles the First; for the elegant masques written by Ben Johnson, and performed by his Majesty's Queen Henrietta and the lords and ladies of their brilliant court at the palace of Whitehall, were decorated with all the advantages of splendid scenery and machinery, which were designed and executed by, and under the superintendence of, Inigo Jones.

From the commencement of the civil war in the reign of this sovereign, and during the period of the Commonwealth, the drama met with no patronage; and at length stage plays were forbidden by the rulers of the state.

At the restoration of King Charles II, the drama revived; and under the auspices of the Duke of York, with the concurrence of his Majesty, Sir William Davenant opened the theatre in Dorset Gardens, Blackfriars; and it was there that the first public stage representations were exhibited with the advantages of appropriate scenery and rich costume.

Sir William had been early initiated in the affairs of the stage. He was the godson of Shakspeare, and in his youth passed much of his time at the Globe, Shakspeare's playhouse. Sir William had distinguished himself in the royal army, having fought gallantly for the king in the civil wars; and after the death of his sovereign, he resided on the Continent until the Restoration.

The splendour of the French stage at this period was a subject of general admiration. Still devoted to the affairs of the drama, it was in France that he made himself acquainted with the scenery, machinery, and all the internal conduct of the theatre; and when he had obtained the patent for erecting his playhouse, he made another visit to Paris, and there engaged some of the most distinguished scene-painters, machinists, and suppliers of costume, to return with him to London; by whose aid his stage was rendered completely appointed to represent the various acts of a play, with every scenic advantage capable of producing stage-effect. From this period then, may safely be dated the commencement of that improved state of stage-representation, which added so essential a charm to dramatic exhibition.

The English artists, having thus seen the capabilities of scenic representation, sedulously endeavoured to render the British stage comparable with that of Paris. Streater, a landscape painter, and a great favourite of King Charles, subsequently designed many of the scenes for the theatre in Dorset Gardens. Robert Agas also, a contemporary landscape-painter of repute, both in oil and distemper, and well skilled in architectural design, painted several scenes for the same stage.

The most able scene-painter that England had produced, however, up to the period of the early part of the last century, was the celebrated George Lambert, then denominated the English Poussin. This lively genius, the founder of the memorable Beef-Steak Club, was employed as principal scene-painter to the Lincoln's-Inn-Fields theatre, under the management of his friend Rich. It was

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on the removal of Rich's company to the new theatre in Covent Garden, erected in the year 1733, however, that the effect of stage scenery and machinery was first beheld in full splendour; for the pantomime was there, for a succession of years, brought out in scenic glory. Lambert, who had a dispensation from Rich to render the stage as imposing as the collateral aid of painting, machinery, and costume could raise it, wrought day and nigh t in his vocation; and such was the interest which his ingenious operations created, that the scene-room became the favourite lounge of noblemen and men of fashion; and the Beef-steak Club was instituted therein, for the pure whim of eating a relishing steak hot from his German stove, and the enjoyment of his lively conversation and his wit. Lambert, who was candid and open, having the interest of his friend Rich always prominent in his thoughts, proposed to unite Signor Amiconi, a celebrated Italian painter and decorator, with him in the scenic department. The union was beneficial to all parties; and Covent Garden stage, through the spirit and liberality of the manager Rich, and the talent of his scene-painters, acquired the reputation of being the most splendid in Europe.

At this period the Opera-house, Haymarket, which had been erected by Sir John Vanbrugh, and opened in 1704, occasionally exhibited a rich display of scenic representation. Foreign artists, however, were principally employed in all the internal decorations of this theatre. Whatever merit the scenery department might exhibit, certainly that of the costume was woefully deficient both in propriety and taste, which subjected the management to the formidable joint attacks of the satirists who wielded the pencil and the pen. Hogarth, in his treatise 'The Analysis of Beauty,' exposed the absurdities and anachronisms of the Opera wardrobe, with much graphic point; and was not sparing of his sarcastic humour upon the same management, in many of his satirical etchings.

The scene-painters in succession, from the period when Garrick appeared at the theatre Wellclose-square, were Ald Oram, in his day a landscape-painter of some repute, who designed for that company, and also a Monsieur De Voto. Jack Laquerre, the son of the painter of that name, who assisted Verrio on the plafonds at Windsor Castle, was an adept in his department of art.. Servandoni, an Italian, Monsieur French, and others, were of coeval date, and were employed alternately at most of the metropolitan theatres.

Amongst other foreign artists who practised scene-painting in the British metropolis, Signor Novosielski deservedly obtained public applause. He was also an architect; and under his direction was erected the eastern façade of the Italian Opera-house, which, though never completed, was generally admired for boldness and unity of design. The architectural drop-scene, and many others which he designed and superintended the painting of, for this theatre, were much admired by the artists of the day.

When the elder Colman became proprietor of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, he spared no expense to render the scenic department equal to the general dramatic arrangements of his well-regulated stage. Michael Angelo Rooker was appointed principal scene-painter there, and for several years charmed the town with the characteristic skill and mastery which was displayed in his scenic effects. Rooker was well qualified for this appointment, as he was decidedly the best topographical artist that England had yet produced. The views of the colleges at Oxford, drawn and engraved by his skilful hand for the Oxford Almanac, will long remain evidences of his taste and talent in topographical art.

Coeval with our scene-painters, about the middle of the last century, were several foreign artists, renowned in the same department. The distinguished Canaletti was principal scene-painter to the Opera-house at Venice; and Cassanova, the master of De Loutherbourg, was deputed to paint the scenes for the magnificent theatre erected by Louis the Fifteenth at Versailles.

During the reign of George the Third, scene-painting in England was cultivated with great success. This is to be ascribed to various causes; amongst others to that universal rage for dramatic exhibitions which gave birth to many provincial and minor theatres; to the prevailing taste for pantomimes, melo-dramas, burlettas, operas, and other stage compositions, more particularly addressed to the imagination, and which owed their popularity to splendid spectacle. For many years, the name of Richards was constantly printed on the play-bills. His scenery for the 'Maid of the Mill' delighted the town, and rendered that piece so popular, that two very clever prints, from line engravings, were published from certain scenes exhibited therein, which had a great sale, and contributed much to his general reputation. Bowles and Carver were also esteemed for their talent in the same walk of art. The younger Catton, too, obtained celebrity for similar works; as did Capon, and many others. When the Pantheon was converted to a theatre for the performance of the Italian opera, Hodges, a distinguished pupil of Wilson, was employed there as principal scene-painter; and the stage effect owed much to the picturesqueness and romantic character of his designs, and the vigour with which they were executed.

Many other painters of celebrity occasionally furnished designs for scenes, amongst whom were Hogarth, who painted a camp-scene for a private theatre; and Zuccarelli, who designed for the Opera-house: Garvey too is of the number. Cipriani, Rebecca, Hamilton, the elder Catton, were employed in designing and painting decorations for most of the metropolitan theatres. It may not be known to many, perhaps, that the whole ceiling of the first theatre in Covent-garden was superbly painted with allegorical subjects selected from heathen mythology, from designs by Amiconi. This ingenious foreigner also was employed in decorating with his designs the walls and the plafond of the magnificent old staircase of Buckingham-house.

Many of the minor theatres supplied occupation for ingenious artists, whose talent for scenic representation delighted crowded audiences for years in succession, but whose names have not survived their works. The late Charles Dibdin, the lyric bard of our "wooden walls," in conjunction with Dighton, a favourite performer at Sadler's Wells, about half a century ago, furnished the scenery for a fantoccini, entitled the Patagonian Theatre, which was erected in the great room over Exeter 'Change. There the regular drama was played by puppets of about fourteen inches in height; and Dibdin and Dighton, with other actors, spoke and sung the parts for the automatons, to the great delight of the town.

It was the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that due attention to the scenic department of the stage might be made beneficial to painting generally, by exciting the whole body of the public to feel delight in pictorial representation. His successor, the president West, expressed the same opinion: and Gainsborough urged Garrick to benefit by these remarks, adding, "Be assured that the scene which can give pleasure to the eye of the painter, will seize upon the imagination of an audience, and inoculate even dullness with admiration of an art that can thus excite wonder and delight." That these reflections were founded in truth is now too demonstrable to admit of doubt; when we consider the scenery designed by, and executed under the superintendence of, our two ingenious and highly talented contemporaries Stanfield and Roberts, whose splendid scenery is so topographically and locally true, or so richly imaginative, as not only to be regarded amongst the most attractive gratifications of the amateurs of the stage generally, but as affording a high mental treat to the professors and amateurs of pictorial representation, and all persons of cultivated taste. Hence may be publicly repeated, what has been said in private to the professional renown of these worthy contemporary artists, that the two great English metropolitan theatres can boast the most distinguished scene-painters of the age.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of the origin and progress of scene-painting for the English stage, it is due to the memory of the illustrious Garrick to say, that although much had been effected by the liberal spirit and taste of the respective stage managers his predecessors, yet it was entirely owing to his liberality and judgment that dramatic exhibitions were brought to that state of improvement which could satisfy the perceptions of the enlightened few, who indeed could not endure to behold the anachronisms of scenery and costume, which had hitherto debased the stage representation of the drama.

Previously to that reformation which was introduced, though late in life, under the auspices of the British Roscius, anomalies characterized every scene in the best acted of the most admired plays. Garrick himself played *Othello*, the Moor of Venice, in a regimental suit of King George the Second's body-guard, with a flowing Ramillies wig. *Hamlet* was attired in a modern room suit, with dress sword, shoe-buckles, ruffles, and a bag; while *Julius Cæsar* and *Mark Antony*, *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and even *Cato* himself, declaimed in costume so remotely uncongenial to character, that modern taste would view the scene thus appointed, in spite of the eloquence of the actors, as the burlesque of pantomime, and hoot them off the stage.

Garrick, soon after the arrival of De Loutherbourg, cognomened 'Prince of Scene-painters,' engaged that rare genius to superintend the scenic department of the boards of 'Old Drury.' The first exhibition of his inventive talent in this theatre was the splendid

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representation of the *Winter's Tale*, wherein there was a fine field for the display of his knowledge of scenery, machinery, and all the pictorial concomitants of spectacle and stage effect. The fire-scene was beheld by the audience with astonishment; and the characteristic appearance of Draco and his demons, designed with that pictorial feeling which assimilated with the imaginative beings represented in the painted incantations of Salvator Rosa, and the Hellish Breughel, electrified the audience with delight. This piece attracted all the world of taste; and every artist and connoisseur admitted, that De Loutherbourg had proved that it was possible to render a dramatic scene completely illusive.

Satisfied with the advantage which appropriate scenery and its concomitant suitable costume were capable of rendering the stage, Garrick, with the assistance of his friend and intimate associate De Loutherbourg, set about a complete Reformation of the wardrobe. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr West the celebrated historical painter were consulted on this proposed improvement, and strenuously recommended its adoption; and from this period the absurd and anomalous dresses of the performers gave way to a costume compatible with the respective *dramatis personæ*, collected from the best antiquarian authorities, as connected with the chronology and local attributes of the scene.

Garrick lived to effect successfully the introduction of this desirable improvement on dramatic representation; and what he left unaccomplished was supplied by the liberality and judicious exertions of his successor John Kemble, who rendered the appointments of his stage so admirable, that established painters not only availed themselves of its aid, but recommended the theatre to the tyro as a useful school for the study of grouping and costume.

The last exhibition of the powers of De Loutherbourg as a scene-painter, was in the pantomime performed at Drury Lane Theatre, entitled *Harlequin Omai*, or *Oberea, Queen of the Sandwich Isles*, which for splendour and pictorial effect was perhaps the most astonishing of any scenic representation that the stage has ever produced. In this, for certain scenes, the whole length of the stage was occupied; and in one, which represented the Frozen Ocean, forty-two separate slips were used, to give continuity to the perspective. The pictorial display astonished the audience; for so powerful and effective was the combination, and so judiciously was it illuminated, that the imitative scene amounted to reality.

The dresses for the numerous characters which figured in this pantomime were all strictly correct, being made up in the wardrobe from prototypes supplied by Webber, the ingenious painter who accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage to the Southern Ocean. Every scene too was topographically true.

This distinguished painter was enthusiastically devoted to this department of his art: hence, for every scene he wrought an elaborate prototype fitted by scale to a small model of the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, from which the other painters on the establishment executed the large scenes, under his superintendence; and he usually added to them such improvements as his rich imagination and spirited hand considered necessary to render them effective.

The last scenic representation, which constituted De Loutherbourg's memorable *Eidophusikon*,—or a series of moving pictures, which were exhibited on a stage of eight feet in breadth, at an elegant theatre erected for the purpose,—was of that surpassing excellence which excited the admiration of all who were capable of appreciating the imitative powers of painting thus applied.

It has been whispered that our two distinguished contemporary scene-painters have been urged to undertake a pictorial display of scenery, aided by machinery, on a similar plan. Such a series of moving pictures, produced by such able artists, at this more enlightened period, when the arts excite an hundredfold interest to what was felt fifty years ago, could not fail amply to remunerate those who would embark in so interesting and desirable a speculation.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Drury Lane Theatre.—We understand that the articles of separation between Captain Polhill and Mr A. Lee have been executed, and that the former gentleman has now the sole management of Drury Lane Theatre. There has been a great deal of gossip as to the causes which led to this separation, but we are assured that a simple matter of business was the immediate occasion of it. The treasurer of the theatre, in the usual way, informed the two lessees that a large sum of money (about 800*l.* we believe) would be required by him to pay the salaries, &c. on Saturday last. Captain Polhill said he was prepared to furnish his proportion, which was one half the sum, but positively refused to advance a single shilling more than he was bound to do under his agreement with Mr Lee. In consequence of Captain Polhill's adhering to this determination, the treasury was closed on Saturday. On Saturday evening, however, Mr Lee formally withdrew from the management, by signing articles of separation, and Captain Polhill has since supplied the treasurer with the necessary fund.—*Evening Paper.*

— Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyment.—*Addison.*

Anecdotes of Sir George Etherege.—There was formerly at or near Charing-cross a famous ordinary, kept by one Locket. It is often mentioned in the plays of Cibber, Vanburgh, &c. and was much frequented by Sir George Etherege. On one occasion Sir George and his company, provoked by something amiss in the entertainment or attendance, got into a violent passion and abused the waiters. This brought in Mrs Locket. 'We are so provoked,' said Sir George, 'that even I could find in my heart to pull the nosegay out of your bosom, and throw the flowers in your face.' This turned all their anger into jest. Sir George discontinued Locket's ordinary, having run up a score, which he could not conveniently discharge. Mrs Locket sent one to dun him, and to threaten him with a prosecution. He bid the messenger tell her, that he would kiss her if she stirred a step in it. When this answer was brought back, she called for her hood and scarf, and told her husband, who interposed, that 'she'd see if there was any fellow alive that had the impudence.'—'Pry'thee, my dear, don't be so rash,' said her husband, 'you don't know what a man may do in his passion.'

The Royal Martyr.—Many instances can be produced of Charles the First exerting a power contrary to the interest of the Protestant religion; and a capital one is this King's express and strict orders, *signed with his own hand*, to Captain John Pennington, to deliver (and he did in obedience thereto, deliver) a squadron of the *naval forces of England*, consisting of eight men of war, into the hands and absolute power of the *French* King; and Charles directed, that *in case of disobedience in the English captains to that order*, Pennington *was to sink them*. These naval forces enabled the Gaulish King to break and suppress the power of the Rochelle *Protestants*. This was an unjustifiable step in Charles's reign: and if to this we add a thousand acts of this said Sovereign Lord, that were the cause of all the disagreements, differences and contentions between his Majesty and his people, that happened in his reign, and the sources of public calamity, it is certainly most amazing, to see the memory of this Prince treated equally, if not superior, to the most celebrated martyrs! Torrents of tears have I seen pour from the eyes of our mourning theologers on the 30th of January. I remember one time, when Dr Warren preached the commemoration sermon at St Margaret's, Westminster, that he wept and sobbed so bitterly and calamitously, that he could hardly get out the following concluding words of his fine discourse —'The Roy - - - Royal Ma - - - Martyr - - the - - holy Martyr - - - the - - - the - - - blessed Martyr!'—*Life of John Buncle, Esq.* Vol. I. p. 345. Note.

Infant Victims.—It is told, that Cardinal James de Vitre, who was present at the siege (of Damietta) purchased a vast number of orphans, with an intention, which was considered exceedingly laudable in those days, of having them baptized; but of this miserable multitude, upwards of five hundred expired soon after, in consequence of the horrible privations to which the mothers that suckled them had been exposed.—*Achievements of the Knights of Malta.*

Education in France.—A magnificent scheme is at this moment in operation in France, to afford the means of useful and improving reading to the whole body of the working population in France, by placing a public library in every one of the 40,000 communes (or parishes) into which the kingdom is divided. The scheme promises to be successful: it is provided by voluntary subscriptions, and the books are to consist of the best elementary works on the arts, sciences, and literature, history, biography, poetry, and other subjects, selected by a Committee in Paris.

Plurality of Wives.—A sailor, lately committed by the Magistrates at the Thames Police-office for polygamy—he having *three* wives living, and being on the point of marrying a *fourth*—appears to have studied to some purpose the following verse from a popular sea song:—

'I have a wife at Portsmouth gates,
Another at Goree;
A Copper-colour up the Straits,
And a Black at St Lucie.'

— As the gardener of Henry Host Henley, Esq. near Chard, was digging out the root of an old tree in the garden, the pickaxe struck against a Roman urn, which was found to contain between 500*l.* and 600*l.* worth of gold pieces of the Emperor Claudius. They were as fresh and bright as if they had been struck at the Mint last year.—*Bridgewater Herald.*

— Sir Stamford Raffles' children had imbibed from him those tastes it was his pleasure to cultivate: this will not be wondered at, even at their early age, when it is added that two young tigers and a bear were for some time in the children's apartments, under the charge of their attendant, without being confined in cages; and it was rather a curious scene to see the children, the bear, the tigers, a blue mountain bird, and a favourite cat, all playing together—the parrot's beak being the only object of awe to all the party.

— Sir Thomas Lawrence, writing to a friend who was about to give a large price for a supposed original work of art, says, 'As the sum proposed, or to be given, must, from the real merit of the work, be large, demand a full history of the picture;—you have a right to do so; and, since the value set upon it is equal to that of an estate, with the *title* to which you would be fully satisfied before you bought it, require that a clear account be made out to you of the original destination of the work, and the names of its possessors down to this moment.'

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PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Coriolanus.—The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed.—Blue Beard.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Buonaparte—The Omnibus, or a Convenient Distance.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Kenric, Mr Cooke.
Edwy, Mr Yarnold. Oswald, Mr Honner. Arthur, Mr Eaton.
Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.

Arnold, Mr Cathie.

Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Oscar, Mr C. Jones.
Haldane, Mr Howard. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's 'Grand Accession March' (by Mr T. Cooke); and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

After which, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called

POPPING THE QUESTION.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE.]

Ellen Murray, Mrs Newcombe. Miss Biffin, Mrs C. Jones.
Miss Winterblossom, Mrs Broad. Bobbin, Mrs Orger.
Mr Primrose, Mr Farren. Henry Thornton, Mr Howard.

To conclude with the Grand Dramatic Romance of

BLUE BEARD.

In which Mr Cooke's Magnificent Stud of Horses will appear.

Fatima, Mrs Waylett. Irene, Miss Byfeld. Beda, Miss S. Phillips.
Abomelique, Mr Younge. Ibrahim, Mr W. Bennett. Hassan, Mr Horner.
Selim, Mr Horn (who will introduce the Song of 'Love's Empire.'
Shacabac, Mr Harley. 1st Spahi, Mr Yarnold.
2nd Spahi, Mr Bland. 3rd Spahi, Mr C. Jones. 4th Spahi, Mr Eaton.

On Monday, Wild Oats; the Little Corporal; and Blue Beard.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Seven Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Doppet, Mr F. Matthews.
Citizen Gasparin, Mr Turnour. General Lapoype, Mr Compton.
Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Valentine, Mr Evans. Vincent, Mr Wrench. Robert, Mr Cooper

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. Carlotta, Mrs J. Hughes.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. General Murat, Mr Irwin. General Launes, Mr Jones.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Victor, Mr Mears.
General Kellermann, Mr Harris. General Gerard, Mr H. Jones.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Marmont, Mr Green. Valentine, Mr Evans.
Colonel Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett.
Vincent, Mr Wrench. Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Robert, Mr F. Cooper. Superior of the Convent of St Bernard, Mr Morley.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.

Hortensia, Miss Horton. Louise, Miss Nelson.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Duke of Bassano, Mr Baker.
Marshal Lannes, Mr Jones. Marshal Davoust, Mr Brown.
General Massena, Mr Pope. General Rapp, Mr Holl.
General Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury. General Lauriston, Mr Phillips.
General Berthier, Mr Norris. General Macdonald, Mr Wells.
Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour. Count Bubna, Mr Fuller.
Roustan, Mr F. Sutton. Walder, Mr Blanchard.
Frederick Stappe, Mr Abbott. Herman, Mr Heath. Sturmwald, Mr Henry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans. Frantzel, Mr Addison.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Victor, Mr Mears. General Belliard, Mr Benedict.
Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
Sergeant Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Lieut.-General Count Drouet, Mr Rawlins. Lieut.-General Count Belliard, Mr Pope.
Lieut.-General Count Corbineau, Mr Warren. General Petit, Mr Andrews.
Baron Fain, Mr Wright. Colonel of the Imperial Guard, Mr Turnour.
General Schouwalow, Mr King. Colonel Sir Neil Campbell, Mr Lyon.
General Köhler, Mr Stephens. Baron Waldbourg, Mr Hopkins.
Lieut. Torti, Mr C. Adams. Commandant Loubers, Mr Parry.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Valentine, Mr Evans.
William, Mr Keeley. Conscript, Mr Sheriff.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

Victoria, Miss Taylor. William, Mr Keeley.

Part 7.—St Helena. 1818 and 1821.

Marchioness Bertrand, Mrs Lovell. Mademoiselle Bertrand, Miss Kendall.
Mademoiselle Josephine Bertrand, Miss Hunt. Governess, Mrs Payne.
Claudine, Miss P. Horton. Female Attendant, Miss Vials.
Napoleon, Mr Warde. Marshal Bertrand, Mr Egerton. General Gourgaud, Mr Willis.
Captain Poppleton, Mr Griffiths. Henry Bertrand, Master Jones.
Arthur Bertrand, Master Harvey. Doctor Antomarchi, Mr F. Matthews.
Abbé Vignani, Mr Brooks. Balcombe, Mr Barnes.
Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Marchand, Mr Henry.
Saint Denis, Mr Brady. Frank, Mr Bender.

At the end of the Spectacle, in honour of his Majesty's Birth-day, 'God save the King' will be sung by Miss Inverarity, Miss Hughes, Miss H. Cawse, Mr Wilson, and Chorus.

The 'Waterman' will conclude with 'Rule Brilannia,' by Miss Inverarity, Miss Hughes, Mr Wilson, and Chorus.

After which the Musical Entertainment of

THE WATERMAN.

[By Mr DIBDIN.]

Mrs Bundle, Mrs Tayleure. Wilhelmina, Miss Hughes.
Tom Tug, Mr Wilson, who will sing 'The Bay of Biscay O!'
Bundle, Mr Blanchard. Robin, Mr Keeley.

On Monday, Napoleon Buonaparte; and Neuha's Cave.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE,

No. III, for June, is embellished with an Engraving of a Roman Serenade, from Pinelli.

Contents:—1. Extraordinary Case of the Royal Associates of the Royal Society of Literature.—2. The Stranger Maiden, from Schiller.—3. My Little Grey Landlord, by the Author of 'Scenes in Poland.'—4. Confessions of a Tippling Philosopher.—5. Archery Meetings.—6. Awake! O Awake!—7. The Seven Signs.—8. To My Northern Love.—9. Journal of a South-African Emigrant.. No. II.—10. I know that he loves me.—11. Mackintosh's History of England.—12. Exhibition of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.—13. The Two Munchausens, by a Veteran.—14. Recent Rambles, in the Footsteps of Don Quixote. No. III.—15. Notes on Rome, Albano, and Tivoli.—16. Poor Bobby—a Yarn from the Mid-watch.—17. The Minaret of Bois-Monsil.—18. Our Early Patriots.—19. The Sorrows of a Musical Mookey.—20. Life of Thomas Muir.—21. Paganini.—22. Some account of how I spend my time in the Country.—23. Reporting Progress.—24. Journal of Literature—Music—Theatres, &c.

Price 2s. 6d.

London: HURST, CHANCE, and CO. St Paul's Church yard.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

TANCREDI.

[By ROSSINI.]

Amenaide, beloved by Tancredi . . . . . Madame M. Lalande.
Isaura, her Attendant . Madame Castelli.
Tancredi . . . . . Madame Pasta.
Orbazzano, his Rival . . . . . Signor Santini.
Argirio, the Father of Amenaide . . . . . Signor Rubini.
Roggiero, the Friend and Companion of Tancredi . Signor Galli.

To conclude with a New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA BAYADERE.

[Composed by M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Auber, arranged by M. Musard.

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Taglioni, M. Lefebvre, M. Emile, M. Simon, M. Hunt, M. O'Brien, and M. Bertraux

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French.—Josephine, Miss M. C. Peole. Therese, Miss Nicol.
Panchon, Mlle. Rosier. Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent.
Madame Bertrand, Mme. Matilda. Madame Montholon, Miss Jordan.
Jeannette, Miss Ellis. Victorine, Miss Pharaoh. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Bumbong, Miss Rumens.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Ney, Mr Ede.
Marmont, Mr Almar. Montholon, Mr Lee. Prince of Benevento, Mr Young.
Roustan, Mr Honner. Captain Boncour, Mr Ransford.
Sergeant Dupont, Mr D. Pitt. Count Hilt, Mr Maitland. Henri, Mr T. Hill.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale. Boo, Mr Asbury. Chief Deputy, Mr Tally.
Eau de Vie, Mr Rogers. Hannibal Wildfire, Master F. Carbery.
Sergeant André, Mr Harris. Mayor of Frejus, Mr Webb. Guillaume, Mr Hobbs.
François, Mr Emden. Jean, Mr C. Pitt.

English.—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcomb, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
Ensign Tipperary, Mr Ede.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

The Highland Fling, by Mlle. Rosier.

To conclude with A New Broad Comic Operatic Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.

Sharps—Susan Nightingale, Miss Somerville. Miss Margery Muff, Madame Simon.
Merton, Mr C. Hill. Skip, Mr Rogers. Whip, Mr Lee.
Flats—Mrs Dorothea Quibble, Miss Nicol.
Justice Quibble, Mr Williams. Major Bluster, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Servant to Justice Quibble, Mr Hobbs.
Naturals—Peggy, Miss Vincent. Caroline, Mrs C. Hill.
Master Jeremias Quibble. Mr Vale. Joe Nibs, Mr Asbury. Stubbs, Mr Webb.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

The Music composed by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Miss Ayres.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Pescara, Mr Marshall. Foscari, Mr Munroe. Alberto, Mr G. Smith.
Julio, Mr Willing. Gerald, Master Smith. Pietro, Mr Young.
High Priest, Mr Jones. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson. Nixonomed, Mr Spencer.

To which will be added a New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

[From the French, by Mr BARNETT.]

Mrs Properly, Miss Wells. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Stohwasser. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
And Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with a New Musical Entertainment, called

BARON TRENCK.

Countess Holtsdorff, Miss Stohwasser. Victorine, Miss Ayres.
Baron Trenck, Mr Green. Count of Linsdorf, Mr Munroe.
Major Muffledorf, Mr Marshall. Augustus, Mr G. Lejeune. Boltsheim, Mr Cooke.
François Bassontrompdorf, Mr Forrester.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE.—The Shepherd of Derwent Vale—Martha Willis, the Maid Servant—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS.— Feats of Horsemanship—Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—True British Sailor—Burmese Stud—Quang Cœlis—The Magician—Unlucky Valet.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—The Sylph of the Sunflower.

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N°. 230.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, MAY 30, 1831.

GREEK DRAMAS FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

THOUGH it is impossible to regard the *Quarterly Review* school of criticism as the best for appreciating and recommending the nobler poets of Greece, and though the editor of the volume before us (whom we take to be Mr Henry Nelson Coleridge) betrays too much of its usual inclination to subject his scholarship to certain standards of orthodoxy, which have no more to do with it than a bishop's wig with the head of Plato, yet we cannot but hail any attempt to put such of the unlearned as have taste, in as much possession as possible of those treasures of antiquity which, as he justly observes, are too often wasted upon such as have learning and nothing else. Mr Murray has here presented us with another volume, which upon the whole has a real claim to be called 'popular.' It consists of selections from Potter's translation of Æschylus, filled up with abstracts in prose, so as to render the view of the pieces complete, and preceded by clear and agreeable accounts of the nature of Greek tragedy and its performance on the stage. The type is of the usual large size (the best undoubtedly to be found in periodical publications of this kind) and the book (all for five shillings) is enriched with thirteen plates, after those famous outlines of Mr Flaxman, in which, with a truly classical spirit, and agreeably to the high physical cultivation of the Greeks, the most terrible passions move in a round of beauty.

The following passages from the Editor's introductory essays will shew what a good right they have to be so called. Speaking of the Greek Theatre, he says,—

'The reader must be pleased to divest himself of all the associations which the modern name of theatre or opera-house conjures up to his imagination, the covered and curtained box, the crowded, motley-looking pit, and the general glare of artificial lights, and must picture to his mind's eye a colossal structure of Parian marble, open at top, but decorated with the most gorgeous magnificence and exquisite taste. In this noble building let him imagine thirty thousand Greeks assembled to witness what with them partook of the solemnity of a religious rite, seated on cool, commodious seats of semi-circular shape, rising over each other with a rapid elevation as they recede, so as to preserve the view unobstructed towards the stage, with the cloudless sky for their canopy, and the blue hills of their country descried over the walls of the theatre, closing the distant view. Carrying the eye down the prodigious flight of marble benches which formed the audience-part of the theatre, it perceives between the lowest and the stage, which are on the same level, a comparatively small sunken semi-circular space, nearly in the situation of the pit of the English theatres, set apart for the chorus, when it sits inactive, and having a broad staircase at either end, by which to ascend to the stage itself; a division of the sunken space between these two staircases, like the modern orchestra, immediately adjoining the stage, and therefore called the hyposcenium, contained the musicians.

* * * * * *

'The vast dimensions of this stately edifice, as well as the religious solemnity of the exhibition, obliged the Greeks to have recourse to every expedient for increasing the effect produced by the actors, both to the eye and to the ear. For this purpose, the figure and the voice were artificially magnified: this was effected by the mask and the buskin or cothurnus. The mask was either of leather or of very thin wood, stuffed inside; it covered the entire of the head, and was exquisitely wrought by the best artists of Athens, in imitation of the marble statue of the person represented, or under the immediate direction of the poet himself. The mechanism of the joinings, and whatever else could improve the beauty and expression of the features, was attended to with the nicest accuracy; the opening of the mouth was so contrived as to increase the sound of the voice exceedingly; and besides this, there were brazen vessels constructed on acoustical principles, and extending under the seats of the spectators, which, in some manner unintelligible to us, enabled the articulation on the stage to be distinctly heard in the remotest benches of the amphitheatre. The increased size of the head, produced by the mask, was proportionate to the increase of height caused by the cothurnus, or buskin, the sole of which was composed of several layers of cork or other light wood, so as to raise its wearer four or five inches; gauntlets lengthened their arms, and the dress, a rich and flowing habit with a train, was so managed as to conceal the want of corresponding magnitude in the rest of the limbs, so that the actors, as has been already observed, more resembled colossal statues of the finest sculpture, waked into life and motion, than imitations of mere ordinary humanity.

* * * * * *

'With respect to the instrumental accompaniment of the voice in ancient tragedy, it is clearly demonstrable, from the harmonic problems of Aristotle and many other authorities, that the music was not confined to the choral odes, but pervaded most of the dialogues also, so that their declamation must have somewhat resembled the recitative of our modern opera.

* * * * * *

'As to scenery, the action usually passes in the vestibule of a palace or temple placed directly opposite the spectators, with streets, or the sea-beach, or the open country, seen in perspective, going off at each side. Hence the front scene was generally architectural; sometimes, however, it was a landscape painting, as in the Prometheus, for example, where it represents the base and rugged aspect of Mount Caucasus.'

The editor proceeds to give an account of the Greek chorus, &c. and there is a summary of Aristotle's account of the drama, and a sketch of the life of Æschylus, all calculated to give the English reader a good idea of the scenes he is about to contemplate. With regard to the poet himself, "By no one," he truly observes, "have his genius and style been more admirably characterised, than by the German critic Schlegel."

'"The buskin of Æschylus," says that eloquent writer, "has as it were the weight of brass; on it none but gigantic figures stalk before us. It also seems to cost him an effort to paint mere men; he frequently brings gods on the stage, particularly Titans, those ancient gods, who shadow forth the dark primeval powers of nature, and who had long been driven into Tartarus, beneath a world governed in tranquillity. In conformity with the standard of his dramatis personæ, he seeks to swell out the language which they employ to a colossal size; hence there arise rugged compound words, an over-multitude of epithets, and often an extreme intricacy of syntax in the chorusses, which is the cause of great obscurity. He is similar to Dante and Shakspeare in the peculiar strangeness of his images and expressions; yet these images are not deficient in that terrible grace which the ancients particularly praise in Æschylus."'

And again, quoting the same author's opinion of Greek tragedy in general:

'Its whole appearance was "beautiful and dignified to a degree, which we cannot easily conceive. We shall do well always to think of them, in conjunction with ancient Sculpture; and, perhaps, the most faithful representation of them is to consider them as living and moving statues of the highest order."

Perhaps (though we do not presume to decide) the effect is still more beautiful to our imaginations, than it was on the stage. To the religious among the spectators, no doubt the case was different; but, like the Catholics, the Pagans could take great liberties with their gods, and grow familiar with them. It is difficult to conceive that men on stilted shoes, and with arms elongated by gauntlets, could move about with the dignity of animated heroic statues; certainly they could not have done so with just anatomical effect: nor is it possible to imagine that their masks, however beautiful and flexible, could have been so fine as the faces of very fine actors; at least as far as genuine expression went; though the human expression, we grant, might reasonably have been sacrificed to the look heroical. With the propriety of the recitatives, as every way fitter for the utterance of grand and extraordinary emotion than commoner tones, anybody may accord, who has witnessed the performances of Madame Pasta.

We are sorry we cannot agree with the Editor's estimation of Potter, especially in his translations of the lyrical passages, which are surely formal and prosaical. But upon the whole he gets at more of the spirit of his author than was to be expected from an uninspired scholarship,—as in that grand opening, for instance, of the address of Prometheus to the elements, after his terrible silence;

* *Æschylus—Popular Specimens of the Greek Dramatic Poets, with Introductory Essays and Explanatory Notes.* (Fourth Vol. of the Dramatic Series of the Family Library.) 12mo. pp. 291. Murray.

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and with a help from the imaginations of such readers as are likely to read the book, much good notion of the original may be obtained from him. There is a great want of translations of *all* the Greek poets, the tragedians in particular. Mr Shelley should have given us an Æschylus. The living writer most capable of rendering him we take to be Mr Wordsworth.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A N-ICE VOICE.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Three strapping clowns were seen one day (strange case!)
Holding poor Hodge up to his knees in ice;
'Twas terrible to see the fellow's face;
Yet there he sat, stuck fast as in a vice.

With wond'ring ire a passenger was seiz'd:
'Good God!' cried he, 'what have ye no remorse?
Hands off! give over!'—'Sir, be not displeas'd,'
A beadle said, 'we're making the man hoarse.'

'Hoarse!'—'Yes, Sir, manly in his tones like, gruff:
Tomorrow's the saint's day in this here place;
And this here lad, who winces sure enough,
We're putting in a state to sing the bass.' E.

FINE ARTS.

THE LIVING PAINTERS. No. I.

'Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea, all in sedges hid.'—*Taming of the Shrew.*

MODERN ART.

*** *These Notices will appear about every alternate day.*

As the exhibitions are now pouring forth their riches, we propose drawing the attention of our readers to the pretensions of modern art. It is unlike ancient art: and the question is—which is the best? If we should not be able to answer this question satisfactorily to all, we will at least express our opinions, both as they respect painting and painters, with perfect honesty; a virtue by no means too common in criticism. Not that we attribute ill-nature to the critics; on the contrary, it is their *good*-nature in general, or their partiality for individuals, that gives a bias to their writings,—perhaps even to their opinions. When we say therefore that we are free from this, we do not mean to assume any superiority for ourselves on the score of principle; but simply to say that we are not fettered by any personal intimacy with artists. This being understood, we begin.

The world, as it regards modern art, may be divided into three classes; viz. those who altogether admire or despise it, and those who know and care nothing either as to its merits or defects. By far the greatest class—(in numerals) is the last,—the ignoramuses. We are bound in common justice to ourselves, to state,—candidly—that we do not form part of this respectable class. Neither do we care to ally ourselves to either of the others. We neither love nor hate the works of our contemporaries of the brush absolutely or without reserve. In a word, we are in the predicament of being neutrals, without the excuse of ignorance. We like the good; we have an aversion to the positively bad (there is the atrocious in art, as in crime), and we look upon the innumerable instances of mediocrity, daily glittering before our eyes, with the most profound indifference.

We shall let the reader into our confidence speedily, as to our opinions of modern painters. But first let us indulge ourselves in a preamble.

There can be no doubt, we apprehend, in the minds of competent judges, but that art has degenerated. The moderns are not such good painters as the ancients. If this be so—and who but a painter can doubt it?—it becomes a matter of interest to enquire into the reason of this degeneracy, and to ascertain how it can be amended. We do not profess to be able to produce all the reasons for the change,—but we beg to tender a few. These are,—1st, the multitude of pictures which already exist; secondly, the want of the natural model (properly so called); thirdly, the pursuit of small, instead of lofty, objects; and finally, the blindness and vanity of the artists themselves.

We are aware that the verdict of the living painters is unanimous in favour of their cotemporaries. One holds that Turner has outstripped both Claude and Poussin; another considers Phillips equal to Titian; a third points out the superiority of Calcott over Cuyp,—or of Wilkie over Teniers and Ostade united; with another, Chalon has more merit than Watteau—Hilton is an agreeable mixture of Raffaelle and Rubens—Newton is exquisite—Etty is grand—Danby is sublime—and Martin is *very* sublime, &c. In short, nothing that can suggest itself to the vanity or partiality of men, is found wanting to delude artists into a belief that they are making a rapid progress towards the top of the mountain of Fame, and leaving their predecessors far behind.

It would be cruel to dissipate this delusion, were it productive of any beneficial effects. But it is *not*. In the first place, it diverts the attention of young artists from good to indifferent models; teaching them to imitate painters who waste their time in the mechanism of art, instead of following those great geniuses who gave to art its intellectual character. And secondly, it is of little benefit, even in a pecuniary view; for the good judge will go on buying specimens of Italian and Flemish art, notwithstanding the supposed merits of the moderns. Our professors are indeed indignant at this; they require us to abandon our superstitious reverence, and insist on the superiority of the present age. But in the face of this assertion, we find them rubbing to pieces Venetian pictures, to penetrate their secret of colour;—we find them studying the flesh-tints of Rubens,—the chiaro-scuro of Ostade,—the colouring and composition of a dozen individual masters, whom, in the aggregate, they profess to despise. This blindness, or jealousy of former merit, is, we are of opinion, a fatal symptom,—announcing anything but health and strength in the body corporate of painting. If artists be envious of their predecessors, it is so far evidence of a little mind. If they be actually blind to the great merits of the old masters, is it not questionable whether they can discern clearly the truth of objects around them? Is it not questionable, in fact, whether, with this defect, they can apprehend the infinite degrees and beauties of expression—the delicacies, even of colour—the propriety of gesture and action—the grace and dignity, and other qualities which go towards forming a good picture? It is not very probable, we think, that men who can see little or no merit in Raffaelle, who overflowed with grace, beauty, and expression, should detect the grace and beauty and expression of the living model.*

One cause of the degeneracy of art is undoubtedly the multitude of pictures that exist. One might have imagined, from the way in which they are decried, that the old masters would be passed by altogether. But that is not the case. They are studied, though they are abused. They are studied too much, indeed; for they are resorted to as a sort of common treasury, and those things derived from them which should proceed from invention only. The painter need not go to nature, nor rack his brains for ideas. He has nothing to do but imitate, in order to obtain moderate reputation and—*money*. The consequence is, that he *does* imitate to a degree that is not generally known. We remember (amongst other things) seeing, a few years ago, a picture by a celebrated artist, the main part of which was copied from a print of Marc Antonio; and it is notorious that Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Princess Charlotte was a mere transcript of the Sophonisba of Titian. Sir Joshua Reynolds's Cupid and Psyche, again, is nothing more than a copy from the old print, by the master of the die; and there are a multitude of other pictures in precisely the same predicament.

Nature should be studied; but she is *not* studied—at least not to advantage. It is true that the artist attends the Life Academy, and studies the *limbs* of the living model. But where does he study expression? We do not complain that painters do not give us occasionally tolerable trunks of men; but we complain that they do not put heads upon their shoulders. In the comic style of art, indeed, there is occasionally some meaning (as in the works of Wilkie and Leslie) but in the grand style, there is absolutely nothing. It would perplex the Royal Academicians, we imagine, to a very painful degree, were they compelled to produce half-a-dozen historical pictures, where the heroes and heroines might not very properly be employed in selling meat and millinery in Carnaby market or Cranbourne street. And our portraits partake (though in a less degree) of this want of high character. They are either debased or exaggerated into theatrical expression. Whose fault is this? Is there a want of lofty models? Or are the artists themselves wanting in high taste? We suspect that *some* blame, at all events, attaches to the painters. They do not seek out fine subjects. If they resort to nature, which is not too often the case, as we should suppose, it is to polished artificial nature, so to speak,—to the nature of courts and commercial cities; not to the healthy, unrestrained, unsophisticated nature, that springs up, wild and beautiful, in country places,—not that which the wind wooes and the shower falls on, which looks out unclouded, and carries the mark of its internal qualities in the face; and—whether dark or fair, hideous or lovely—has at all events the stamp and impress of what human nature was intended to be, and is not clipped and defaced into a smooth impostor, by the caprice of fashion, or the wear or excessive polish of too refined society.

It may be that there is something in our cold northern complexions, which is adverse to art. We are satisfied that our rigid features and reserved habits *do* present impediments to artists: and so far as this is the case, it offers an excuse for the painter; but unluckily it does not add to the beauty of his works. We can easily believe, for we see, that there are in the sunny faces of Italy, the pale proud gravity of the Spaniard, and the swarthy lineaments of the Moor, materials which our country aspects do not possess. But we have something nevertheless at our service—something that we see perpetually, even in the streets of London, but seldom or never on canvass. Titian, who painted such noble portraits, was in some degree in the same predicament of the modern artist. He had to deal with courtly faces, with artificial expressions, and yet observe what *he* has done, by dint of his great genius. He has done what

* We were once, when descanting on this subject, met by the question—'Were not artists in former times as vain at they are at present?' We answered, Yes, they were naturally so, perhaps; but they at least had the taste or good sense to pursue lofty objects; and this pursuit of itself abated, in some degree, their petty failings, and left whatever of strength or clear-sightedness they had, to be employed, as it *was* employed, in the true service of art.

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our artists do not achieve. He has steered between the two besetting vices of the moderns—theatrical expression on the one hand, and utter insipidity on the other—and has transmitted pictures for our admiration, which the modern artist will do well to study. He will do well also, if instead of limiting his ambition to painting a jar or a chest of drawers, a satin gown or a damask curtain to perfection, he will let loose his imagination and direct his energies to higher objects. There is the 'human face *divine*' still in existence, somewhere or other, and he cannot do better than set out on a journey to discover it.

We will say no more on this subject at present, but will content ourselves with letting our thoughts escape as we proceed. We shall now

'begin at the beginning,'

and touch upon some of the more eminent artists as their names occur in the catalogue.

[*No.* 2, *will comprehend* R. Westall, R. A. *and* T. Phillips, R. A.]

ANIMALS AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

Oran Otan and Chimpanzee.—On Saturday we had a private view of these animals, which have been just imported. The Oran Otan is a female from the island of Borneo; the Chimpanzee a male from the river Gambia. They are both young, about three years old, or hardly so much; and between two or three feet in height. The Oran Otan is by far the inferior in interest. Her mind seems as shapeless as her body, which is preposterously corpulent, with long thin arms, and a loose pendulous skin about the throat; a composition, which, joined to the sinking of the head between the shoulders, presents the appearance of a huddled mass of paunch, head, and limbs. Her face is melancholy and sullen; her voice a sort of whistling squeak, with an alternation of grunt; her behaviour selfish; and she seems irritable in temper. She has very little hair upon her body, which is ascribed (and probably her temper may be so) to the ill-treatment the poor animal received on board ship. The Chimpanzee is a very different sort of person. His mild and intelligent eyes, prominent nose, better proportioned figure, his neck of a reasonable length and well defined, give him a very human appearance. His arm is excessively man-like, though somewhat of the lanky order; indeed we have seen more than one man's arm with less elegance of contour than this good fellow's can boast. But in his manners he makes a still greater approach to the human being. They are those of a gentle and caressing child. He sat, apparently with exceeding comfort, in the arms of one of his attendants, with his own round the man's neck. He would put one arm round his friend the keeper, while he sought for something he had in his hand. He broke a piece of bread that was given him, in the most deliberate and handy style, and in eating used his lips as well as his teeth. When any one came into the room, he looked with a face of earnest curiosity to see what it was; and would then resume his original manner, whether of indifference or excitement. But his voice is his greatest humanity. It is so various and so expressive in its inflections, that one can hardly believe him denied actual speech. He had on a sort of flannel petticoat and frock in consequence of a cold from which he is recovering; and his mild cough, with its slight protrusion of the lips, make a singular addition to the human-like effect of his appearance.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Doubly Alone.—A lady who had not sufficiently cultivated the art of making the domestic fireside as delightful as she might have done, asked her husband one day why he yawned. "My dear," said he, "the husband and the wife, you know, are but one, and when I am alone, I get tired."

A New Fish-sauce.—A countryman, arrived at Paris, was desirous of following the newest fashions. He heard gas spoken of as being very superior to oil, but he had not the courage to ask any explanation on the subject. Going to dine at a restaurateur's he ordered some turbot, and on being asked by the waiter, whether he would take oil with his fish, he answered, "No, I wish to try the new mode; give it me with gas."

The Sustillo.—A caterpillar, which the Indians name sustillo, and by which a paper is fabricated, very similar to that made in China, is bred in the pacac, a tree well known in Peru. In proportion to the vigour and majestic growth of this tree, is the number of the insects it nourishes, and which are of the kind and size of the bombyx, or silk-worm. When they are completely satiated, they unite at the body of the tree, seeking the part which is best adapted to the extension they have to take. They then form, with the greatest symmetry and regularity, a web which is larger or smaller according to the number of the operators; and more or less pliant according to the quality of the leaf by which they have been nourished, the whole of them remaining beneath. This envelope, on which they bestow such a texture, consistency, and lustre, that it cannot be decomposed by any practicable expedient, having been finished, they all of them unite, and, ranging themselves in vertical and even files, form in the centre a perfect square. Being thus disposed, each of them makes its cocoon, or pod, of a coarse and short silk, in which it is transformed from the grub into the chrysalis, and from the chrysalis into the papilio, or moth. In proportion as they afterwards quit their confinement, to take wing, they detach wherever it is most convenient to them, their envelope, or web, a portion of which remains suspended to the trunk of the tree, where it waves to and fro like a streamer, and which becomes more or less white, according as the air and humidity of the season and situation admit. This natural silk paper has been gathered measuring a yard and a half, of an elliptical shape, which is peculiar to all of it.—*Mirror.*

MUSIC.

'*Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies,' newly adapted for two Performers on the Pianoforte; with Accompaniments for Violin, Flute, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by J. B. Cramer. No.* 1. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

The symphony before us is the fine one in D, that opens with an Adagio.—We have little to add to the announcement in the title-page, unless it be to express our approbation of the handsome manner in which the work has been brought out. Mr Cramer's name alone is a sufficient pledge for the completeness of the arrangement, and its practicability for the performer. The next benefit a man of genius can confer on the public, after making known his own thoughts, is to carry on the thoughts of congenial minds, by placing them in some new and attractive attitude.

'*Napoleon's Midnight Review,' cantata, sung by Mr Parry, Jun. at the Public Concerts, &c. Translated from the German of Baron Zedlitz, by William Ball; the music by the Chevalier Sigesmund Neükomm.* (Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

The subject of this cantata is admirably adapted for musical expression. There is something peculiarly impressive in the idea of a Spectre Drummer parading a moon-lit plain, with his sullen and muttering roll, summoning the spirits of the departed warriors, with their chieftain, to the review. The Chevalier Neükomm has felt the ghastliness of his theme, and has produced a composition, masterly in character and complete in effect. We have heard it performed in public, and were struck with the richness of the scoring and the uncommon-place combinations of the harmonies. In short, without entering into a critical notice of the piece, which, to do it justice, would occupy too much of our confined limits, we can confidently recommend it to every amateur, the compass of whose voice is of the *baritone* class, and who has made some progress in the art of singing. The publication is well-timed, seeing that all our places of theatrical amusement are celebrating the career of that extraordinary man.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

King's Theatre.—Tancredi.—La Bayadere.
Drury-Lane.—Alfred the Great.—Popping the Question.—Blue Beard.
Covent-Garden.—Napoleon Buonaparte.—The Waterman.

King's Theatre.

From what we have seen of Mademoiselle Taglioni, we are sorry to lose her; though we are compelled nevertheless to say, that after the enthusiastic praises we heard of her style of dancing, it disappointed us. The truth is, that unless there are characters in her list, far surpassing those in which we have seen her, she must have been admired rather for something negative than positive,—rather for offering a grave and graceful contrast to the ordinary style of French dancing, than for any very marvellous faculties of her own. We thought, when we first heard her name, that she was an Italian, and that she was come to shew us the vast superiority of a truly good Italian dancer, over the mere twirls, entre-chats, and other unmeaning vagaries, hitherto admired in France. And most likely she is of Italian origin, for her dancing is at all events not French: at least it is not of the sort we are accustomed to consider French in this country. Its chief character is a graceful repose. The extreme ease of it is indeed wonderful, especially when we consider the laborious and artificial exercises which dancers have to practice, and which generally produce an indelible stiffness in their manners. Mademoiselle Taglioni winds hither and thither with singular smoothness: she is perfect mistress of her actions, her deportment, her face: she does whatever she pleases. But we cannot help wishing, that she would be pleased to do something more. Dancing, after all, in its greatest repose, is an extraordinary departure from our ordinary style of movement: it can only be supposed warranted by a certain enthusiasm; and in the repose of Mademoiselle Taglioni, there is too much repose. It seems as if she should either move more or less. The amount of action is hardly warranted by the impulse. If she is incited to do so much, there is no reason why she should not be more lively. If she feels no particular call to be lively, there is no reason why she should do so much. She might as well walk,—*incederet regina.* There is, it is true, a certain class of dancers, who in the grandiloquence of the profession are styled 'heroical,'—or as Mr Blasis has it, 'pursue the serious branch.' We suspect we seldom see one of these in England, the dancers who visit us being usually of the *demi-caractére*, or mixed character; that is to say, of a reasonable gravity or levity, as it may happen. Mlle. Taglioni, we conclude, is of the heroical class, especially as she is of tall stature, the possessors of which are enjoined by masters of the art to consider themselves of a superior moral organization; persons of a foot shorter being desired to despair of attaining to any elevation of character: so that if all the world had been dancers, the Agesilauses, Napoleons, and other great little men, would have had their ascendancy nipt in the bud, and no man of letters been allowed to be witty, or a comic writer, if he was six foot high. It would have been all over with such a strapping fellow as Fielding.

There is one set of characters, for which we can imagine dancers of this height of pretension to be calculated well enough; which are the Dianas, Junos, and other serious people of antiquity; that is to

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say, supposing them to dance at all, which it is easier to conceive from the habit of reading about them in the poets, than when we present to our imaginations the impulses that commonly move people to a livelier line of action than ordinary. Diana is described as dancing on the banks of the Eurotas; and a huntress may be allowed considerable vivacity of movement. But at the Opera-House, love is the great mover; and Mlle. TAGLIONI, to our taste, is deficient in the enthusiasm necessary for taking her part in the display of that passion. She seems to think that if she were more lively, she would be less modest; which does not follow. If dancing, as it often did with the Greeks, partook of a religious character, shadowing forth the movements of floating Gods or of planets, and careering round an altar as the latter do about the sun, she would be an unexceptionable performer. As it is, we are grateful for being relieved from the mechanical *capriccios* of the ordinary French school, than which nothing can be more intolerable. But having an Italian name, our fair dancer made us think of the divine De' Martini, whom we saw at Turin; and after her's, we never can fancy we see any real dancing besides, unless it be of the Spanish order.

☞ *

* This signature, which was only adopted for a temporary purpose, will in future be omitted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to J. B.; but at present, our departments are full.

W. M. shall be gratified, if we can manage it.

The same answer to AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

'Received' does not imply 'accepted.' Our recollection of the article alluded to by the correspondent who asks the question to that purpose, is, that it did not suit us.

More Correspondents tomorrow.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

For the Benefit of Mr Wallack.

The Comedy of

WILD OATS.

[By O'KEEFE.]

Lady Amaranth, Miss Phillips. Amelia, Mrs Faucit. Jane, Mrs Orger.
Sir George Thunder, Mr Farren. Harry Thunder, Mr Cooper.
Rover, Mr Wallack. John Dory, Mr Dowton.
Banks, Mr Younge. Farmer Gammon, Mr W. Bennett. Sim, Mr Harley.
Ephraim Smooth, Mr Listen. Lamp, Mr Hughes. Trap, Mr Salter.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Guillaume Tell;' Mehul's Overture to 'De Jeune Henry Chasse;' and Winter's Overture to 'Mahomed.'

After which, a petite Historical Drama, called

THE LITTLE CORPORAL, OR THE SCHOOL OF BRIENNE.

Josephine, Miss Crawford.
The Minister of War, Mr Cooke. The Principal of the Academy, Mr C. Jones.
Egidius, Mr Younge. Patrault, Mr Thompson. Buonaparte, Miss Poole.
Bourienne, Darbel, Delestrade, Duhasset, Masters Cathie, Richardson, Hildrew, and Fenton.
Captain Morel, Mr Andrews.

To conclude with the Grand Dramatic Romance of

BLUE BEARD.

In which Mr Cooke's Magnificent Stud of Horses will appear.

Fatima, Mrs Waylett. Irene, Miss Byfeld. Beda, Miss S. Phillips.
Abomelique, Mr Younge. Ibrahim, Mr W. Bennett. Hassan, Mr Horner.
Selim, Mr Horn, who will introduce the Song of 'Love's Empire.'
Shacabac, Mr Harley. 1st Spahi, Mr Yarnold.
2nd Spahi, Mr Bland. 3rd Spahi, Mr C. Jones. 4th Spahi, Mr Eaton.

To-morrow, William Tell; Deaf as a Post; and The Portrait of Cervantes.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Six Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde, Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schöenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.
Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

To conclude with a New Melo-Drama, called

NEUHA'S CAVE; OR, THE SOUTH SEA MUTINEERS.

Partly founded on LORD BYRON'S Poem, 'The Island.'
[By Mr PEAKE.]
The Music composed by Mr G. Stansbury.

Islanders.—Neuha, Miss Taylor.
Fegee, Mr Collett. Attoo and Tahamea, Mr F. Sutton and Mr Brady.
Captain Boldweather, Mr Baker. Sprayling, Mr G. Bennett.
Torquil, Mrs Vining. Mr Pimpernel Chickweed, Mr Keeley.
Ludwig Bomperts, Mr F. Matthews. Black Sam, Mr Panlo.
Ben Bunting, Mr Evans. Jack Skyscrape, Mr Turnour.
Locksley, Mr Henry. Dogsbody, Mr Fuller.

To-morrow, Buonaparte; a New piece called The Gipsy Father.

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BY THE KING'S LETTERS PATENT.

G. MINTER begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, &c. that he has invented an EASY CHAIR, the positions or elevations of which are so numerous, that the number is quite indefinite, say from one to one thousand, and are obtained by a slight pressure of the back, which not only reclines the back of the chair, but raises the back part of the seat, thereby causing a proper inclined plane, which supports the weakest part of the back at any and every position. When you rise, the back follows you, and should you stop, the back immediately stops; and all this action is obtained without any spring, rack, or other machinery whatever.

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Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

NEW COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which Mr Mathews will introduce the following Songs:—'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain Nine characters:—

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

Josephine, Miss M. C. Poole. Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier.
Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Marmont, Mr Almar.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale.
Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcomb, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

The Highland Fling, by Mlle. Rosier.

To conclude with A New Broad Comic Operatic Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, founded on the admired Ballet of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The principal Characters by Mrs Evans, Miss Wells, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Saville, Miss Dix, Mr Keppell, Mr Forrester, Mr Porteus, Mr G. Lejeune, Mr Wilkinson, Mr Spencer, and Mr G. Smith.

After which the admired Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

DELUSIONS.

Charles Eustace, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

The Music composed by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Miss Ayres.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Clandio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Alberto, Mr G. Smith. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson.

CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE,

MILTON STREET, FORE STREET.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

OTHELLO.

Othello, Mr Kean.

After which, THE WATERMAN.

To conclude with CURIOSITY CURED.

Kitty, Mrs Fitzwilliam.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Frozen Hand—The Lady and the Devil—More Reform.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—The Sylph of the Sunflower.

VAUXHALL GARDENS Open this Evening, with a Variety of Entertainments.

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Nº. 231.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1831.

SURPLUS POPULATION:

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

This unusual production, considering the pen it comes from, occupies the main part of last Saturday's 'Political Register:' but it is of a style so distinct from the ordinary matter of that publication, and belongs to us of the Tatler so emphatically to notice, that we cannot but "speak to it." Mr Malthus makes out that a surplus population is a great tragedy; Mr Cobbett is of opinion that it is or ought to be, a comedy; and a comedy he has accordingly made it, with a proper matrimonial termination, though there is a bit of tragedy by the way; to wit, the ducking of a Boroughmonger in a horse-pond. The substance of the drama is soon told. A young village couple are about to be married; Squire Thimble, a Malthusian philosopher, interferes with his advice: Sir Gripe Grindum, a Boroughmonger, takes the more summary mode of endeavouring to carry off the girl, for his own "private eating;" the ruffians employed in the abduction are pursued; the Boroughmonger is ducked, and population triumphs.

What the Tory critics will say to this, we know not, except that it is a terrible thing to inculcate the ducking of Boroughmongers. We confess we do not consider any recommendation to that effect necessary, seeing what our good King and his Ministers are about; but we are convinced, that had not the King been as good as he is, and the Ministers as sagacious, much worse things than duckings would have taken place. A little tossing, therefore, of the waters after the storm may be allowed to Mr Cobbett's mind, especially under certain ploughings with which it is threatened, and for which we would fain hope that the persons concerned may substitute a pouring of the oil of Lethe. The wiser they are, the better they can afford it. Mr Cobbett has had a good deal of the rough work of Reform to go through, and if he has not always gained by it in any way, he may be the more easily excused by those who had more refinement and less zeal, or, if they please, less violence and self-will; but who have profited by it nevertheless; for unquestionably he has smoothed for others the politer parts of the operation.

We subjoin a specimen or two of the drama, as curiosities.—Mr Cobbett, who used to carp at sonnetteers, opens his play with all the pastoral sweetness of an Allan Ramsay:—

'ACT I.

'Scene I.—*Sunrise: a Meadow and Cows in it, with a Lane on the side of it: a Farm-House in the back-ground: Betsey in the Meadow with a milking-pail on her arm, and Dick, in a smock-frock, coming along the Lane.*

'*Dick.* [*Singing.*]

Soft's the note of yonder wood-lark,
Softer far my Betsey's voice:
Sweet's the dew in cups of cowslips;
Sweeter something that's my choice.

'*Bet.* [*Behind the hedge listening.*] And pray what may that be?

'*Dick.* [*Starting, and then jumping over a gap in the hedge.*] Why the dew upon your lips, my lovely Betsey!

'*Bet.* Come, come, let go my hands, do: mistress scolds so, when I get in late with the milk.

Squire Thimble has come on a visit to Sir Gripe, but the latter who is miserly in his profligacy, has quartered him upon the farm-house of Dick's master:—

'Scene IV.—*A small Parlour in the Farm-house: Squire Thimble sitting before the fire: breakfast preparing.*

'*Squ. Thim.* [*To himself.*] I don't much like his sending me here, instead of receiving me at the Hall; but I dare say he will explain it when he comes.

'*Mrs Stiles.* [*Entering.*] Hope you will excuse our homely fare, Sir, but we'll give you the best we've got. [*Betsey, entering with eggs, lets a couple of them roll off the plate upon the floor.*] What a deuce is the girl about; But [*turning to Squire Thimble*] I hope you'll look over it, Sir: she's going to be married to-morrow, and her head has been running upon that all the morning.

'*Squ. Thim. Married*, did you say? *Married!* That girl going going to be *married*!

'*Mrs Stiles.* Yes, Sir; they have been courting a long while, and they be desperate fond of one another.

'*Squ. Thim. Desperate*, indeed! But do you encourage such things, then?

'*Mrs Stiles.* What things, Sir?

'*Squ. Thim.* Why, the coupling together of these poor creatures to fill the country with beggars and thieves.

'*Mrs Stiles.* [*With warmth.*] I'm sure there isn't a better young man in the parish than Richard Hazle; and as for Betty Birch, young as she is, she shall make bread, butter, cheese or beer, with any woman in the whole country, let the next be who she will. Beggars and thieves, indeed!

'*Squ. Thim.* Well, if these be good people, so much the more reason to keep them from being plunged into misery, and ....

'*Mrs Stiles.* [*Interrupting him*] *Misery*, Sir!

'*Squ. Thim.* Yes, and from adding to that great national disease, the *surplus population.*

'*Mrs Stiles.* Never heard of that disease before, Sir; we ben't troubled with't in these parts, though we have the small-pox and measles terrible bad sometimes; and our poor neighbour, Chopstick, lost four as fine children last week as ....

'*Squ. Thim.* So much the better! so much the better!

'*Mrs Stiles.* What, Sir!

'*Squ. Thim.* Yes; so much the better, I say, and [*aside*] if it had taken you off too, it would have been better still. [*To her.*] Go, good woman, and tell the girl to come and speak to me.

'*Mrs Stiles.* She's going to her mother's to get ready for her wedding; but I'll call her in for a minute. [*Exit.*

'Enter *Betsey.*

'*Squ. Thim.* So, young woman, you are going to be married, I understand?

'*Bet.* Yes, Sir.

'*Squ. Thim.* How old are you?

'*Bet.* I'm nineteen, Sir, come next Valentine's eve.

'*Squ. Thim.* That is to say you are *eighteen!* [*Aside.*] No wonder the country is ruined! And your mother now; how old is she?

'*Bet.* I can't justly say, Sir; but I heard her say she was forty some time back.

'*Squ. Thim.* And how many of you has she brought into the world?

'*Bet.* Only seventeen, Sir.

'*Squ. Thim.* Seventeen! *Only* seventeen!

'*Bet.* Seventeen now alive, Sir; she lost two and had two still-born and ....

'*Squ. Thim.* Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue. [*Aside.*] It is quite monstrous! Nothing can save the country but plague, pestilence, famine, and sudden death. Government ought to import a ship-load of arsenic. [*To her.*] But, young woman, cannot you impose on yourself "*moral restraint*" for ten or a dozen years?

'*Bet.* Pray what is that, Sir?

'*Squ. Thim.* Cannot you keep single till you are about thirty years old?

'*Bet.* Thirty years old, Sir! [*Stifling a laugh.*

'Enter *Sir Gripe Grindum.*

'*Squ. Thim.* [*rising.*] How do you do, Sir Gripe; hope I've the pleasure of seeing you well.

'*Sir G.* Very well, very well; but rather hungry.

'*Squ. Thim.* Draw up, then; here are plenty of eggs and butter.

'*Sir G.* Yes, they think nothing of *Malthus* here.

'*Squ. Thim.* So it seems, for this young hussey is going to be married to-morrow, though she is only eighteen. Her mother has had, it seems, *only* twenty-one children; so that you'll have your parish finely stocked.

'*Sir G.* Married! [*Aside.*] What a beautiful creature it is!

'*Squ. Thim.* Yes, married; and she laughs at the idea of *moral restraint.*

'*Sir G.* I dare say she does. [*Aside.*] And so shall I too, if I can get her into my clutches.'

[*Last*, the village shoemaker, comes in, and proves too good a logician for *Thimble*:]—

'*Squ. Thim.* [*Aside.*] These fellows have all been reading Cobbett, and as my friends, Trevor and Wilmot, say, nothing can stand, neither Church nor State, if that wicked fellow be not put to silence. [*To them*]. You think, then, that the more the merrier, and the more paupers you breed, the better it will be for you, and that, instead of checking premature marriages, you ought (as, indeed, you

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do) to offer a premium for breeding children, as we do for breeding sheep or planting trees?

'*Last.* There needs no premium; for, whether married or not, country girls will have children; but since you talk of *paupers* and of a *premium for breeding*, pray what are those who are on the pension and sinecure lists, men, women, and children; and, as to the premiums for breeding, what do you call the money that is given to poor parsons and to half-pay officers and their widows and children? Are not these premiums for breeding, and premiums, too, paid out of taxes raised in part on these very labourers? And what are the military academies and asylums but premiums to the rich and the soldiers to induce them to breed? You find no fault of these premiums for the breeding of *idlers*, and are alarmed only at the increase of those who *work*?'

It is bold enough in Mr Cobbett to write in this way, with a prosecution hanging over his head. Courage, however, is calculated to do no man a disservice; and we have no hesitation in saying, that this instance of it ought to do none to Mr Cobbett. We are not Cobbettites, and never have been; but neither are we among those who affect to think with peculiar respect of the opinions of a clergyman, who consents to live, aye, and to increase and multiply, on the strength of the scriptures, and then writes a book, opposed equally to scripture and reason: for the Malthus doctrine is nothing but a violent opening of one eye to a question in behalf of the few, and a shutting up the other on the side of the many. Whatever Mr Cobbett may do sometimes, he evidently writes on this occasion with a strong sense of being in the right; and it would be wise, we think, in the Crown lawyers, and far from wanting in a proper spirit, not to hazard the pressing upon that sort of consciousness in a man of his powers. They may reckon upon his want of repute with certain classes; but it would be better to consult their own "honor and dignity,"—things that can now be spoken of, even in conjunction with the idea of an Attorney-General.

The verses at the end of Mr Cobbett's play are not so good as those at the beginning. He is afraid that the players will act it without his leave; an apprehension that we take to be unfounded. In short, the piece is only curious in coming from such a pen. The best thing in it is its healthy sympathy with rural scenes and buxom village maids, who see 'no reason in nature' why they should not love, and who resent above all monopolies the monopoly of marriage.

Switzerland, the South of France, and the Pyrennees, in 1830. *By Derwent Conway.* (Constable's Miscellany, Nos. 66—67). 2 vols. 18mo. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

Some extracts from the first volume of this work have already been given in the Tatler; the second volume, which completes the work, has now appeared, and we hail it as an agreeable companion for a leisure hour. We have travellers innumerable, who wander about the world measuring buildings, and informing us, with an endless repetition, where certain pictures, statues, &c. are to be found; and, although the majority tell us little that is new on these subjects, they still find readers; for there are few, if any, from whom we cannot gather something interesting concerning the minds and manners of human beings. Mr Conway has not journied in unknown lands, but he has not followed the much-beaten path; he describes things which most travellers overlook, or consider beneath their notice; but which are, nevertheless, interesting and useful. He strips away from the scenes he visits all romance that is not accordant with reality; he shows us a country covered with vines and olives, and bids us not deceive ourselves, for that—notwithstanding the romantic terms in which Truth herself may describe it—it is barren and uninteresting. He speaks of great names without enthusiasm: yet without endeavouring to depreciate them. He touches pleasantly upon what is picturesque amid the common-places of life, and has a particular predilection for fruit-markets. He gives one the idea of an intelligent and kind-hearted youth, who has associated too much with old people, and has, therefore, not kept pace with the times. He seems to take a pleasure in looking upon the worst side of the French character; is rather surprised that the poor should think they have a right to be fed, and that an enlightened nation should object to a little tyranny; yet he seems less wanting in sympathy than in reflection. The work is written in a light, unstudied manner, gives a passing touch upon everything, great and small, and is not only very amusing, but contains a great deal of information upon the familiar habits of the people, and has upon the whole an air of originality and good humour, that entitles it to rank above many volumes of greater pretension. The following extracts will show the grounds of the objection; which we are unwilling to make, without giving reasons for it. After expatiating at some length upon the vanity of the French, the author goes on to say,—it was 'this that tore down the Bastile, murdered a king, and abjured God, because such things were a spectacle for the world to gaze at,—this that received the yoke of Napoleon, because the spectacle of revolution was no longer new, and because his ambition and *la gloire Française* went hand-in-hand,—this that encouraged industry, commerce, and manufactures during fifteen years, because France could not be great without them,——and finally, this that now threatens to desolate Europe with the scourge of war, because *la grande nation* is beginning to be forgotten.' This is surely dismissing a nation's character *with a vengeance*. In truth it is not too much to call it a childish ebullition, unworthy of the good sense which we conclude the author is to arrive at by and by; for we cannot persuade ourselves he is too old for such improvement. Mr Conway denies that the French are a polite people, and says that selfishness and vanity are their chief characteristics. A Frenchman, as much disposed to judge unfavourably, might present a very forbidding picture of the English character. Speaking of the manufacturers of Lyons, he says,—'I do not recollect to have seen in any of the great manufacturing towns of England, so much to remind one of the fatal vicissitudes of trade, in the spectacles of poverty and wretchedness that every moment present themselves; and it struck me that among the lower orders there seemed to exist, in a remarkable degree, the elements of turbulence and civil commotion. The look, air, and expression of the unemployed workman of Lyons has nothing in it of uncomplaining sufferance. He carries an air of defiance in his countenance; and solicits alms in the manner of one who thinks he has a right to partake the purse of another who wears a better coat than himself. Three years before I visited Lyons, 23,000 persons were employed in the silk manufactories; and three years later, in the year 1829, when I again visited it, not more than one-fourth part of this number was required.'—Mr Conway was most likely quite correct as to the opinion of the suffering manufacturers of Lyons, and if he has travelled much in his own country, during the last year, he may probably have discovered, that human beings, whom willingness to work has not saved from a state of starvation, are apt to partake of that opinion, reside where they may. It is not a national, but a natural result of their sufferings; and it would be a bold thing to say that it is an unjust one. Does Mr Conway not only expect the 'eels to lie still,' but to look grateful?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BEAUTY.

Painters! Poets! who can tell
What Beauty is—bright miracle?
Sometimes brown and sometimes white,
She shifts from darkness into light,
Swimming on with such fine ease
That we miss her small degrees,
Knowing not that she hath ranged,
Till we find her sweetly changed.
They are poets false who say
That Beauty must be fair as day,
And that the rich red rose
On her cheek for ever flows,
Or that the cold white lily lieth
On her breast, and never flieth.
Beauty is not so unkind,
Not so niggard, not so blind,
As yield her beauties but to one,
When she may walk unconfined,
Associate with the unfettered wind,
And wander with the Sun.
No; she spreads her gifts, her grace,
O'er every colour, every face;
She can laugh, and she can breathe
Freely where she will,—beneath
Polar darkness, tropic star,
Impoverish'd Delhi, dark Bahar,
And all the regions bright and far
Where India's sweet-voic'd women are!

Amante.

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FINE ARTS.

MR PETER HOLLINS'S EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE.

HERE we saw an old friend, or rather enemy, with a new face,—*The Massacre of the Innocents*. How this subject seems to be enjoyed! None has been more often represented; and Mr Hollins now holds it out as his great attraction, aided doubtless by its being COLOSSAL; of which, however, we do not see the advantage. There is something striking in the design, but where is the necessity for the expressions of malicious rage in the face of the mechanical and paid assassin? and why does not the mother, who is supplicating him, look in his face? We cannot like it so well as the groupe of *Aurora and Zephyrus*. This is very beautiful; and the composition is elegant in the extreme. The Zephyr is perfect. We could wish the *face* of the goddess a little more handsome, and the figure is perhaps hardly full or luxuriant enough for Aurora, but it is exceedingly graceful, and the design is not unworthy the execution. The *Conrad and Medora* cannot compare with this. The composition is straggling, and the face and attitudes are of a very vague meaning. We should much doubt the costume of this groupe. Of the likeness of the bust of Mr Charles Lloyd we are not able to judge, but it has all the characteristics of a minutely painstaking performance. This gentleman is of the Society of Friends, a banker at Birmingham, and known for his extensive patronage of scientific and charitable institutions. Being a Quaker, he would not, of course, voluntarily sit for his portrait. He did it involuntarily;—Mr Hollins followed him to all places where he might see him, he did 'hang upon him like a disease.' Mr Lloyd 'had caught the *Hollins*,' and so 'the taker' was taken. A better testimony of the likeness of *this* bust than the copies of certain letters lying by it (which have an unpleasant appearance) is the admirable likeness of Mr Macready. It has his every peculiarity but the voice. There is another bust or two in the room, and a few smaller designs, but of little concern to any but the Birmingham public, being of local interest.

MUSIC.

SIGNOR BEGREZ' CONCERT.

M. BEGREZ gave his annual morning concert yesterday, in the room at the Opera-house. He was ably supported by the Vocal Profession; the performers upon the occasion being Mesdames PASTA, LALANDE, RUBINI, RAIMBAUX, DU PUY, and MEESI; and Sig. LABLACHE, Mr H. PHILLIPS, Sig. RUBINI, DE BEGNIS, CURIONI, SANTINI, LEVASSEUR, TORRI, and BEGREZ himself. Mr MORI led, and Sig. COSTA was the Conductor. The room was crowded, the ladies bearing, to all appearance, the proportion of twenty to one gentleman. The selection was not exactly to our taste, being made up almost exclusively of the whip-syllabub of ROSSINI and his jack-puddings, MERCADANTE, MAYERBEER, and PACINI. The concert opened with the overture to 'Tancredi,' which, like that to 'Oscar and Malvina,' always sets us laughing, both at the composition itself, and the nodding heads of the auditors. The English are so musical!—Signor PUZZI executed some of his very clever passages on the horn; and Madame DULCKEN one of Mr HERZ's tight-rope rondos on the piano-forte. This lady's performance is quite worthy of the composition she vouchsafes to honour; mere difficulties are written, and mere difficulties are accomplished. We must honestly confess, that with the exception of two or three pieces, we have rarely heard so much trash comprehended in one morning's musical entertainment. Mr H. PHILLIPS's introducing of the 'Qui sdegno' from the 'Zauberflöte,' (and which he sang, as usual, charmingly) seemed as inappropriate to the general character of the selection, as a passage from Jeremy Taylor or Sir Thomas Brown would be during a Christmas game of forfeits. We compliment Mr BEGREZ upon his accurate perception of the West-end taste in music.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE RATS.—In noticing the noxious quadrupeds which were found in the City, Dr M. adverted to the rats. He said, that in many parts of the country, the Norway rat has almost extirpated the ancient legitimate occupier, the English black rat; not so much by regular battle, as by depriving him, by his superior strength, of the means of obtaining a living; but this was not the case in London; for in certain distilleries and breweries, both the brown and the black rat were to be found on the same premises. The metropolis of the rats, *Ratopolis* it might be called was assuredly the common sewers of London. In them the rats lived as in, streets, and from thence the levies were made in thousands for the supply of the ratticides at the Pit or Circus at Westminster.—It is stated, that a few years ago, four prisoners in Newgate, under sentence of death, managed to descend from the water-closet into a sewer, having formed the daring project of proceeding along it until they reached the Thames; but by the time they got as far as Fleet-market, they were beset by such legions of rats, who furiously set upon them to revenge the invasion of their dominions, that the unhappy men were compelled in their agony to scream for assistance, and people having heard them, opened the gratings and hoisted them up; when they were conducted back to the place from whence they came. The men who enter the sewers to clean and repair them carry lights, and are in too great force to be attacked.—*Dr J. Mitchell's Lecture on Animal and Vegetable Life in the City of London.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Statesmen are the only things that look greatest at a distance.—*Bogle Corbet.*

— A writer in a Magazine, who does not know a smiling remark from a remark altogether serious, charges us with 'cockneyism,' because we hailed, in the name of Don Telesforo de Trueba, a reminiscence of the play-writers and other worthies in Gil Blas and the Devil on Two Sticks. We thought it had long been found out by everybody, that there is nothing which betrays a more genuine spirit of cockneyism, than charges of it. We recommend the writer to get rid of this monomania.

— The hat worn by Mr Warde, in his personation of the Emperor Napoleon at Covent Garden, is said to be the identical hat worn by the hero himself; and borrowed of the gentleman to whom it belongs, who is a resident in Paris, under a solemn injunction to return it at the end of the season.

— It is announced that M. Laporte will not undertake the engagement of the King's Theatre after the present season.

— Ries, the celebrated composer, has arrived in London from Germany.

— Signor Paganini, yielding to his own judgment, rather than the counsel of pretended friends, has abandoned the idea of attempting to evade his contract with M. Laporte, and is to appear at the King's Theatre, at *old* prices, very early in June.—*Courier.*

DIVIDED UNITY.—A monk travelling in the country, sought the hospitality of a poor village curate. The latter gave him the best reception in his power, but was obliged to serve up the repast in earthenware, with the suitable accompaniment of pewter spoons, common forks, &c. The monk, more accustomed to utensils of higher pretension, accommodated himself but indifferently to this simplicity, and at length opened his trunk, and took from thence silver utensils, and placed them on the table. The curate, at the sight of this luxury, addressed his guest, "Reverend father, we should make a good monk between us." "Why?" said the visitor. "Because," rejoined the curate, "you have taken the vow of poverty, and I observe it."

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENTS. — A correspondent of the *Morning Herald* (a paper distinguished among its contemporaries not more by the copious variety of its matter than by a certain zealous and graceful tone of humanity,) recommends that fountains should be made in our squares and other convenient places, and bands of music be stationed there upon summer evenings (at a trifling subscription from the inhabitants), to help our beloved countrymen to pass their days more agreeably, and not be behindhand with France and other countries in the art of making the most of life. Bands of music, he thinks, might also be upon the Serpentine in boats, and add a most desirable attraction to the promenade in that quarter. We cordially agree with these suggestions, and think that the temper of Englishmen would be much improved by adopting every measure calculated to make them more comfortable in each other's society. And after all, temper and good-humour are the great things. Our lives are made up of moments, and they are the wisest and best who can make the greatest number of moments agreeable to themselves and others.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.—The number of dogs, and of curs especially, was generally deemed a nuisance; but although many of them might be dispensed with, yet a large proportion of them rendered valuable service as cheap co-operators with the police in the protection of property: many belonging to persons living in courts and alleys, and who unhappily having no property to protect, nevertheless shared their scanty pittance with their four-legged friends. The poor man was not on this account to be contemned. Neglected, and too often at war with the world, having few pleasures allowed to him, his dog should in charity be spared to him, that the beneficent feelings and affections might not be totally extinguished in his breast. One of that immense class of powerful people, who never care for the pains and pleasures of their fellow men, attempted to deprive a wretched beggar, in Paris, of his faithful dog. The beggar resisted, as if for his life. When he was brought before the magistrate, he was asked how it was that he, who was half starving himself, should, nevertheless, share his pittance with a useless animal? The beggar took up in his arms his dog, which fondly licked his face: he wept, and said, "Now I am alone in the world, and if you take from me my poor dog,—who would love me, or care for me?" The magistrate happened to be a feeling man, and allowed him to depart.—*Dr J. Mitchell's Lecture on Animal and Vegetable Life in the City of London.*

MODES OF LIVING AMONG THE CHINESE.—The modes of living among the Chinese are, of course, very different, according to the rank and wealth of the people; but the extremes of luxury and misery are nowhere more ludicrously contrasted. Those who can afford to purchase rare and expensive delicacies grudge no cost for them, as is proved by the price paid for edible birds' nests (glutinous compositions, formed by a kind of swallow, in vast clusters, found in caves in the Nicobar and other islands), 5,000 dollars being sometimes given for a picul, weight 133 1-3 lbs. In the streets multitudes of men are employed in preparing these for sale, with a pair of tweezers plucking from them every hair, or fibre of feather, or extraneous matter; and, at the same time, carefully preserving the form of the nests, by pushing through them very slender slips of bamboo. Sharks' fins are highly prized, and, when well dried, they fetch a great price. The beche-de-la-mer (a horrid-looking black sea-slug, brought from the Pacific Islands) is also exceedingly esteemed by Chinese epicures. But, while the rich fare thus sumptuously, the mass of the poor subsist on the veriest garbage. The heads of fowls, their entrails, their feet, with every scrap of digestible animal matter, earth worms, sea reptiles of all kinds, rats, and other vermin, are greedily devoured. We have noticed lots of black frogs, in half dozens, tied together, exposed for sale in shallow troughs of water. We have seen the hind quarter of a horse hung up in a butcher's shop, with the recommendation of the whole leg attached. A lodger in our hotel complains that his bed-room being over the kitchen, he is grievously annoyed in the morning by the noises of dogs and cats, which are slaughtering below for the day's consumption—but not at our table. Not a bone nor a green leaf is ever seen in the streets; some use or another is found for everything that would be refuse elsewhere.—*Bennet and Tyerman's Voyages and Travels.*

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THE OPERA.—Crowds at this theatre are more profitable to the management than pleasant to those who assist in making them. The pit is intolerably hot when the curtain is down. The opening above the gas chandelier cannot carry off more heat than is produced by the gas itself. This theatre, overtopping all surrounding buildings, and open on all sides, ought to be the best ventilated theatre in London. In addition to the heat, another evil of crowded nights is the necessity of fixedness in one place, which, besides preventing that inter-communication which is one of the pleasures of this theatre, subjects many an unfortunate would-be spectator to an irremediable total eclipse of the stage, behind some of those walls of gauze, lace, silk, velvet, or plumage, which some women, with a selfish disregard of the comfort of others, are in the habit of building on their heads: to say nothing of an occasional square foot of tortoiseshell, professing to be the top of a comb. We derive a malicious pleasure from seeing a female, thus equipped, deprived of the opportunity of annoying. We have surrendered a seat to a simply appareled head, but never to one of these: they deserve no courtesy. It is curious and true, as we have ascertained by repeated observation of the phenomena, that the volume of the head-dress increases in mathematical proportion with the ugliness of the wearer.—*Examiner.*

CITY CROWS.—A few years ago a crow, with his fair lady, intending to confer upon London the honour of making his progeny genuine native citizens, by being born within the sound of Bow-bell, more securely to effect his object, actually built his nest between the wings of the Dragon, on the top of the steeple, from which, with calm philosophic dignity, he might look down on the scene of human ambition and vanity below. The place was well selected for security, as the head of the Dragon always pointed to the wind, and the two wings protected the nest on each side. The place was sufficiently capacious, for the body of the Dragon is almost as large as a horse. A gentleman, who was more an amateur of projectiles than of ornithology, with much bad taste, amused himself by shooting balls at the crow from an air-gun—but between the wings of the Dragon he sat, and defied the vain attempt. Unfortunately the steeple required repair, and the scaffolding and workmen disturbed the venerable pair, and they took their flight from an ungrateful city, as unworthy of their presence. "Whether it be the same pair," said he, "now arrived at a good old age, or another pair of the same family, I cannot say; but certain it is, that a pair of crows have, this spring, taken up their abode within the city, and built their nest in the top of the lofty plane tree in Wood street, close to Cheapside." The citizens had discovered recently, as well from the claims of lay impropriators, as of the two-and nine-pence-in-the-pound clergy, that the church sometimes gives shelter to characters of very questionable utility. This very last season, a hawk built his nest under the dome of St Paul's, and a similar occurrence took place some forty years ago. A few years ago one of the falcon tribe took his abode a very short distance beyond the city boundaries, in the top of the steeple of Spitalfields' church, to the sad annoyance of the amateurs in that pigeon-fancying neighbourhood. He was often fired at, but without effect. Afterwards, when it became necessary to repair the steeple, the nest was found covered with feathers and bones.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Wild Oats.—The Little Corporal.—Blue Beard.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Buonaparte.—Neuha's Cave.
FRENCH PLAYS.—Valerie.—Yelva.—Alexis.

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Seria, in Two Acts, of

MEDEA.

[By MAYER.]

Medea, Wife of Jason . . . . Madame Pasta.
Creusa, Daughter of Creontes . . . . . Miss F. Ayton.
Ismenes, Confidant of Medea . . . Mlle. Feliani.
Creontes, King of Corinth . . . . . Signor Lablache.
Ægeus, King of Athens . . . Signor Rubini.
Jason . . . . Signor Curioni.
Tideus, Confidant of Creontes . . . Signor Deville.
Two children of Jason and Medea.
Corinthians, Maidens, Priests, Followers of Ægeus, Guards.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Signor Costa.

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, M. Emile, M. Antoni, and M. Lefebvre.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Historical Play of

WILLIAM TELL.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

Emma, Miss Huddart. Anneli, Miss Russell. Agnes, Miss Faucit.
Gesler, Mr H. Wallack. Sarnam, Mr Thompson. Struth, Mr W. Bennett.
Rodolph, Mr Howard. Lutold, Mr Howell. Braun, Mr Ross.
William Tell, Mr Macready. Albert, Miss Poole. Melchtal, Mr Younge.
Erni, Mr Cathie. Furst, Mr Fenton. Verner, Mr Cooke.
Waldman, Mr Hughes. Michael, Mr Cooper. Jaghell, Mr J. Vining.
Pierre, Mr Eaton. Theodore, Mr Honner.
Savoyards—Miss Crawford, Mr Robinson, Mr Price, and Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Guillaume Tell;' Winter's Overture to 'Tamerlane;' and Lindpaintner's Overture to 'Joko.'

To which will be added,

DEAF AS A POST.

[By Mr POOLE.]

Sophy Walton, Mrs Newcombe. Amy Templeton, Miss E. Absolon.
Sally Maggs, Mrs Orger. Mrs Plumpley, Mrs C. Jones.
Old Walton, Mr W. Bennett. Captain Templeton, Mr Cooper.
Tristram Sappy, Mr Liston. Crupper, Mr Hughes. Gallop, Mr Salter.

To conclude with

THE PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES.

Isabella, Mrs Newcombe. Lucetta, Mrs Orger.
Murillo, Mr Farren. Don Guzman, Mr C. Jones. Don Carlos, Mr J. Vining.
Father Benito, Mr W. Bennett. Scipio, Mr Webster.
Sancho, Mr Liston.

To-morrow, Coriolanus; The Little Corporal; and High Life Below Stairs.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE GIPSY FATHER.

Rose Franklin, Miss E. Tree. Mary Barwell, Mrs Lovell.
Dolly Dolittle, Mrs Tayleure. Clara, Miss Hughes.
Gipsy Woman, Mrs Daly. Lucy, Miss Hunt.
Barwell, Mr Warde. Richard Barwell, Mr G. Bennett.
Simon Salubrious Dolittle, Mr Keeley. Edwards, Mr F. Matthews.
Judge Franklin, Mr Evans. Jem Hartshorn, Mr Meadows.
William and James, Miss P. Horton and Miss Kendall.
First Gipsy, Mr Turnour. Clerk, Mr Irwin. Servant, Mr Heath.

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Six Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.

Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.

Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.

Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

To-morrow, Fazio; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Opera of

THE SLAVE.

[By Mr MORTON.]

Zelinda, Miss Somerville, in which she will sing 'The Mocking Bird,' and 'Pity and protect the Slave.' Stella Clifton, Miss Vincent.
Miss Von Frump, Madame Simon. Mrs Lindenberg, Miss Nicol.
Governor of Surinam, Mr Gough. Colonel Lindenberg, Mr Ede.
Captain Malcolm, Mr Edwin, in which he will sing 'My Native Highland Home,' 'The King, God Bless Him,' and the Duet, 'In joyful peace disarming,' with Miss Somerville. Captain Clifton, Mr Honner. Fogrum, Mr Vale.
Mathew Sharpset, Mr C. Hill. Sam Sharpset, Mr D. Pitt.
Somerdyke, Mr Almar. Secretary, Mr Maitland. Provost, Mr Hobbs.

The Highland Fling, by Mlle. Rosier.

After which the Drama, entitled

LAW AND LIONS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Mrs Mammoth, Mrs C. Hill. Miss Jane, Miss Vincent, in which Character she will sing 'Oh Men, what silly things ye are!'
Mr Suavey, Mr Williams. Mr James, Mr C. Hill. Ensign Pudor, Mr Honner.
Mr James, sen. Mr Almar. Mr Pudor, sen. Mr Gough.
Jemmy Mammoth, Mr Vale. Robert, Mr Lee. Sam Smoothface, Mr Rogers.

A Divertimento on Wheatstone's newly invented Symphonion, by a Gentleman.

To conclude with a New Romantic Drama, called

THE PROPHET OF THE MOOR.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Catherine Gray, Miss Somerville. Honor Jeykel, Miss Jordan.
Dame Hetty Horner, Miss Nicol. Crazy Ruth, Miss M. C. Poole.
Elkanah White, Mr Osbaldiston. Colonel Launce Leolyn, Mr C. Hill.
Ralph Gayton, Mr Williams. Dwarf Stephen, Mr Almar.
Hal Hardenbrass, Mr Honner. Haveril Horner, Mr Gough.
Master John Horner, Mr Vale. Goliah Goodbody, sen. Mr Asbury.
Goliah Goodbody, jun. Master F. Carbery. Oliver Brown, Mr Lee.
Piers Talbot, Mr Edwin. Joey Stokes, Mr Rogers. Thomas Green, Mr Hobbs.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, founded on the admired Ballet of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The principal Characters by Mrs Evans, Miss Wells, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Saville, Miss Dix, Mr Keppell, Mr Forrester, Mr Porteus, Mr G. Lejeune, Mr Wilkinson, Mr Spencer, and Mr G. Smith.

After which the admired Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

DELUSIONS.

Charles Eustace, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

The Music composed by Mr Harroway.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Miss Ayres.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Alberto, Mr G. Smith. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Feats of Horsemanship—Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—J. Cooke's Act of the British Sportsman and the Reaper—Williams's Tourbillions—Equestrianism, by Miss M. A. Cooke—Sir William Button.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Frozen Hand—The Lady and the Devil—More Reform.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—The Sylph of the Sunflower.

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Nº 232.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDESDAY, JUNE 1, 1831.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTO AGAINST THE BISHOPS. *

This is a very singular production, and an extraordinary sign of the times, especially if it proceeds, as it appears to do, from one of the country-gentlemen of old families. We have had Congreve of Congreve in former times, taking liberties with the church; but that was under the licensed mask of comedy, and even then the church rebuked him, and with success. Beverley of Beverley comes boldly forward, pronounces the hierarchy a nuisance, and aims one of the most formidable blows at it that the reader can conceive. The Quarterly Reviewers, and other logical goers upon assumption, will feel themselves in a singular state of emotion at this pamphlet. It thrusts aside all ceremony, and by depriving them of their last conventional resources, reduces them to the necessity of 'not knowing what to think.' Furthermore, it shews that their Review itself cannot be so well received as they still affect to think it. Here is a country-gentleman, one of the 'Squirearchy,' one of their own especial readers and patrons (as they pretend), coming to court among them, pushing all their assumptions away, and saying that neither he nor hundreds of his class believe a syllable of what they say, or will abide by any of their notions. It is just as if some mad wag had come among a dinner of bishops, and with one rush at the table, thrust the whole 'set out' upon the floor, drowning the bishops in the turtle, and the turtle in the bishops.†

If we had not read the postscript to Mr Beverley's letter, we should have been inclined, ourselves, to quarrel with the boldness of his exordium, or rather with what he says of it; for he piques himself upon being more valiant than his friends, and leading a 'forlorn hope against the ecclesiastical batteries.' Now Mr Beverley, however indisputable his courage, does not lead a forlorn hope; nor indeed does he give us to understand as much in other parts of his letter. Many forlorn hopes have been led before him; and what we were going to quarrel with him for, was his talking in this manner, when, if it had not been for these forlorn hopes, and for their long and open daring in less favourable times,—they talking of 'convincing,' while he most probably was talking of 'dining,'—it is likely he might not have come forward as boldly as he does. A spectacle of this nature is sometimes not a little provoking (so far) to the self-love and the smarting wounds of old reformers, who now hear all the world valuing themselves upon triumphs and approaching triumphs, which but for those old and perhaps forgotten soldiers would have been as far off as they were fifty years back. But an honest hope for the many is soon reconciled. It is not to be expected that all should move at once. When they do, there are still hazards or annoyances enough to their new leaders, arising from old habits. Mr Beverley's Postscript very properly alludes to these; and therefore, on closing his pamphlet, the only ground of quarrel we found left with him was of a nature perhaps he would still less expect. It is nevertheless a just one, and a lover of justice ought to be sensible of it. It is simply this,—that he does not make sufficient allowance for the habits in which the beneficed clergy and their friends have been brought up. He treats them too cavalierly, as a parcel of conscious and wilful rogues, forgetting, in spite of his exaltation of Christian charity above Church orthodoxy, that all men are creatures of circumstances; that the clergy have as good a right as any other men to whatever allowances can be made for them; and that if *he*, with all his better knowledge, and his long secret opinions, has not thought proper to come forward against them till now, he ought to be so much the less severe upon other men, 'tied and bound in the chains' of their worldly advantages.

Premising thus much *in justice to justice*, whose cause we advocate in common with Mr Beverley, we must observe that his pamphlet affords no ordinary specimen of united vivacity, good sense, boldness, and classical attraction. His style is that of a man of wit and a scholar; his information drawn evidently *e secretioribus*; his hand has a light air, but its blows are those of a sledge-hammer. The whole spirit of the pamphlet may be described in a word. Everybody knows that there has long been a long story to tell of the corruptions and anti-christianism of the clergy; *and here is a man to tell it.* Again, however, we must make one remark in dissent. It is on his panegyric upon the Evangelical Clergy. Does Mr Beverley really prefer the *spirit* of those men, however exemplary their conventional conduct? and would he rather have them for '*overseers*' than the bishops? If so, we are not of his mind. We prefer less rigid conduct, with indulgence to others, before the inquisition of the worse anti-christ of unsympathizing severity and bad notions of God. After all, the worst fault we find with our author, is the voluntary insincerity we cannot help suspecting in some of his little 'prudential' touches. It is easy, we know, especially for the insincere, to say that such things are unnecessary. We do not believe it. We believe that nothing is so necessary or so powerful as sincerity, especially when it comes from those who have been thought 'men of the world.'

We have only room for a specimen or so of the pamphlet. The rest of it we must leave to the curiosity which the specimens will excite, and which will be amply justified.

'On some weak minds, perhaps,' observes Mr Beverley, 'the unceasing assurances from the pulpit, that the Church of England is synonymous with the Christian religion, may have made a little impression; and I know some few persons who agree with the majority of the Clergy in their definition of religion. Our reverend pastors present us a strange picture of Christianity in their sermons, their charges, and their tracts. According to their notions, the Apostles, or at least the immediate disciples of the Apostles, were reverend gentlemen, residing on wealthy livings, preaching fifty-two written, printed, or lithographed sermons in the course of the year, and securing livings for their clerical, or commissions in the Roman army, for their military sons. In that golden age, according to their system, all the world was not only taxed by Cæsar, but tithed by Cæsar, for the benefit of the primitive Clergy; and the priests of the first three centuries amused themselves with card-playing, fox-hunting, horse-racing, shooting, fishing, and dancing, as they do at present. Pluralities were multiplied, and translations were frequent. St Paul had a golden prebend of Philippi, a large living at Rome, another at Thessalonica, and was besides "the very reverend" the Dean of Corinth. St Peter was translated from the bishoprick of Babylon to that of Rome; and St James was enthroned at Jerusalem, with great pomp and large lawn sleeves, after having subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles, according to Act of Parliament. St Bartholomew was pressed to take the see of Jericho, but he preferred holding the deanery of Napthali, with the great living of Succoth, which last was of the clear yearly value of 8,000*l.* and besides was encumbered with very little duty, as there were only seven hundred persons in the parish, five hundred of whom did not believe in the Christian religion. St Clement died worth twelve hundred thousand pounds in the Three per Cent. Consols, the careful savings of forty years' episcopacy; and Irenœus, having been a tutor to a consul's son, had the primacy of Rome offered him, which, however, he refused, being content with the bishoprick of Lyons.' . . . . . .

'I have known, and do know, scores of young priestlings, who come warm from the hot-beds of the Universities. A mighty sensation they make amongst the good Christians in some country town or village; but no one inquires what they have done hitherto in their zeal for Christ, nor what they are likely to do for the time to come. But let me tell these good Christians what they have done, up to the moment that they entered into holy orders. They led the life of jovial debauchees at the University; they hunted, poached, frequented the stews, got drunk, broke lamps and windows, gave the Proctors a run, contracted enormous debts, drove tandems to London, slanged, swore, smoked, fought, roared, and rioted all the time that they were preparing themselves for the ministry of Christ's religion. But, your Grace will demand of me, how could they commit all these excesses, and yet pay sufficient attention to their academical and divinity studies? Allow me to assure your

* *A Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of York on the Present Corrupt State of the Church of England. By R. M. Beverley, Esq.* | pp. 41. Sixth Edition. (Printed at Beverley in Yorkshire.)

† 'Stubbs and I fell in the mud,' quoth the merry prelate Hall, speaking of his fat chaplain:—'Stubbs was up to his elbows in mire, and I was up to my elbows in Stubbs.'

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Grace, that the most distinguished scholars are frequently men of profligate habits,—but that, for all ordinary purposes of academical examination, sobriety of conduct is not in the slightest degree requisite, unless a man is a perfect dunce. Your Grace has, doubtless, heard of the process of CRAM; and it is by this process that they prepare the young wolves who are intended to devour the flock of Christ. Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity,' some works of Beausobre, Grotius, Tomline's 'Theology,' the Greek of the Greek Testament, the dates and geography of the Old Testament, a Latin theme, and a little more of such religious dainties, are easily *crammed* down the throats of future Priests, to be inwardly digested till they are brought to light again by the stomach-pump of your Grace's chaplain.'

Mr Beverley reminds his readers of the meaning of the word Bishop (Episcopus) which is *Overseer*. His business, he says, in a great word of capital letters, is to WORK, and to get a reputation for apostolical simplicity; not to be a lord, and get rich. He therefore, in anticipation of what he thinks will inevitably be done before long, proposes to sweep away the whole bench of sacred Barons; to resume the possession of Church-property; and put the Church of England on a footing with all the 'other sects.'

'If a question,' he concludes, 'be raised as to the *political* management of Church-property, it seems that great benefit might accrue to the state, if a sale of it were to take place, according to some fair and equitable arrangement. Suppose, for instance, that all who now pay tithes to spiritual persons for spiritual purposes, should be compelled to purchase a perpetual release, by paying a ten years' income of the tithe to Government. Thus, if a person paid 100*l.* per annum in tithe, he would have to pay 1,000*l.* to Government, and be released for ever from any future payment. Surely the tithe-payers would not much complain of such an arrangement; but if the Clergy should complain, I answer, that all present incumbents should be allowed to retain their benefices for life, by which means no person in possession would be at all injured; and as for those future parsons who are not yet in being, it cannot be said that they who do not exist would be injured by such an arrangement: for no one hereafter would take holy orders who did not know what he had to expect. . . . . .

'If the Church-property be taken at five millions per annum, (though some rate it much higher) there would by this scheme be paid fifty millions sterling to Government, deducting a certain sum for purchasing an ample landed estate, for the perpetual repair and ornament of the cathedrals.'

Mr Beverley is for keeping the cathedrals in good condition, both from admiration of them as structures, and in behalf of such Christianity as may hereafter be preached in them: upon which point, and on both these accounts, we heartily accord with him.

FINE ARTS.

THE LIVING PAINTERS. No. II.

'Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea, all in sedges hid.'—*Taming of the Shrew.*

R. WESTALL, R.A. AND T. PHILLIPS, R.A.

THE first picture that presents itself to the eye—the No. 1, of the Catalogue—is 'Margaret at Church, tormented by the Evil One.' It is introduced by the following lines, which form part of Lord Leveson Gower's translation of Goethe's Faust:—

'*Evil One.* The glorified are turning
Their foreheads from thee.
The holy shun
To join their hands in thine.
Despair! Despair!
'*Margaret.* Help me! I faint!'

Had we entertained any doubt as to the quality of Mr Westall's picture, these vapid verses, which form the original of the painting, must have determined our opinion. Surely nothing more feeble or prosaic than this could come even from a lord. If the German were no better than the Englishman, he ought to be crowned with foolscap, and burned in effigy. But he is a very different person. Let the reader look at Mr Shelley's version of his 'May-day Night,' and he will see that the Baron Goethe (a pity he should be a Baron!) is as little like the small weak person who is reflected in Lord Leveson Gower's glass, as the admirers of poetry can desire. He is wild, ghastly, powerful, and imaginative. There is no clipping, or squaring, or emasculating words, with him. All is full of downright meaning. Look, he says—

'How, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their fawning foreheads as we go:
The giant-snouted crags, ho, ho!
How they snort and how they blow!'

These are not lines to be scribbled with a crow-quill on hot-pressed paper.

Mr Westall's pictures are but too much like the young Lord's translation from Faust. They bear the same resemblance to Nature, that Lord Leveson Gower does to the great genius of Weimar. They want the *truth* of the original,—and wanting the truth, they want the beauty, the sublimity, the attraction which Nature beyond all other things possesses. The 'Evil One,' in the picture of Mr Westall, is nothing more than a copy, manufactured from a dozen originals; or rather it is the result or offspring of the artist's memory, in which a dozen images, each with some resemblance to this figure, are carefully hoarded, to be used as occasion requires. We are loth to say anything unpleasant of Mr Westall, who is, we believe, a very amiable man, and—strange as it may seem—is understood to be a good judge of ancient art. But truth-telling is our province, and to that all other things must bend. Mr Westall's 'Evil One' is a mere nursery monster. It has staring eyes, knitted brows, a mouth compressed, and arms cast abroad, like the sails of a windmill. There is no meaning in his face,—none of that terrific concentred meaning that we can imagine to belong to the emissary of Satan. *His* strength would not lie in his sinews, but in his eye, in his smile—

'I see his face;
He frowns on others, *but he smiles on me!*'—*The Cenci.*

But it is easier to paint the heels than the head, and accordingly, we now-a-days expend our strength upon the limbs and muscles of man, and leave his head to take care of itself. This is not the vice of Mr Westall alone, but of almost every other artist, as we have said, and may have occasion to shew hereafter.

Margaret is—we are obliged to say—as common-place and indifferent a personage as her tormenter. She is merely an Academy figure, thrown into an ungraceful, and we should think a very uncomfortable position. Her limbs may be tolerably drawn, her flesh indifferently well-painted; but where is the soul of despair, which should, even in painting, gleam from her eyes? Where is the horror-struck and astonished visage which such an encounter would produce? Where, in short, are all the natural and touching consequences which would spring from such an event, and which it is the duty of the painter to exhibit? We exclaim, 'where?'—and the Echo answers, '*where?*'

The remainder of Mr Westall's pictures merely provoke a repetition of these remarks. No. 33, represents another scene from the same subject; No. 234, a Holy Family; both equally deficient in the same higher qualities of art.

The next name of note that occurs is at No. 6, where we find 'A Portrait of Wilson Patten, Esq. by T. Phillips, R.A.'—Mr Phillips is simply a portrait-painter. He has made one or two alarming deviations from his course; but his 'profession' being that of a portrait-painter only, we shall forbear to record the eminent failures of which he has been guilty. These—like the capriccios of musicians—may be excused for being wanting in taste and meaning, provided the artist be found famous in his regular path of art. Let us see how this is, in respect to Mr Phillips. Previously to the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he was spoken of confidently as only second to that courtly artist; and his elevation to the President's chair was prophesied by more than one admirer. We are not inveterate admirers of Sir Thomas Lawrence's works; and we confess, should have contemplated Mr Phillips's exaltation without spleen. He is as worthy to succeed Sir Thomas Lawrence, as Sir Thomas himself was to sit in the chair of Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is, moreover,—although as an artist we must on the whole consider him inferior—less of the meretricious in the works of Phillips than in those of Lawrence. The latter exhibited more expression, and generally more grace—but the grace was conventional, and we are not quite sure that it always made amends for the simplicity that frequently distinguishes Mr Phillips's portraits. To say the truth, we have a little bias, perhaps, in favor of Mr Phillips, by reason of his being almost the only (we believe the only) English artist who has publicly done justice to the great merits of Hogarth. This argues a sensible mind, and is enough to extenuate a hundred defects, supposing that Mr Phillips possessed them, which we do not allow. In regard to his portraits in the present Exhibition, there are several which appear to us to be good, and amongst others we may refer to one of the Earl of Winchilsea (No. 24). The portrait of Dr Sleath (No. 165) is indifferent enough; but that of Mr Phipson, besides being better painted, reminds us pleasantly of Mr Southey. Although the countenance exhibits less intellect, it has more amenity, than that furious but clever anti-Reformer's face possesses. Poor Southey! We saw him a few months ago, in a public place in London, with a face as melancholy as the month, (it was November) with a cloud of hair that had grown almost white, and eyes that seemed to have forsaken their once fierce meaning, and subsided into softness—such as, we may imagine, they possessed before their master left off 'commercing' with the muse, and turned from poetry to polemics. We half forgave him his political faults.

[No. III, *will contain* NEWTON, CALCOTT, *and* CHALON.]

OCCULTATION OF JUPITER AND HIS SATELLITES.—This remarkable phenomenon took place this morning. It was one of the most interesting among the heavenly movements visible on earth for the year.—The bright limb of the moon came in contact first with the 4th satellite, then with the 2nd; the immersion of the planet then occurred about eight minutes after one; the moon afterwards proceeded to the 1st satellite, and finally the 3rd was obscured. At emersion the 4th was first visible, then the 2nd; the planet next reappeared at fourteen minutes after two, and afterwards the 1st, and finally the 3rd satellite, emerged from behind the moon's dark limb. During the occultation, the 1st and 2nd satellites approached a little nearer to their primary, and the 3rd and 4th receded a little farther off.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Medea.—Kenilworth.
DRURY-LANE.—William Tell.—Deaf as a Post.—The Portrait of Cervantes.
COVENT-GARDEN.—The Gipsy Father.—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COVENT GARDEN,

THE Grand Historical Spectacle, relating to Napoleon, was preceded last night by a new 'Drama, with music, in two acts,' entitled the *Gipsy Father*, and attributed to the pen of a lady well-known in the fashionable circles of literature. We have not seen the books which have given the fair author her reputation; and we are sorry to say, that the present piece affords us no light on the subject. We thought at first it was going to be entirely humourous. The exordium introduced us to a facetious apothecary, *Mr Simon Salubrious Dolittle* (KEELEY) who piqued himself on his born genius for pills,—to his apprentice *Jem Hartshorn* (MEADOWS) whom he told to 'keep pounding,'—and to *Mistress Dolly Dolittle* his wife, who coaxed him for a bonnet, and was always saying, '*James* is so funny.' We feared that this cant phrase was ominous for *James*; but we saw very little either of him or his mistress afterwards. Even KEELEY had little to do, compared with what was expected of him; and on one account we were not sorry for it, as he talked a great deal too much, and with little ceremony, of pills and physic-taking,—a ground of the jocose, not very pleasant, we think, in any author, and particularly disagreeable in a female one. Furthermore, the jokes were not good in themselves. The highest flight was to say, that somebody had a 'castor-oil countenance.' In only one instance did we recognize any symptom of the style hereditary. It was where the doctor, lamenting the dearth of diseases in his neighbourhood, consoled himself with a report that there was '*a promising little typhus* in the next village.'

All on a sudden, the piece became profoundly serious and melodramatic; and with little exception continued so to the end. The man who gives the piece its title (WARD) is a farmer, who has joined a set of gipsies in consequence of having been ruined, with his wife and family, and his wife's old father, for having 'one day knocked down a hare, which was called poaching.' He joins our old friends in vain, for they have nothing to give him but a little piece of bread (which for gipsies is not quite the thing); and the consequence is, that he returns home, and we are presented with the spectacle of the starving family, great and small. We now thought the authoress was going to make us repent for our misgivings, by reading the public a fine seasonable lecture on the hardships of the suffering poor. All which the Irish poor had suffered, and all which they are now *horribly* suffering, and all which the SHERIDANS and SWIFTS had done for them, and our contemporaries have *not* done, came pouring into our minds, and we were ready to kiss the fair writer's hands in imagination, not for being (as we understand they are) among the fairest in the world, but because they were among the kindest. And very likely they are so; but if her intentions were of this nature in the present instance, they sadly overshot their mark, for while we looked for nothing from the audience but sympathy and tears, the man was made to shock them by seizing his wife's old father in a fit of frenzy, and proceeding to turn him out of doors, for eating more than his share of bread from the children. The old man's daughter at this seizes a knife, and stabs her husband, and at this instant the son (BENNET) comes in, and the first act closes with *a theatrical situation of horror!* Here was a fine spectacle, but the sympathy was gone; and many of the spectators cried 'Off!'

This false style continued to the end. A real ground of sympathy was swallowed up in horrors, and violence, and unnecessary strainings after heroism. The father is thought to have been killed; the mother is thrown into prison; the son accuses himself of parricide, to save his mother; and not content with substituting this pleasant chance for her after-misery in the place of a reasonable chance for her life, he must needs go and gratuitously shock a young lady, with his false accusation, who had been bred up with him in humbler life, and acquired a love for him. (Miss ELLEN TREE, by the way performed this character admirably, and with genuine pathos.) Meanwhile, it turns out, of course, that the father is not dead; and so when the trial is about to commence, the mother rushes in with a scream, and says so; and the young lady, we suppose, is permitted to marry the son for his virtue; and 'they all live very happy afterwards.'

Now all this is neither of a healthy taste, nor useful, nor sensitive, nor clever: and we heartily hope that the next time we have to record a dramatic production of the fair author's, she will have seen her mistake, and enable us to make a criticism, at least more comfortable to ourselves, if of no consequence to her.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—Lord F. Levison Gower entertained a large party of fashionables on Monday night, at Bridgewater House, when a Play was given on the occasion. A stage was fitted up at the end of the splendid picture-gallery. The scenery was very beautiful, and is said to have been painted by one of the Covent Garden artists. Miss Fanny Kemble performed on the occasion; the rest of the characters were sustained by the Nobility.

— The Italian Opera House was on Saturday evening the fullest of the season, presenting an assemblage of elegant females, attired in the splendid dresses and diamonds, worn by them in honour of the King's birth-day.

— Mr Kemble is at present in Paris, catering for a second splendid dramatic spectacle; rumour says the Citizen King will form the subject, and some of the events of the Three Days of July will be introduced to give effect to the piece.—*Sun.*

— To-day is the birth-day of Nicholas Poussin. Our landscape-painting readers ought to toast him.

— In the library of the Collegiate Church of Constance, may be seen a chronology from Adam to Constantine. Among other curious things, it is recorded that Eve at the *accouchement* of her first born, was attended by two midwives.

— The captain of a privateer writing to his owners an account of an engagement, felicitated them on the general safety of his crew, 'having had only one of his *hands* shot through the nose.'

— From the number of clerical attendants at some of the late Levees and Drawing-rooms, a natural suspicion arises as to the state of health of some of the Church Dignitaries.

— If it be true that it is determined to convert Buckingham Palace into a National Gallery, it is not improbable but that the treasures in the British Museum will be placed there also.—*Daily Paper.*

— A gentleman who writes to the *Glasgow Chronicle*, describing some experimental trips made by a new steam-carriage on Mr Gurney's plan, which is about to start between Glasgow and Paisley, remarks on the apparent astonishment of the village-curs, which, on hearing the rattling of the carriage-wheels as they passed through, came out barking as usual, but slunk off with their tails lowered, on finding no horses' heels to bark at!

— An evening paper, in commenting on the labours of the parochial authorities in collecting the Population returns on Monday, says, "In many cases they found it difficult to obtain any return at all—the papers were, in many instances, lost, mislaid, or forgotten; and, in many more, from their apparent complexity, not well understood. In one instance, a letter-out of donkeys described himself as a 'capitalist;' and, in another, a seller of cat's-meat, whose shop consists of a barrow, with more reason, claimed to be set down as a 'retail trader.' No doubt, many ludicrous scenes occurred; but, upon the whole, the result is likely to prove a sickener to the *Malthusians.*"

BIRD'S NEST ON BOARD SHIP.—As some boys were playing on board the *Active* in Bridport harbour, they discovered on the ceiling of the cabin a swallow's nest, with the bird sitting on five eggs; the birds were not disturbed, and continued their attentions as if in the greatest privacy.—*Hampshire Advertiser.*

STYLE.—It is remarked by anatomists, that the nutritive quality is not the only requisite in food; that a certain degree of distension of the stomach is required, to enable it to act with its full powers; and that it is for this reason hay and straw must be given to horses, as well as corn, in order to supply the necessary bulk. Something analogous to this takes place with respect to the generality of minds, which are incapable of thoroughly digesting and assimilating what is presented to them, however clearly, in a very small compass. Many a one is capable of deriving that instruction from a moderate sized volume, which he could not receive from a very small pamphlet, even more perspicuously written, and containing everything that is to the purpose. It is necessary that the attention should be detained for a certain time on the subject; and persons of unphilosophical mind, though they can attend to what they read or hear, are unapt to dwell upon it in the way of subsequent meditation.—*Dr Whateley's Rhetoric.*

A PRETTY PICTURE.

In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her een,
Phillis beneath an oak
Sat milking her fair flock.
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare delight!)
Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was so white.

Drummond.

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LONDON SPARROWS.—At a late lecture on 'Animal and Vegetable Life in London,' delivered by Dr J. Mitchell at the London Literary and Scientific Institution, he stated that the London sparrows were often as sooty and black as chimney-sweepers. Their favourite abode for building their nests is within the foliage of the capitals of Corinthian columns and pilasters. He stated, that they also build within the mouth of the lion on the top front of Northumberland-house. The benevolence of some, and the cruelty of others, placed pots on the sides of houses for their reception. Dr Johnson marks with his abhorrence one man who did this. The sparrows, not knowing the character of the man with whom they had to deal, built their nests in his pots. It was disgusting to hear the fellow express his delight at the prospect of making pies of their young.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our welcome correspondent AGIS will have had the best answer to the questions he put to us (which we did not see till afterwards) in the insertion of his Fragment. We allude to his first letter. In answer to the question in his second, we have to observe, that the improvements in our journal were always intended to take place, on our first convenience.

We regret that circumstances have hitherto prevented our noticing a letter we received on the 17th ult., from the author of the *Emissary*, handsomely disclaiming any merit in the lines we quoted with approbation from that play, and assigning them to their real author.

The memorial transmitted for us by J. H., is justly valued by him; but it required the occasion to give it the due effect.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

CORIOLANUS.

Romans.—Volumnia, Miss Huddart. Virgilia, Miss Faucit.
Valeria, Mrs Newcombe. Servilia, Mrs Webster.
Caius Marcius, Mr Macready. Young Marcius, Miss Marshall.
Menenius Agrippa, Mr Dowton. Cominius, Mr H. Wallack.
Sicinius Velutus, Mr Thompson. Junius Brutus, Mr Younge.
Citizens, Mr Webster, Mr Ross, Mr Howard, and Mr Honner.
Fulvius, Mr C. Jones. Appius, Mr Cooke.
Volscians.—Sextus, Mr Howell. Lucius, Mr Cathie.
Tullus Aufidius, Mr Cooper. Volusius, Mr J. Vining.

In the course of the Evening, Cherubini's Overture to 'Anacreon;' Mozart's Overture to 'Il Don Giovanni;' and Rossini's Overture to 'Tancredi.'

After which, a petite Historical Drama, called

THE LITTLE CORPORAL, OR THE SCHOOL OF BRIENNE.

Josephine, Miss Crawford.
The Minister of War, Mr Cooke. The Principal of the Academy, Mr C. Jones.
Egidius, Mr Younge. Patrault, Mr Thompson. Buonaparte, Miss Poole.
Bourienne, Darbel, Delestrade, Duhasset, Masters Cathie, Richardson, Hildrew, and Fenton.
Captain Morel, Mr Andrews.

To conclude with the Farce of

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

[By the Rev. J. TOWNLY.]
Kitty, Mrs Waylett. Lady Bab's Maid, Mrs Orger.
Lady Charlotte's Maid, Miss Crawford. Cook, Mrs Broad. Cloe, Mrs Webster.
Lovel, Mr Cooper. Freeman, Mr Howard. Philip, Mr Andrews.
Tom, Mr Tayleure. Duke's Servant, Mr Vining. Sir Harry's Servant, Mr Harley.
Kingston, Mr Eaton. Coachman, Mr Fenton. Robert, Mr Honner.

To-morrow, The Jealous Wife; the Diorama; and Der Freischutz.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]
Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Taylor. Clara, Miss Phillips.
Bianca, Miss F. Kemble. Giraldi Fazio, Mr Warde.
Duke of Florence, Mr Egerton. Bartolo, Mr Blanchard.
Philario, Mr Henry. Falsetto, Mr Parry. Gonsalvo, Mr Baker.
Theodore, Mr Mears. Keeper, Mr Cooper. Pietro, Mr Turnour.
Gentleman, Mr Irwin. Antonio, Mr Heath. Aurio, Mr Crumpton.

Previous to the Tragedy, a Grand MS. Overture by Friedrich Kuhlau.

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Six Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.
Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

To-morrow, The Gipsy Father; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

NEW COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which Mr Mathews will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain Nine characters:—

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LE QUAKER ET LA DANSEUSE.

Vaudeville Nouveau en Un Acte, par MM. SCRIBE et PAUL DUPONT.
Miss Georgina Barlow, Mlle. Léontine Fay.
James Morton, M. Laporte. Arthur d'Arsie, M. Alfred.
Murray, M. Paulin. Toby, M. Gamard. Un Domestique, M. Granville.
Solo de Violoncelle, par M. George.
'Una Voce Poco Fa,' par Mme. Raimbault, 'Lavoix de ce qu'on aime,' et par 'La Leçon de Tyrolienne.'

Suivi de

UNE FAUTE.

Drame en Deux Actes, Mêle de Couplets, par M. SCRIBE.
Léonie, Mlle. Léontine Fay. Madame Darmentieres, Mme. Prêval.
Josephine, Mlle. Florval. Ernest de Villevallier, M. Alfred.
Between the First and Second Acts of 'Une Faute,' Un Air varié sur le Violon, M. A. Tolbecque.
Description du Carnival de Venise, par Mme. Meesi, et 'L'Orage.'
A Favorite Duo, by Mme. Meric Lalande and Sig. Lablache.

On finira par

LES PREMIERES AMOURS.

Vaudeville Nouveau en Un Acte, de M. SCRIBE.
D'Emmeline, Mlle. Léontine Fay.
Charles, M. Laporte. M. Dervière, M. Cloup. M. de Rainville, M. Alfred.
Lapière, M. Guenée.

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON, THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.
Josephine, Miss M. C. Peole. Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier.
Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Marmont, Mr Almar,
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale.
Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcomb, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

A Favorite Dance by Mlle. Rosier.

To conclude with A New Broad Comic Operatic Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.

Sharps—Susan Nightingale, Miss Somerville. Miss Margery Muff, Madame Simon.
Merton, Mr C. Hill. Skip, Mr Rogers. Whip, Mr Lee.
Flats—Mrs Dorothea Quibble, Miss Nicol.
Justice Quibble, Mr Williams. Major Bluster, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Servant to Justice Quibble, Mr Hobbs.
Naturals—Peggy, Miss Vincent. Caroline, Mrs C. Hill.
Master Jeremias Quibble, Mr Vale. Joe Nibs, Mr Asbury. Stubbs, Mr Webb.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, founded on the admired Ballet of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The principal Characters by Mrs Evans, Miss Wells, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Saville, Miss Dix, Mr Keppell, Mr Forrester, Mr Porteus, Mr G. Lejeune, Mr Wilkinson, Mr Spencer, and Mr G. Smith.

After which the admired Comedietta, in One Act, entitled

DELUSIONS.

Charles Eustace, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

The Music composed by Mr Harroway.
The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Miss Ayres.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Alberto, Mr G. Smith. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson.

CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE,

MILTON STREET, FORE STREET.

MASSINGER'S Comedy of

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Sir Giles Overreach, Mr Kean.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Feats of Horsemanship—Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—J. Cooke's Act of the British Sportsman and the Reaper—Williams's Tourbillions—Equestrianism, by Miss M. A. Cooke—Sir William Button.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Frozen Hand—The Lady and the Devil—More Reform.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—The Sylph of the Sunflower.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

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Nº 233.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1831.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF RANK AND TALENT.*

ATHERTON is one of the most agreeable novels which have come from the pen of this fertile and lively writer. The materials are not very new: the plot is old (that of a son deprived of his birthright, and represented by an interloper): but the interest, which is of an old order too (the Newgate-Calendar species) and as much thumbed as the Newgate-Calendar itself, has acquired a gloss by the mode of treating it; the characters are various, and well-sustained; and the remarks, and suggestions of thought, on mankind, far surpass what is to be found in most of the novels of the day. There was always a superior tone of thinking, as well as of style, in this author's productions; but he used to tire us with the unceasing levity of his manner, and sometimes to provoke us by a certain moral dispassionateness on all subjects, looking not so much like impartiality as insensibility. There is great improvement, in this respect, in the volumes before us. The author has shewn that he can be grave as well as gay,—that he can have faith in something, as well as a joke for most things. Nay, he has given us what is too often a desideratum in novels of the first order,—a good honest, candid, warm-hearted heroine, who is in love and dares to say so, and who says it admirably well too, in a style as fit as the occasion. There is such a dearth of natural flesh-and-blood heroines in novels,—we mean of women equally removed from cant and coldness,—that we have often been tempted to think of writing a novel, on purpose to see if we could not give a better specimen. We have been tempted to exclaim, like Sir Anthony, 'I'll marry the girl myself.' But we had much better pursue our vocation, and criticize.

Our author's lover is not quite so good, *quoad* the passion. He is able to abstract the idea of himself a little *too* much from that of his mistress; but the foundation of his love is of the best sort, and we have hearty belief in it:—

'He loved her with a sentiment of strong moral approbation. He saw in all her conduct and demeanour a most exquisite propriety, *not merely the substance of goodness, but also the form of gracefulness*; and love occupied his thoughts, and dwelt in his soul, not as a selfish passion, but as an involuntary admiration of goodness and moral beauty.'

We believe with most people, perhaps a little more strongly than our author does, that the very best love has a hearty desire to possess what it loves; but we do no more believe that it is impossible to love without any prospect of return, than we believe it impossible to admire roses or the sky. There is indeed some sort of return in the very fact of loving and admiring. The charm we admire is in some measure reflected upon us; and we know that we do admire, and are capable of admiring. But where there are loveable and admirable qualities, it is idle to say we cannot like them for their own sakes,—otherwise they would not be what they are.

If *Atherton* had been as good throughout, and as *probable*, as it is up to page 42 of the second volume, we are not sure that it would not have taken its stand as a lasting work. There is that tone in it of natural manners and natural writing, which argues for duration. But all on a sudden the author, perhaps tiring of his task, allows himself to get improbable,—not outrageously so, according to what is considered outrageous in novels,—but quite enough to make us regret the mortal condescension; his events accommodate themselves to his convenience. The hero, like almost every hero on record but Tom Jones, has in view the unknown gentleman who is to make a book out of his adventures, and blinds himself to measures which he ought to take, purely in order to help his biographer to a third volume. There is no reason why Atherton should submit himself, as he does, to the Major in Madeira, or why he should not have endeavoured to get explanations from him, or from others, on this and twenty occasions. But he interests us nevertheless: and the interest increases to the end, in spite of improbability, and though an old novel-reader sees all that is coming. It is right to state, at the same time, that much of the perplexity induced by the mysterious Major is skilfully and probably wrought up, as far as the murder is concerned; and the catastrophe of his killing his own son instead of the hero is well conceived and executed. Nicholson, the conceited, presumptuous, timid attorney, is capitally done. So is the old citizen, Bryant, at the beginning of the novel:—

'Mr Bryant was a neat, quiet, orderly sort of a man, regular as clock-work, and steady as time, the very pink of punctuality, and the essence of exactness. He had been in business nearly forty years, in the same shop, conducted precisely in the same style as in the days of his predecessors; he lacked not store of clothes or change of wigs, but his clothes and wigs and three-cornered hats were so like each other, that they seemed, as it were, part of himself. His wig was brown, so were his coat and waistcoat, which were nearly of equal length. He wore short breeches with paste buckles. He was most intensely and entirely a citizen. He loved the city with undivided attachment. He loved the sound of its bells, and the noise of its carts and coaches; he loved the color of its mud, and the canopy of its smoke; he loved the November fogs, and enjoyed its street musicians and its itinerant merchants; he loved all the institutions, civil and religious; he thought there was wisdom in nothing else; he loved the church and he loved the steeple, and the parson who did the duty, and the parson who did not do the duty; and he loved the clerk, and the sexton, and the parish beadle, with his broad gold-laced hat, and cane of striking authority; and he loved the watchmen, and their drowsy drawl of "past umph o'clock;" he loved the charity-schools, and admired beyond all the sculpture of Phidias, or the marble miracles of the Parthenon, the two full-length statues about three feet each in length, and two feet six inches in breadth, representing a charity boy and a charity girl, standing over the door of the parish school; he loved the city companies, their halls, their balls, though he never danced at them, their dinners, for he never missed them; and above all companies he loved the Stationers', and its handsome barge, and its glorious monopoly of almanacs; he loved the Lord Mayor and the Mansion-house,—it was not quite so black then, as it is now,—and he loved the great lubberly state coach, and the little gingerbread sheriffs' coaches; and loved the aldermen and common council-men and liverymen. He knew of nothing, thought of nothing, and could conceive of nothing more honourable, more dignified, or more desirable, than a good business properly attended to.'—Vol. I. p. 6.

Wilkes and Dr Johnson are introduced in these volumes, both very well, the latter in particular. The author, we think, has done him justice; and has the right relish both of his style and character. He makes him abrupt yet attentive, superstitious yet full of admirable good sense, dictatorial but kindly. Here is *a bit of dinner* of him, that might have been found in Boswell:—

'It was tolerably manifest during dinner-time, that Mr Boswell was afraid that the doctor was not in a humour to shew off. Mr Robert Bryant, who knew the lexicographer's feelings on such occasions, was most anxiously fearful lest there should be to the doctor's eye any appearance of a wish to shew him to the company; and he was also very careful to avoid any political topic, or any mention of the name of Wilkes. Very few words were spoken during dinner, and those few were merely words of business, and not addressed to the doctor. The whole party seemed to be dining with a tame lion, who would not eat them all up if they behaved themselves properly. At length there appeared symptoms of an oracle. Dr Johnson laid down his knife and fork. Mr Boswell pricked up his ears, and looked round to the company, as much as to say "Attention!" "Mrs Bryant," said the doctor, "your apple-pies are excellent."

'After dinner the whole attention of the company was directed to the great man, who did not seem inclined to open his mouth, and none of the party seemed to have wit or courage to open it for him. Nobody dared to speak but in an under-tone of voice, and the doctor himself, as if imagining there was no antagonist present, over whom victory would be glorious, sat long in solemn silence. Mr Boswell fidgetted in his seat, and twenty times was on the brink of making a speech, but as often his wits unfortunately failed him. The worthy draper and his guests were beginning to fear that the whole concern was a failure, and that they might as well, and per-

* *Atherton. A Tale of the Last Century. By the Author of "Rank and Talent," &c.* In Three Volumes. 8vo. Simpkin and Marshall.

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haps better, have dined without Dr Johnson, when by accident Mr Boswell aroused the dormant energy of his friend.

'Mention was made, amidst the mutterings of their commonplace talk, of a Mr Vernon, a great West-India proprietor. Dr Johnson spoke highly of Mr Vernon.

'"But Sir," said Mr Boswell, "you do not approve of slavery."

'"No, Sir," roared the doctor (and the company were delighted to hear him roar) "I do not approve of slavery; but I love Vernon."

'"And yet Mr Vernon is a great owner of slaves," replied Mr Boswell.

'"So much the better for them," said the doctor; "and if I were a slave, and could choose my master, Vernon should be the man."

'"Yes, Sir," answered Mr Boswell, "for if you were Mr Vernon's slave, he would not set you to work in the plantations; he would be too happy in the pleasure of your conversation to drive you to bodily labour. You would be his companion rather than his slave."

'"Sir," said the doctor, "there is as much slavery in being compelled to talk as in being compelled to work."

'"But Mr Vernon," replied Mr Boswell, "would not compel you to talk."

'"Why no, Sir," replied Johnson, rather wearisomely, "he might not use the whip, and compel me to do so; but he might provoke me by talking nonsense." '—Vol. I, p. 148.

MATTHEW GREEN'S POEMS.

THE SPLEEN.

It is extraordinary how much merit may remain generally unknown, and yet be easily accessible. Green's works, for instance, are included in all collections of British Poets, and have besides received the commendations of critics of reputation,—Dr Aikin, Melmoth, Campbell, and Hazlitt; notwithstanding which, his works are not only less known than they deserve, but less even than those of many of his inferiors. In Mr Gorton's 'Biographical Dictionary,'—where the reader will do well to look when he wishes to find satisfactorily condensed the diffuse information of preceding biographers,—Green is said to have been the son of reputable parents, dissenters; and that he held a place in the Customs. He is described as a man of great probity and sweetness of disposition, and in conversation abounding with wit of the most inoffensive kind. His learning was very moderate, extending not beyond a little Latin. Of this he takes advantage in his poem on 'The Spleen,' to vindicate his originality:—

'The child is genuine; you may trace,
Throughout, the sire's transmitted face;
Nothing is stol'n: my muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within.
* * * *
School helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there, unseen, commit a theft
On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deals?'

This poem of 'The Spleen' was written as a counteraction to low spirits, to which he was subject. Some specimens, gathered here and there, will shew that he had in him the very best elements of cheerfulness,—sterling sense, wit, and a nice perception of the ludicrous. In furtherance of the object of his poem, he recommends temperate diet, and all sorts of exercise, and very felicitously illustrates the benefits of the latter, by recalling to the reader's recollection, without direct allusion, the encounter of David with Goliah,—

'Fling but a stone, the giant dies.'

Like all wise men, he knew that there was 'a time to laugh,' and knowing also that laughter was an excellent remedy for the spleen, he brings together, in the following lines, some capital provocatives. If his allusion to the dissenter be thought a little awry from propriety, it may be fairly ascribed to early tight-lacing.

'Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings, for want of eyes;
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lecturer preaching for a place,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenborough-mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military shew,
Are sovereign for the case in view.'

As everybody likes 'to provide against a rainy day,' the following passage will be its own recommendation:—

'In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window, dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hip'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather.'

The following lines are characteristic of the practical good sense for which we have given him credit, and also of his prudential habits:—

'I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a *cavent* in the mind:
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.'

Here we close the volume for the present; perhaps another day we may give a specimen or two more.

MUSIC.

'They have given thee to another.' A Ballad written and composed by George Linley, Esq. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

The melody of this ballad and its accompaniment are admirably in character with the words; the first couplet of which may be received as a specimen of their united excellence:—

'They have given thee to another,
They have broken every vow;
They have given thee to another,
And my heart is lonely *now*.'

'Wipe it up,' said my uncle Toby, 'and say no more about it.'

New Fantasia, on Subjects selected from the favourite Opera, 'La Fiancée,' and dedicated to Auber *by his friend* John Cramer. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

After an introduction of a spirited and elegant nature, in the key of 3 flats common time, the first movement consists of a charming little romance. This is followed by a Tyrolienne in the key of A 3 sharps, and the whole piece concludes with a Scherzando in the original key.

The selection is well adapted for school exercise, and it is likely to be as favourite as it will be a serviceable lesson.

British Museum.—Our *reading* readers will be glad to hear, that the reading-room of the Museum is now open on Saturdays as well as during the rest of the week. The tautology of this sentence will be forgiven for its good news.

— A Scotch anti-Reformer, it is said, lately carried his prejudices so far, as to refuse to take two ponies which had been ordered for him, merely because they were *grey*. 'I detest everything that has the name of Grey,' said this rational being.

Napoleon.—A Correspondent sends us the following extract from a paper:—'Prophetically indeed did Napoleon say, "You will see that in a short time the English will cease to hate me. So many of them have been, and are in France, where they will hear the truth, that they will produce a revolution of opinion in England. I will leave it to them to justify me, and I have no doubt about the result."—*Barry O'Meara's Voice from St Helena*, vol. I, p. 128.—Is not this *true*, as well as *prophetic?* There are not less, we believe, than *five* dramatic pieces at this moment on the English stage, of which he is the hero.'

Abernethiana.—The late Mr Abernethy would never permit his patients to talk much. He could not succeed in silencing a loquacious lady but by the following expedient:—'Put out your tongue, Madam.' The lady complied. 'Now keep it there till I have done talking.' An old lady, very much inclined to be prosy, once sent to him, and began by saying that her complaint commenced when she was only three years old. The professor rose abruptly and left the house. It was observed to Mr Abernethy that he appeared to live much like other people, and by no means to be bound by his own rules. The professor replied, 'That he wished to act according to his own precepts, only he had such a devil of an appetite.'—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

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FINE ARTS.

LEADING POINTS IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[A Correspondent has sent us the following list, which he thinks may save time and trouble to the visitors of the Exhibition. It is to be understood, that the opinion of the paper is not committed by it; but the idea struck us as one that might be reasonably adopted.]

Great Room.

Nos.		
6	Portrait of Wilson Patten, Esq	J. Phillips
7	Merchant of Venice	G. S. Newton
11	Dutch Coast	A. W. Calcott
16	Winter's Tale	W. H. Worthington
18	Hunt the Slipper	E. A. Chalon
20	Going to Market	F. W. Watts
23	Portrait, Countess of Guildford	J. Partridge
24	Ditto, Earl Winchilsea	T. Phillips
25	The Venturesome Robin	W. Collins
28	Sir Piersie Shafton and Mysie Happer	H. Liversage
32	Lord Byron reposing	W. Allen
33	Faust	R. Westall
34	Cattle Piece	T. Fielding
37	Portrait, Lord De Dunstanville	J. B. Lane
38	Shipping	W. Daniel
45	Portrait, Master Tighe	J. Partridge
55	Progress of Civilization	H P. Brigs
56	Mary Queen of Scots	A. Cooper
60	The Miff	E. V. Rippengale
61	Evening	A. W. Calcott
62	Portrait, Lady Lyndhurst	D. Wilkie
63	Storm	C. Stanfield
64	Sir Calepine rescuing Serena	Wm. Hilton
65	Portrait of His Majesty	Sir W. Beechey
66	Ditto of Her Majesty	Sir W. Beechey
70	Ditto of Lady Clanwilliam	H. W. Pickersgill
71	Bay of Naples	W. Havell
72	Scene from Hamlet	H. Liversedge
73	Life boat	J. M. W. Turner
75	Head of a Fox	J. Noble
77	Battle	W. Daniel
78	An Italian Family	C. L. Eastlake
79	The Maid of Judith	W. Etty
83	Prague	G. Jones
86	Interior of a Highlander's House	E. Landseer
87	Portrait, Lord Stowell	T. Phillips
89	Portrait, Miss Levien	Wm. Dyce
91	Ditto, Lord Melville	D. Wilkie
92	Circe	H. Howard
96	Sketching a Countryman	S. Williams
97	An Italian Landscape	A. W. Calcott
98	A Sailing Match	W. Mulready
99	Pan and the Nymphs	H. P. Bone
104	View	R. R. Reinagle
105	Portrait, Miss E. Cooper	Sir M. A. Shee
106	Ditto, Lady S. Walroud	T. Phillips
107	Ditto, Miss Riviere	E. W. Pegler
112	Ditto, John Woolmore, Esq.	Sir M. A. Shee
113	The Dinner at Mr Page's House	C. R. Leslie
122	Italian Landscape	A. W. Calcott
123	Yarmouth Pier	J. Constable
124	Death of Mary Magdalene	R. Westall
125	A Peasant Woman	C. L. Eastlake
133	Portrait, Lord Lyndhurst	H W. Pickersgill
135	Canal of Bruges	A. W. Calcott
136	A Mill-dam	A. W. Calcott
138	The Morning Bath	Wm. Collins
146	Poachers	E. Landseer
147	Little Red Riding Hood	E. Landseer
148	Portrait, Pascoe Grenfell, Esq.	Sir M. A. Shee
152	Lear and Cordelia	G. S. Newton
154	A Friar and Pilgrims	W. Havell
157	Portrait, J. P. Ord, Esq	Mrs Carpenter
161	Ditto, Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart.	Sir M. A. Shee
162	Caligula's Palace and Bridge	J. M. W. Turner
163	Window in Venice	Wm. Etty
168	The Angel releasing Peter	Wm. Hilton
169	Salisbury Cathedral	J. Constable
170	Sabrina	W. Etty
171	Portrait, E. L. Bulwer, Esq.	H. W. Pickersgill
178	Vision of Medea	J. M. W. Turner
186	Portrait, Miss Losach	G Clint
190	The Forts in the Persian Gulf	Wm. Daniel

School of Painting.

197	Corn Field	W. F. Witherington
198	Portrait, W. Phipson, Esq.	T. Phillips
206	The Sleeping Page	
216	Portrait, Dr L. Stewart	G. Clint
232	Ditto, Major Johnston	R. Rothwell
233	Landscape	F. R. Lee
238	From Tristram Shandy	C. R. Leslie
239	Le Bonnet Rouge	H Sass
242	Nymph and Cupid	G. Patten
246	Lear and Cordelia	W. Boxall
248	Portrait of Howqua	G. Chinney
257	Portraits of Children	R. Rothwell
258	A Domestic Affliction	W. E. West
263	Lucy, Countess of Carlisle	I. M. W Turner
265	The Father's Admonition	W. Brockenden
267	The Trusty Guardian	G. Foggo
281	Mr Young in Hamlet	G. Clint
288	Admiral Van Tromp's Barge	J. M. W. Turner
291	Portrait of Sir J. G. Cotterill, Bart.	H. W. Pickersgill
293	The Poacher's Bothy	E. Landseer
298	Wattean Study	J M. W. Turner
299	Shrimpers	Wm Collins
301	Poacher and Red Deer	E. Landseer
307	View of Trent	A. W. Calcott
308	Portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel O'Donnell	J. G. Hollins
310	Portrait of Lord Combermere	S. Lane
311	Gil Blas and Aurora de Guzman	M. A. Shee, jun.
312	Tapping the Ale-barrel	A. Fraser
313	The Catholic Communion	S. A. Hart
320	Jesus in the Temple	H. Singleton
321	The Bride	E. I. Paris
326	Portraits	J. Wood

Ante-Room.

340	Portrait, Sir J. Becket	J. Simpson
341	Highland Deer-Stalker	W. Simson
352	Portrait, Sir G. Farrant	H. Wyatt
355	The Stolen Interview	A. G. Vickers
357	Portrait of a Field Officer	F. R. Say
363	Ditto of Charles Kemble	H. W. Pickersgill
374	The Water Log	W Willis
390	The Biter Bit	R. W. Buss
399	A Marriage in Paris	S. J. Masquerier
406		J M. W Turner
411	The Shipwrecked Mariner	Wm. Etty
417	A Sunny Morning	A. W. Calcott
431	Portrait	W. Dyce
442	Ditto	C. W. Pegler
443	Ditto, Viscount Beresford	R. Rothwell

Antique Academy.

449	Lord Durham	C. Turner
451	Study from Nature	G. S. Shepherd
453	Beatrice	H. D.
454	Enamel, Duchess of Northumberland	W. Essex
455	Ditto, F. Chantrey, Esq.	H. Bone
463	Ditto, Venus disarming Cupid	W. Essex
465	Strasburg	C. Stanfield
471	Portrait of a Lady	A. E Chalon
472	Flowers, from Nature	G. Sintzenich
475	Portraits	A. E Chalon
478	Portrait of Lady Russell	A. E. Chalon
484	Harold's Body discovered	G. Jones
493	Mary Magdalene	G. Jones
504	Groupe of Children	J. Green
505	Portrait of a Lady	I. Heaphy
513	The Wounded Bittern	S. Taylor
538	Portrait of a Lady	J. P. Knight
543	View in Herts	C. L Tyler
544	The Cactus Speciosissima	V. Bartholomew
552	Portrait	Mrs Carpenter
557	Portrait	E Preston
567	Frnit	R. Colls, jun.
575	Flowers	C. L. Tyler
578	The Idolatrous destroyed	G Smith
579	Morning	H. Parke
580	Portraits	A. Buck
589	Hollyhocks	Mrs Pope
590	Cataract of the Nile	H. Parke
591	Portrait	O. Oakley
596	Fishermen	C. Stanfield
610	Portraits	C. R. Bone
626	Abbeville	H. E. Downing
638	La Pensierosa	Miss Millington
667	Portrait of Lady Gore Booth	A. Robertson
671	—— Hon. W. Cust	W. Derby
672	Le Baron Schwiter	S. I. Rochard
673	Countess Clanwilliam	Mrs J. Robertson
675	A Lady	R. H. Giles
680	Mrs Fraser	F. Cruickshank
716	F. F. Fraser, Esq.	F. Cruickshank
721	A Lady	G. Patten
722	Mr and Mrs Barker and Child	W. J. Newton
723	Mrs F. Parr	S. J. Rochard
724	Mrs Deacon	A Robertson
725	Hinda	Miss Heaphy
729	A Spanish Lady	L. Mansion
731	Sir W. Beechey	W. J. Newton
831	F. Chantrey, Esq.	A. Robertson
832	Portrait	A. E. Chalon
834	Miss Roberts	C. Ford
841	Portrait	F. Cruickshank
853	Edmund Forster, Esq.	Mrs Green
872	S. J. Capper, Esq.	A. Robertson
878	The Pilgrim	W. C. Ross
885	Mrs Deacon	A. Robertson
886	E. Daniel, Esq.	F. Cruickshank
887	Captain Elliott	W. Haughton
895	Miss Foote	S. J. Rochard

Library.

960	Pandemonium	J. Gaudy
982	London Bridge	G. Scharf
1010	Compositions	J. Gaudy
1016	Antique Temples	H. Parke

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Coriolanus.—The Little Corporal.—High Life Below Stairs.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Fazio.—Napoleon Buonaparte.
FRENCH PLAYS.—Le Quaker et La Danseuse.—Une Faute. — Les Premières Amours.

DRURY LANE.

OUR old acquaintance Mr MASSINGHAM, whose face we have now been accustomed to for we know not how many years in the vestibule of this theatre, has presented us with some tickets for the play which is to be performed for his benefit to-morrow night; and we hereby state, that we mean to write a paragraph for him, and urge our readers to go and see the play. It is the *School for Scandal*, full of SHERIDAN'S wit, and the excellent acting of Messrs FARREN, DOWTON, MACREADY, &c.: with the lady-like ease of Miss CHESTER. After which there is the new little historical drama of the *Little Corporal* (Napoleon at school) with little Miss POOLE in it; who is the fittest person in the world to act the little great man, because she is a little genius. And then comes the excellent farce of *The Jenkinses*, with such domesticities in it about lodgings, and bills, and lovers, and married people, as go home to everybody's 'business and bosoms,' especially by means of the capital acting of Mr FARREN, Mr COOPER, and Mrs ORGER. If these are not attractions for play-goers of all ages and sexes, we know not what are.

We must not guess how long it is since we have identified Mr MASSINGHAM'S face with the entrance to Drury Lane Theatre, lest we should seem to exaggerate. Suffice it to say, that we have been play-goers, yea, and critics! ever since our boyhood, and that our old vestibulary friend seems a sort of father to our play-going. Many a year it is since first we became familiar with his busy, earnest, and courteous demeanour; and there, though not exactly in the same spot (for even the entrances of theatres undergo vicissitude) he still sits, receiving tickets, giving courteous answers, and yet being just withal; for it pleaseth him not, that those who come second, should write their names in his book first. We trust he will not be displeased with our filial notions, albeit time has treated us worse in our proportion, and made us look very elderly offspring. If he is not paternally given, we much mistake him: but late hours and cold nights do not seem to touch him, as they do the critics. His task is pleasanter. At all events, there he is, as he ever used to be; and there we expect he will be found, when perhaps we shall not. If there are theatres, however, in the next world (and there are much worse things, according to some) we shall certainly look for him in the box-office, when we go to see the ghost of BETTERTON or GARRICK in *Romeo*.

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

SEMIRAMIDE.

[By ROSSINI.]

Semiramis, Queen of Babylon . . . Madame Pasta.
Arsaces, Commander in Chief of the Army . . . . . Madame Rubini.
Asema, Princess of the Blood of Belus . . . . . Madame Castelli.
Assur, Prince of the Blood of Belus . . . Signor Lablache.
Idrenus, King of India . Signor Curioni.
Oroe, Chief of the Magi . . Signor De Angeli.
Mitranus, Captain of the Royal Guard . . Signor Galli.
Ghost of Ninus . . . Signor . . .

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON, THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

Josephine, Miss M. C. Poole. Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier.
Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Marmont, Mr Almar.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale.
Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcomb, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

A Favorite Dance by Mlle. Rosier.

To conclude with A New Broad Comic Operatic Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.

Sharps—Susan Nightingale, Miss Somerville. Miss Margery Muff, Madame Simon.
Merton, Mr C. Hill. Skip, Mr Rogers. Whip, Mr Lee.
Flats—Mrs Dorothea Quibble, Miss Nicol.
Justice Quibble, Mr Williams. Major Bluster, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Servant to Justice Quibble, Mr Hobbs.
Naturals—Peggy, Miss Vincent. Caroline, Mrs C. Hill.
Master Jeremias Quibble, Mr Vale. Joe Nibs, Mr Asbury. Stubbs, Mr Webb.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

[By G. COLMAN, the Elder.]

Mrs Oakly, Miss Chester. Lady Freelove, Mrs Orger. Harriet, Miss Faucit.
Toilet, Mrs Newcombe.
Mr Oakly, Mr Macready. Major Oakly, Mr Farren.
Charles Oakly, Mr Cooper. Russet, Mr Dowton. Sir Harry Beagle, Mr Harley.
Lord Trinket, Mr Balls. Capt. O'Cutter, Mr H. Wallack.
Paris, Mr B. Hill. Tom, Mr Salter.

At the end of the Play, 'The Highland Fling,' by Miss Baltin.

In the course of the evening, Spohr's Overture to 'Faust;' Rossini's Overture to 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia;' and Weber's Overture to 'Der Freischutz.'

After which, the Exhibition of the New and Splendid DIORAMA, designed and painted by Mr STANFIELD.

To conclude with the Opera of

DER FREISCHUTZ.

[By C. M. VON WEBER.]

Linda, Miss Bruce. Rose, Mrs Bedford.
Bridesmaids—Miss Absolon. Miss Butline, Mrs. East, &c.
Ottocar, Mr Yarnold. Bernhard, Mr Bedford. Adolph, Mr T. Cooke.
Caspar, Mr Horn.
Kilian, Mr Webster. Zamiel, Mr Howell. Hermit, Mr Downing.
Principal Foresters—Mr Honner, Mr Eaton, Mr Wieland, and Mr Chikini.

To-morrow, The School for Scandal; The Little Corporal; The Jenkinses.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE GIPSY FATHER.

Rose Franklin, Miss E. Tree. Mary Barwell, Mrs Lovell.
Dolly Dolittle, Mrs Tayleure. Clara, Miss Hughes.
Gipsy Woman, Mrs Daly. Lucy, Miss Hunt.
Barwell, Mr Warde. Richard Barwell, Mr G. Bennett.
Simon Salubrious Dolittle, Mr Keeley. Edwards, Mr F. Matthews.
Judge Franklin, Mr Evans. Jem Hartshorn, Mr Meadows.
William and James, Miss P. Horton and Miss Kendall.
First Gipsy, Mr Turnour. Clerk, Mr Irwin. Servant, Mr Heath.

Previous to the Drama, C. M. Von Weber's Overture to 'Preciosa.'

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Six Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schoenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.
Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

To-morrow, Isabella; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, founded on the admired Ballet of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The principal Characters by Mrs Evans, Miss Wells, Mrs Garrick, Mrs Saville, Miss Dix, Mr Keppell, Mr Forrester, Mr Porteus, Mr G. Lejeune, Mr Wilkinson, Mr Spencer, and Mr G. Smith.

After which, a Comic Interlude, in One Act, called

REFORMATION.

Ellen Feelove, Miss Andrews. Mary Mayflower, Miss Forster.
Miss Matilda Manwaring, Mrs Garrick.
Mr Farringdon, Mr Munroe. Francis Feelove, Esq. Mr Porteus.
Sam Slap, Mr Marshall. Dick Dashington, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

The Music composed by Mr H. P. Hill.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Mrs Saville.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Alberto, Mr G. Smith. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson.

In the course of the Evening, Bishop's Overture to 'Guy Mannering,' and Rossini's Overture to 'Italiana in Alghieri.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Feats of Horsemanship—Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—J. Cooke's Act of the British Sportsman and the Reaper—Williams's Tourbillons—Equestrianism, by Miss M. A. Cooke—Sir William Button.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Frozen Hand—The Lady and the Devil—More Reform.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—The Sylph of the Sunflower.

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Nº 234.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1831.

MISSIONARIES IN TAHITI.*

THESE travellers are Missionaries, sent out to enquire into the proceedings of those whom the Society has dispatched to various parts of the world, as they tell us, to inculcate Christian doctrines. They rise up in arms against the Russian traveller, Kotzebue, who has spoken somewhat strongly of the result of the missions to Tahiti (Otaheite), &c. but they do not disprove what he says. An imperfect acquaintance with the language may have led that traveller into errors, with regard to the violent measures used in the conversion of the people; but nothing is said in contradiction of his assertion that all innocent diversions are forbidden; that the people have rather exchanged vices, than learned virtue; and that the missionaries have seized the civil as well as spiritual power. A man's observations or arguments are not now to be put down by such an answer, if answer it be, as the following:—

'"The religion taught by the Missionaries *is not true Christianity*," (says Kotzebue)—if that which Captain Kotzebue *practices*, be "true Christianity," assuredly that which the Missionaries teach, is not. Try him by his own test. In an interview with the queen, he says, "she asked me whether I was a Christian, and how often I prayed *daily*?—I merely replied, that we should be judged according to our *actions*, rather than the number of our prayers.'"

Captain Kotzebue is not alone in lamenting the dreary change in the manners of the Tahitians. Captain Beechey expresses the same feelings; and, on this point, our Missionaries say nothing, but that their habits *were* unspeakably reprobate, and *are* perfectly sober and orderly. If this be the case; if the people are so willing to be taught, and to benefit by the teaching; where can be the necessity for that rigour which forbids them all amusement? a rigour which could be *palliated* only by the fact of the people being so hardened in vice, as to make it dangerous for them to assemble together in their dances, &c. Captain Kotzebue does not deny that the Missionaries have done some good to these islanders; he only asserts that they have also done much ill; and who will doubt it, who knows the clerical appetite for power and pelf? The following passage extracted from the farewell letter of the deputation, to the resident Missionaries, speaks volumes:—

'The Society receives with great satisfaction the noble contributions which are made from time to time; and thanks you, dear brethren, and, through you, your numerous flocks, for your united exertions, which have been so productive. Let this liberality be continued; and allow us to suggest, whether the subscriptions might not be increased; and, if not increased, whether some other plan might not be acted upon to render the present subscriptions more productive, by affording greater security to the property subscribed. Though it is the wish of the society that the Missionaries, whom it sends into the heathen world, should not interfere with the politics of the countries where they may reside, yet, as you have to instruct these people in all the institutions of civilized society, and have been called upon by them to assist in forming several codes of laws under which we are happy to see them living, it is necessary that you should continue to explain to them their own laws; that you should watch against their falling into neglect, on the one hand, or being unjustly applied, on the other, until such time as the people become so thoroughly versed in their meaning and administration, as to render your assistance unnecessary.'—Vol. II, pp. 109, 110.

As to the amount of good or evil done, perhaps religion has had little to do with either. Some of the Missionaries have had a knowledge of agriculture, natural history, &c. They have introduced flocks and herds, planted useful roots and trees, taught the people to build more durable and convenient dwellings, encouraged them to industry, by instructing them in various mechanic arts, which they found conducive to their comfort; and lastly, have taught them to read and write. Infanticide is no longer practised, and parents are seen with a numerous family around them, whom the Missionaries have saved from assassination. By increasing the means of living, they had enabled them to provide for all their children; and no longer feeling it necessary to sacrifice the younger for the advantage of the elder (as more enlightened nations have done, by conventual imprisonment, in many instances far more cruel than infant assassination,) they rear and cherish them all with affection. All this good the Missionaries have done, but it has been by the dissemination of knowledge,—by Christian *practice*, not religious doctrine. They have taken into their own hands the laws and liberties of the natives; they have inspired them with fear, and taught them hypocrisy; have forbidden them the recreations which should sweeten labour, and laden their passing hours with melancholy. And this they have done from fanaticism, and a love of power,—not from Christian zeal. Had they instructed these ignorant islanders in the genuine principles of Christianity;—to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them; to forgive injuries, &c., and cheerfully to enjoy the blessings God had given them; then, indeed, would they have merited to the utmost, and from the world at large, the eulogies they now so liberally bestow upon themselves. But we are entering too far into a subject which is not to be treated in our limited space; and it is time to return to our travellers and their editor.

We have read the volumes with pleasure, but our relish of them has had no connection with faith, or—we were going to say—with good works. They contain much doctrinal cant, and much interesting information. The travellers have visited, not only the South-Sea Islands, but China and India; they give lively representations of the customs of the different countries; concise, but clear descriptions of many natural productions, of the uses to which they are applied, and the mode of applying them; and whenever they take leave of dogmas and their conventional phraseology, they become agreeable companions. The general reader will consider the work as a useful and pleasant addition to his library; and many, whom the title might deter from looking into it, will find—if they can be induced to disregard the title—that it has attractions sufficient to compensate for its defects.

* *Journal of Voyages and Travels. By the Rev. Daniel Tyerman and George Bennet, Esq. Compiled from Original Documents by James Montgomery.* 2 vols. 8vo. Westley and Davis.

SCOTTISH BIOGRAPHY.*

THE Worthies who figure in this volume are Alexander the Third, Michael Scott, Sir William Wallace, and Robert Bruce; all names of great note, and the two latter, more particularly, carrying with them a romantic interest. The first has been termed the Scottish Alfred, and in some respects, he appears not altogether undeserving of the appellation. His wars, indeed, are rather to be defended than admired; and when we see him, in the bloom of youth, and in circumstances calculated to make him fully sensible of the value of life, exerting all the powers of his mind to entrap thousands in a maze which shall leave them only a choice of death,—by the sword or by the sea, we are less inclined to admire the skill with which he overreached his aged adversary, the King of Norway, than to seek excuses for him in the habits of the times, and the undue admiration that has always been given to military conquest. It must be acknowledged, that by engaging the elements on his side, he spared the lives of many of his own subjects; but thousands of human beings, like himself, the creatures of God, were deliberately sacrificed to the delays, purposely occasioned by his feigned desire of a peace that would have been infinitely more honourable to him than the result of a war, in which the elements, rather than he, were the victors. His conduct on this occasion is the more remarkable, as he was not a warlike prince, and his after reign was one of continued peace and prosperity. Alexander was beloved, and deservedly beloved, by his subjects. He jealously preserved the independence of his country, and personally superintended the administration of justice.

'It was his custom,' says Fordun, 'that he might put down all

* *Lives of the Scottish Worthies. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A.* Vol. I. (Family Library, No. XXII.) Murray.

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violence and disorder, to make an annual progress through the kingdom, accompanied by a select but powerful body of his knights and nobles. In this manner he took up a temporary residence in each quarter of his dominions, having along with him his great Justiciar, so that no complaint which was then made should be overlooked, but justice promptly and impartially administered to all.'

'The oldest Scottish song now known,' says Mr Tytler, 'is a species of lyric elegy upon the death of this monarch, lamenting the sorrowful changes which took place upon his death.'

The life of Michael Scott will give but little satisfaction to a lover of the marvellous, since all his supernatural powers are shewn to amount to no more, than that he was a scholar and a man of science, in an age of ignorance and superstition. Sir William Wallace, also, owes much of his fame to romantic traditions, and to the poetical imagination of his chronicler, Henry the Minstrel. With all the ardour of chivalry, he had none of its refinements. He was zealous for liberty, but tarnished the fame he gained, by frequent and unmanly cruelties. The author does him full justice, yet he does not spare him on this head, nor, though proud of him as his countryman, show him any undue partiality.

'The truth seems to be, that the character and actions of this extraordinary man were in all respects colossal. His crimes as well as his virtues evolved themselves on a great scale; he himself and his nation had been crushed under the intolerable weight of an unjust system of government, till, from a desire not only to avenge the blood of friends and countrymen, but to strike terror into the hearts of the oppressors, and to impress upon them the conviction that nothing short of their utter extermination was intended, retaliation in its most cruel shape was sometimes not only permitted, but encouraged, by this formidable leader. To expect in a mind like his, bred up in a dark and iron age, and perpetually exposed to the hardening influence of the saddest sights of war, the refined benevolence and the gentler virtues of peace, would be unreasonable and absurd; and it is quite evident, notwithstanding the unmingled eulogies of his minstrel biographer, and the enthusiastic sophistry of later writers, that Wallace, in the great struggle to which he had devoted himself, despised and trampled on the artificial refinements of chivalry. . . . . His soul was devoted to a far simpler worship, that of Liberty: at the horns of her altar he was eager not only to slay every invader of his country, but, with a rude and savage pleasantry, to trample upon all refined generosity and high-wrought sensibility and humanity, which no doubt appeared to him utterly misplaced and absurd with regard to the mortal enemies of Scotland. It is here that we are to remark the decided difference between the characters of Wallace and Bruce; the latter, throughout his whole career, never losing or outraging for a moment the feelings of a chivalrous and accomplished knight.'

While speaking of Wallace, our author questions and examines records, with all the coolness and caution characteristic of his country; but when he speaks of Bruce, his heart seems to warm from admiration into love, and sensibly to enjoy the power of eulogizing his hero, without forsaking truth. There is no foul blemish here, which it irks him to point out; and he gives himself up to his feelings without fear that they should lead him astray. He has done justice both to his subjects and to the public. As in a well-written romance, we find the interest increase as we proceed, and we close the volume with a wish that the second were ready for perusal;—a wish so much the stronger, as the life of Bruce is left unfinished.

We conclude our present notice of this interesting work, by extracting the account of King Robert's coronation, and the melancholy fate of the Countess of Buchan for the part she acted in it.

'Bruce and his attendants now resumed their progress to Scone; and on their arrival there, being joined by the bishops of St Andrews, Glasgow, and Moray, he was crowned in that ancient monastery, on the 27th of March 1306. The ceremony could not be performed with that studied splendour and pomp of preparation which accompany the succession to a secure and pacific throne; but, on this account, it perhaps rather gained than lost in the deep interest which attended it. The regalia of Scotland, the sacred stone on which the kings were accustomed to take the oaths to the Celtic portion of their people, the regal mantle, and everything connected with the state and dignity of the throne, had been carried off by Edward in 1296; the ready aid of his friends supplied the want. From his own wardrobe, the Bishop of Glasgow furnished the regal robes in which Bruce appeared; a banner embroidered with the arms of Baliol, was brought from the treasury of the same prelate; a small circlet of gold, borrowed, in all probability, from the brows of some virgin saint, or holy martyr, was placed by the Bishop of St Andrews upon his head; and as he sate in the state chair of the Abbot of Scone, the small band of prelates took their oaths of homage, and the applauses of the inferior clergy belonging to the monastery, and of the people who had crowded from the neighbourhood to witness the solemnity. The inauguration in the stone chair was necessarily omitted, and no Highland sennachy, or bard, deduced, as at the coronation of Alexander, the descent of the monarch from the ancient kings of Albyn; but almost immediately, the accession of Bruce acquired additional solemnity from an extraordinary circumstance. To the Earl of Fife, as the descendant of Macduff, belonged the right of placing the King of Scotland upon the throne. The then Earl of Fife, however, was of the English party; but his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, entertained a romantic admiration of Bruce. Eloping from her husband, and carrying with her his war-horses, and a train of attendants, worthy of her rank, this bold and high-spirited woman suddenly appeared at Scone two days after the coronation, and demanded that the ceremony should be repeated, and her hereditary right of placing the king upon the throne of his ancestors, admitted and enforced. Singular as was this request, Bruce did not conceive that he was in circumstances to think lightly of it; and on the 29th of March, he was a second time placed by Isabella upon the regal chair, and crowned King of Scotland. [The unfortunate Countess afterwards fell into the hands of the English, and, in the same volume, we find her fate recorded, as follows]:—Edward, in imitation of a barbarous practice, which he had probably witnessed in Italy, commanded a cage of wood and iron to be constructed in one of the outer turrets of the castle of Berwick, which was next the street, and open to the public gaze. Within this singular apartment, the Countess was placed; no one except the woman to whose keeping she was intrusted, was permitted to speak with her; and she was ordered to be so strictly guarded, that escape should be impossible. Here she remained, to use the words of an ancient English historian, "suspended as a spectacle of eternal disgrace to all who passed by," for the period of four years, till the clemency of Edward the Second exchanged the cage of Berwick, for a milder imprisonment in the monastery of Mount Carmel.'

FINE ARTS.

PICTURES IN SHREDS AND PATCHES.

'Well, and is it better than oils? would it be better to teach? is there any use in it?' These are questions that we were asked by a friend to whom we mentioned the curiosities before us. They are not better than oils; and the only use in them is the amusement they have been and will be to the public, and the benefit we hope they will prove to their ingenious workwoman. Standing on one's head, or making feet of one's hands and shouldering one's legs, is not likely to supersede the ordinary mode of progression; still it is curious to see such phenomena. We like to know, as Johnson said, what human beings can do. The extraordinary power acquired over the apparently untractable material of cloth, and the great cleverness with which the spirit of the design is preserved, repay the curiosity of the visitors of these pictures, more than most of the modern Exhibitions. At a little distance they are indistinguishable from oils; the most unusual thing about them being the total want of lustre, as to their *own surface*; for the *representation* of lustre is most admirable; as the liquid and glaring eyes of the dog, in the 'Dog, cat, and partridge,' and the transparent 'Grapes,' can testify. The dog and cat threatening each other, with the dead partridge at their feet, may challenge comparison with many an oil painting of the present times, both as to colour and spirit. Two small cabinet pictures, after the younger Teniers, and a copy of a head by Titian, are astonishing from the extraordinary fineness of their execution. There is moreover, a landscape or two in the room; one of which, a view of Wemyss Castle (a copy of a modern picture), represents a substance apparently as incompatible with its material as could well be chosen; namely, water; yet it is as liquid and flowing as its prototype, and has all its varied tints and reflections. 'Una,' is interesting, because it is an early work, and an evidence of the improvement the artist has made. There is an unfinished sketch in the room, which helps us to understand the mode of working, and does away with the involuntary incredulity that forces itself upon the mind. The explanations personally afforded by the Lady who has executed these works, are highly amusing. We think the price of admission likely to be against her; as quantity, not quality, is the great desideratum now-a-days. An Englishman will hesitate before he pays for one sight, that which will procure him two, though inferior.

THE LIVING PAINTERS, No. III [Messrs Newton, Chalon, and Callcott] will appear to-morrow.

MR C. J. ROBERTSON'S IMPROVEMENT IN PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS.

ON Friday week, Mr Charles Robertson, the miniature-painter, delivered a discourse at the Royal Institution, explanatory of a system he has for some time adopted, of painting in water colour. Feeling the disadvantage at which the members in his branch of the profession are placed, on account of the comparative incompetence of the material with which they work, he determined upon making a series of experiments, for the purpose of rendering the water colour medium equal in vigour of tone, body, and durability with its hitherto unmatched rival; and to all appearance, his success has been complete.

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In the first place, he mixes his colours with a solution of gum arabic, and in the course of laying them on, as he proceeds in the different stages of his effects, he covers them with a varnish, compounded of isinglass and spirit of wine, which is laid on while the material is hot (for the isinglass can be brought to dissolve in spirit only at boiling heat, and this will not be effected under three hours.) In this manner he proceeds, laying body of colour upon body, varnishing at each stage till the work be finished; when, to secure the whole from the injuries of damp and soiling, he covers it with a copal varnish. In this state of completion, the picture, if soiled, may be washed with a sponge as securely as an oil painting. If, during the progress of the work, the artist desire to make any alteration, the portion to be removed is readily so treated, and by the same means as in ordinary water-colour drawings.

The substance upon which Mr Robertson makes his paintings is the best drawing paper (in preference to Bristol board), and this he lays down upon canvas, with strong glue and paste. Damp, the dire enemy of pictures, more readily assails them at the back, both from their always hanging against the walls of buildings, and from the bare and porous nature of the canvas, which is constantly presented to its action. In Mr Robertson's plan, moisture would obviously be most detrimental: to counteract its effect, therefore, he covers the whole back of the canvas with tin-foil, firmly glued on; and this he has proved to be impervious to moisture.

Mr Robertson most triumphantly proved the practicability of his invention, by exhibiting four large drawings, two of them original designs; the one, 'Ariel being wafted on the Clouds;' the other, which occupied many feet of canvas, a group of 'Cupid and Psyche,' nearly the size of life. The remaining two were a copy from the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery, and a copy from a 'Holy Family,' by Andrea del Sarto. The whole produced an animated applause from the assembly. Some members of the Royal Academy were among the audience; two of whom, upon examining the copy from Sarto, expressed their opinion, that they should not have supposed it to be other than an oil painting.—*Abridged from the Atlas.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

English Musical Taste.—It has been asserted that the English are very much improved in their taste for music. We will not contradict this opinion; still we cannot but entertain the conviction that there is some quackery in this supposed improvement; nor can our doubts be removed so long as we perceive that the vulgar and unmeaning *tol-de-rol* style of songs, which still lords it in our national theatres, is suffered to remain; and that even Pasta, in the Italian Opera, is obliged to conciliate general favour by those abominable *shakes* at the end of a musical piece, which 'make the judicious grieve.' We trust, however, that these depravities will gradually disappear, and, in the meantime, we earnestly request Pasta, and every other great singer, not to condescend to court applause by resorting to expedients so totally unworthy of their talents.—*Englishman's Magazine.*

Primitive Steam-Engine.—In 1629 a compilation was published, entitled 'Le Machine del Sig. G. Branca; Roma.' It contains a description of all the machines known to the author. Among them is an æolipile,—a hollow metallic ball, having but one small opening,—filled with water, and placed on a brasier in such a manner, that the current of steam, issuing by a pipe, strikes the wings or spokes of a little horizontal wheel, and makes it revolve. It was remarked, in the year 1605, by Florence Rivault, in his 'Elemens d'Artillerie,' that æolipiles burst with a loud report when the steam was prevented from escaping. He adds, 'the effect of the rarefaction of air will startle the boldest man.' Some of the French scientific journals of the present day are endeavouring to shew that the name of Salomon de Caus ought to be substituted for that of the Marquis of Worcester, as giving the first suggestion of the steam engine.—*Literary Gazette.*

Recruiting Bill.—The eloquence of the following appeal to the country bumpkins to become soldiers, issued by a regiment recently returned from the East Indies, is worthy to have been issued by *Serjeant Kite* himself.—'On enlisting, he receives from the King a bounty of *three guineas;* he exchanges his old clothes for a handsome comfortable uniform, and his homely fare of coarse bread and vegetables, for good tea or coffee, soup and beef. He no longer lives in a low confined hut or cottage, but has a fine airy large barrack-room. Instead of rolling about, and walking as if he had a load of clay at each foot, he steps smartly along with an upright air. Instead of hard labour from sunrise to sunset, with little pay or food, he has only to clean his arms and clothes, and attend one or two parades a-day He need no longer whistle to himself, as he has a *fine band of music*, besides drums, fifes, and bugles. If he behave himself well, and know anything of writing or reading, he may soon hope to be made a Corporal, and then a Serjeant; his Officers will take care he is not wronged, but will protect and promote him. If he is sick, he will receive every attention in an excellent hospital, from experienced surgeons, and be visited by his Officers and Chaplain. If he is married, and has children, they will be educated *gratis*, at the school of the regiment. Should the interest and the honour of the nation render *a war* necessary, the soldier will be well provided for; he will fight beside brave men who will stand by him; and under gallant and considerate Officers, who will not foolishly throw away the lives of their men. If he escapes, he will share in *prize money* and honour; should he be wounded, a grateful country will reward him by a *liberal pension*; and should he be killed (as we must all die some time) he will enjoy the satisfaction of dying in a good cause, of leaving his family to the kind care of the nation, who will provide for them, and of being buried where he fought, with the colours waving and muskets discharged over him.—*Kentish Chronicle.*—[This reminds us of a similar requisition for recruits for the East Indies, which we read some years ago, in which, after enumerating various felicities, it was stated that the Colonel could '*only* allow hunting *twice* a-week, as he wished to keep the horses fresh to meet the enemy.']

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.
King's Theatre.—Semiramide.—Kenilworth.
Drury-Lane.—The Jealous Wife.—Der Freischutz.
Covent-Garden.—The Gipsy Father.—Napoleon Buonaparte.

Queen's Theatre.

A successful trifled called *Reformation* was produced here last night, from the pen of Mr Baile Bernard. It is of no very ambitious character; but what it undertakes to do, it does pleasantly. Its highest wit consists of some good puns; its most interesting incident, indeed its entire plot, is made up of the old stage joke of hurrying two or three damsels at once into hiding-places, while the hero of the piece has to put the best face he can on the matter with some elderly kinsman. This is just the whole story before us. *Dashington* (Mr Green) is a sort of Don Giovanni, whom his uncle wants to persuade into Reformation and law-chambers. He is at the uncle's country-house, resolving to try and oblige the old gentleman, and reading a book of reports, when a damsel presents herself at the garden-gate, who has come for a servant's place. Away goes the book, and *Mr Dashington* begins making furious love. His uncle's footman (Mr Marshall), who seems commissioned to act the part of a *Mentor* on these occasions (which he does at the perpetual peril of a broken head) diverts his attention by telling him that there is a post-chaise halting near the door with a young lady in it. 'A young lady!' Off dashes *Mr Dashington*, and to the amazement of the footman is seen handing her out of the chaise, and kissing her hand. The servant-maid meanwhile has been thrust into a summer-house. The fair stranger proves to be the damsel he is paying his addresses to, *Miss Ellen* somebody, bound on her way to boarding-school. Our hero insists upon her stopping, 'only five minutes,' but while he is making love as before, *another* lady is announced, and *Miss Ellen* is thrust into another summer-house! The third lady, who is rather too elderly to be as well received as the former ones, is suddenly smitten with *Mr Dashington*, and is holding him in a long *tête-à-tête*, when the footman, frightened out of his wits at this collection of women, and despairing in particular of getting rid of the elderly lady, fires off a fowling-piece behind her. She seizes the opportunity of fainting in a very resolute manner into the arms of *Mr Dashington:* the footman cries out that the uncle is coming; *Dashington* thrusts her into the arms of the hopeless man-servant, and resumes his book. A book-case (the most accommodating moveable of the kind we ever saw, and fond of fresh air) happens to be standing in the garden! They succeed in thrusting her into this book-case; the uncle comes in, with the father of *Miss Ellen*, who has come on a visit, and points with paternal pride to his reformed boy, doating over his studies. The reader guesses the rest. *Dashington* is asked to give them a specimen of the style in which he means to speak at the bar, but declines; and he opposes their seating themselves in the summer-houses, on the plea of his having stowed books there, and a 'little electrical machine.' He, the footman, and the uncle, happen to be called away, we forget for what; and *Ellen's* father, after the fashion of *Sir Peter Teazle*, when he fetches out the 'little French milliner,' resolves upon having a peep at the 'little electrical machine,' and discovers the maid-servant. The parties returning, his own daughter is discovered next; and finally the elderly inamorata is fetched out of the book-case, and turns out to be a kinswoman of one of the gentlemen, who has come also on a visit. All this was made pleasant enough by Mr Bernard, to a good-humoured audience, who approved even one or two jokes which we think might have been spared; not because they were a little free, but because their imagery tended to degrade the sex. We allude in particular to the passage about being 'spoilt with keeping.' We are always for being tolerant to animal spirits and good humour, but we like them to run on the exalting side, or at least to put pleasant metaphors in one's head, and not revolting ones.

Mr Marshall did the footman very well, and Mr Green the hero; only it is a pity he is so eternally on the fidget. His interlocutor scarcely says anything, but Mr Green must give it an accompaniment of looks and gestures. Every comma may be reckoned to meet with a nod; a shifting of the leg answers to a semicolon; and a full stop has a shrug.

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MR KEAN AT THE CITY THEATRE.

TO THE TATLER.

My Dear Mr Tatler,—I should very much like to see you give due honour to the little theatre in Milton street. The critics in general, seem, like cats, to be attached to the houses themselves, rather than to those who figure in them; and while they continue to visit the larger theatres, talk of being reduced to the necessity,—if these do not behave themselves,—of going to a theatre trodden by Mr Kean! of going to 'Grub street.' Cannot the presence of one man of genius, and the name of another, overcome the association of vulgarity with that spot?—There has been much outcry against the size of our principal theatres.—The first actor of the day may now be seen in a small theatre. Who goes to see him? Now he is spoken of with contempt, and placed upon a level with Punch;—and why?—because the change implies broken fortunes. It might be well that Mr Kean should not appear in public, while any deficiency of strength renders him inferior to himself;—but if he does appear,—be it necessity, or inclination, which induces him so to do, he should surely be treated with respect; and it concerns every man of genius to uphold him. I remain, Mr Tatler,

An Admirer of Kean and Macready,
act where they may.

[We shall do ourselves the pleasure of again attending to Mr Kean next week.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H's misgiving is worthy of him. His last verses are not so good as his former ones.

Has not the passage respecting the Countess de Rossi already appeared in the newspapers?

The gentleman who writes to us from Leominster is informed, that the *Indicator* is out of print. The other publications may be had, we believe, upon giving directions to any London bookseller to procure them. The *Reflector* was completed in two volumes.

We are obliged to the author of the paper upon the '*Study of English Literature*,' but have not room for it.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr Sheridan.]

Lady Teazle, Miss Chester. Lady Sneerwell, Mrs Faucit.
Mrs Candour, Mrs Orger. Maria, Miss Faucit. Maid, Mrs Webster.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr Farren. Sir Oliver Surface, Mr Dowton.
Joseph Surface, Mr Cooper. Charles Surface, Mr Wallack.
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr Harley. Crabtree, Mr W. Bennett.
Careless, Mr Yarnold. Rowley, Mr Younge. Moses, Mr Webster.
Trip, Mr Balls. Snake, Mr Thompson. Sir Harry (with a Song) Mr Sinclair.
John, Mr Hooner. William, Mr C. Jones.
First Gentleman, Mr East. Second Gentleman, Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the Evening the Band will perform Boieldieu's Overture to 'Les Deux Nuits;' Rossini's Overture to 'Il Turco in Italia;' and Mozart's Overture to 'Idomeneo.'

After which, a petite Historical Drama, called

THE LITTLE CORPORAL, OR THE SCHOOL OF BRIENNE.

Josephine, Miss Crawford.
The Minister of War, Mr Cooke. The Principal of the Academy, Mr C. Jones.
Egidius, Mr Younge. Patrault, Mr Thompson. Buonaparte, Miss Poole.
Bourienne, Darbel, Delestrade, Duhauset, Masters Cathie, Richardson, Hildrew, and Fenton.
Captain Morel, Mr Andrews.

To conclude with a Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

THE JENKINSES.

Mrs John Jenkins, Mrs Orger. Miss Georgiana Jenkins, Miss Crawford.
Martha, Mrs Broad. Mr Carraway, Mr Farren.
Augustus Gingham, Mr J. Vining. Mr John Jenkins, Mr Cooper.
Master John Jenkins, Master Fenton.

To-morrow, The Legion of Honour; The Brigand; and Masaniello.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

ISABELLA.

[By Mr Southern.]

Isabella, Miss F. Kemble. Nurse, Mrs Tayleure.
Count Baldwin, Mr Egerton. Biron, Mr Ward. Biron's Son, Miss Hunt.
Carlos, Mr G. Bennett. Villeroy, Mr Abbott. Maurice, Mr Henry.
Belford, Mr Baker. Officer, Mr Turnour. Samson, Mr Meadows.

In Act III. AN EPITHALAMIUM.

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Six Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Duguommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montpreau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.
Part 6.—Victoria's Vision.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and The Gipsy Father.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

NEW COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

Part I.—In which Mr Mathews will introduce the following Songs:—'London Exhibitions, 1830-31.' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

Part II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain Nine characters.

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON, THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French:—Josephine, Miss M. C. Peole. Panchon, Mlle. Rosier.
Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Marmont, Mr Almar.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale.

English:—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcomb, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

A Favorite Dance by Mlle. Rosier.

To conclude with A New Broad Comic Operatic Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.

Sharps—Susan Nightingale, Miss Somerville. Miss Margery Muff, Madame Simon.
Merton, Mr C. Hill. Skip, Mr Rogers. Whip, Mr Lee.
Flats—Mrs Dorothea Quibble, Miss Nicol.
Justice Quibble, Mr Williams. Major Bluster, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Servant to Justice Quibble, Mr Hobbs.
Naturals—Peggy, Miss Vincent. Caroline, Mrs C. Hill.
Master Jeremias Quibble, Mr Vale. Joe Nibs, Mr Asbury. Stubbs, Mr Webb.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, founded on the admired Ballad of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[By Mr M'Farren.]

Jenny, Mrs Evans. Dame Fairly, Miss Wells. Mrs MacToddy, Mrs Garrick.
Marian, Mrs Saville.
Auld Robin Gray, Mr Keppel. Jamie, Mr Forrester. Sandy, Mr Marshall.
Archibald Tillyvallock, Mr Munroe. Farmer Fairlie, Mr Perteus.
Patie, Mr G. Lejeune. Dougal, Mr Willing. Simon, Mr Davies.
Paul Bowbell, Mr Wilkinson.
Gipsies—Elspeth, Miss Dix. Ronald, Mr Spencer. Gabriel, Mr G. Smith.
Gilbert, Mr H. Cooke. Elshie, Mr Barnett.

After which, a Comic Interlude, in One Act, called

REFORMATION.

[By Mr Bernard.]

Ellen Feelove, Miss Andrews. Mary Mayflower, Miss Forster.
Miss Matilda Manwaring, Mrs Garrick.
Mr Farringdon, Mr Munroe. Francis Feelove, Esq. Mr Perteus.
Sam Slap, Mr Marshall. Dick Dashington, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

[By Mr Keppell.]

The Music composed by Mr H. P. Hill.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Mrs Saville.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Alberto, Mr G. Smith. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson.

In the course of the Evening, Bishop's Overture to 'Guy Mannering,' and Rossini's Overture to 'Italiana in Alghieri.'

CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE,

MILTON STREET, FORE STREET.

Shakspeare's Tragedy of

OTHELLO.

Othello, Mr Kean.

After which,

MATCH-MAKING.

Madame Manette, Mrs Fitzwilliam.

Astley's Amphitheatre. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

Cooke's Equestrian Circus, Great Windmill St. Haymarket.—Feats of Horsemanship—Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—J. Cooke's Act of the British Sportsman and the Reaper.—Williams's Tourbillons—Equestrianism, by Miss M. A. Cooke—Sir William Button.

Coburg Theatre.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

Sadler's Wells.—The Frozen Hand—The Lady and the Devil—More Reform.

Royal Pavilion Theatre.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—The Sylph of the Sunflower.

Vauxhall Gardens.—Variety of Entertainments.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1831.

MR MOXON'S PUBLICATIONS.

Mr Moxon has begun his career as a bookseller in singularly high taste. He has no connexion but with the select of the earth. The least thing he does, is to give us a dandy poem, suitable to Bond street, and not without wit. We allude to the Byronian brochure, entitled '*Mischief*.' But this is a mere condescension to the elegance of the street he lives in. Mr Moxon commenced with some of the primæval delicacies of *Charles Lamb*. He then astonished us with Mr Rogers's poems on *Italy*, full of beautiful plates after Turner and Stothard,—a golden volume. Then came the *Sonnets of Shakspeare and Milton* (which it was a refinement in the cruelty of his prosperity not to send us): then the *Poetical Works of Mr Landor*, truly classical and Catullian; then the high-German hypochondrias of Tieck; and now he presents us with *Selections from the Poems of Mr Wordsworth*, a book long a desideratum; purchaseable, portable, and containing some of the best things of the best poet of his time.

Of some of these publications we have already spoken,—Mr Lamb's *Album Verses* among them. And why (the reader may ask) not have noticed his *Satan in Search of a Wife*? Because, to say the truth, we did not think it worthy of him. We rejoice in Mr Lamb's accession to the good cause advocated by Sterne and Burns, refreshed by the wholesome mirth of Mr Moncrieff, and finally carried (like a number of other astonished humanities, who little thought of the matter, and are not all sensible of it now) on the triumphant shoulders of the Glorious Three Days. But Mr Lamb, in the extreme sympathy of his delight, has taken for granted, that everything which can be uttered on the subject will be held to be worth uttering, purely for its own sake, and because it could not well have been said twelve months ago. He merges himself, out of the pure transport of his good will, into the joyous common-places of others; just as if he had joined a great set of children in tossing over some mighty bowl of snap-dragon, too scalding to bear; and thought that nothing could be so good as to echo their 'hurras!' Furthermore, we fear that some of his old friends, on the wrong side of the *House*, would think a little of his merriment profane: though for our parts, if we are certain of anything in this world, it is that nothing can be more Christian.

Mr Landor's book would have had a criticism from us some weeks ago; but circumstances of various kinds, and productions more easily noticed, compelled us from time to time to lay it aside: for in justice neither to itself, nor to our pleasure, can we go through it hastily. It is one of those volumes which we linger over as long as possible, marking it with our pen, and not missing a word.

With Mr Wordsworth's writings we are more intimate; and of his volume can speak at once.* We have said that he is the best poet of his time. It is an old opinion of ours, and we are proud to say that it remains just what it was. We have true poets now living, after their several orders:—

> 'For orders and degrees
> Jar not with *poetry*, but well consist,'

every man being more or less a poet, who can throw up his experience into a certain kind of *flower*; and there are therefore a variety of classes in the poetical, as there are in the floral world. It is idle to say that none but great poets are real poets. We might as well assert that there are no flowers but roses. The stock is a flower too; and Shenstone is as truly a poet, *after his kind*, as Spenser. Shenstone's charming little poem of the *Schoolmistress* is such a flower as he describes in it,—balm, or pink, or a piece of lavender. The *Faerie Queene* of Spenser is a forest in bloom. And yet who shall add a new poem to the list, any more than a new flower, however humble a one, unless (not to speak it profanely) he be a real 'maker?' Campbell, Moore, Lamb, Scott, Rogers, Crabbe, Landor, Montgomery, Coleridge, Barry Cornwall, the Tennysons, and others (we have not mentioned them in their order) are all poets, of greater or less merit. We think Mr Wordsworth the head of them; and our opinion is impartial, because we differ exceedingly with Mr Wordsworth upon many points, and (if we may so speak) do not *personally* love his poetry; at least not in the degree that we should wish to love that of so fine a writer.

But what living poet has written so much, and so admirably, as he? Who has dared to venture such heaps of verses, at the risk of writing many feeble ones (as we grant him to have done), but upon the whole such heaps of good and fine verses, deep in thought, and fitting and masterly in words? Who has so much habitual poetry about him? Who sees such a multitude of things, with so many of their beauties, physical and moral, about them, breathing the air of fancy, and knowing that they are not simply what they are called by common men? And who has such fine language at will? Who can, evidently, at a moment's notice, summon such apt and sovereign words, to express what he pleases? Take any ten out of the hundreds of his pages, and many a poet would increase his reputation a hundred-fold by spreading their thoughts over his whole works.

Is it not provoking that such a man should be behindhand with the world half a century in his political and religious opinions, and that he should *choose* to be behindhand? Mr Wordsworth does not give us the idea of his being a happy man, or of one whose intervals from doubt and melancholy have any real refreshment. There is a misgiving in his aspirations, and owing to his sectarian caste of mind, a self-seeking in his very universalities, that contradict his claims to be considered a sympathiser with *every* thing. Mr Hine (the gentleman to whom the public are indebted for editing this volume, and who has performed his part in a manner highly creditable to him) justly claims for his great friend the reputation of a sympathy more extensive than what is exhibited by the living poet, as far as a *multitude* of things are concerned; but we cannot allow that he sympathises more deeply with any part of 'God's creation.' God has created not only the works more commonly attributed to him, but what man has created also; and among others, the works of cities; yea, even theatres and the French nation; and we do not think Mr Wordsworth sympathises much with those. He has written an unjust and an untrue sonnet against France; and has acknowledged elsewhere, that he takes little interest 'in the interlocutions of Caius and Lucius,'—meaning Shakspeare's plays. This is not unbounded sympathy; neither is it a poetical or philosophical universality to be always looking back to old times, and wishing not to 'make progression' with the world, unless it will come round. Mr Wordsworth contradicts the liberality natural to him as a poet and philosopher, by compounding his morbid and personal hankerings after what others wish to give up, with what they ought to retain: and he does this, purely because they have not asked his advice, or do not care for it. The general light is too much for his single taper, however virgin the wax and golden the candlestick; and yet he would fain have the sun of knowledge stop, and trim itself at the lustre that beams from his cottage-window. In plain words, he would not go on with the world, when they moved in good earnest; the world have gone on without him; and this is what the infirm part of his nature cannot bear. He has chosen to live like a hermit, and prefer a Government salary and the luxuries of poetical meditation, and yet fancies that the world ought to receive his reveries as oracular in all their parts, instead of liking them for what they are,—the effusions of a mind highly poetical, saddened and narrowed by education, discoloured perhaps by the insensible indulgences of the temperament naturally belonging to it, all events grudging that cheerful advancement of mankind which it ought to have been among the first to lead.

But the book which Mr Hine has collected for us is still admirable, still a precious and extraordinary volume, worth not only

* *Selections from the Poems of William Wordsworth, Esq., chiefly for the Use of Schools and Young Persons.* 8vo. pp. 365. Moxon.

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five shillings, but five jewels of Golconda; and we earnestly exhort our readers to make haste, if they can, and purchase it. It is luckily the nature of all real genius to do good in the end. Time drops or neutralizes its infirmities, as not belonging to it: the good remains, because it *is* good, immortal as the beauty it had faith in. We pity Cowper's Methodism: we dare to smile at the Calvinism of 'Paradise Lost' (as its illustrious author did himself before he died); but the 'Task' remains and is enjoyed: the 'Paradise Lost' is an edifice we look up to with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the fantasticalness of some of the sculpture. So it will be with Mr Wordsworth. His politics and polemics will come to nothing, like the system that begat them. His beauties will be as immortal as the fields and the skies that begat *them*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CURATE AND HIS BISHOP.

[From the French.]

On business call'd from his abode,
A Curate jogg'd along the road.
In patient leanness jogg'd his mare;
The Curate, jogging, breath'd a prayer;
And jogging, as she fac'd the meads,
His maid, behind him, told her beads.

They hear a carriage; it o'ertakes 'em;
With grinding noise and dust it rakes 'em:
'Tis he himself! They know his port;
My Lord the Bishop, bound to court.
Beside him, to help meditation,
The lady sits, his young relation.

The carriage stops; the Curate doffs
His hat, and bows; the lady coughs:
The Prelate bends his lordly eyes,
And 'How now, Sir!' in wrath he cries:
'What! choose the very King's highway,
And ride with girls in open day!
Good heav'ns! what next will curates do?
My fancy shudders at the view.
Girl, cover up your horrid stocking:
Was ever seen a group so shocking!'

'My Lord,' replies the blushing man,
'Pardon me, pray, and pardon Anne:
Oh deem it, good my Lord, no sin:
I had no coach to put her in.' E.

FINE ARTS.

THE LIVING PAINTERS. No. III.

'Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea, all in sedges hid.'—*Taming of the Shrew.*

G. S. NEWTON, A.—A. W. CALLCOTT, R. A.—A. E. CHALON, R. A.

Now let us look at Mr Newton—

'All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him; your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
The while she chats him.'

Mr Newton is the prettiest painter in the world. For a lady with a love letter—a young girl in a Spanish boddice—Lesbia and her sparrow—Mr B. and Pamela Andrews, and such things (some of them, however, really tinged with domestic pathos) commend us to Mr Newton. He is the man for our money. He takes a pretty girl, dresses her up in fantastic fashion, puts a tear in each eye, and throws her into an attitude that will not discompose her satin, and we are ready to die with delight at his sensibility. 'What a sweet painter Newton is,' we hear perpetually from the young ladies of our acquaintance. And so he is. We have not a word to say against him. Generally speaking, he accomplishes all he aims at: and this is no mean praise. He does not indeed often attempt more than the merely elegant in art. There is no soaring beyond the common apprehension in his pictures—no thoughts infinite! All is elegant and agreeable, and all is adapted to the meanest capacity. The limit of his meaning is apparent, is palpable. A milliner would comprehend him as completely as a philosopher;—perhaps better.

No one can reasonably wonder at Mr Newton's popularity. He addresses himself to the every-day sympathies of people, and succeeds accordingly. Were he forced, on pain of the pillory, to paint a giant or a prophet, to let loose the chimeras or fantastic images of the air or ocean upon his pannels, he would be sorely perplexed, we suspect, at the difficulty of the task. He would probably fail also, almost equally, in any attempt at embodying the divine beauty of Raffaelle, or stamping on his canvas the grand visages of Titian. His beauties are pretty but homely, elegant but strait-laced; and lest they should be too bewitching they have a due quantity of the artificial mixed with their natural expression, as we mingle alloy with our gold to make it serve the purposes of currency better. Not that we attribute that species of policy to Mr Newton, which influences Braham to address the galleries with a popular flourish; which he *knows* to be in a vicious taste. Our artist has no such far-sighted speculations. He paints as well as he can. This, indeed, is not in the best taste or the highest style; but it is agreeable as far as it goes, and—what we dare say suffices for the painter—it produces money, and temporary renown.

Mr Newton has only two pictures in the present exhibition. No. 7, 'A Scene from the Merchant of Venice,' and No. 152. 'Lear and Cordelia.' The first, which exhibits Portia leaning on her newly married husband, and requiring to be partaker of the melancholy news that he has just received from Venice, is pretty enough. The face of Portia struck us as a little out of drawing, and the picture we think is deficient both in simplicity and expression; but it possesses merit of a certain kind, and we have no doubt will be liked. We have seen one or two instances of positively fine colour come from Mr Newton's painting-room; but we do not think that this year's exhibition will add another to the list. As to 'Lear and Cordelia' it is beyond question a failure. There is nothing like Lear or Cordelia in the picture. There is an old man, indeed, 'old as the heavens,' and a young lady kneeling by him; but there is nothing of the mad and dethroned king—the deserted parent—the utterer of that frightful curse, more terrible than a sybil's frenzy; there is nothing of the *princess* at his feet—the true, high-minded, devoted Cordelia—who submitted to all evils rather than swerve from the natural integrity of her mind, and who returned at last to her old deserted father, to make him amends for the wrath and malice of the elements, and all that he had suffered from ungrateful children. We have a proper respect for Mr Newton's talents, but we think that he has less talent for the 'sublime' than for the 'ridiculous.'

Mr Callcott is an eminent artist. He is not equal to Mr Turner, who is, in our opinion (notwithstanding all his absurdities), the greatest genius in landscape-painting which this country has produced; but he is the next *living* painter to him. Mr Callcott formerly presented us almost exclusively with sea-shore scenes and river landscapes; now he is all Italian. The *subjects* of his present pictures are undoubtedly much finer than those that he celebrated formerly. We are not quite so sure that they are treated in a finer manner. He used to take a piece of the sea or of a river, and, with a few vessels, or a rood or two of land, would send into the Exhibition, works of which Cuyp need not have been ashamed. Now, he appears to us to paint from his recollection more, and this, or some other cause, has made him somewhat of a mannerist. His colour especially is objectionable to our eyes. There is a monotony about it—a flatness—notwithstanding the fine aërial tints that he occasionally introduces—that make us wish for a little change. Why are all his scenes coloured like a half-baked piece of clay? If this be true sometimes, it is not always true, as we know; and we do not readily see the wisdom or object of converting the vernal green and everlasting blue of nature into the quaker's drab. Mr Callcott is so fine an artist, and (we have no doubt, for he has married a handsome and sensible lady) so sensible a man, that he may be told of his supposed faults without any apprehension of offence. It is only the week, the vain, and the ignorant painter, that is stirred up to fury—fury 'signifying nothing'—by candid criticism.

Mr Chalon is a painter of silks, and satins, and jewels, and head-dresses, and all the materials of distinction in the world of fashion. He appears to prefer the back of the head to the front, the sleeve to the arm, the stiff stomacher to the undulating bosom, the ad-

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junct to the principal, of which it ought only to be an ornament. His lay figure we imagine would be as good for him as the living model: so that the blonde was of the prettiest pattern, the Mechlin of the costliest sort, and the fur-belows not wanting in dignity. His picture of 'Hunt the Slipper,' No. 18, is merely a collection of gowns and head-dresses, with a carpet in tolerable keeping. You see the shoulder of Cloe opposed to Belinda's petticoat, whilst the point lace of Myra and Amanda's necklace of pearls are thrown into confusion by the fan (the truncheon) of Sophronia. Surely Mr Chalon would be the happiest person in the world were he only sentenced to solitary imprisonment for a week in the show-room of Madame Maradan, or one of the bonnet-shops of Bond-street.

'All his reverend wit
Lies in his wardrobe,'

is said of some person; but that is not Mr Chalon's case. He has done better things than immortalize a sack or a toupee, and we recommend him to do so again. One or two of this artist's drawings in the lower rooms are good, with however a certain portion of the usual affectation. He cannot get on without it: so we must even be content.

[No. IV. *still contains* W. COLLINS, R.A., W. DANIEL, R.A., *and* A. COOPER, R.A.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

THE BILL.—A Gentleman, a few days ago, when he was leaving Long's Hotel, had his bill presented to him by one of the waiters. The Gentleman paid it to a single penny. The waiter stood in expectation of the usual gratuity, but received nothing. 'Sir,' said the waiter, 'I hope everything has been to your mind.'—'Perfectly so,' replied the Gentleman 'I hope, Sir, I have given you no offence.'—'None whatever,' answered the Gentleman. 'Will you be pleased to consider the servants?'—'No, no, my man; I am for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing *but* the bill!'

— The arms of the Earl of Munster (the late Colonel Fitzclarence) are said to be, in all respects, those of the Royal Family, except that the white horse of Hanover takes the station of the unicorn.

DIGNITY.—The following (from the *Herald*) puts one in mind of Goldsmith's pleasantry on this subject, in the 'Citizen of the World,' where Mr Deputy Bellowsmender is addressed by some brother Deputy, and enquiries are made after Mrs Deputy Bellowsmender, and all the little Master Bellowsmenders:—'It was not till the announcement of "Mrs Herbsttewer Fellowes" at the late drawing-room, that we ever heard of females having their office thus attached to their names. If this be etiquette, however, we may soon expect to see "Miss Maid of Honour ——," and "*Lady* Mistress of the Robes ——," like "Mr Secretary this," or "Mr Serjeant that."

ABERNETHY BISCUITS.—At this moment the public are deceived by supposing that a certain biscuit, abhorrent to our olfactory and gustatory senses, was the favourite breakfast and luncheon of Mr Abernethy, whose name it bears, because the baker who invented it was named Abernethy. We venture to affirm that no such trash ever entered the worthy Professor's stomach, and we know that what are called tops and bottoms were his choice, soaked in tea or eaten dry.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

THE BOAR'S HEAD IN EASTCHEAP.—Among the sacrifices to utility caused by the new London Bridge, there is none which the admirer of the drama, the archæologist, and the lover of good fellowship, will more regret than the Boar's Head in Eastcheap. The ancient hostel of Dame Quickly is *quickly* to disappear; and if the ghost of the fat knight could 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' he would in vain seek his ancient and beloved sack posset there. The house has long ceased to be one of entertainment; its last occupant was a tape-merchant, and the only reminiscence of the scene where Hal and Falstaff, and Nim and Bardolph, drank over their successful depredations, was a boar's head rudely sculptured in stone, fixed in front of the house, bearing the date of its revival. Within a few days from this nothing will remain to point out the site of this immortal drinking-place, and the passenger who approaches London Bridge from the northward, will hardly deem that he walks over the spot.—*Herald.*

GOOD PILOTAGE.—Nothing is more amusing than the alacrity of Irishmen in getting into scrapes, and the happy *naïveté* and blunders by means of which they endeavour to extricate themselves. A captain of a man-of-war, newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precaution, in 'beating out' of harbour, to apprise the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and therefore he must rely entirely on the pilot's local knowledge for the safety of his ship. 'You are perfectly sure, pilot,' said the captain, 'you are well acquainted with the coast?'—'Do I know my own name, Sir?'—'Well, mind I warn you not to approach too near to the shore.'—'Now make yourself *aisy*, Sir; in troth you may go to bed, if you plase.'—'Then, shall we stand on?'—'Why,—what else would we do?'—'Yes, but there *may* be hidden dangers, which you know nothing about.'—'Dangers!—I like to see the dangers *dar* hide themselves from Mick. Sure, don't I tell you I know every rock on the coast?' (here the ship strikes) 'and *that's* one of 'em!'—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

PREFERMENT SPOILED.

My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cyder to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish:
So when for hock I drew bad white-wine,
Swear't had the flavour, and was right wine;
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furnival's Inn, to some good rogue-attorney;
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I'd found some handsome ways of getting. *Prior.*

— A provincial paper, speaking of a recently published volume of 'Constable's Miscellany,' describes it as one 'replete with *lively* though *melancholy* interest.'

A TRADITION.—Charlemagne laid siege to the castle (of Lourdes) and not being able to take it by assault, resolved to force it to a capitulation by starvation. But Mirat, the lord of the castle, chanced to be an especial favourite of Notre Dame du Puy, and she sent an eagle to the summit of the castle, carrying in its beak a large fish alive. Mirat, taking advantage of this miracle, sent the fish to Charlemagne, as a proof that the garrison was not without food; and Charlemagne, knowing that a live fish could not be had on the top of the hill, perceived that it was a miracle; and finding that Mirat was under the protection of the Lady of Puy, proposed less hard conditions, and that, in place of surrendering the castle to him, it should be surrendered to Notre Dame du Puy. It is strange that the Lady of Puy should have taken so great a fancy to Mirat, who was not a Christian; but the tradition adds that he was afterwards baptised.—*Conway's Switzerland, France, and the Pyrenees.*

SUPERSTITION OF SEAMEN.—When the late captain lay dead, some Portuguese sailors were appointed to watch the corpse by night. A black cat happening to be on board they all armed themselves with handspikes to defend their charge against the 'foul fiend,' saying that if she should walk over the coffin, between sunset and sunrise, the body would immediately rise up, when no power on earth could ever make it lie down again. They likewise placed a glass of brandy and water in the cabin where the captain had breathed his last, shrewdly observing that, as the deceased had always loved that kind of grog, perhaps his spirit might be hovering about, tormented with thirst: and if so, it would certainly be glad of a draught of its favourite beverage.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

MUSIC.

SIGNOR PAGANINI'S CONCERT AT THE KING'S THEATRE.

MARVELLOUS Paganini! Divine Paganini! In what way shall we —*can* we describe your accomplishments? We feel the task to be almost insurmountable. Those of our readers who have heard the most eminent of violin-performers; eminent for strength, sweetness, and purity of tone, will hear all these requisites to absolute perfection in PAGANINI: they who have heard difficulties in the way of execution overcome, which it seemed bordering on desperation to attempt, may tax their faculties to invent new enormities, and they will not only fall short in their imaginings, but he will perform all, and more, not merely without shew of effort, but as if they were a fanciful prelude, or pastime to some laborious undertaking. In the course of the concert given this evening at the Opera House, he performed four pieces, in which we conceive he exhibited every feature that the instrument can display, and many more than it has hitherto been thought capable of. The first was a concerto of the most florid character, varied with movements of exquisite expression and tenderness. The second was a composition in the minor key, and which for its own intrinsic merit made the strongest appeal to our feelings. In it he satisfied at once any doubt we might have, that he would prove unequal in a cantabile. His expression in this piece was the most genuine display of passionate feeling we ever remember to have heard on any instrument. It required no explanatory chorus, no voice of accompaniment—it was the perfection of musical sighing, and gentle sorrow. The third performance was a military rondo, the whole of which he played upon one string—the fourth. In it he introduced the subject of 'Non più andrai' from *Figaro*, with variations of the most astonishing description. He introduced passages of imitation in octaves with wonderful rapidity and neatness, and with a purity of tone that was delicious. The precision, too, with which he dashed from the lowest note of the string to the opposite extreme, and all with the utmost indifference of manner, was one of the commonest of his achievements.

The last piece, which was a brilliant rondo, he played entirely without the orchestral accompaniment; and this was the triumph of the evening. It consisted of an air with variations, crouded with enharmonic passages. The subject, now legato, and now hurried, was at one time attended with a florid, and at another with a pizzicato accompaniment; and as he drew to a close he accelerated his time to a prestissimo, *the air and pizzicato moving on together*, and ending with a *rapid shake upon the latter!* The violin-player will fully appreciate the difficulty of this achievement.

It is scarcely necessary to state that the audience were satisfied. The applause was showered upon him in torrents.

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COOL REVENGE.—At Moorshedabad, a gentleman had a young elephant, which, being allowed to roam at large about his premises, one day entered the dining-room, where a large company were assembled. Being treated with a biscuit from one person, a piece of bread from another, and a sweetmeat from a third, it went all round the table, levying contributions, till it came to a young gentleman who pricked the end of its proboscis with his toothpick. The insulted animal retired immediately, but soon returned, and raising its trunk, blew out of it, full into the offender's face, thousands of ants, which it had collected from a nest hard by, whither it had repaired for the means of vengeance.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

ANCIENT CARRIAGES.—In Stowe's 'Summary of the English Chronicles' occurs the following notice of carriages:—'This yere Walter Rippon made a coche for the Earle of Rutland, which was the first coche that ever was made in England since, to wit, anno 1564. The said Walter Rippon made the first hollow turning coche, with pillars and arches, for her Majestie, being then her servant. Also, anno 1584, a chariot throne, with foure pillars behinde to bear a canopie, with a crowne imperiall on the toppe, and before two lower pillars, whereon stood a lion and a dragon, the supporters of the armes of England.'

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The School for Scandal.—The Little Corporal.—The Jenkinses.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Isabella.—Napoleon Buonaparte.

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

SEMIRAMIDE.

[By ROSSINI.]

Semiramis, Queen of Babylon . . . Madame Pasta.
Assaces, Commander in Chief of the Army . . . . . Madame Rubini.
Azema, Princess of the Blood of Belus . . . . . Madame Neuville.
Assur, Prince of the Blood of Belus . . . Signor Lablache.
Idreno, King of India . Signor Curioni.
Oroe, Chief of the Magi . . Signor De Angeli.
Mitranus, Captain of the Royal Guard . . Signor Galli.
Ghost of Ninus . . . Signor . . .

To conclude with a New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA BAYADERE.

[Composed by M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Auber, arranged by M. Musard.

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, Mlle. Taglioni, M. Lefebvre, M. Emile, M. Simon, M. Hunt, M. O'Brien, and M. Bertram.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]

The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing, 'Away, away to the Mountain's Brew.'
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jacques Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.

In the course of the Evening, A. Lee's Overture to 'The Invincibles;' Cherubini's Overture to 'Les Abencerages; and Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici.'

After which the Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Ottavia, Miss Fawcit. Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicolo, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert, Mr H. Wallack. Theodore, Mr J. Vining.
Alessandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack.
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford. Spoletto, Mr Bland.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

[By M. AUBER.]

Elvira, Miss Byfeld. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chikini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.
Ruffino, Mr Bland. Lorenzo, Mr Howard. Moreno, Mr Yarnold.

A Spanish Bolero, by Mr Gilbert and Mlle. Rosalia Gust.

On Monday, The Exile; The Waterman; and The Legion of Honour.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss Inverarity. Clorinda, Miss Cawse. Thisbe, Miss Hughes.
Fairy Queen, Miss H. Cawse.
Felix, Mr Wilson. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. Penson.
Alidoro, Mr G. Stansbury. Dandini, Mr Morley. Pedro, Mr Keeley.

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hebert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schoenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

On Monday, Romeo and Juliet; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

MADAME PASTA and Mr BRAHAM.

(Positively for this Night only.)

Mr HARLEY'S Benefit. On Monday next, June 6, 1831.

The Musical Play of THE EXILE. The Principal Characters by Mrs Faucit, Mrs Waylett, Miss Phillips, Mr Macready, Mr Cooper, Mr Horn, Mr Parry, Mr Harley, and Mr Liston. After the Play, Dibdin's Ballad Opera of THE WATERMAN. Tom Tug, Mr Braham, who will introduce several of his most favorite Songs. Madame Pasta will sing two popular Airs. In the course of the Evening, a Variety of Novel Entertainment. To conclude with a Romantic Drama, in which Mrs Waylett, Miss Poole, Mrs Orger, Mr Farren, Mr Liston, Mr Harley, and Mr Dowton, will perform. Tickets, Boxes, and Private Boxes may be taken at the Rotunda, Box Office, and of Mr HARLEY, 14, Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

MINTER'S SELF-ACTING AND RECLINING CHAIR.

BY THE KING'S LETTERS PATENT.

G. MINTER begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, &c. that he has invented an EASY CHAIR, the positions or elevations of which are so numerous, that the number is quite indefinite, say from one to one thousand, and are obtained by a slight pressure of the back, which not only reclines the back of the chair, but raises the back part of the seat, thereby causing a proper inclined plane, which supports the weakest part of the back at any and every position. When you rise, the back follows you, and should you stop, the back immediately stops; and all this action is obtained without any spring, rack, or other machinery whatever.

G. Minter particularly recommends it to Invalids for its simplicity; if even they have lost the use of either of their hands or legs, they can obtain any position of themselves without any attendance, or exertion on their own part. The chair is made by the Inventor only, in a variety of plain and elegant shapes, at his manufactory, 26 PRINCES STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE (opposite Coventry street), and are sold as cheap as a common fixed easy chair of the same pattern, which is impossible in any other reclining chair, on account of their complicated construction, and which subjects them to be often out of repair, and even dangerous.—G. M. is confident any person honouring him with an inspection of his Chair, will be sufficiently convinced of its superiority over all others. It is also made portable for travelling, and will pack in a case only fourteen inches deep. It is warranted to act perfect fifty years.

SURREY THEATRE.

A New Hibernian Operatic Romance, in Three Acts, entitled

IRELAND: OR THE ROSE OF KERRY.

[By Mr THOMPSON.]

Glorvina, Miss Somerville. Ellen Maguire, Miss M. C. Poole.
Kathleen, Miss Vincent. Judy Magillicuddy, Mme. Simon.
Emmemore, Mr Almar. Bryan O'Connell, Mr C. Hill. Patrick, Mr T. Hill.
Charles Dwyer, Mr Honnor. Father Gerald, Mr Gough.
Dermot, Mr Ransford. Maguire, Mr Young. Howard, Mr Edwin.
Bobby Bloomsbury, Mr Vale. Darby Kelly, Mr D. Pitt.

After which an Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON, THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French:—Josephine, Miss M. C. Poole. Fanchon, Mlle. Roser.
Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Marmont, Mr Almar.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale.

English:—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcomb, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin. Serjeant Orderly, Mr Boulanger.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

To conclude with A New Broad Comic Operatic Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.

Sharps—Susan Nightingale, Miss Somerville. Miss Margery Muff, Madame Simon.
Merton, Mr C. Hill. Skip, Mr Rogers. Whip, Mr Lee.
Flats—Mrs Dorothea Quibble, Miss Nicol.
Justice Quibble, Mr Williams. Major Bluster, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Servant to Justice Quibble, Mr Hobbs.
Naturals—Peggy, Miss Vincent. Caroline, Mrs C. Hill.
Master Jeremias Quibble, Mr Vale. Joe Nibs, Mr Asbury. Stubbs, Mr Webb.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, founded on the admired Ballad of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

Jenny, Mrs Evans. Dame Fairly, Miss Wells. Mrs Mac Toddy, Mrs Garrick.
Marian, Mrs Saville.
Auld Robin Gray, Mr Keppel. Jamie, Mr Forrester. Sandy, Mr Marshall.
Archibald Tillyvallock, Mr Munroe. Farmer Fairlie, Mr Parsons.
Patie, Mr G. Lejeune. Dougal, Mr Willing. Simon, Mr Davies.
Paul Bowbell, Mr Wilkinson.
Gipsies—Elspeth, Miss Dix. Ronald, Mr Spencer. Gabriel, Mr G. Smith.
Gilbert, Mr H. Cooke. Elshie, Mr Barnett.

After which, a Comic Interlude, in One Act, called

REFORMATION.

[By Mr BERNARD.]

Ellen Feelove, Miss Andrews. Mary Mayflower, Miss Foster.
Miss Matilda Manwaring, Mrs Garrick.
Mr Farrington, Mr Munroe. Francis Feelove, Esq. Mr Parsons.
Sam Slap, Mr Marshall. Dick Dashington, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

[By Mr KEPPELL.]

The Music composed by Mr H. P. Hill.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Mrs Saville.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Alberto, Mr G. Smith. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson.

In the course of the Evening, Bishop's Overture to 'Guy Mannering,' and Rossini's Overture to 'Italiana in Algheri.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Feats of Horsemanship—Dragon of Rhodes—Senor Valli's Herculean Feats—J. Cooke's Act of the British Sportsman and the Reaper—Williams's Tourbillons—Equestrianism, by Miss M. A. Cooke—Sir William Button.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Wreck of the Leander, 50.

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N. 236.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1831.

FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

THE book mentioned below is decidedly the very best history of this great event, that has yet appeared from an English pen: and the reason stares the reader in the face, with all the squalid intensity of a sans-culotte. In other words, the sans-culotte himself stares him in the face. Here is more about the real movers in the revolution, the fiery demagogues, than in any other work. Copious extracts are given from their speeches: we become personally acquainted with Mirabeau, Marat, Robespiere; and not only personally, but hourly: we see what they were at from day to day, and are made strikingly sensible of the nothingness of all the other parties compared with those dreadful blood-letters, who, we greatly fear, must be considered to have been, *in those times*, a necessary, though horrible evil,—necessary to the eternal *non*-necessity for them afterwards.

We have also more than usual told us personally about the French court and its weaknesses. We see the well-meaning, the acquiescent, but homely and still narrow-minded Louis, risking the most terrible consequences for the sake of the paltriest distinctions. We have the famous interview of the flushed and indignant Antoinette, terrible in her beauty, with Dumouriez. And the most celebrated documents of the period are laid before us, such as the impudent and infatuated manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, and the famous letter of the minister Roland, or rather of Madame Roland his wife, to the King; which, we must say, we consider to have been a very foolish production.

In short, this history does not make any great pretensions, as far as authorship is concerned; but it is an admirable compilation from Thiers, Lacretelle, and all the best memoirs on the subject, and may stand the reader instead of a dozen shelves full of revolutionary pamphlets. Without it, he must not consider his general idea of the Revolution complete, even though he possesses Mignet. With it, he may dispense even with that excellent volume.

We must allow ourselves no more room for remarks, having some interesting extracts to make, which will serve to make good what we say.

Court Folly at the Twelfth Hour.—'On the eve of the day on which the States-General were to assemble' (4th May 1789), "the deputies of the three orders accompanied the King in solemn procession to the church of Notre Dame. The full magnificence of the court was put in requisition to shed lustre on the occasion. The clergy came first; the dignitaries enveloped in purple robes and lawn sleeves, those of lower rank in cassocks, cloaks, and square bonnets. The deputies of the tiers-état followed; their prescribed dress being *plain to meanness*. The noblesse closed the procession, their black mantles glittering with lace, their cravats embroidered, and their hats beplumed, after the fashion of the age of Henry IV. During the procession, it was remarked that the Duke of Orleans, whose privilege it was to walk at the head of the noblesse, regulated his pace so as to be mixed with the commons who preceded him. In the church, distinctions equally invidious as to the seats allotted to the different representatives, were enforced. In short, had the King studied to deaden the kindly feelings of the commons towards his person, he could not have succeeded more effectually.'—P. 18.

The Duke of Orleans (a great rascal)—.'On the Sunday following, the Duke attended the levee of the King, where he met with a most humiliating reception from the courtiers, who were ignorant of what had passed, and from the royalists who were accustomed to visit the château on that day to pay their court to the royal family. Every one crowded about him, elbowed him, pushed him towards the door, and prevented his re-entrance. He then went to the Queen's apartment, where the table was laid for dinner: the moment he appeared, the exclamation of "Gentlemen, take care of the dishes!" was heard from all sides, as if he had been suspected of carrying poison in his pockets.

'The insulting murmurs which his presence excited, forced him to retire without having seen the royal family. He was followed to the Queen's staircase, and whilst descending, some spat on his head, and some on his coat. Rage and revenge was painted on his countenance; and he left the château, convinced that the King and Queen were the instigators of the insults he received, whilst, on the contrary, they were perfectly ignorant of what had happened, and exceedingly grieved when they learned it. He swore at the moment implacable hatred against them, and has shewn himself too faithful to his horrible oath. I (Bertrand de Moleville) was at the château on that day, and witnessed the facts I here relate.—P. 415.

Marat.—A native of Neufchatel; he had cultivated in the former part of his life the science of medicine, and had intrepidly attacked the best established systems, displaying thus early the convulsive disorganization and restless activity of his mind. He was veterinary surgeon to the Count d'Artois, at the commencement of the Revolution. When that new scene of things opened, he involved himself immediately in its disorders, and soon became remarkable in its section. His person was extremely repulsive; being of low stature, a large head, and extensive forehead; his features were strongly marked, his complexion livid, his eye fiery, and his dress slovenly. Such an assemblage of traits would at first sight have provoked laughter, if it had not been checked by a sensation of fear This hideous body, however, was an oracle, whence issued a medley of the most perverted and atrocious maxims, accented by a harsh voice, and proclaimed with the most insolent familiarity. Many thousand heads, he declared, must be brought low, and all the aristocrats who stood in the way of liberty must be got rid of. Whenever he appeared, he was hissed, ridiculed, and insulted for the deformity of his person; but being habituated to logical contests, he soon learned to despise those who despised him, and asserted that they were incapable of understanding his opinions. The subterraneous life he had been accustomed to lead, to conceal himself from the detection of justice, had embittered his temper; and the detestation of the public still further enraged his savageness. Polished manners he considered a vicious obstacle to the establishment of republican equality; and his distempered passions saw only one way of levelling all obstructions that stood in the way of his designs—extermination. His medical studies had cured him of all antipathy to the shedding of blood, and steeled his heart against every emotion of sympathy or consideration. He had only one means of attaining his end, and he desired the appointment of a Dictator, on whom should be imposed the terrible office of purging society. The Dictator, to use his own expression, he would have tied by the leg, that he might always be in the hands of the people. His countrymen were, in his opinion, but niggardly revolutionists. "Give me," was his frequent exclamation, "give me two hundred Neapolitans, armed with poniards, and carrying on the left arm a buckler, and with those I would over-run France, and complete the Revolution." He wished that the assembly, to mark the aristocrats, should order them to wear a white riband on their arms, and give permission to any one to kill them, when they were found three together. Under the name of Aristocrats, he comprehended the Royalists, Feuillans, and Girondists; and if the difficulty of distinguishing them was suggested, he declared that nothing was more easy—for that the patriots could not be deceived, if they fell upon all those who possessed carriages, who kept valets, wore silk, or who attended the theatres.'—P. 159.

Eighth Article of the Manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick.—'The city of Paris and its inhabitants are called upon to submit immediately, and without delay, to the King, to restore him to perfect liberty, *and to invest him and all the royal personages with that inviolability, and pay them that respect, which by* THE RIGHT OF NATURE AND NATIONS *are due from subjects to their sovereign.* Their Imperial and Royal Majesties further declare, that all the members of the assembly, of the departments, of the districts, of the national guard of Paris, the justices of the peace, and all others exercising authority, are responsible for all events that may happen at Paris, and that their crimes will be punished *with martial law, leaving them no hope of pardon.* Their Majesties further declare, on their royal and imperial word, that if the palace of the Tuileries is assaulted or menaced, or the least violence or the smallest outrage offered to their Majesties the King and Queen, or to the royal family; and that if their safety, security, and liberty is not immediately provided for, they will take an exemplary and ever-memorable VENGEANCE on the city of Paris, by delivering it over to *a military massacre and total subversion*; and that the rebels shall meet that condign punishment their crimes have so well merited. Their Imperial and Royal Majesties promise, on the contrary, to exert their influence with his Most Christian Majesty, to obtain pardon for all their crimes and errors, and to take the most vigorous mea-

* *The History of the First French Revolution, by John Bell, Esq.* Pp. 410. 8vo. Westley.

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sures to protect their persons and possessions, on condition of their prompt and literal obedience to the above injunction.'—P. 164.

Lafayette (then a Marquis) imprisoned by the Austrians.—'He claimed his liberty but in vain. It was offered him as the price of a retraction, not of all his opinions, *but of that, at least, which related to the abolition of nobility.* He refused compliance with these terms; and he threatened if any false construction was put on his word, to give the *lie to the public officer who recorded it.* Chains were the reward of his constancy; and the fortitude and consistency he displayed at this period were quite admirable. The utter annihilation of liberty, which seemed now to be effected, did not dishearten his courage; nor did the dreadful abuse which he had suffered, blind him to its true value. He continued to consider it as the most precious of blessings, and maintained this sentiment both before his oppressors, who had loaded him with chains, and in his private letters to his old friends. "Cherish," said he, to the latter, "cherish always a love of liberty, in spite of the excesses it has apparently led to, and devote yourself to the service of your country." '—P. 182.

Petion's account of the dreadful slaughter of the Royalists, carried on night and day by a popular tribunal, superior to the laws.—'The 2nd of September arrived; the alarum guns were fired, the tocsin sounded. On this signal, the people assembled, rushed into the prisons, and slew and assassinated! Manuel, and many deputies of the national assembly, resorted to these scenes of carnage; their efforts were ineffectual; victims were slaughtered, even in their arms! Alas, I was enjoying a false security; I was ignorant of these massacres, for I had not lately mixed much in public business. Finally, I was informed of them—but how? in a vague, indirect, and partial manner; it was added, at the same time, that all was then over. The most heart-rending details afterwards came to my knowledge; but I was convinced that these horrors would not be again repeated. Nevertheless, they continued. I made urgent applications to the commandant, I required him to protect the prisons by an armed force At first he made me no reply. I applied again. He then told me he had given orders. These orders did not appear to be executed; the massacres continued; I went to the council of the commune I hastened to the Hotel de la Force, with many of my colleagues. The citizens, apparently peaceably disposed, obstructed the street which led to this prison; a very weak guard was posted at its gates. I entered. No, never can the spectacle I there witnessed be effaced from my heart! I saw three municipal officers hanging in their scarfs; I saw two men quietly seated at a table, the prison registers open before them, and calling over the names of the prisoners; others interrogated them; others acted as jurymen and judges; about a dozen of executioners, their naked arms covered with blood,—some with clubs, others with sabres and cutlasses—executed instant sentence on the wretched victims; the citizens waited patiently without, receiving with mournful silence, the sentences of death, and with exclamations of joy those of acquittal.

'Both the judges and executioners seemed to enjoy the same security as if they had been called upon by the law to exercise their functions. They boasted of their justice, of their attention to distinguish the innocent from the guilty, of the services they had rendered to the republic, and they demanded payment for the time spent in these butcheries.

'I addressed them in the austere language of the land. I expressed the deep indignation which I felt. I made them go out before me. But scarcely had I departed when they returned to their work. I again drove them out. But during the night, they completed their horrible butcheries.'—P. 200.

THE TERRIBLE CROCODILE.

It is in the annals of this Grandmaster's (Helion de Villeneuve's) government, that the following legend finds a place. A large serpent or crocodile, for it is described as an amphibious animal, had taken up its abode in a cavern on the brink of a marsh situated at the base of Mount St Stephen, about two miles from the city, from whence it sallied forth frequently in search of prey. Not only cattle, but even men, became its victims; and the whole island trembled at its voracity. Knight after knight, ambitious of the renown of slaying such a monster, stole singly and secretly to its haunt, and never returned. The creature was covered with scales, which were proof against the keenest arrows and darts; and at length the Grandmaster held it his duty to forbid his knights from courting so unequal an encounter. Deodato de Gozon, a knight of the language of Provence, alone failed to respect this prohibition, and resolved to deliver the island from the monster, or perish. Having often reconnoitred the beast from a distance, he constructed a model of wood or pasteboard, and habituated two young bull-dogs to throw themselves under its belly, on a certain cry being given, while he himself, mounted, and clad in armour, assailed it with his lance. Having perfected his arrangements, he bestrode his charger, and rode down privately into the marsh, leaving several confidential attendants stationed in a spot from whence they could behold the combat. The monster no sooner beheld him approach, than it ran, with open mouth, and eyes darting fire, to devour him. Gozon charged it with his lance, but the impenetrable scales turned aside the weapon: and his steed, terrified at the fierce hissing and abominable effluvium of the creature, became so ungovernable that he had to dismount, and trust to his good sword and his dogs. But the scales of the monster were as proof against his falchion as his lance. With a slap of its tail it dashed him to the earth, and was just opening its voracious jaws to devour him, helmet, hauberk, spurs and all, when his faithful dogs gripped it tightly with their teeth in a vulnerable part of the belly. On this the knight quickly sprung to his feet, and thrust his sword up to the hilt in a place which had no scales to defend it. The monster, rearing itself in agony, fell with a tremendous hiss on the knight, and again prostrated him in the dust; and though it instantly gasped its last, so prodigious was its size, that Gozon would have been squeezed to death, had not his attendants, seeing the object of their terror deprived of life, made haste to his assistance. They found their master in a swoon; but after they had with great difficulty drawn him from under the serpent, he began to breathe again, and speedily recovered. The fame of this achievement being bruited in the city, a multitude of people hurried forth to meet him. He was conducted in triumph to the Grandmaster's palace; but that dignitary, heedless of popular acclamation, sternly demanded wherefore he had violated his orders, and commanded him to be carried to prison. At a subsequent meeting of the council, he proposed that the culprit should atone for his disobedience with his life; but this severe sentence was mitigated to a deprivation of habit of the Order. To this degradation he was forced to submit; but in a little time the Grandmaster relented, and not only restored him to his former rank, but loaded him with favours. . . . . In 1346 the Grandmaster, Helion de Villeneuve, terminated his honourable career. It is recorded of him that he paid all the debts of the Order, strengthened and enlarged the fortifications of the city and island, built a church in honour of the Virgin at his own expense, and left a fund sufficient for the maintenance of two chaplains to celebrate mass in it daily for the repose of his soul. Several knights aspired to the honour of being nominated his successor; and the Order was divided as to their comparative merits; the elder brethren arguing, that the new governor ought to be a rigid disciplinarian, while the younger desired only a valiant commander to head them in war, and teach them to win riches and glory. It is told by some historians that among the electors was Deodato de Gozon, the knight who had immortalized himself by slaying the dragon, and who had latterly acted as Villeneuve's lieutenant. On being asked to give his vote, he said, 'When I entered this conclave, I made a solemn vow to give my suffrage in favor of the knight whom I should esteem most deserving of this great dignity, and whose intentions seemed to me most calculated to advance the general good. Having gravely considered the present state of Christendom, the perpetual war which we are sworn to wage with the Infidels, and the resolution and vigour necessary to prevent a relaxation in our discipline—I declare that I myself am the man best qualified to be your Grandmaster.' He concluded this singular address with a fine harangue on his own virtues, in which, of course, his rencontre with the serpent was duly remembered; and the knights, taken by surprise, and filled with admiration at a mode of proceeding, so widely at variance with that which had hitherto been considered becoming in a candidate for the supreme honour, voted by a majority in his favour.—*The Achievements of the Knights of Malta.*

FIENDISH TRUTH.

In the year 1470, when Mohammed the Second, surnamed the Vanquisher, Emperor of the Turks, attacked the island of Negropont, the ancient Eubœa, the defence of the city devolved on two noble Venetians, John Bondumiero, and Louis Calbo.—Paul Erizzo, another illustrious officer, whose period of service had just expired, and who was on the eve of returning to his native country, with his daughter, a young damsel of great beauty, nobly sacrificed his paternal anxieties to the interests of his country, and procrastinated his departure, that his compatriots might have the advantage of his counsel and his sword. In their first assault, the Turks were repulsed with great slaughter; but a traitor, Thomas of Liburnea, chief cannoneer, having pointed out to them an old and ruinous part of the ramparts, for which act of treachery he lost his life, their artillery speedily effected a vast breach. In their extremity, the besieged, who saw their merciless foes ready to fling themselves headlong into the city, sent a special messenger to Canalis, their admiral in the Ægean, imploring him to hasten to their relief. Supported by the Rhodian squadron, the admiral bore down into the channel; and, as wind and tide were in his favor, it was recommended by a council of war, that the combined fleet should at once attack the bridge across the Euripus, break it down with their cannon, and shut the Turks up in the island. The besieged beheld from their battlements the approach of the flags of St Mark and St John, and already looked upon their perils as ended; even Mohammed himself was startled at the prospect of finding the island a prison, and made preparations for flight; when suddenly, contrary to the urgent entreaties of his captains, and especially of the knights de Cardonne and D'Aubusson, the Venetian admiral, trembling, it is said, for the safety of his only son, who was on board his galley, ordered his helm to be put about, and abandoned the city to its fate.

To the defenders of Negropont this craven act was the sign of doom. Next day, the thirtieth of the siege, Mohammed gave orders for a general assault, and his turbanned slaves poured in thousands into the breach. A horrible slaughter ensued. The ditches were choked with dead, and twice the assailants, after having won the rampart, were beaten back at the point of the lance. At the end of twenty-four hours, unbroken by a respite from

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slaughter, the besieged gave way, and the Moslems entered the breach over the bodies of Bondumiero, Calbo, and the bravest of their band. The barbarities that were inflicted on the defenceless population, fill so red a page, even in the bloody annals of Moslem warfare, that humanity shrinks from transcribing them. Erizzo still survived; and under his command a devoted remnant slowly retreated into the centre of the city, contesting every inch of ground, and throwing up barricades in every street. Driven at length into the castle, he maintained it for some longer with great bravery: but provisions and ammunition failing, he was at last reduced to agree to a capitulation. Aware of the sanguinary nature of Mohammed, he required a solemn pledge that his life should be spared: and the Sultan swore by his own head, that not a hair of the Venetian's should be injured. But no sooner was Erizzo in his power, than he ordered him to be sawed asunder; scoffingly boasting that he had nevertheless kept his oath, inasmuch as, though he had sworn to spare the *head*, he was under no bond to spare the *sides* of his enemy. The gallant Venetian had, as has been already mentioned, a daughter, a lady of surpassing beauty, who was shut up with him during the calamitous siege. When he heard his own doom pronounced, he entreated that he might see her put to death, before he himself was led to slaughter,—for in such circumstances, he considered the grave her only refuge: but his captors sneered at his paternal anxiety, and laughingly told him she was reserved for the harem of the prince. Mohammed was indeed greatly transported with her charms, and the beautiful Anne Erizzo might have shared both his heart and throne, had her soul not revolted at the barbarian who had shed her father's blood. He tried to win her by pouring the riches of the East at her feet; but she disdainfully spurned both his gifts and his persuasions. Filled with fury at finding entreaties and menaces alike ineffectual, his love changed to hate; and in a paroxysm of rage, he suddenly drew his scimitar and struck off her head: thus giving her all that her disconsolate heart desired—a virgin grave.—*The Achievements of the Knights of Malta.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

PAGANINI has consented to perform at the concert to be given at the King's Theatre, on the 24th. in aid of the fund for the relief of decayed musicians. This has given much satisfaction to the members of the profession gene ·l

COURSE OF THE NIGER.—There is now in the possession of Mr Brewer, at the St James's street Library, an old map, printed at Amsterdam, in which the Niger is distinctly laid down throughout its whole course to Biafra, where, agreeably to the recent discovery, it falls into the sea.—*Brighton Gazette.*

POWER OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION.—It is said of Pacchierotti, that on one occasion, when playing at Rome the character of *Arbaces*, he pronounced the three words, 'Eppur sono innocente,' in so touching a manner, that the very orchestra stopped: a short symphony, which should have immediately succeeded his declaration of innocence, was neglected; and on his demanding, somewhat angrily, of the leader, what he and his subordinates were about? the flattering answer was, 'Sir, we are weeping!'—*Harmonicon.*

FERDINAND 'THE BELOVED.'—Madame de Vigo, who has very laudably been turning an accomplishment to a useful account during the last three or four years in London, and supporting by her vocal talents her husband, a proscribed officer of high rank in the constitutional army of Spain, lately ventured to enter her native country on private business of some importance to her family, and was immediately seized by order of Ferdinand, and cast into a dungeon, charged with the heinous crime of having maintained General de Vigo and her children during their exile! How long will this man be suffered to disgrace a noble people, and pollute a Christian throne?—*Harmonicon.*

A RELISHING SYMPHONY.—The most singular spit in the world is that of the Count de Castel Maria, one of the most opulent Lords of Treviso. This spit turns 130 different roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes; and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton, *à l'Anglaise*, will be excellent at the 12th air; a fowl, *à la Flamande*, will be juicy at the 18th, and so on. It would be difficult, perhaps, to carry farther the love of music and *gourmanderie.*

FIRST PERFORMANCE OF MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI IN ENGLAND.—A German acquaintance had brought over with him a score of the *Don Giovanni.* Mozart's operas were new, almost unknown, in this country; a party of us united to copy out the orchestral parts, in the distribution of which either the second horn, or tenor trombone, or some equally important instrument, fell to my share. An amateur, whose name shall be rescued from oblivion if these lines can do it—Mr Hayward—lent us his floor cloth manufactory to perform in; and, with the exception of the *Clemenza di Tito*, brought out by Mrs Billington for her benefit in 1806, the first opera of Mozart's ever heard in this country was got up by a party of amateurs, and performed, oratorio fashion, without action, amidst the mingled effluvia of canvas, oil, and turpentine.—*Autobiography in Harmonicon for June.*

ANTIQUE COINS.—While these sheets were passing through the press, I received a letter from an honourable and learned friend, containing the following passage, relating to a discovery in Zetland: 'Within a few weeks the workmen taking up the foundation of an old wall, came on a hearth-stone, under which they found a horn, surrounded with massive silver rings, like bracelets, and filled with coins of the Heptarchy, in perfect preservation. The place of finding is within a very short distance of the (supposed) residence of Norna of the Fitful-head.' Thus one of the very improbable fictions of the tale is verified by a singular coincidence.—*Waverley Novels*, Vol. XXV. *(Pirate*, Vol. II.)

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Semiramide.—La Bayadere.
DRURY-LANE.—The Legion of Honour.—The Brigand.—Masaniello.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Cinderella.—Napoleon Buonaparte.

KING'S THEATRE.

WE saw Madame PASTA on Saturday night in *Semiramide.* It is not a fine opera; and up to a certain point she appeared to take little interest in it. ROSSINI's forte is not tragedy. He is a sort of great overgrown boy of a genius, as full of spirits as if he had just come from school; and spirits are accordingly what he excels in. He can express joy, delight, congratulation, a revelry in merry feelings, and his love is not to be despised. In tragedy he can do little, except when he is to surprise you with an *agitato*, or sound an alarum, or beat a couple of unexpected drums. There is some good supernatural work of this sort in the piece before us. But this, be it known, like all other horrors, is the easiest part of tragedy. The least dabbler on the piano-forte can get up a few grim notes by 'having at' the *black* keys. ROSSINI is still himself in these passages. He is the wild fellow, putting on a grim face, and shewing you how well he can play the ghost. PASTA did not appear to be at all 'taken in' by him. She did not believe him in earnest; and nothing affects her but the truth. *Semiramide* (the famous Semiramis) is a queen who has killed her husband, and fallen, unknowingly, in love with her son, whom she is about to marry. She is a Clytemnestra and Jocasta united, not without a power to be awakened to better feelings than the Argive woman. The ghost of her husband comes, during the bridal ceremony, to forbid the banns. ROSSINI makes him stand and sing an immense while, in a door-way, enveloped in a blue mist; and PASTA would not feel his presence at all, notwithstanding the fright of the by-standers, and the words *horror*, *shade*, and *tomb.*

In the scene of explanation however with her son, she allowed herself to be moved. It is the best in the piece, with a good deal of tenderness in it. Madame RUBINI, (who when acting by herself makes efforts at strength which only shew her weakness, and breaks down under what she attemps) appears to be inspired beyond herself when she has PASTA's accompaniment to sustain her. (She acted the son). Their voices accorded well in the beautiful duos in this scene; and the majesty, the grace, the tenderness of PASTA, were all drawn out. Now she waved her arms in fifty beautiful attitudes, beautiful because natural: now she crossed them over her bosom, as if she had become once more sensible that she had a heart to cherish there; now she resumed her majestic will, and moved with her fine profile along the stage, queen-like, looking like one of the queens in a pictured story-book, with her radiated crown, and the piece of drapery flowing from the back of her head. But above all, most beautiful was the manner in which she embraced her son. Her son forgives her for her sorrow, and opens his arms to receive her. She precipitates herself towards his bosom, and in the very act of being received, feels a sudden penitential misgiving, which induces her to withold her arms from clasping him. She is clasped in his, but remains leaning against him, with her hands piteously folded. The house is silent, and the tears come into their eyes.

LA BLACHE is very loud in this piece; very loud and very fine, but too loud, we think, for the women who sing duets with him. He swallows them up like an ogre. The voice of this very powerful singer seems as if it came out of a body lined with brass. If one of the giants at Guildhall were to astonish a city dinner some day by taking a part in a glee, he would sing like LABLACHE. Or as a lady next whom we had the pleasure of sitting, observed, an elephant might sing like him. We fancy we see the inspired bulk opening his mouth, and exhaling the mighty music,—the essence of nine trombones.

A crowded house stayed to witness the performance of TAGLIONI (who is engaged a few nights longer) in *La Bayadere* (the Dancing Girl), a ballet with one of the best plots we remember,—simple, striking, and new. The god *Vishnu*, for some misdemeanour, is con-

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demned, 'like another Apollo,' to a sojourn upon earth, till he finds somebody to love him with an affection surpassing mortality. An old Sultan has some girls dancing before him; the principal one falls in love with the disguised deity, and enrages the Sultan, who sends his rival to the stake. The stake is prepared, the god ascends it, the fire is about to be applied. The despairing girl, in spite of all attempts to detain her, rushes towards it, and insists upon sharing her lover's fate. Clouds descend, and envelope the divine pair, who in a few moments appear among them ascending to heaven. There is a second principal dancer, who is a sort of rival of the other both in dancing and love; and this part is performed by Mademoiselle BROCARD.

The book of the entertainments candidly observes, that 'there is not so much display' in this ballet, as might be expected from a sketch of the plot. 'It is exclusively an exhibition of dancing,' which, adds the book, 'is indeed of the very highest order.' A high order we allow; but we must beg leave to think, not of the very highest. We need not again enter into the reason we gave the other day for our opinion of TAGLIONI. She has wonderful ease, grace, and power; but she wants enthusiasm. Her face is not a millionth part so good as her feet: we mean, it is comparatively insipid and a non-entity, while the feet and legs are doing all sorts of things that, we should imagine, ought to put a little more expression in to it. She is a fine contradiction to the usual frippery of the French school of dancing; and in this lies the whole secret of her success. Mademoiselle BROCARD is one of the best specimens of that school, and has a livelier look and more piquant figure than TAGLIONI, not without a great deal of ease and grace also, though certainly inferior to the other. TAGLIONI does much that is very surprising, yet nothing extravagant. BROCARD now and then throws up her leg in such a way, that it seems as if it turned upwards in the socket, and would hitch over her shoulder, like the legs of the figure in the toy-shops.

There is a curious little evidence of the different characters of these two dancers, and of the instinct which gives TAGLIONI the advantage. BROCARD has a head-dress in this piece, knowingly put on. She 'sets her cap' at the audience. TAGLIONI has no head-dress at all: she is attired as simply as possible. It was thus (to make use of a simile in the grand style) that NAPOLEON'S Marshals figured round about him, in embroidered coats, and hats full of plumes; while the great chieftain predominated in a plain cocked-hat, and a great coat of pepper and salt.

We must not omit the beautiful shawl dance, executed by the whole *corps de ballet*. TAGLIONI disappointed us in it. We expected more variety. But the general dance itself is very striking and elegant, particularly when the performers (whom we are to suppose ladies of the Sultan's haram) coyly make a wall of their shawls, every now and then, extinguishing their whole line, and then gaily burst from betwixt them, full of mirth and gay colours; for they are beautifully dressed.

[Errata, in Saturday's paper, in the remarks upon Mr Wordsworth's poetry. For "*any* part of God's creation" read *every* part:—for "*compounding*," confounding;—and for "unless it will come round," unless it will come round to certain points of unnecessary doctrine.]

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

For the Benefit of Mr Harley.

The Operatic Play, in Four Acts, called

THE EXILE.

The Empress Elisabeth, Mrs Faucit. Katharine, Mrs Waylett.
Sedona, Miss Faucit. Old Villager, Mrs Broad. Alexina, Miss Phillips.
Daran, Mr Macready. Count Ulric, Mr Cooper.
Governor of Siberia, Mr Farren. Count Calmar, Mr Horn.
Baron Altradoff, Mr Liston. Servitz, Mr Harley. Yermak, Mr Hammerton.
Welzein, Mr Yomge. The Patriarch, Mr Thompson.

In the course of the Piece, the Coronation of Elizabeth.

After which, the Ballad Opera of

THE WATERMAN.

[By Mr DIBDIN.]

[Mrs Bundle, Mrs C. Jones. Wilhelmina, Miss Pearson.
Tom Tug, Mr Braham. Bundle, Mr W. Bennett. Robin, Mr Harley.

In the course of the Evening, a Variety of Singing.

A New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]
The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing 'Away, away to the Mountain's Brow.'
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.

To-morrow, The Iron Chest; The Soldier's Widow; and The Battle of Waterloo.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

NEW COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which Mr Mathews will introduce the following Songs:—'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain Nine characters.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet, Miss F. Kemble. Lady Capulet, Mrs Lovell. Nurse, Mrs Gibbs.
Romeo, Mr Abbott. Prince Escalus, Mr Henry.
Paris, Mr Parry. Montague, Mr Turnour. Capulet, Mr Egerton.
Benvolio, Mr Holl. Tybalt, Mr Baker. Mercutio, Mr C. Kemble.
Friar Lawrence, Mr Evans. Friar John, Mr Mears. Apothecary, Mr Meadows.
Page, Miss Fortescue. Balthazar, Mr Irwin. Abram, Mr Heath.
Samson, Mr Fuller. Gregory, Mr Norris. Peter, Mr Keeley.
In Act I. A Masquerade and Dance.
In Act V. The Funeral Procession of Juliet, and a Solemn Dirge.

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.

Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, Azor and Zemira; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Baker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,)" Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.

After which an Historical, Allegorical, and Pictorial Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON, THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French.—Madame Bertrand, Madame Matilda. Madame Montholon, Miss Jordan.
Katty O'Neal, Madame Simon. Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier.
Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Marmont, Mr Almar.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale.
English:—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcomb, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

To conclude with, an Imitative Interlude, in One Act, entitled

CHARLEY OVER THE WATER.

Mary Primrose, assuming the Character of The Right Hon. Miss Matilda Rosabella Florina Flitterflutter, Madame Simon.
Farmer Primrose, Mr Gough. Squire Scapegrace, Mr Maitland.
Launcelot Longface, Mr Asbury.
Charley Primrose, assuming the Characters of Pady O'Whack, Archibald Malapropos, Fribble, Hercules Hannibal Sureshot, Mr C. Hill.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Musical Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled

MY FRIEND FROM TOWN: OR, THE ELECTION.

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Ralph, Mr Barnett. Jeremy, Mr H. Cooke. John, Mr Davis.
Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacit, Mr G. Smith. Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

After which, a Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, founded on the admired Ballad of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

Jenny, Mrs Evans. Dame Fairly, Mrs Wells. Mrs Mac Toddy, Mrs Garrick.
Marian, Mrs Saville.
Auld Robin Gray, Mr Keppel. Jamie, Mr Forrester. Sandy, Mr Marshall.
Archibald Tillyvallock, Mr Munroe. Farmer Fairlie, Mr Porteus.
Patie, Mr G. Lejeune. Dougal, Mr Willing. Simon, Mr Davies.
Paul Bowbell, Mr Wilkinson.
Gipsies—Elspeth, Miss Dix. Ronald, Mr Spencer. Gabriel, Mr G. Smith.
Gilbert, Mr H. Cooke. Elshie, Mr Barnett.

To conclude with a Comic Interlude, in One Act, called

REFORMATION.

[By Mr BERNARD.]

Ellen Feelove, Miss Andrews. Mary Mayflower, Miss Forster.
Miss Matilda Manwaring, Mrs Garrick.
Mr Farringdon, Mr Munroe. Francis Feelove, Esq. Mr Porteus.
Sam Slap, Mr Marshall. Dick Dashington, Mr Green.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Figaro;' Bishop's Overture to 'Guy Mannering;' and Winter's Overture to 'Il Ratto di Proserpina.'

CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE,

MILTON STREET, FORE STREET.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Duke of Glo'ster, Mr Kean.

After which,

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Liliputian Stud of Burman Ponies — Equitation by the Infant Roscius — Williams's Feats of Jumping—Taplin's Act of the Drunken Dragoon —M. Hengler, Miss and Master Cooke on the Tight Rope—Gymnastics—Dragon of Rhodes.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant —The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Farmers' Daughter.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1831.

CASE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

A considerable degree of indignation has been excited in the public press by a circumstance, which cannot be better told than in the following passages from an article on the subject in the current number of the *Englishman's Magazine*. We do not agree however with all that the Magazine has proceed to say upon it; and after making the extracts, we shall give our reasons why.

'The "Royal Society of Literature" was instituted in 1824, under the patronage of the late King, assisted by the zealous exertions of the learned Bishop of Salisbury. It consists, at present, of 248 members, each of whom, with the exception of ten Royal Associates, contributes to the general fund, sums, varying from two to ten guineas per annum, in addition to not unfrequent and liberal benefactions. The Royal Associates, on the other hand, have hitherto received one hundred guineas each from the King's annual bounty: and another hundred guineas, derived from the same source, have been applied to the purchase of medals, which have been presented, at the rate of two a year, to the most distinguished British and Foreign Literati. This, be it observed in passing, with two medals placed at the disposal of the Councils of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries, is all that the Crown has ever done for the advancement of science or literature in Britain.* That in the present instance these small rewards of merit have never been indiscreetly disposed of, the list of celebrated parsonages, upon whom they have heretofore been conferred, will abundantly testify. It contains the name of Mitford the historian of Greece, Angelo Mai, librarian of the Vatican, Major Rennell the geographer, Wilkins, the eminent Orientalist, Professor Schweighæuser, Dugald Stewart, Scott, Southey, Crabbe, Archdeacon Coxe, W. Roscoe, and Baron Silvestre de Sacy. And justly renowned and deserving of distinction as this illustrious groupe of authors is, it is scarcely richer in characters who have toiled their laborious way to the highest summits of fame, than the selection of individuals who now form the body of "Royal Associates." They are, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the Rev. Edward Davies, Dr Jamieson, the indefatigable compiler of the Scottish Dictionary, the Rev. T. R. Malthus, Mathias, author of the Pursuit of Literature, James Millengen, Esq., Sir William Ouseley, William Roscoe, the Rev. Henry J. Todd, and Sharon Turner. It is our painful duty to add, that four of the gentlemen whose names we have given, and perhaps the most conspicuous of the number, are actually, or in a great measure, dependent for their subsistence on the paltry pittance which they receive from the funds of the Society.

'Think, benevolent and enlightened reader; and Oh! think of it with more than pity! that some of those under the influence of whose pages many of your most blessed and instructive hours have been spent, and whose career of worldly prosperity has been thwarted not by evil propensities or luxurious indolence, but that, by the unwearied toil of their great genius and understandings, they might establish themselves in the memories and direct the virtues of future ages; only think of such men, in the evening of their days, and the sterile winter of their minds, being reduced to the necessity of prizing a wretched pension which many of your illiterate and soulless menials would scorn! But--shall we be believed when we state it?—intimation has actually been given on the part of the Crown, to Mr Coleridge and his brother associates, that they must expect their allowances "very shortly" to cease. Such is the melancholy, and, our feelings compel us to say, most disgraceful fact.'

The Magazine, assuming that a minister of Lord Brougham's influential and literary character cannot be without his share of blame in the transaction, proceeds to contrast it with his toleration of the Pension List, and his advocacy of retiring salaries of two hundred a year for the seventy preposterous Commissioners of Bankrupts. The King is assumed to be an unconscious party in the matter, and the Chancellor is recommended to tell him how the case stands, and to further its proper settlement. Quotations are then made from Mr Nicholas and Mr Babbage, to shew that government ought to patronize, at all events, certain directions of intellectual ability, the scientific and historical for instance: and the article concludes as follows:—

'Even of the great poets of our own day, not to go farther back in the history of our literature, who, we should like to know, with the single exceptions of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and Tom Moore, has ever received any adequate pecuniary recompense for the exercise of his talents? Seventy pounds for writing in an annual, is the sum total we believe, that Mr Wordsworth has hitherto earned by his works. We question whether Coleridge has been fortunate enough to obtain so much; and it is no secret among booksellers, that some of Southey's finest poems have never defrayed the mere expenses of publication. We have been told, moreover, that Mr Murray has had a long poem of Crabbe's many years in his hands, the cost of printing which, he has, up to the present moment, been deterred from hazarding. Facts such as these are worth a folio of speculative arguments, and we apprehend, entirely relieve us from the necessity of any farther discussion. Earl Grey once exclaimed most indignantly, in his place in the House of Peers, against the ungenerousness of the Scotch towards their immortal countryman, Burns. We trust he still retains the same feelings by which he was influenced on the occasion alluded to, and that he will now prevent his native land from incurring a description of reproach which, in former days, he so eloquently and enthusiastically stigmatised.

We agree heartily with the deduction implied in the first portion of this article; we doubt the second part; and we confess that we totally differ with the general inferences contained in the last. In other words, we think it a 'disgraceful fact' indeed, if the government have withdrawn the pensions from the men of letters alluded to; but we doubt whether Lord Brougham could have contemplated their withdrawal, in the spirit imputed to him; and we are strongly of opinion, that governments, in their present state of imperfection, have, or ought to have, nothing to do with men of letters, nor men of letters (as pensioners) with them.

It may be asked, how we reconcile this last opinion with the first. Very easily: because it is one thing to deprive men of what they have been accustomed to, and induced, perhaps wholly necessitated to depend on; and another, to continue the system in future.

The Commissioners of Bankrupts were, we grant, (and so does the Noble Lord) 'enormously overpaid,' and yet though we should not agree with his Lordship in recommending retiring pensions for all of them (however we can understand the natural wish of a statesman in his position to sweeten the bitterness of reform), we should say, that where the two hundred pounds had become a matter of serious importance, and the Commissioner deserved consideration, it would have been a hard thing to take it away. But if we think this, which must of necessity partake of an assumption, and which concerns men bred up in a thriving profession, how much harder must we think it to take the money he has depended upon from the man of letters? from a man who has, probably delighted or instructed the community (perhaps both); whose anxieties are doubled by the sensibility and imagination that have made him the delightful instructor; and who by the very nature of what has rendered him most useful to the world; has probably been incapacitated from pursuing his worldly advantages?

If the government have objections to any political opinions entertained by some of the gentlemen in question (which is probably the case:—and we have still greater ones for that matter) surely it is beneath its dignity to manifest them in this sort of way. If it thinks any of them over-paid,—if there are some who are otherwise provided for, and do not, or ought not to want the two hundred pounds, would it not be better to say so, and candidly state the reasons? A resumption of the monies on that account would indeed not only be reasonable, but a matter of duty; and we should not care who lost it, whether Mr Malthus or Mr Roscoe. If the resumption did not proceed upon this principle, or upon some other sufficing one which the public are not acquainted with (and which it will be very necessary to make them acquainted with, should the measure have taken place), it is not to be expected that the ministers will regard all the losers of pensions with the same eyes. The Tory part may be suffered to go their ways, to get what lodging and make what breakfast they can: but will not some snug reconciling corners be found out for the Whig?

On the other hand we are to suppose perhaps, that government,

* See Observations on Historical Literature, by Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. Vol. I. No. II.

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even should it carry the measure into effect, will act impartially still, and provide for the impoverished associates in some better manner, with no regard to their opinion. Mr Malthus for instance, if he become poor, might have the salary of his professorship increased. Mr Malthus we requested to accept a place in the pension-list, in consideration, not of the politics in his Pursuits of Literature, but of the pains he has taken to give his countrymen a taste for Italian Literature; and Mr Roscoe might be invited to take a place under government, or have a present made him for his elegant histories, and his own liberality in all liberal causes.

This however would only be breaking up an establishment founded by Tories (for such is the Royal Society of Literature) and transferring its materials into the hands of Whig patronage.

For our parts, we plainly confess, that we are averse to all interferences of government with the Republic of letters; and to all hamperings of themselves with power, on the part of its members. We dislike Royal Societies of all kinds; we think (and have great reasons to think from the histories of all of them) that they never *produced* any great geniuses, that they have perplexed, and dishonoured many, and that from their nature and connexion with an influence they have nothing to do with genius, (perhaps is instinctively opposed to it), they have a tendency to degenerate, and always do degenerate, into mere corporate bodies of intriguers, in which the baser spirits naturally get the ascendancy.—Indeed all corporate bodies conferring honours and emoluments, have this tendency.—Such has been the case with philosophical societies, with painting societies, with musical societies, with literary societies: and what is very curious, the only exception we ever heard of, at once disproved the rule, and shewed that the society did good to nobody: for when the advancement of knowledge in France grew too powerful for the court, that very circumstance, aided by that natural jealousy of titular and extrinsic authority, which is an intellectual instinct, threw the leading members of the French Academy right into the arms of the public. Voltaire himself was one of the 'Gentlemen of the King's Bed-chamber,' and had regard enough for the designation to sign it occasionally in his letters! Yet now there is nothing in his history which strikes us as a more ludicrous feature, and Voltaire was the greatest man in the Academy. These royal societies are only good for petty purposes and petty men. See what a poor shew their Royal Society of Literature makes! but it would make a far poorer, if all the names were set down! It can boast of one man of genius, we grant: (Mr Coleridge) he is a great and good humoured casuist, and has a right to make himself easy with a thing convenient to him, since his genius is of that reconciling order. The society has also a few names of undoubted talent, But where are all the names of talent and genius that do not belong to it, and that nothing, we suspect, would induce to belong to it? Who wants their stamp on his back, if he is worth anything? and what is the stamp worth, even with the word 'royal' about it, Mr Robinson's sheep in Peter Pindar, were stamped after a similar fashion, and were turned out of the market for being incompetent mutton.

'If a man of letters, who is an honest man besides, can go all lengths with a government, let him, in the name of God, help it, and be blessed by it, as much as he can: but still let him not accept titles which no government can bestow without an absurdity. Let him be cautious how he commits himself in every respect, "for better, for worse:" for it is out of the most precious part of his talent, perhaps out of the very pains and difficulty with which he makes his way though conventional difficulties, that society is to be most benefited; and this part he owes eminently to society at large, and not to any modification or management of it. For ourselves, who may speak on the subject, as members of the common body of literature, and who live equally out of the pale of government and influence, and of the patronage of the great, we should say, that supposing us to be in want of patronage and in possession of talent enough to make it an honour to notice us, our supposing that we went sufficiently out in the world to attract it, and procure great friends, we had much rather be indebted to private munificence than to royal or ministerial, in other words, (for it only amounts to that) we would much rather have some great and comparatively private friend, rich enough to assist us, and amiable enough to render obligation delightful, than become the public property of any man, or of any government. We should have hated the lot, however we might have envied the genius of Racine and Boileau and other paid flatterers of Louis XIV; and we should not chuse to have been paid for flattery, and said nothing. If a divinity had given us our choice in these times, we should have said, 'Make us Molière, whose genius gets him riches, and at the same time enabled him to dispense with wordly honours:' (for Molière, by the way, the most original genius of that time, was never admitted into the academy). If we could not have attained to this lot (for we hardly dare in this commercial country to mention another proviso) we should have said "Make us La Fontaine, who goes and lives twenty years with some rich friend, as innocent of any harm in it as a child, and who writes what he thinks charming verses, sitting all day under a tree." —This is not the style in England: and perhaps, for the sake of what England and all the world are to be some day, it is better that it should not be so. It is better perhaps that as much should be got out of writers and reformers as possible, at whatever expence to themselves; since want and uneasiness are more powerful movers than a quiet lot. At least, this is a consolatory reflection to those who can afford sorrow still less than expense, and who may happen (supposing any such person to be in it) to be turned out of the funds of the Royal Society. We advise him to begin writing and reforming with all his might and main.

[Since the above was written, the following letter has appeared in the *Times*. We confess we do not understand the spirit in which the sum of 200*l.* was offered to Mr Coleridge in lieu of his pension, and do not wonder that he refused it:—]

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

'Sir,—In consequence of a paragraph which appeared in the *Times* of this day, I think it expedient to state the fact respecting Mr Coleridge as it actually is. On the sudden suppression of the Royal Society of Literature, with the extinction of the honours and annual honoraria of the Royal Associateships, a representation in Mr Coleridge's behalf was made to Lord Brougham, who promptly and kindly commended the case to Lord Grey's consideration. The result of the application was, that a sum of 200*l.*, the one moiety to be received forthwith, and the other the year following, by a private grant from the Treasury, was placed at Mr Coleridge's acceptance; but he felt it his duty most respectfully to decline it, though with every grateful acknowledgment of the prompt and courteous attention which his case had received from both their Lordships.

'I remain, Sir, your's respectfully,

'James Gillman.

'Highgate, June 3.'

NEW SERIES OF NOVELS.*

This series is intended to comprise the best novels of Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, Sterne, Swift, Cervantes, Le Sage, Defoe, &c.—of those, in short, which have attained the reputation of classical, and are not of modern, or at least of very recent date. The first two volumes (all that are yet published) contain 'Robinson Crusoe,' the work to which Daniel Defoe principally owes his reputation, although he is equally entitled to remembrance and admiration for his inflexible integrity, and his straight-forward pursuit of good and manly objects, regardless of the virulence of enemies, and the lukewarmness and ingratitude of partisans and pretended friends. The purchasers of these volumes will be able to form their own opinion of Defoe, as a man as well as an author; for while they will here renew their youthful delight in the perusal of his matchless fiction, they will derive no less pleasure in contemplating, in the well-condensed narrative of his chequered life, prefixed to the first volume, how estimable he was both in his public and private relations with society, to which he studied to do good, indefatigably and without ostentation.

The volumes are illustrated by several etchings by George Cruickshank, which to superficial observation may appear to want finish. On examination, they will be found to be the sketches of a master hand, and *really* illustrations of the characters and scenery of the novel. The volumes are tastefully got up; the binding is of glazed calico watered, of a pale colour, and the very labels are novel and elegant. 'Humphry Clinker,' by Smollett, is to follow.

Ornithological History of British Birds. *By Colonel C. Montagu, F.S.S. Second edition. With a Plan of Study, and many New Articles and Original Observations. By James Rennie, A.M. A.L.S.* 8vo. pp. 592. Hurst, Chance, and Co.

We are happy to see a new edition of this admirable work, which has been long out of print; and we congratulate the public,—more especially the students of Natural History,—that it has fallen into such competent hands, as to ensure improvement wherever there is addition. Mr Rennie is one of the few naturalists who study nature in the original, who seek her in her favourite haunts, and converse with her *tête-à-tête*. The 'plan of study' which he recommends, is no other than a pursuit of the same course. He would have the student not content himself with book knowledge

* The Novelist's Library, edited by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. with Illustrations from original designs. (To be published monthly, uniform with the Waverley Novels.) London, Cochrane and Pickersgill. 1831.

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nor altogether reject it, but refer to books only when he seeks answers to questions which Nature herself has proposed to him. We fully agree with him, that Nature will never be understood by those who content themselves with studying books, many of which are written by persons but little conversant with her; and we accord in the opinion, that more is to be learnt by one observant walk in the fields or woods, than by weeks of mere reading. But we think our author goes a little too far, when he says, that, by his plan, 'any person, with a little care, may become a tolerably good naturalist, the first walk he takes in the fields, without much knowledge of books.'

Mr Rennie has a chapter on the Linnæan system, in which he touches upon the merits and demerits of its illustrious author, in other branches of natural history, particularly in botany, which is considered as having been his favourite pursuit, and that in which he was most successful. It has been the fashion of late to undervalue Linnæus. Some writers have even spoken of him with a disrespect far more degrading to themselves than to him. Mr Rennie does not join in this outcry against a man who has done so much for the science, but we think he scarcely does him justice. He truly observes, that the several systems of Linnæus are merely an index to the book of Nature; but he admits that it is 'a miraculous index.' He objects, that Linnæus had *narrow views* of science. System itself, he observes, is a mere cabinet, with compartments for depositing a variety of little facts, which, 'scattered through the memory at random,' would be in danger of being lost. But the grounds upon which certain articles are placed in the same compartment, and their relative connection with neighbouring compartments, led to conjectures and enquiries of infinite importance, and if Linnæus did not follow up these enquiries, it should be remembered that he had a great work before him. He found the productions of Nature thrown together in chaotic confusion; he so arranged them as to enable his successors to distinguish one from the other, with a readiness that left them leisure to examine their history and qualities; and surely he is not to be accused of narrow views, who undertook and executed a task of such magnitude. His object was to prepare for the world what Mr Rennie justly terms the alphabet of Natural History; and is it a subject of regret, or of reproach, that, having formed a few of the letters, he did not proceed to compound words and sentences, and so leave his alphabet unfinished? Upon this principle we might pull down the fame of some of the greatest founders of systems, and even of society,—from Bacon up to Cadmus. Bacon discovered little, except the necessity for discovery; yet it is to him we owe all that we have discovered since. When Linnæus wrote, the great desideratum was an alphabet and grammar,—he gave us that alphabet and grammar; and it is our business to study the language of Nature, by their help. We have no right to complain that the grammar is not an epic poem, or to blame its author if half-witted people mistake it for such. To mistake the means for the end, is an error not confined to botany or to natural history. How many boys lose the best years of their lives in learning the dead languages, who make little or no use of them when acquired? Are we, therefore, to blame the writers of the grammars and dictionaries, because they were not Virgil, Horace, and Homer? Linnæus never professed to be fully acquainted with the works of Nature, but to have enabled others to study them with facility. Even supposing that other systems may be discovered, that are thought more efficacious, does that lower the merit of Linnæus? He did much for his time and means, but it does not follow that he should have cast behind him the knowledge of all future ages. It is well known, and has often been observed with regard to Newton himself, that the knowledge of a child in one age would have sufficed to make a sage in a former. The more plainly young people are made to distinguish the means from the end, and to recognize system for neither more nor less than it is, the better it will be for all parties; but to complain that the means are not the end, is about as wise as if a man of twenty should complain that shoes did not fit him at that age which were made for him at ten.

The prefatory matter furnished to the Ornithological Dictionary is not all that the editor has added to the original work. Many facts and observations are scattered through it, under the heads to which they refer; and as the editor is as little disposed as the original author to take things for granted, the additions are all more or less valuable. The following passage is one among many that shew Mr Rennie to be an observer, not a compiler:—

'Amongst our larger birds the magpie excels all her congeners in architectural skill, though several of the older naturalists were inclined to attribute to her more ingenuity than facts will corroborate. Albertus Magnus, for example, says, "she not only constructs two passages for her nest, one for entering, and another for going out, but frequently makes two nests on contiguous trees, with the design of misleading plunderers, who may as readily choose the empty nest as the one containing the eggs; on the same principle that Dionysius the Tyrant had thirty sleeping rooms." Others maintain that the opening opposite the passage is for the tail of the mother magpie while hatching; but before speculating upon the use of this, it would have been well to ascertain its existence; for among the numerous magpie's nests which I have seen, (two very perfect ones are now before me) the alleged second opening is by no means apparent, though in some instances the twigs may appear more loosely woven than in others, but seldom so much so, I think, as to admit a passage to the bird.'

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—The Exile—The Waterman—The Legion of Honour.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Romeo and Juliet—Napoleon Buonaparte.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

ANOTHER new trifle was produced here last night, called *My Friend from Town, or the Election*. It is attributed to Mr LUNN. It is a pity the author has given it the second title, because, though there really is an election in the piece, the name looks just now like a trick; and if tricks succeed at first (which is doubtful) they are sure to do harm in the long-run. If we did not pique ourselves on our impartiality, we confess, for one, that we should be always set against a new production by the appearance of a trick. Perhaps we are so in the present instance, for in justice to the author, we must say that the audience saw things to applaud in it, where they were invisible to us. On the other hand, we must confess that some were passed over, which might equally as well have been approved. We do not quite understand the audiences at this theatre. They are very good-natured, but as unaccountably silent on some occasions as they are laudatory on others. Is it dullness? or what is it? If they are friends who do not think themselves justified in condemning, how is it that they do not approve? And if not, what is it that makes them so capricious? The performers often go through a whole first act, with little or no signs of existence on the part of the beholders; which, critics as we are, has often made us feel for them. By the time the curtain has risen for the second act, the house has waked up, and then an applause ensues, as unaccountable as the previous silence. One would think that the neighbourhood had not yet recovered the novelty of having a theatre among them, and that they took time every night to digest their amazement. Or has the Tabernacle made them timid?

We know not what to say of the plot of the new piece. It is of a very rambling kind, and yet confined to the exhibition of a character or two. *Mr Pump*, a shoemaker (WILKINSON) is ambitious of being a member of a literary society; and *Sir Omnibus Dabble*, a general busy body (Mr GREEN) undertakes to secure his election. *Pump* hopes at the same time to secure *Sir Omnibus* for his daughter, but the latter is in love with a young gentleman, who engages the knight's epistolary talents in aid of his application to the father; and as *Sir Omnibus* is not made acquainted with the names of the parties, he is accessory to the old trick of plotting against himself. The upshot is, that the knight is not married, and the shoemaker not elected; and the young gentleman succeeds, as all young gentlemen do in farces. The best scene in the piece is perhaps that in which the would-be academician gives a specimen of his abilities before one of the electors, in a touching account of the natural history and properties of the donkey; the inference from which was obvious. There are some good puns; and WILKINSON made his usual quaint air and incompetency effective; and GREEN, not being tickled into an excess of the fidgets by a foppish character, performed in a more solid style than we have yet seen him. But the piece can hardly have a run. There is such a zealous variety of pieces at this theatre, that it deserves to succeed; but they are apt to have no stamina.

THE LIVING PAINTERS, No IV. [Messrs Collins, Daniel, and Cooper] will appear to-morrow.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

A Courtier Reproved by a King.—Philip the second, of Spain, having granted a general amnesty to a rebellious city, with the exception of certain persons, a courtier informed him of the place where a gentleman was hidden who was not included in the amnesty. "You would have done better," said the king, "to have gone and told him that I am here than to come and tell me where he is."

Infallibility Corrected.—In 1586 Philip the second of Spain sent the young constable of Castile to Rome to congratulate Sixtus the Fifth upon his exaltation. The Pontiff, dissatisfied at the youth of the Ambassador, pettishly said "Is your master deficient in men, that he has sent me an Ambassador without a beard."—"If my Sovereign had thought," replied the proud Spaniard, "that the merit consisted in the beard, he would no doubt have sent you a goat, and not a gentleman like me."

The Greek Kalends.—Lord Londonderry, who is something of a literary character, has discovered the period pointed out by the Greek Kalends, hitherto supposed to be unapproachable; for we find it stated in the papers, that when asked at what time he intended to have his windows—those demolished at Holdernesse House the night of their non-illumination—repaired, he answered, 'not until the defeat of the Reform Bill' We are right, then, in fixing these repairs at the Greek Kalends, and recommend patience to the family glazier.—*Globe.*

Chinese Piety.—In this village (Baitenzorg, in Batavia), there is a street nearly a mile long inhabited solely by Chinese. We called at several of their houses, and found in each an idol of some kind. That which most surprised us was a French engraving of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, in a gilt frame, before which incense was burning; and the old man to whom the picture belonged, in our presence, paid it divine honours, bowing himself in various antic attitudes, and offering a prayer for blessings upon himself and family. When we asked him why he worshipped that as a god, which came from Europe, and not from his own country, he frankly replied, 'Oh, we worship anything!'—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

Cunning a Poor Quality.—Cunning has effect from the credulity of others, rather than from the abilities of those who are cunning. It requires no extraordinary talents to lie and deceive. It requires great abilities to have the *power* of being very wicked; but not to be very wicked. A man who has the power, which great abilities procure him, may use it well or ill. Wickedness is always easier than virtue, for it takes the short cut to everything. It is much easier to steal a hundred pounds than to get it by hard labour or any other way. Consider only what act of wickedness requires great abilities to commit, when once the person who is to do it has the power; for *there* is the distinction. It requires great abilities to conquer an army, but none to massacre it after it is conquered.—*Johnson.*

— When one of these ravenous animals (the hog) is happy enough to find a banana-tree, with a bunch of ripe fruit suspended above his reach, but not above his ambition, he does not waste his strength, like Æsop's fox with the grapes, leaping at an unattainable object, but wisely and leisurely sets himself to gnaw through the trunk, and bring the treasure to the ground, and this he will never relinquish, though he toil for hours, till his industry has been rewarded, and he literally eats the fruits of his labour.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Seria, in Two Acts, entitled

TANCREDI.

[By Rossini.]

Amenaide, beloved by Tancredi . . . . . Madame M. Lalande.
Isaura, her Attendant . Madame Castelli.
Tancredi . . . . . Madame Pasta.
Orbazzano, his Rival . . . . . Signor Santini.
Argirio, the Father of Amenaide . . . . . Signor Rubini.
Roggiero, the Friend and Companion of Tancredi . Signor Galli.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir Walter Scott's Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. Deshayes.]

The Music by Signor Costa.

In which Mademoiselle Taglioni will dance 'The Tyrolienne.'

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Play of

THE IRON CHEST.

[By Colman, the Younger.]

Helen, Miss Phillips. Barbara, Miss Pearson.
Blanche, Mrs Waylett. Judith, Mrs Faucit.
Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr Kean. Fitzharding, Mr Younge.
Wilford, Mr Wallack. Adam Winterton, Mr W. Farren. Rawbold, Mr Cooper.
Sampson, Mr Harley. Armstrong, Mr Sinclair.
Orson, Mr Bedford. Robber's Boy, Miss Poole.

After which,

TABLEAUX VIVANS.

Suggested by and illustrating A. Scheffer's beautiful Print, called The SOLDIER'S WIDOW!

The whole composed and arranged by Mr W. Barrymore.

The Action of the Scene will be confined solely to the expressive Movements of Rossini's beautiful Overture to 'Guillaume Tell,' which will be pourtrayed in character, by Mrs W. Barrymore, as The Soldier's Widow.

The whole to conclude with

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

French—Da Costa's Wife, Mrs Webster. Maainette, Miss Phillips.
Rose, Miss Butlin. Jeannette, Mrs Broad.
Napoleon, Mr J. Vining. General Frimont, Mr C. Jones.
General Dusheme, Mr H. Williams. Maladroit, Mr Benson Hill.
Guillot, Mr Honor. Antoine, Mr Howel. Jacques, Mr Eaton.
Jean da Costa, Mr Webster.
English.—Mary Cameron, Miss Crawford. Duke of Wellington, Mr Younge,
Lord Hill, Mr Hengler. Duke of Brunswick, Mr Smith.
Prince of Orange, Mr Williams. Marquis of Anglesea, Mr Cooke.
Corporal Standfast, Mr Yarnold. Robert Thompson, Mr Green.
Molly Maloney, Mr Porteus.
Prussians—Phedora, Miss Huddart. Delis, Miss Ballin.
Kouac, Mr Bland. Petran, Mr Cooke.
Dolits, Mr Fenton. Bredawski, Mr T. Blanchard.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr,

[Adapted by Sir George Smart.]

Fatima, Miss Cawse. Lesbia, Miss H. Cawse. Zemira, Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Leander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schoenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, The Provoked Husband; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Musical Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

JOHN OF PARIS.

[By Mr Pocock.]

Princess of Navarre, Miss Somerville, in which she will sing 'Should he upbraid.'
Olivia, Miss Vincent, in which she will introduce 'Smart young Bachelors.'
Rosa, Mrs C. Hill. John of Paris, Mr Osbaldiston.
Grand Chamberlain, Mr Williams. Pedrigo Potts, Mr Vale. Philip, Mr Ransford.

After which, a Dramatic Sketch from 'Netley Abbey,' called

YARD-ARM AND YARD-ARM.

Oakland, Mr Gough. M'Scrape, Mr D. Pitt.

Gunnel, Mr T. P. Cooke, who will introduce his popular Song of "Bound 'Prentice to a Coasting Ship," and his celebrated Hornpipe.

To which will be added the First Act of

LA PEROUSE.

Umba, Mademoiselle Rosier. La Perouse, Mr C. Hill. Kanko, Mr Honner.
Negaski, Mr Asbury. Potepataw, Mr Webb. Chimpansee, Mr G. Wieland.

A GRAND MUSICAL PASTICCIO.

To conclude with the Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, in Two Acts, entitled

THE FOULAHS.

[By Mr. W. Barrymore.]

Emily Worthy, Miss Scott. Laura, Miss Bell. Ora, Madame Simon.
Captain Worthy, Mr D. Pitt. Old Worthy, Mr Gough.
Jean Phillipe Gastineau, Mr Honner. Rigid, Mr Asbury. Maline, Mr Webb.
Sergeant, Mr Hobbs. Henry, Miss Ellis. Cato, Mr C. Hill.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Musical Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled

MY FRIEND FROM TOWN; OR, THE ELECTION.

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Ralph, Mr Barnett. Jeremy, Mr H. Cooke. John, Mr Davis.
Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacit, Mr G. Smith. Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

After which, a Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, founded on the admired Ballad of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[By Mr M'Farren.]

Jenny, Mrs Evans. Dame Fairly, Mrs Wells. Mrs Mac Toddy, Mrs Garrick.
Marian, Mrs Saville.
Auld Robin Gray, Mr Keppel. Jamie, Mr Forrester. Sandy, Mr Marshall.
Archibald Tillyvallock, Mr Munroe. Farmer Fairlie, Mr Porteus.
Patie, Mr G. Lejeune. Dougal, Mr Willing. Simon, Mr Davies.
Paul Bowbell, Mr Wilkinson.
Gipsies—Elspeth, Miss Dix. Ronald, Mr Spencer. Gabriel, Mr G. Smith.
Gilbert, Mr H. Cooke. Elshie, Mr Barnett.

To conclude with a Comic Interlude, in One Act, called

REFORMATION.

[By Mr Bernard.]

Ellen Feelove, Miss Andrews. Mary Mayflower, Miss Forster.
Miss Matilda Manwaring, Mrs Garrick.
Mr Farringdon, Mr Munroe. Francis Feelove, Esq. Mr Porteus.
Sam Slap, Mr Marshall. Dick Dashington, Mr Green.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Figaro;' Bishop's Overture to 'Guy Mannering;' and Winter's Overture to 'Il Ratto di Proserpina.'

Astley's Amphitheatre. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

Cooke's Equestrian Circus, Great Windmill St. Haymarket.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Liliputian Stud of Burman Ponies — Equitation by the Infant Roscius — Williams's Feats of Jumping—Taplin's Act of the Drunken Dragoon —M. Hengler, Miss and Master Cooke on the Tight Rope—Gymnastics—Dragon of Rhodes.

Coburg Theatre.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant —The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Farmers' Daughter.

Royal Pavilion Theatre.—Orphan of Hindostan—A Pill for Portugal.

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Nº 238.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1831.

TRIAL OF MR CARPENTER.*

It may not be known to all our readers, that Mr Carpenter, a short time since, commenced a series of irregularly-issued publications, commenting upon matters in Church and State, and incidentally containing news, with the avowed object of evading the Stamp Act, and bringing the question at issue with the crown lawyers, if the latter should resolve to try it. They have done so, and Mr Carpenter has lost his cause.

Mr Carpenter, in a long, ingenious, and spirited defence, the style of which was nevertheless truly characterised by the Attorney-General as 'mild and becoming,' began with honestly repeating his avowal that he had intended to evade the provisions of the Stamp-Act. He then argued, that his publication could not be considered as the 'newspaper' it was charged to be: first, because a newspaper was a periodical publication, and his publication was not issued regularly, which he assumed to be necessary to constitute periodicality; secondly, because it always had a different title, and therefore could not be assumed to be the same work: thirdly, because it did not invariably contain what is called news: fourthly, because when it did, the news was not complete, that is to say, there was not *all* that was expected in a newspaper: and fifthly, because the news that appeared in it could not properly be so called, inasmuch as it had previously appeared in the daily papers. Other arguments were scattered throughout his defence, or rather were systematically put; for in all respects the defence was as complete a one as it could be, consistently with the grounds on which it went. But we do not err, we believe, when we state, that the five positions just mentioned comprise the whole spirit of Mr Carpenter's reasoning.

We do not happen to know Mr Carpenter; but from what we have seen of his writings, we believe him to be a very honest as well as clever man; and we have every reason in the world to agree with him as to the iniquity and absurdity of the act against which he contends. We shall therefore readily be believed when we add, that we are sorry to be obliged to differ with him on the present occasion; and to think, that however honourable and laudable in his intention, and perfectly right on the side of justice, he did not make out his case in point of law.

The Lord Chief Baron expressed an opinion, that a newspaper did not even imply a periodical publication. We are of that opinion too; otherwise the word 'news' and the word 'periodical' would have something in common, which they manifestly have not. Nobody however supposes, that when a man issues news of any public kind in a certain shape, he does not mean to give us more of the same kind of intelligence; and granting the Lord Chief Baron's opinion to be a refinement, upon which no law officer would act (which of course we believe it to be) still we hold that Mr Carpenter made two fatal mistakes, in supposing, first, that the difference of title in his publications deprived the law officers of the right of considering them part of the same work; and secondly, that in order to be periodical, a work must be issued at regular intervals. It is to be recollected, that Mr Carpenter, when he began publishing his letters addressed to various people (for in that manner the publication was designated) *avowed* that they were intended to evade the provisions of the Stamp Act, and he taught the public to expect them from time to time. We remember well, that the moment we saw this avowal, we pronounced our opinion that it would prove fatal to him; because it was only avowing, in other words, that he would do the *thing* objected to, but escape by means of a name. Now the jury are judges of the intention as well as the fact,—of the spirit of the case as well as the letter of it; and we always thought, that when the point came to be contended by the lawyers, Mr Carpenter would be sufficiently condemned (in a legal sense) out of his own mouth. With regard to regularity of publication, it has certainly as little to do with periodicality (we use this term for want of a better) as the word period, in typography, has to do with sentences of equal length. The periods, or intervals of measurement, in a page of text, are quite irregular. Time is measurement; but measurement does not imply equidistance; and therefore to constitute a periodical publication, it is sufficient that it should appear at *different* periods, not at regular ones. It is true, periodical publications are in the habit of being so regular, that the two ideas have become associated; but they are not the less distinct in point of fact; and the Stamp Act says nothing even about periodicality, except that the work must be published at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days. It is clear therefore, that supposing that interval not be to be exceeded, it does not signify how irregular the portions of time may be in the course of it. As to the news not being the sort of news contemplated by the Act, because the daily papers had already told it, and because it did not comprise *all* the news that the public might look for, we acquit Mr Carpenter of disingenuousness on this head, because he was contesting matters of literality, and meeting the law in its own way; but surely news *is* news to all who have not heard it before, or not had it related to them in the way which they consider as putting them in possession of it. Readers of this kind constitute the great multitudes that take in the Sunday papers, all of which call themselves newspapers, one of them emphatically the 'News;' and Mr Carpenter assuredly addressed his publication to such as in general see no daily papers, many of them perhaps not even a Sunday one. For a similar reason, it does not signify whether such readers get *all* the news of the week or not. Few papers perhaps give all the news they might, certainly not one, taking the word in its most extensive sense: and in a word, the term 'news' does not imply 'all' news, any more than the fruit in Covent Garden market implies every possible species of that eatable.

But Mr Carpenter asks, why his publication was to be attacked by the law, seeing that other publications were tolerated, which violated the provisions of the Stamp Act? and among them, (though we are sure with no unkind or insidious feeling, but with as honest a sense of justice as induced him to speak well of it) he mentioned *The Tatler*. We never mince a matter of truth; and we shall not mince this. The Crown lawyers might unquestionably have often attacked us if they chose, for violating the letter of the law: for though there is some inconsistency between the provisions of the Stamp Act on these points, perplexing to the law as well as to those who are to obey it, it is contrary to those provisions, not merely to publish news, but to comment on any matter in Church and State. But the Crown lawyers have attacked Mr C. and they have left us alone. They have so; and the reasons are, we conceive, first, that we neither do publish any news for news' sake, at least not to any such extent as to make our paper worth looking at for it, touching upon it only incidentally and very rarely: second, that we never professed any intention of contesting the point with the Stamp-office, though the office knew our opinions upon the subject, and have been often told it; third, because if Mr Carpenter had succeeded, it might have materially injured the revenue: we do not say unjustly; we think otherwise; but certainly in such a manner as the present state of the law does not allow its officers to contemplate: and fourth and last,—perhaps most of all,—(for this must not, in honesty, be concealed) because Mr Carpenter is supposed, with whatever truth, to be one of those writers who push their views of alteration in Church and State farther than we do;—who make strong criticisms on the conduct of men in power in a less measured tone, perhaps (we say it in no spirit of unkindness, nor even of disapprobation, for there must be workers of various sorts in times of change) with a less considerate eye to the evidences they have in common with all men;

* *Report of the Trial of Mr William Carpenter in the Court of Exchequer, on Saturday, May 14th, 1831, for publishing a Number of Political Letters and Pamphlets, charged to be Newspapers, within the meaning of the Act of Parliament.* 4to, pp. 12. Carpenter.

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and who therefore provoke resentment in a more personal degree, and rouse the struggle which they avowedly challenge.

Now we have not the less respect for Mr Carpenter on these accounts, believing him, as we do, to be both an honest and an honourable man,—a man of a good nature as well as an open speech. Neither (from what we have seen of his writings) do we believe him to carry his notions of what is desirable for the common good further than we do. Neither again, do we hold him in less estimation for challenging the Stamp-office to a fight, and seeing which of the two shall beat. We hold him in more. We have avowed (with all due distinction between the office itself, and those of its members with whom we happen to have come in contact) that we should have done as much ourselves, could our resources have enabled us. But if Mr Carpenter, in the greater good fortune of his health and possessions, or his freedom from injuries in former battle, chose to make preparations for securing a combat, and we did not so, he cannot wonder that the adversary took him at his word, and was resolved to see which should put the other down.

There is one great reason why we are the less anxious to fight any more of our old legal battles, and to repose upon the exertions of others;—and that is, that we look upon reformation, and the best and utmost reformation too, as secured to the world by the consequences which will inevitably, though gradually, flow from the late glorious events in France. We do not say that there is no more need of courage and patriotism. We think there is, and that it will as assuredly be realized as the other consequences. But thinking, nevertheless, as we do, and acting as we have formerly done, it may be allowed to be in no dishonest spirit of consideration for others, that we are content to be comparative lookers-on, discountenancing still (as far as we can) the hankerers after old abuses, honouring and applauding those who resist them, and out of an involuntary stock of many thoughts, supplying food for hope, and consolation to all men.

For the rest, to return a moment to the case before us, we cannot but express our sorrow at seeing a man like Sir Thomas Denman compelled, or thinking himself compelled, by his office, to assist the provisions of an Act hateful to his knowledge and his feelings, and protested against by himself, in no common terms, when he was out of office. But seeing, as we do, that all improvement is a thing gradual, and believing Sir Thomas to be one of those who neither wish to prevent its quiet increase, nor could prevent it if they did wish, we are glad that he, instead of a fool or a knave, was in office, to contest the point in question with Mr Carpenter; and from the amenity of this unusual Attorney-General, as well as from the resolution of Mr Carpenter, we draw the most favourable omens for the approaching downfall of the Act itself, and the certain progress of that human good, which, with whatever differences upon minor points, must be dear to both of them.

ERRATUM in yesterday's article on the 'Royal Society of Literature:'—Among other mistakes of the press in this article, owing to the hurry of the hand-writing, was a very ludicrous one, which gave the reader the important intelligence, that "we" had requested Mr "Malthus" to accept a place in the Pension List. The passage should have been, "Mr *Mathias might be* requested to accept a place," &c.

FINE ARTS.

THE LIVING PAINTERS. No. IV.

'Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea, all in sedges hid.'—*Taming of the Shrew.*

W. COLLINS, R. A.—W. DANIEL, R. A.—A. COOPER, R.A.

WE shall dispose of this triad speedily. Not that we hold the artists constituting it in particular odium or contempt, but that, sincerely speaking, their works suggest but little for us to say. It is moreover better, we think, to condense our opinions, occasionally, than to fatigue the reader with matters of secondary interest. We could occupy his attention with an infinite quantity of small talk—now, or at any time—when in fact we had nothing to say; but such experiments are dangerous, and should be eschewed. The man who expatiates is lost.—Feeling this very sensibly, we turn our eyes upon Mr Collins.

Mr Collins is a painter of exceeding merit, as far as he goes. But his range is not wide, and his subjects are not of paramount interest. He is a 'limitary cherub.' The touch of ten Ithuriels would never change him from what he is. Thoroughly believing in the metempsychosis, we apprehend that Mr Collins must originally have been of the shrimp or lobster species, or perhaps the crab—except that he does not go backward. Would you know him from any other painter, you have nothing to do, but to walk strait into the principal room at Somerset-house, and you will there see his works, with *sum qualis eram* upon each, written in plain pictorial characters. Anybody who knew him, when he first emerged from the shrimp state, or cast off the lobster chrysalis, will detect him in a moment. His companions are always with him, constant friends, whom no change of opinion nor prosperity can banish. They are even now before our eyes:—Two little boys, two lobsters, one boat, one rock, one slip of sea-sand, one shrimp-basket, one man holding ditto, and one very handsome slice of blue water, and you have all the riches that he possesses.

And yet with these meagre materials, he will always paint a good and sometimes a fine picture. He is a master of his pencil, touches delicately and colours well. He does not for the sake of effect, play tricks in his pictures, as Mr Constable does. He never spots and dots his pictures with points of white or any other colour. He never gives us reason to imagine that a mad cat had been sneezing over his works, but paints rationally and honestly. His effects are produced by fair painting, and not by trickery of any sort. We only lament that he does not allow his mind to expand and attempt something more than hitherto—but probably he knows his own talent best. In the present Exhibition, he has (and indeed he has once or twice before) quitted his marine residence and taken a pedestrian tour inland. It was in this excursion, we apprehend, that he painted 'The Venturesome Robin,' No 25, and 'The Morning Bath,' No. 138. They are like all his pictures, very clever, but unfortunately they possess little elegance, and are totally deficient in interest.

We like to look at Mr Daniel's pictures. We do not consider him by any means a first-rate artist. But he carries us away to the Ganges and the Jumna—he takes us over the Ghauts and through the matted forests of Hindostan—he shews us the elephant, as sagacious as man; the crocodile, armed from top to toe; the diamond-eyed antelope; the rhinoceros and the buffalo; and from out the dark green shadow of the jungle, his Boa comes hissing and curling upwards like a solid wreath of grey smoke, ready to dart upon the frightened peasants who have disturbed his solitary reign. There is one fellow cutting with a hatchet at his tail—another projects an arrow at his eye—a third falls flat—flat 'on the grunsel edge'—while the soaring sinuous monster, apparently heedless of all, takes measure of his victim and prepares calmly for his fatal spring. Another instant, and Shabreez Ali Cawn has a sash about his waist, that nothing can ever unlose till he be dead! Poor fellow! Great is the mourning in Ceylon or Baher! Bushels of rice are consumed in the mere insanity of grief. Huge vessels of jaghery are poured down the throats of the sons of Siva; and for four-and-twenty hours, the disconsolate Reza forbears to put on her most brilliant dresses, and scorns to think of a second husband!—The reader who recollects Mr Daniel's picture of the Boa-constrictor, which was exhibited about three years ago, will join with us in our lamentations for Shabreez Ali Cawn.

Mr Cooper is great on four legs; but he stands indifferently on two. His men are common place, but his mixtures of bipeds and quadrupeds are clever, and his horses are meritorious fellows. We would not stand within an ell length of his celebrated trotting-roan for the finest Koklani specimen that ever was exported from sandy or stony Arabia. We should write no more critiques after such a collision. All the flattering things that we intend to say of our artist and his brothers of the brush would perish prematurely.

Mr Cooper is rather exclusive in his subjects. He is the painter of the Tudor and Stuart period, and seldom, except in the cases of portraits, ascends to the ages of chivalry, or comes down to modern times. Mary Queen of Scots forms one of his two subjects this year; the other consists of 'Two Spaniels, the property of Mr So and So.' These are his Alpha and Omega. But he is fondest of the Commonwealth, Cromwell, 'our chief of men,' Ireton and Fairfax; Cavaliers and Roundheads figure impartially in his imagination, and all of them have the bravest horses possible. There is a grey one that beats Wouvermans' white steed out and out; a dapple of considerable merit; besides browns and bays whose pretensions are indisputable. Mr Cooper throws them into groups, puts a wild sky about them—frowning faces—and flashing swords, and the result is sometimes imposing enough. He falls short, indeed, of the tear and struggle of Rubens, of the intense encounter of Leonardo da Vinci (whose 'Battle of the Standard' is known to everybody), but he nevertheless forces his figures into the melée boldly, and exhibits the 'rough strife' that distinguished the downfall of Charles Stuart, with a perseverance that deserves success. We cannot do better, on quitting Mr Cooper, (wishing him at the same time that success, which he is so sure to obtain) to introduce him to some verses addressed to his hero, by a man who was as anxious as our artist to identify himself with 'the immortal rebel' who once held the sword of England in his grasp, and maintained the renown of the country, abroad and at home, with as much effect as though he had been an 'anointed king.'

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

'Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen's stream, with blood of Scots imbued,
And Dunbar field resound thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise
Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains;
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.'

[No. V, will contain J. M. W. TURNER, R. A., T. STOTHARD, R. A., and J. MARTIN.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

EIGHTH AND LAST CONCERT, MONDAY, JUNE 6.

ACT I.

Sinfonia, No. IV. - - - -	*Beethoven.*
Aria, Madame Stockhausen, 'Non paventar,' (Il Flauto Magico) - - - -	*Mozart.*
Sextuor, Piano Forte, Flute, Clarinett, Horn, Bassoon, and Double Bass, Mrs Anderson, Messrs Nicholson, Willman, Platt, Mackintosh, and Dragonetti - - - -	*Onslow.*
Terzetto, Signor Rubini, Signor Lablache, and Mr E. Seguin, 'Or che la sorte.' (Guglielmo Tell) -	*Rossini.*
Overture, 'Der Alchymist,' (first time of performance)	*Spohr.*

ACT II.

Sinfonia, No. VI. - - - -	*F. Ries.*
Duetto, Madame Stockhausen and Signor Lablache, 'Segui oh cara' (Faust) - - -	*Spohr,*
Quartet (by desire) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs Mori, Watts, Moralt, and Lindley	*Haydn*
Scena. Signor Rubini, 'Vicin mi sta! (Euryanthe) -	*C M von Weber.*
Overture, 'Les deux Journées." - -	*Cherubini.*

Leader, Mr Weichsel.—Conductor, Mr Bishop.

No subject for introductory remark suggesting itself, we commence at once with the performance. The symphony by Beethoven is that one, which the unscientific musician may retrace in his memory from its singular commencement, with a pizzicato note of the whole band, and a sustained note on the horns; the effect is both original and agreeable. The whole symphony is a magnificent composition, but the adagio has perhaps never been surpassed for the intense pathos of its melody and the rich character of its scoring. This movement would have been encored, had not the performers hurried on to the minuet and trio. This banker's-clerk manner of getting through the business of an English concert is a constant check to the enthusiasm of real amateurs.

Madame Stockhausen, who we regretted to observe was feeble and indisposed, sang the well known air of the 'Queen of Night,' from the 'Zauberflöte,' with her accustomed and laudable fidelity to the text; and, notwithstanding the disadvantage in which she was placed, with undiminished accuracy of intonation: the level excellence of her tone, the purity of her style, and the certainty with which she fulfills whatever she undertakes, will always render Madame Stockhausen a valuable acquisition in a concert.

Mr Onslow's sextuor, which we heard for the first time upon the present occasion, is a composition of very high character. It bears throughout evident marks of a worthy ambition. If the hypercritic should say that this ambition urges the author to adopt thoughts bordering upon whimsicality, the better-spirited judge will augur from this yearning after originality the finest of results—a solid, well earned, and mature fame—for there is plenty of staple to work from. The second movement—an adagio, we conceive—was the most acceptable to our taste, both from its design, symmetrical construction, and musician-like treatment; also, perhaps, from our predilections naturally leaning to that class of writing. How gratifying is the sight of an independent gentleman (within prospect, indeed, of a peerage) working away, as if for his maintenance, with all the industry and enthusiasm of a young German graduate that has a capel meistership in prospect; and at the same time how different, and how exquisite the train of thoughts and sensations that pass through such a brain, compared with those of a patrician dog or horse-breeder, or of him whose whole noons or nights are employed in lounging or lolling, with a quizzing-glass stuck to his eye—the common feat of a watchmaker, and the only effort of dexterity which lifts him into a comparison with that useful artisan.

We never hear one of the better movements from the 'Guillaume Tell,' but we regret that Rossini did not earlier begin to show what he could do in the higher walks of his science. Almost all the choruses, in that opera, the finest duet between *Tell* and *Valter*, and the trio that was performed upon the present occasion are noble works of art, both for the construction of the melodies, and the masterly effects that the composer has thrown into accompaniments. Signor Lablache and Rubini were too loud for their companion Mr Seguin: as for Rubini, his style approaches nearer to quackery than anything we ever heard within the range of singing. His boisterous shouts and infantile pulings coming directly and suddenly in contrast with each other are positively laughable—when he is singing trash, and then only. He is the personification of forte-piano—the medium between the two extremes appears never by any chance to have entered his thoughts. With the exception of the quality of some notes in his compass, his singing affords us no gratification; it is one tissue of shout and whine, flutter and roulade. Signor Lablache afterwards, in the lovely duet from the Faust, 'Segui o cara!' sang with much better discretion. To use the intelligible phrase of a daily critic, he 'modulated his voice' with Madame Stockhausen's in an agreeable manner.

The overture to 'Der Alchymist' we should like to hear repeated. Its design and construction are both original and masterly, but we could not understand the intention of the author.

Mr Ferdinand Ries's symphony is worthy of the school in which he was educated;—Beethoven was his tutor. The minuet and trio are both original and charming movements; the adagio, though fine, did not so powerfully arrest our attention as the former, the character of which somewhat reminded us of the elder writers. The trio contained some delightful passages of imitation for the wind instruments; and the finale a spirited and most admirably worked subject, in which, like a thorough-bred German, Mr Ries granted no sinecure to any member of the band. He received enthusiastic applause from the whole room, performers and all, both at his entrance and at the conclusion of his symphony.

Paganini was in the room, and quitted it immediately after the violin quartet. He heard Mr Mori in perfection, and Paganini of all men would appreciate the exquisite feeling and execution of Mori in that lovely piece of writing. That extraordioary artist will not leave us with an unfavourable impression of our native talent, for we never heard a quartett performed in finer taste, or more genuine *esprit d'accord*.

Signor Rubini acquitted himself like a rational being in the scena from 'Euryanthe,' in other words was not ridiculous, a negative compliment which reminds us of the famous one on the part of Hawser Trunnion, upon which Mrs Grizzle founded all her hopes of triumphing over the old Commodore's heart. 'He was heard to observe at the club that Pickle's sister had not so much the *core of a b*—— in her as he imagined!'

The overture to 'Les Deux Journées' formed a noble finale *crescendo* to a very delightful concert. In the introductory adagio, Signor Dragonetti pulled out some of his magnificent tones with an energy that made one's heart rebound. He resorted to his famous piece of craft, of letting down his third string for the purpose of getting at the lower G.

Some of the subscribers we hear were dissatisfied that Madame Pasta did not exhibit upon the present occasion. In every point of view we think the Directors acted for the best interests, as well as for the character of these Concerts, in not engaging her. As an actress, we will yield to no one in admiration of Madame Pasta, but we would never hear her again in a concert-room, if the doing so were to be avoided. She seldom chooses to sing any but the most common productions of poor Italian writers of the modern school, and these she overloads with silly flourishes and chromatic runs; besides which, she is frequently out of tune. Her style of singing is artificial and monotonous; and to our ears her quality of voice is only redeemed when we behold her glorious features excited by contending emotions; and then, were she to out-croak Duncan's foreboding messenger, the defect would pass comparatively unnoticed. The bare circumstance of her not selecting for performance compositions in the highest school of the art, induces us strongly to question her just feeling for the beauty of music.—'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also;' and her musical wealth lies in Mercadante and Pacini. There are people too, we hear, who pride themselves upon imitating her huskiness. Imitators are sure to fix upon the defects in their models for the purpose of copying; because, not only are these the most easy of adoption, but the mimics have the instinctive sagacity to know that incompetent judges (the majority of an audience) will give them credit for inheriting the excellencies also of their prototypes. If Madame Pasta were deformed, would her mimics appear in public with a hump on their shoulders? Her huskiness is a musical deformity. Had she not been the marvellous actress she is, her accomplishments as a singer would not have been held in high estimation.

— The Haymarket Theatre opens on the 15th instant.

— Drury Lane will, it is said, next season be under the sole management of Captain Polhill. The classical opera is to be the novel feature in the new arrangements Mr Bishop as composer; Mr and Mrs Wood as vocalists; and a variety of engagements, no less likely to concentrate a strong musical force, are already announced as completed, or in course of negociation.—*Atlas.*

The Countess de Rossi.—Our readers will not be uninterested in the following extract from a letter from Coblenz:—'Not long ago the Countess de Rossi was here with her husband, and after the example of Pasta, has made a most liberal donation to the school of this city, for the encouragement of musical instruction. I went to the public *dejeuné* that was given to her on the occasion; the anxiety to see her was intense; and the shouts of applause were quite deafening when the lovely Henrietta Sontag entered the room, looking as smiling as ever—adorned with a profusion of jewels—and, I am sorry to say, supporting herself on two crutches. The Count de Rossi, on her health being drank, returned thanks for her in a feeling speech, and assured the company of her constant attachment to the art on which alone her fame depended.'

Brighton.—Why is this marine London to be preferred as an autumnal residence to other fashionable watering places?—Because, amongst numerous advantages, low spirited visitors are there not annoyed by witnessing the fall of the leaf.—*Reynolds's Dramatic Annual.*

A Lobster on his Travels.—A living lobster was a few days since taken out of a branch of the river Waveney, at Frenze, in Norfolk, and (allowing for all the flexions of the stream) nearly 40 miles from the sea. It was preserved, being still alive, and has been seen by many persons.—*Norwich Mercury.*

The Upas Tree.—At Baitenzorg we saw in the gardens of the governor a small upas tree. It is five feet high, and as many years old, having a straight stem, with a few twigs, and leaves upon them at the top. The leaves are very rough, serrated at the edge, and of a deep green colour. It is from the bark of the roots (as we understand) that the famous poison is extracted, by a process known to the natives only, and kept by them as an invaluable secret of mischievous knowledge. The tree grows nowhere to perfection except towards the eastern extremity of the island, where it sometimes attains the height of an hundred and fifty feet. It is unnecessary now to say, that its presence produces none of the blasting effects formerly and fabulously attributed to it. We were permitted to take away several leaves from this plant, which we plucked with our naked fingers with impunity. From the footstalks a white milky sap exuded.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To prevent confusion with other correspondents who write under signatures of H 's, we shall assign to the author of the verses on the *American Indian*, his other initial G.

The lines of J. H. do credit to his feelings, but are not equally well written

We should have been glad to relate the circumstance communicated to us respecting a foreign singer in the second letter of a CONSTANT READER; but have abstained, not knowing whether he would deem it a trespass on his friend's confidence

The letter sent us by the author of the verses in the *Emissary* has been unfortunately mislaid.

The questions of C. D. M. shall be answered in a day or two.

White Conduit House shall have due honour paid to the lustre of its announcements.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Tancredi.—Kenilworth.
DRURY-LANE.—The Iron Chest.—Tableaux Vivans—The Battle of Waterloo.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira.—Napoleon Buonaparte.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Historical Play, in Five Acts, called
ALFRED THE GREAT; OR, THE PATRIOT KING.
[By Mr KNOWLES.]
The Music by Mr T. Cooke.

English—Elswith, Miss Huddart. Maude, Mrs C. Jones.
Alfred, Mr Macready. Oddune, Mr J. Vining. Oswith, Mr H. Wallack.
Edric, Mr Younge. Egbert, Mr Thompson. Conrad, Mr Hammerton.
Kenrick, Mr Cooke. Edwy, Mr Yarnold. Oswald, Mr Honner.
Arthur, Mr Eaton. Edgar, Mr Bland. Edwin, Mr Fenton. Arnold, Mr Cathie.
Danes—Ina, Miss Phillips. Edith, Miss Faucit.
Guthrum, Mr Cooper. Amund, Mr S. Jones. Haldane, Mr Howard.
Oscar, Mr C. Jones. Otho, Mr Yarnold. Soldier, Mr Howell.

In the course of the Evening, His Majesty's Grand Accession March,' (by Mr T. Cooke); Mozart's Overture to 'Cosi Fan Tutte;' and Winter's Overture to 'Tamerlan.'

After which,
X. Y. Z.
[By G. COLMAN, the Younger.]

Maria, Mrs Newcombe. Mrs Mouser, Mrs Broad. Betty, Mrs Webster.
Dora Mumwell, Mrs C. Jones. Captain Galliard, Mr Cooke.
Grubbleton, Mr W. Bennett. Neddy Bray, Mr Liston. Doddle, Mr Hughes.
Roscius Alldross, Mr Tayleure. Ralph Hempseed, Mr Webster.

To conclude with a Musical Piece, in Two Acts, called
THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.
[By Mr KENNEY.]

Fatima, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Irza, Miss Faucit. Aboulifar, Mr Thompson. Arzan, Mr Bland.
Alibajou, Mr Webster. Bowbell, Mr Liston. Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To-morrow, Who Wants a Guinea; The Soldier's Widow; and The Battle of Waterloo.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Comedy of
THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.
[By VANBRUGH.]

Lady Townly, Miss F. Kemble. Lady Grace, Mrs Chatterley.
Lady Wronghead, Mrs Gibbs. Miss Jenny, Miss Nelson. Trusty, Mrs Daly.
Mrs Motherly, Mrs Tayleure. Myrtilla, Miss Phillips
Lord Townly, Mr C. Kemble. Sir Francis Wronghead, Mr Bartley.
Mr Manly, Mr Abbott. Squire Richard, Mr Meadows. Count Basset, Mr Baker.
John Moody, Mr Blanchard. Poundage, Mr Barnes. Williams, Mr Turnour.
James, Mr Mears. Constable, Mr Crumpton.

Previous to the Comedy, Onslow's Overture to 'L'Alcade de la Vega.'

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, Cinderella; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Nautical Drama, entitled
BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.
[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,)" Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.

To which will be added an entirely new Broad Farcical One Act Drama, entitled
"S W I N G."

Lucy, Miss Vincent. Landlady, Miss Rumens.
Daniel Roper, Mr Vale. Timothy Sidewing, Mr C. Hill. Jokely, Mr Honner.
Jorum, Mr Webb. Frank, Mr Rogers. Justice, Mr Gough.
Prompter, Mr Emden. Constable, Mr Asbury.

To conclude with an Historical Drama, in Five Parts, entitled
NAPOLEON, THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.
The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French.—Madame Bertrand, Madame Matilda. Madame Montholon, Miss Jordan.
Katty O'Neal, Madame Simon. Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier.
Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Marmont, Mr Almar.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale.
English:—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcomb, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

R. GRAVES, CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

In submitting the following Prices, confidently asserts, that Gentlemen will find every garment made by him is from the BEST WEST OF ENGLAND SAXONY PATENT FINISHED CLOTHS, and equal in Fit and Workmanship to any that can be produced.

	£.	s.	d.
Fashionable Medley Coloured Dress Coats	2	10	0
Extra Saxony ditto	3	5	0
An Assortment of the fashionable Mulberry.			
Quilting Waistcoats, from the newest patterns, of the finest quality	0	12	0
Silk Valencia	0	12	0
Patent Anglo Merino Trowsers, in Mixtures, Drabs, and Checks, from 16s. to	1	1	0
Fashionable Le Roi Jean	1	1	0
Ditto Checked Drill 12s. to	0	18	0

Anglo Merinos, Dulls, Cantoons, &c. in a great variety of new patterns.
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No connection with any other House.

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MINTER'S SELF-ACTING AND RECLINING CHAIR.
BY THE KING'S LETTERS PATENT.

G. MINTER begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, &c. that he has invented an EASY CHAIR, the positions or elevations of which are so numerous, that the number is quite indefinite, say from one to one thousand, and are obtained by a slight pressure of the back, which not only reclines the back of the chair, but raises the back part of the seat, thereby causing a proper inclined plane, which supports the weakest part of the back at any and every position. When you rise, the back follows you, and should you stop, the back immediately stops; and all this action is obtained without any spring, rack, or other machinery whatever.

G. Minter particularly recommends it to Invalids for its simplicity: if even they have lost the use of either of their hands or legs, they can obtain any position of themselves without any attendance, or exertion on their own part. The chair is made by the Inventor only, in a variety of plain and elegant shapes, at his manufactory, 26 PRINCES STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE (opposite Coventry street), and are sold as cheap as a common fixed easy chair of the same pattern, which is impossible in any other reclining chair, on account of their complicated construction, and which subjects them to be often out of repair, and even dangerous.—G. M. is confident any person honouring him with an inspection of his Chair, will be sufficiently convinced of its superiority over all others. It is also made portable for travelling, and will pack in a case only fourteen inches deep. It is warranted to act perfect fifty years.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

NEW COMIC ANNUAL.

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which Mr Mathews will introduce the following Songs:—'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Rustic Olympics.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called
YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.
In which Mr YATES will sustain Nine characters.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Musical Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled
MY FRIEND FROM TOWN; OR, THE ELECTION.

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Ralph, Mr Barnett. Jeremy, Mr H. Cooke. John, Mr Davis.
Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacit, Mr G. Smith. Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

After which, a Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, founded on the admired Ballad of
AULD ROBIN GRAY.
[By Mr M'FARREN.]

Jenny, Mrs Evans. Dame Fairly, Miss Wells. Mrs MacToddy, Mrs Garrick.
Marian, Mrs Saville.
Auld Robin Gray, Mr Keppel. Jamie, Mr Forrester. Sandy, Mr Marshall.
Archibald Tillyvallock, Mr Munroe. Farmer Fairlie, Mr Porteus.
Patie, Mr G. Lejeune. Dougal, Mr Willing. Simon, Mr Davies.
Paul Bowbell, Mr Wilkinson.
Gipsies—Elspeth, Miss Dix. Ronald, Mr Spencer. Gabriel, Mr G. Smith.
Gilbert, Mr H. Cooke. Elshie, Mr Barnett.

To conclude with a Comic Interlude, in One Act, called
REFORMATION.
[By Mr BERNARD.]

Ellen Feelove, Miss Andrews. Mary Mayflower, Miss Forster.
Miss Matilda Manwaring, Mrs Garrick.
Mr Farringdon, Mr Munroe. Francis Feelove, Esq. Mr Porteus.
Sam Slap, Mr Marshall. Dick Dashington, Mr Green.

In the course of the Evening, Mozart's Overture to 'Figaro;' Bishop's Overture to 'Guy Mannering;' and Winter's Overture to 'Il Ratto di Proserpina.'

CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE,

MILTON STREET, FORE STREET.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of
KING RICHARD THE THIRD.
Duke of Glo'ster, Mr Kean.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Liliputian Stud of Burman Ponies — Equitation by the Infant Roscius — Williams's Feats of Jumping—Taplin's Act of the Drunken Dragoon —M Hengler, Miss and Master Cooke on the Tight Rope—Gymnastics—Dragon of Rhodes.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant —The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Farmers' Daughter.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Frozen Hand—Miser of Madrid—Outlaw's Oath.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Orphan of Hindostan—A Pill for Portugal—Clari.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

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Nº 239.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1831.

LIGHT AND COLOURS.*

LIGHT is perhaps the most wonderful of all visible things; that is to say, it has the least analogy to other bodies, and is the least subject to secondary explanations. No object of sight equals it in tenuity, in velocity, in beauty, in remoteness of origin and closeness of approach. It has no 'respect of persons.' Its beneficence is most impartial. It shines equally on the jewels of an Eastern prince, and on the dust in the corner of a warehouse. Its delicacy, its power, its utility, its universality, its lovely essence, visible and yet intangible, make up something godlike to our imaginations; and though we acknowledge divinities more divine, we feel that ignorant as well as wise fault may be found with those who have made it an object of worship.

One of the most curious things with regard to Light, is, that it is a body, by means of which we become sensible of the existence of other bodies. It is a substance; it exists as much in the space between our eyes and the object it makes known to us, as it does in any other instance; and yet we are made sensible of that object by means of the very substance intervening. When our enquiries are stopped by perplexities of this kind, no wonder that some awe-stricken philosophers have thought further enquiry forbidden; and that others have concluded, with Berkeley, that there is no such thing as substance but in idea, and that the phenomena of creation exist but by the will of the great mind, which permits certain apparent causes and solutions to take place, and to act in a uniform manner. Milton doubts whether he ought to say what he felt concerning light:—

> 'Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
> Or of the eternal coeternal beam,
> May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
> And never but in unapproached light,
> Dwelt from eternity, dwelt there in thee,
> Bright effluence of bright essence increate.'

And then he makes that pathetic complaint, during which we imagine him sitting with his blind eyes in the sun, feeling its warmth upon their lids, while he could see nothing:—

> 'Thee I revisit safe,
> And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
> Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
> To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.'

The author of the book which has given rise to these reflections does not enter upon speculations of the same sort. Perhaps it is a pity that scientific writers do not *comprise* a little more poetical and philosophical illustration in their pages. They might do it without omitting any part of their science; and undoubtedly it would increase the attraction of their works. It might be as idle to wish much of a decidedly imaginative kind, as it would be to expect scientific treatises at the hands of us most unscientific reviewers: but a volume with so much science in it as the work before us, and dilating so much at the commencement upon mirrors, lenses, and grooved surfaces, with heaps of references numeral and mathematical, hardly seems to act up to the popular claims implied in its motto. Mathematical 'symbols' are indeed avoided, but not technical terms; and there is a general want of that sort of unscientific attraction, which such a man as the late Mr Edgworth, for instance, could have supplied, had he been writing on a scientific subject that he was acquainted with. Nevertheless, it is due to the author to state, not only that we have no doubt of the excellence of his book as a work of agreeable science, but that a young gentleman, who is an unscientific reader, but fond of getting what information he can upon all subjects, had the volume put into his hands the other day, and pronounced it to be an ample fulfilment of the motto, clear, comprehensive, and 'likely to anticipate every question put by the uninitiated.' The praise of youth is sometimes more desirable and just than that of older men; and it may be so in the present instance.

We proceed to give the properest of all criticisms; that is to say, to let the work speak for itself. We have always loved to realize the analogies detected by the vague instinct of feeling. Artists will find in this book, that there is more reason in their notions of *hot* and *cold colouring*, than they might imagine. By the way, it contains a good account of Newton's discovery of the prismatic colours; that is to say, of the colours which exist in light, and which are stopped or absorbed by the different substances on which it falls, so as to render them of different hues: for it need not be told a modern reader, that there is no such thing as colour inherent in bodies. It is imparted solely by the different rays of light with which they are acted upon. The sun therefore literally paints the flowers. The hues of the pink and rose literally come every day, direct from heaven. But to return to the point alluded to. The differently coloured rays into which the solar beam are divided by the prism, have been found to possess different heating powers, and the coincidence between the painter's phrases and the fact is remarkable. The following measures were obtained by Sir Henry Englefield:—

	Temperature.
'Blue	56°
Green	58
Yellow	62
Red	72
Beyond red	79.'

The phenomenon of 'accidental colours' is very curious:—

'When the eye has been strongly impressed with any particular species of coloured light, and when in this state it looks at a sheet of white paper, the paper does not appear to it white, or of the colour with which the eye was impressed, but of a different colour, which is said to be the *accidental colour* of the colour with which the eye was impressed. If we place, for example, a bright red wafer upon a sheet of white paper, and fix the eye steadily upon a mark in the centre of it; then, if we turn the eye upon the white paper, we shall see a circular spot of *blueish green* light, of the same size as the wafer. This colour, which is called the accidental colour of *red*, will gradually fade away. The *blueish green* image of the wafer is called an *ocular spectrum*, because it is impressed on the eye, and may be carried about with it a short time.

'If we make the preceding experiment with differently-coloured wafers, we shall obtain *ocular spectra* whose colours vary with the colour of the wafer employed, as in the following table:—

Colour of the Wafer.	Accidental Colour, or Colour of the Ocular Spectra.
'Red,	Blueish Green.
Orange,	Blue.
Yellow,	Indigo.
Green,	Violet Reddish.
Blue,	Orange Red.
Indigo,	Orange Yellow.
Violet,	Yellow Green.
Black,	White.
White,	Black.'—P. 304.

Here the old joke against the lawyers is realized, and *white* made *black*. The phenomenon is thus clearly explained:—

'When the eye has been for some time fixed on the *red* wafer, the part of the retina occupied by the red image is strongly excited, or, as it were, deadened by its continued action. The sensibility to red light will therefore be diminished, and consequently, when the eye is turned from the red wafer to the white paper, the deadened portion of the retina will be insensible to the red rays which form part of the white light from the paper, and consequently will see the paper of that colour which arises from all the rays in the white light of the paper but the red; that is, of a *blueish green* colour, which is therefore the true complimentary colour of the red wafer. When a black wafer is placed on a white ground, the circular portion of the retina on which the black image falls, in place of being deadened, is protected, as it were, by the absence of light, while all the surrounding parts of the retina, being excited by the white light of the paper, will be deadened by its continued action. Hence, when the eye is directed to the white paper, it will see a white circle corresponding to a black image on the retina; so that

* *A Treatise on Optics. By David Brewster, L.L.D. F.R.S. L. & E. &c. &c.* (Nineteenth Volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia), pp. 375. Longman.

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the accidental colour of black is white. For the same reason, if a *white* wafer is placed on a *black* ground, and viewed stedfastly for some time, the eye will afterwards see a black circular space; so that the accidental colour of white is black.'—P. 305.

Here follows a remarkable phenomenon, which anybody may realize. It was first observed by Mr Smith, surgeon in Fochabers:—

'If we held a narrow strip of white paper vertically, about a foot from the eye, and fixed both eyes upon an object at some distance beyond it, then if we allow the light of the sun, or the light of a candle, to act strongly upon the right eye, without affecting the left, which may be easily protected from its influence, the left hand strip of paper will be seen of a bright *green* colour, and the right hand strip of a *red* colour. If the strip of paper is sufficiently broad to make the two images overlap each other, the overlapping parts will be perfectly white, and free from colour; which proves that the red and green are complimentary. When equally luminous, or candles are held near each eye, the two strips of paper will be white. If when the candle is held near the right eye, and the strips of paper are seen *red* and *green*, then on bringing the candle suddenly to the left eye, the left hand image of the paper will gradually change to *green*, and the right hand image to *red*.'—P. 310.

Milton sublimely compares the appearance of Satan, coming from afar in the horizon, to a fleet of ships that seem to 'hang in the clouds:'—

> 'As when, far off at sea, a fleet descried
> *Hangs in the clouds*, by equinoctial winds
> Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
> Of Ternate and Tidore, where merchants bring
> Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
> Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
> Ply stemming nightly tow'rd the pole:—so seem'd
> Far off the flying Fiend.'

Perhaps Milton, who was a very learned observer, meant to imply more by this phrase, 'hangs in the clouds,' than his commentators imagine.

'On the 28th of June 1820, Captain Scoresby saw from the mast head of his vessel in the Greenland seas, eighteen sail of ships at the distance of about twelve miles. One of them was drawn out or lengthened, in a vertical direction, another was contracted in the same direction; one had an inverted image immediately above it; and other two had two distinct inverted images above them; accompanied with two images of the strata of ice. In 1822, Captain Scoresby recognized his father's ship, the Fame, by its inverted image in the air, *although the ship itself was below the horizon.* He afterwards found that the ship was seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and its distance thirty miles. In all these cases the image was directly above the object; but on the 17th of September 1818, M. M. Jarine and Soret observed a case of unusual refraction, where the image was on one side of the object. A bark about 4,000 toises distant was seen approaching Geneva by the left bank of the lake, and at the same moment there was seen above the water an image of the sails, which, in place of following the direction of the bark, receded from it, and seemed to approach Geneva by the right bank of the lake; the image sailing from east to west, while the bark was sailing from north to south. The image was of the same size as the object when it receded from the bark, but it grew less and less as it receded, and was only one half that of the bark when the phenomenon ceased.'—P. 259.

We conclude with an interesting series of experiments corroborative of the fine exploit of Archimedes in burning the Roman fleet. The ships of Marcellus were probably very small, little better than boats, and close to the landing-place: but we shall see what M. Pegrard thinks he could do with these terrible glass weapons:—

'A combination of plane burning mirrors,' observes Dr Brewster, 'forms a powerful burning instrument; and it is highly probable that it was with such a combination that Archimedes destroyed the ships of Marcellus. Athanasius Kircher, who first proved the efficacy of a union of plane mirrors, went with his pupil Scheiner to Syracuse, to examine the position of the hostile fleet; and they were both satisfied that the ships of Marcellus could not have been more than *thirty* paces distant from Archimedes.'

'Buffon constructed a burning apparatus upon this principle, which may be easily explained. If we reflect the light of the sun upon one cheek by a small piece of plain looking-glass, we shall experience a sensation of heat less than if the direct light of the sun fell upon it. If with the other we reflect the sun on the same cheek with another piece of mirror, the warmth will be encreased, and so on till with five or six pieces we can no longer endure the heat. Buffon combined 168 pieces of mirror, 6 inches by 8, so that he could, by a little mechanism, connected with each, cause them to reflect the light of the sun upon one spot. Those pieces of glass were selected which gave the smallest image of the sun at 250 feet.

'The following were the effects produced by different numbers of these mirrors.

No. of Mirrors.	Distance of Object.	Effects produced.
12	20 feet.	Small combustibles inflamed.
21	20	Beech plank burned.
40	66	Tarred beech plank inflamed.
45	20	Pewter flask 6lb. weight melted.
98	126	Tarred and sulphured plank set on fire.
112	138	Plank covered with wool set on fire.
117	20	Some thin pieces of silver melted.
128	150	Tarred fir plank set on fire.
148	150	Beech plank sulphured inflamed violently.
154	150	Tarred plank smoked violently.
154	250	Chips of fir deal sulphured and mixed with charcoal set on fire.
224	40	Plates of silver melted.

'As it is difficult to adjust the mirrors while the sun changes his place, M. Peyrard proposes to produce great effects by mounting each mirror in a separate frame, carrying a telescope, by means of which one person can direct the reflected rays to the object which is to be burned. He conceives that with 590 glasses, about 20 inches in diameter, he could reduce a fleet to ashes at the distance of a quarter of a league, and with glasses double that size, at the distance of a league.'—P. 317.

ANOTHER SERIES OF NOVELS.*

The first and second volumes of this series, containing 'The Pilot,' by Cooper, and 'Caleb Williams,' by Godwin, were noticed in The Tatler at the time of their publication. The third volume contained 'The Spy,' by Cooper. The novel which forms the present volume is considered one of the best of its author, and has long been extensively popular. The celebrated patriot Kosciusko is the real hero of the tale; and the author in a new preface, has stated some particulars respecting his visit to this city, which are interesting, because the subject of them is so.

'General Kosciusko, the justly celebrated hero of Poland, came to England on his way to the United States; having been released from his close imprisonment in Russia, and in the noblest manner too, by the Emperor Paul, immediately on his accession to the throne. His arrival caused a great sensation in London; and many of the first characters of the time pressed forward to pay their respects to such real patriotic virtue in its adversity. An old friend of my family was amongst them; and whose own warm heart encouraging the enthusiasm of ours, he took my brother to visit the Polish veteran, then lodging at Sabloniere's Hotel, in Leicester square. My brother, on his return to us, described him as a noble-looking man, though not at all handsome, lying upon a couch in a very enfeebled state, from the effects of numerous wounds he had received in his breast by the Cossacks' lances after his fall, having been previously overthrown by a sabre stroke on his head. His voice in consequence of the induced internal weakness, was very low, and his speaking always with resting intervals. He wore a black bandage across his forehead, which covered a deep wound there; and indeed his whole figure bore marks of long suffering.'

The author states that her brother's description of the hero, and her own contemplation of other victims of similar misfortunes, first suggested to her the story.

'To have made him the ostensible hero of the tale, would have suited neither the modesty of his feelings nor the humbleness of my own expectation of telling it as I wished. I therefore took a younger and less pretending agent, in the personification of a descendant of the great John Sobieski.'

The Poles and Poland form the staple of this romance; and while that brave people are struggling for their rights, a narrative embodying some of their past struggles will derive an adventitious interest.

A new prospectus, prefixed to this volume, states that the proprietors 'have purchased the copyright of that body of English Fictions, originally printed by Mr Ballantyne, under the immediate superintendence of Sir Walter Scott; with Biographical and Critical Memoirs by him.' In consequence this series will not be restricted, as at one time intended, to living authors, but embrace the best stories, without restriction to any period.

The getting up of this volume does not differ materially from its predecessors, which we have spoken of favourably,—with some reservation as to the plates.

* *Standard Novels, No. IV. Thaddeus of Warsaw, by Miss Jane Porter.* Complete in one volume. Colburn and Bentley.

TRANSLATION OF GREEK AND ROMAN CLASSICS.*

Among the numerous republications of standard works with which the press is at present teeming, the present series is entitled to particular commendation, as it puts into the hands of a large and intelligent class of readers, at a cheap rate, combining neatness and correctness, the most valuable works of antiquity, rendered in a great degree native to English apprehensions by successful translation. The works hitherto published are Demosthenes, Sallust,

* *The Family Classical Library. Vol. XVII. Horace, Part II, and Phædrus.* Colburn and Bentley.

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Xenophon, Herodotus, Virgil, Pindar, Anacreon, Tacitus, Horace, and Phædrus; Juvenal and Persius are to follow next. Engraved busts of the authors precede their respective works.

The volume just published contains translations of some of the choicest pieces in Horace, by a variety of eminent writers and scholars of past and present times, among whom we observe the names of Swift, Bentley, Porson, Chatterton, Byron, and Procter.

MUSIC.

PAGANINI.

THE talents of PAGANINI having at length been submitted to the observation of an English audience, the result has satisfied everybody that he is entitled to his celebrity, on the solid ground of his superiority in his art over all other performers. As he will doubtless be for some time one of the Lions of the day, we may be excused for returning to the subject of his first appearance on Friday last. The person of PAGANINI has been described in the daily newspapers. We agree with the *Herald*, that he bears a considerable resemblance to the Rev. EDWARD IRVING. The resemblance is chiefly in the general look of the head, the superabundance of black hair, and the manner in which it is disposed about the sides of the face, and towards the shoulders. He is not however so tall as the Reverend Gentleman, nor has he the same appearance of muscular strength. The features, too, we suspect to have little or no resemblance, although, from the distance at which we saw him, we can give no positive opinion. His enthusiasm in his art is well known, and it is said to be strikingly displayed in his countenance as he plays. His manner of entering the stage and bowing to the audience have no other gracefulness than that which arises from a desire to perform mere routine inoffensively; he no doubt considers that his title to the consideration of his visitors rests upon much higher accomplishments. As a violinist, the great beauty of PAGANINI is, that while he carries scientific skill to an extent hitherto supposed to be impracticable, he at the same time renders even that transcendant skill subordinate to the expression of natural emotions, without doing which it would be but an exalted mechanism. In many passages, the tone of the instrument had all the expression of well-chosen words, as effectually suggesting the ideas of remonstrance, supplication, melancholy, or chastened joy; and there was one passage in particular, towards the end of the concerto, in which, aided by the merit of the composition (also PAGANINI's) the hearer was fairly enveloped in delight. You heard as it were behind hills, a gentle piping, increasing in loudness as it continued, and at length awakening into emulation the voices of numerous birds. The effect was perfect, and the applause involuntary and vehement. There can be no doubt that the merits of PAGANINI were but partially unfolded by this his first appearance, and that many a fresh surprise and delight are yet in store for his admirers. What may be his *forte* cannot therefore be pronounced, but we guess that it will be found in the tender and pathetic. In such, at least, on Friday, he seemed most capable of subduing his audience to the corresponding feeling. His reception has been truly described as enthusiastic; differences about prices of admission were forgotten; and there seemed to be no room but for expressions of admiration; sometimes evinced by clapping of hands and audible exclamations of wonder, at others by the less equivocal testimony of a silence, deepening as it was prolonged, and fearing to disturb by the slightest whisper the exquisitely fine drawn notes of the musician.

His second Concert is to be to-morrow evening.

MADAME MARA.—This lady is still living at Revel in Russia. On the celebration of her 82nd birth-day lately, between 70 and 80 of the most distinguished individuals of the town and its neighbourhood collected to receive her on the occasion of a public banquet given the ci-devant cantatrice. The pleasures of the scene were greatly enhanced by the performance of an ode written by Goethe, in which he retraced the enthusiasm produced by her first appearance in Metastasio's oratorio, 'S. Elena al Calvario,' in the year 1771, when Goethe heard her for the first time. She was then plain Mademoiselle Schmeling, and he a stripling student of 22. The ode was set for four voices by Hummel; but before it was performed, she received a finely-embellished copy of it from a daughter of Kotzebue. After the banquet, a public concert was given in the evening, and of this Madame Mara was again the delightful prima donna. The two compositions were repeated with increased effect before a crowded audience, by some of her own pupils and friends.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

CURIOUS THEORY.—Mr Clarkson, who lately lectured at the Mechanics' Institution, 'On the Origin, Progress, and Prospects of Mankind,' is about to deliver a lecture at Clapham, on Negro Slavery, during which he proposes to investigate the question of the moral and intellectual competency of the Negroes; the causes of their difference in colour and physical organization from the red and white varieties of the human species; and the theory, hazarded in a few quarters, of their having *originated civilization*.

'THE RULING PASSION.'—A paragraph thus headed, the other day found its way into the papers, narrating the escape of a criminal from the hulks at Woolwich, and his having, 'the same night,' broken into a house to procure wearing apparel. If the writer had recollected, that to enable a convict effectually to escape, it was necessary he should get rid of his prison garb, and be clothed like other folks, the phenomenon might have been accounted for, without the supposition of an innate propensity to steal.

THE FLAME AND THE TALLOW.—'I am always ashamed to see myself so near to thee,' said the flame to the tallow. The tallow answered: 'I thought thou wast ashamed of losing me, because then thou always disappearest.' 'Foolish grease,' replied the flame, 'it is true that I shine only as long as I live upon thee, but I am ashamed of letting it be known.'—*Pestalozzi.*

THE LADIES AND THE REFORM BILL.—A female correspondent, in a provincial paper, suggests, that as for some time past all attentions to the ladies have been forgotten in the engrossing return of the Reform Bill, about which alone she says the other sex can talk, in order that the fair sex may receive some recompense for their past injuries, and at the same time participate in the general exultation as soon as possible after the Bill shall have passed into a law, a Reform Ball be given by the chivalrous and patriotic gentlemen of every city throughout the United Kingdom.

ASTRONOMY.—Sir J. South has completed his revolving observatory. It is composed of cedar wood, moved by a variety of wheels, and weighing altogether six tons, yet a power of sixteen pounds will move it. The mechanism of this part is the invention of Brummell. jun. The celebrated twelve-inch object glasses of Guineaud, are in the hands of Tully, the optician, to fit them to a tube of twenty feet in length, constructed by Troughton; it is moved by clock work, and thus follows the course of a planet, allowing the same facility of observation that could be afforded were the star a stationary object. Planets have been subjected to observation by this glass with a magnifying power of 1,400. The observatory, altogether, is said to be most perfect, and science will, no doubt, owe obligations to Sir J. South, which we hope public encouragement wil repay.—*Atlas.*

NOT YET.—The waters rose higher and higher, and yet there was no hope for the village, except by opening the dike which protected the park, and abandoning all its partridges, and hares, and stags to the fury of the waves.—The tenantry stood entreating their landlord. 'Not yet,' was his answer. The danger increased, and the people knelt down before him, and cried: 'We shall all perish with our wives and our children, unless you permit the dike to be cut open.'—But the landlord loved the beasts in the park, and the people in the village he knew not. Their prayer, therefore, appeared to him a guilty indifference to the preservation of his park, and their kneeling before him a reprehensible importunity. He shook his head and said angrily, 'Not yet;' and once more, 'Not yet' was on his lips, when the dike broke, and the waters filled the park and swallowed up both beast and man.—*Pestalozzi.*

SINGULAR CASES OF INABILITY TO DISTINGUISH COLOURS.—Mr Harris, a shoemaker at Allonby, was unable from his infancy to distinguish the cherries of a cherry-tree from its leaves, in so far as colour was concerned. Two of his brothers were equally defective in this respect, and always mistook *orange* for *grass green*, and *light green* for *yellow*. Harris himself could only distinguish black and white. Mr Scott, who describes his own case in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' mistook *pink* for a pale *blue*, and a full *red* for a full *green*. All kinds of yellows and blues, except sky blue, he could discern with great nicety. His father, his maternal uncle, one of his sisters, and her two sons, had all the same defect. A tailor at Plymouth, whose case is described by Mr Harvey, regarded the solar spectrum as consisting only of *yellow* and *light blue*; and he could distinguish with certainty only *yellow*, *white*, and *green*. He regarded indigo and Prussian blue as black.—*Treatise on Optics, by Dr Brewster. (Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol XIX*).*

A lady, writing of Sir Thomas Lawrence's *liaisons*, says, 'He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation, without its assuming the tone of a billet-doux; the very commonest conversation was held in that soft low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest, which are so unusual, and so calculated to please. I am myself persuaded, that he never intentionally gave pain. He was not a male coquette; he had no plan of conquest. All I know of his attachments was the ill-fated and never-to be-defended—affair. Ill-fated and indefensible indeed was this affair. Sir Thomas had carried his attentions to an exemplary young lady so far, that it required, on her part, the utmost magnanimity and highest exertion of fortitude and generosity to subdue her feelings, when he declared himself the warm and open admirer of her sister. The painful sacrifice was however made, and the courtship of the other proceeded to the time for the settlement of the day of marriage. The parent of the lady had agreed to relieve Mr Lawrence of all his pecuniary embarrassments, when his wayward fancy too palpably reverted to his first attachment. He was of necessity forbidden further intercourse with the family, or at least with that branch of it. The pure, the excellent, and beautiful girl sunk into the grave with wounded pride and broken spirits, the deplored victim of his caprice. She was allied to a family more celebrated than any extant for talents of a peculiar description, and was the daughter of a lady whose genius in her high profession was probably never equalled, and who with that genius combined a beauty and a physical perfection that we can never expect again to see realised. Lawrence was probably the more to be pitied of the two. From the day of her death to that of his own, he wore mourning, and always used black sealing wax.'—*Life of Sir T. Lawrence.*

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THE PLAY-GOER.

THE LATE MRS. SIDDONS.

THIS celebrated actress, who died yesterday at an advanced age, made her first appearance at Drury-lane Theatre in the year 1775, in the character of Portia in the Merchant of Venice. During her long theatrical career she appeared in all the leading characters of the tragic drama, including even Juliet and Imogen. But although even in these she no doubt evinced talent, as she advanced in life, she prudently restricted herself to characters better calculated to display her peculiar excellences. Her commanding presence and masculine cast of intellect were best adapted to the expression of the energies of the loftier passions, and the conventional grandeur of elevated rank. Accordingly, it was in such characters as Queen Katherine, Lady Constance, and Lady Macbeth, that she made the most powerful impression and was altogether without a rival. In a family, many members of which have been distinguished by their talents for the stage, her pre-eminence was beyond all question.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Alfred the Great.—X. Y. Z.—The Illustrious Stranger.
COVENT-GARDEN.—The Provoked Husband.—Napoleon Buonaparte.

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera, in Two Acts, entitled

IL DON GIOVANNI.

[By MOZART.]

Donna Ottavia . . . . . Madame Pasta.
Donna Anna . . . . . Madame Castelli.
Donna Elvira . . . . . Madame Meric Lalande.
Don Giovanni . . . . . Signor Santini.
Leporello . . . . . Signor Lablache.
The Ghost . . . Signor De Angeli.
Don Ottavia . . . . . Signor Curioni.
Masetto . . . . . Signor Gubilei.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Signor Costa.
In which Mademoiselle Taglioni will dance 'The Tyrolienne.'

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss Inverarity. Clorinda, Miss Cawse. Thisbe, Miss Hughes.
Fairy Queen, Miss H. Cawse.
Felix, Mr Wilson. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. Penson.
Alidoro, Mr G. Stansbury. Dandini, Mr Morley. Pedro, Mr Keeley.

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, Asor and Zemira; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Opera of

THE SLAVE.

[By Mr MORTON.]

Zelinda, Miss Somerville, in which she will sing 'The Mocking Bird,' and 'Pity and protect the Slave.'
Stella Clifton, Miss Vincent, with the song of 'The Tartar drum.'
Miss Von Frump, Madame Simon. Mrs Lindenberg, Miss Nicol.
Governor of Surinam, Mr Gough. Colonel Lindenberg, Mr Ede.
Captain Malcolm, Mr Edwin, in which he will sing 'My Native Highland Home,' 'The Bay of Biscay, O!" and the Duet, 'In joyful peace disarming,' with Miss Somerville. Captain Clifton, Mr Honner. Fogrum, Mr Vale.
Mathew Sharpset, Mr C. Hill. Sam Sharpset, Mr D. Pitt.
Somerdyke, Mr Almar. Secretary, Mr Maitland. Provost, Mr Hobbs.

After which, the Petite Drama, entitled

"NO!"

Lady Doubtful, Madame Simon. Deborah, Miss Nicol.
Maria, Miss Somerville, in which character she will introduce 'The Village Bells.'
Sir George Doubtful, Mr D. Pitt. Commodore Hurricane, Mr Williams.
Frederick, Mr Edwin. Smart, Mr Rogers. Andrew, Mr Gough.

In the course of the Evening, a Variety of Singing.

To conclude with A New Broad Comic Operatic Farce, in Two Acts, entitled

SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.

Sharps—Susan Nightingale, Miss Somerville. Miss Margery Muff, Madame Simon.
Merton, Mr C. Hill. Skip, Mr Rogers. Whip, Mr Lee.
Flats—Mrs Dorothea Quibble, Miss Nicol.
Justice Quibble, Mr Williams. Major Bluster, Mr Dibdin Pitt.
Servant to Justice Quibble, Mr Hobbs.
Naturals—Peggy, Miss Vincent. Caroline, Mrs C. Hill.
Master Jeremias Quibble, Mr Vale. Joe Nibs, Mr Asbury. Stubs, Mr Webb.

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Milton.	Barry Cornwall.	Leigh Hunt.
Cowper.	Ralph Bernal.	Rev. J. Mitford.
Cowley.	Archd. Wrangham.	&c. &c.

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Comedy of

WHO WANTS A GUINEA?

[By COLMAN, the Younger.]

Fanny, Mrs Waylett, who will introduce the Ballet of 'Come dwell with me!'
Amy, Miss Faucit. Mrs Glastonbury, Mrs C. Jones.
Torrent, Mr Dowton. Sir Larry M'Murrough, Mr Vining.
Barford, Mr Cooper. Henry, Mr J. Vining.
Solomon Gundy, Mr Liston. Jonathan Oldstirt, Mr Farren.
Andrew Bang, Mr Harley, who will sing, 'The Nightingale Club.'
Boy, Miss Poole. Hogmore, Mr Tayleure. Carrydot, Mr Hughes.
Heartly, Mr Younge.

In the course of the Evening, Auber's Overture to 'La Muette de Portici;' and Weber's Overture to 'Der Freischutz.'

At the End of the Play, A Comic Address in the Character of Mawworm, by Mr Liston.
Master Cooper, will perform on the Violin, a Favourite Air, with Variations.
After the Comedy, A CONCERT.

After which,

TABLEAUX VIVANS.

Suggested by and illustrating A. Scheffer's beautiful Print, called
THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW!
The whole composed and arranged by Mr W. BARRYMORE.
The Action of the Scene will be confined solely to the expressive Movements of Rossini's beautiful Overture to 'Guillaume Tell,' which will be pourtrayed in character, by Mrs W. Barrymore, as The Soldier's Widow.

The whole to conclude with

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

French—Da Costa's Wife, Mrs Webster. Marinette, Miss Phillips.
Rose, Miss Butline. Jeannette, Mrs Broad.
Napoleon, Mr J. Vining. General Frimont, Mr C. Jones.
General Dusheme, Mr H. Williams. Maladroit, Mr Beason Hill.
Guillot, Mr Honor. Antoine, Mr Howel. Jacques, Mr Eaton.
Jean da Costa, Mr Webster.
English—Mary Cameron, Miss Crawford. Duke of Wellington, Mr Younge.
Lord Hill, Mr Hengler. Duke of Brunswick, Mr Smith.
Prince of Orange, Mr Williams. Marquis of Anglesea, Mr Cooke.
Corporal Standfast, Mr Yarnold. Robert Thompson, Mr Green.
Molly Maloney, Mr Porteus.
Prussians—Phedora, Miss Huddart, Delia, Miss Ballin.
Kouac, Mr Bland. Petran, Mr Cooke. Dolitz, Mr Fenton.
Bredawski, Mr T. Blanchard.

To-morrow, The Legion of Honour; Charles the Twelfth; and Tom Thumb.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Musical Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled

MY FRIEND FROM TOWN; OR, THE ELECTION.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Ralph, Mr Barnett. Jeremy, Mr H. Cooke. John, Mr Davis.
Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacit, Mr G. Smith. Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

To which will be added, a New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

[From the French, by Mr BARNETT.]

Mrs Properly, Miss Wells. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Andrews. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
Thomas, Mr Barnett. And Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with a Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, called

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

Jenny, Mrs Evans. Dame Fairly, Miss Wells. Mrs Mac Toddy, Mrs Garrick.
Marian, Mrs Saville.
Auld Robin Gray, Mr Keppel. Jamie, Mr Forrester. Sandy, Mr Marshall.
Archibald Tillyvallock, Mr Munroe. Farmer Fairlie, Mr Porteus.
Patie, Mr G. Lejeune. Dougal, Mr Willing. Simon, Mr Davies.
Paul Bowbell, Mr Wilkinson.
Gipsies—Elspeth, Miss Dix. Ronald, Mr Spencer. Gabriel, Mr G. Smith.
Gilbert, Mr H. Cooke. Elshie, Mr Barnett.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Tancredi;' Winter's Overture to 'Zaira;' and Bishop's Overture to 'Guy Mannering.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Liliputian Stud of Burman Ponies — Equitation by the Infant Roscius — Williams's Feats of Jumping—Taplin's Act of the Drunken Dragoon —M. Hengler, Miss and Master Cooke on the Tight Rope—Gymnastics—Dragon of Rhodes.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant —The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Farmers' Daughter.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Frozen Hand—Miser of Madrid—Outlaw's Oath.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Orphan of Hindostan—A Pill for Portugal—The Miller's Maid.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1831.

PESTALOZZIAN SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.*

THE name of PESTALOZZI is one which is more generally known than the causes of its celebrity. It is associated with the idea of improvement in education, and of a peculiar system; but of the nature of the improvement, or the system, little is understood. We opened the book before us with an earnest desire to become better acquainted with this benevolent man, and his ideas on the important subject which he had so much at heart; but after a patient perusal of the volume, we understand little more of his system than before. In the character of the man, we find less, perhaps, to admire, than we had ancicipated,—but yet more to love. A general love of his fellow-beings, and zealous desire to serve them, were, from early youth, the spring and aim of every action.

In a periodical paper, called the 'Swiss Journal,' he wrote essays on various public abuses:—'On the temptations which surround females of the lower classes, and on the severity of the law against them, especially in cases of infanticide, contrasted with the impunity of their seducers;—on the abuse of the law-forms for defeating the ends of justice;—on the want of even-handed justice between the rich and the poor, the man of connexions and the man without connexions;—on the oppressions exercised in levying rents and tithes on church property;—on the demoralizing effect of the game-laws in France before the Revolution;—on the hypocrisy of liberal sentiments among the privileged classes, and their indifference to the real sufferings of the people;—on popular education,' &c.—To education he looked, as the only effectual means of remedying these abuses; and he desired that education should be, not only more general and liberal, but more facile. He saw that much time was lost in the repetition of mere verbal lessons, which were repeated by children, by rote, and which had no clear ideas attached to them; and he thought that they were thus urged forward, before they were sufficiently grounded in the rudiments of knowledge. He believed that by a greater degree of attention on the part of the teacher, and by encouraging the children to ask questions, and to exercise their minds as well as their memories, they might be led to make a greater and surer progress with less pain—or even with pleasure—to themselves. He took into his house a number of children of the poorest classes, chiefly orphans,—and he commenced the experiment. Unhappily, his means were limited, and in the earnestness of his desire to benefit as many children as possible, he involved himself in difficulties, which his ignorance and carelessness of all matters of business unfitted him to cope with; and he was obliged to break up his establishment. His repeated failures, and repeated renewals of the experiment, under the most unfavourable circumstances, evince the most extraordinary perseverance. For a long time, he was jeered at as an absurd enthusiast. All these obstacles to success made him melancholy, and during the intervals between the several experiments which he made at Newhoff, Stontz, Burgdorf, and Yverdun, he occasionally expressed himself in a strain of complaint, but never of despair. The following passage, written towards the close of his painful life, is peculiarly touching.

'Thousands pass away, as nature gave them birth, in the corruption of sensual gratification, and they seek no more.

'Tens of thousands are overwhelmed by the burdens of craft and trade; by the weight of the hammer, the ell, or the crown, and they seek no more.

'But I knew a man who did seek more; the joy of simplicity dwelt in his heart, and he had faith in mankind, such as few men have; his soul was made for friendship, love was his element, and fidelity his strongest tie.

'But he was not made by this world, nor for it; and wherever he was placed in it, he was found unfit.

'And the world that found him thus, asked not whether it was his fault, or the fault of another: but it bruised him with an iron hammer, as the bricklayers break an old brick to fill up crevices.

'But though bruised, he yet trusted in mankind, more than in himself; and he proposed to himself a great purpose, which to attain, he suffered agonies, and learned lessons such as few mortals had learnt before him.'

Pestalozzi was capable of great conceptions; he saw what was to be done, but he could not explain his plan to others; he had no talent for detail, and when he endeavoured to reduce his general views to systematic order, he became vague and unintelligible. Dr Biber, who undertakes to explain his meaning, is in some passages yet less intelligible than Pestalozzi himself; and it does not appear to us that his work will much avail for practical purposes. While reading the volume, we felt as if we were walking in the midst of a fog, through a fine country, of which we could only obtain some tantalizing glimpses here and there. The interest of the memoir, with which the work begins, hinges so much upon the method of education which engrossed the whole powers of Pestalozzi, that we regretted it had not been prefaced by some explanation of this method. It is not explained at all. We look upon the volume rather as curious than useful; though it contains much valuable matter, which, had it been separated from the mistakes and changes made by the author, his friends, and his adversaries, might have furnished some important hints to parents and teachers. The memoir of Pestalozzi has such an air of impartiality; his errors are so naturally and charitably accounted for, and his virtues so fairly appreciated, that we were sorry to see, in some other parts of the volume, expressions of bigotry unworthy of the author's better sense and better feelings. He thinks it necessary to apologize for speaking of the 'goodness of nature,' as if it were an impiety; and lest it should give such offence as to 'militate against whatever good may be effected by the present volume,' writes two long pages to explain his reasons for using the term:—

'It will be found throughout the writings of Pestalozzi, and many others of his countrymen, that a great stress is laid upon what is by them termed "nature;"—this term occurs in a variety of phrases, such as, "the voice of nature,"—"the goodness of nature,"—"the law of human nature,"—"the pure impulse of nature,"—and others of the like description. Now it so happens that the term "nature," in this acceptation, clashes most unfortunately with the meaning attached to it, with reference to the condition of the human soul, in the theological language of English divines,' &c.

In a former work, entitled 'Christian Education,' Dr Biber has expressed himself with an intolerance quite at variance with Christian charity, and he allowed himself to speak of the heads of the Hazelwood school in the most harsh and even abusive terms, because they propose to consult the wishes of the parents in the religious instruction given to the boys in their establishment. Dr Biber may be assured that such mistakes will tend more to injure the success of his works, than anything he could say in favour of nature, human or divine. There is so much good sense and good feeling in both the volumes, as to make us deeply regret those passages which are calculated to weaken the author's influence with his readers. And those who would be the most likely to benefit by what is good in them, would be the first to take umbrage at a want of charity so much at variance with their general tenor.

* *Henry Pestalozzi, and his Plan of Education; being an Account of his Life and Writings; with copious Extracts from his Works, and extensive Details illustrative of the Practical Parts of his Method. By E. Biber, Ph. Dr.* 8vo. pp. 468. Souter.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

Sketches of the Danish Missionaries on the Coast of Coromandel. By the Rev. E. W. Grenfield, M.A. 12mo. pp. 152. Rivingtons.

THIS little volume gives us the history of the Christian Missionaries sent to India by the King of Denmark in 1706, and the progress of Christianity among the natives, from that period until the year 1814, when Calcutta became an episcopal see. It appears that the early Missionaries were disinterested and pious men, sincere in their religious faith, and believing it necessary to salvation,—who, in genuine compassion for the many human beings, destined,

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as they conceived, to eternal torments,—left their native country, and struggling against poverty and contempt, perseveringly studied the language of those parts of the coast to which they resorted, for the purpose of instructing them in that faith which alone could save them. Whatever we may think of their mistakes, and of the irreverend notions of the Deity which such opinions imply; we cannot but feel a strong interest in the proceedings, successes, and distresses, of those truly kind-hearted and amiable men. The chief difficulty they encountered arose from the contradiction of the lives of many Christians residing in India, with the doctrines taught by the Missionaries. The Brahmins said, 'We do not see your own people living conformably to what you teach; now, pray what benefit is all your instruction, if it does not reform the lives of your own people?'—It seems these good-hearted men were not expert teachers, or they would here have impressed upon them the necessity of faith, as of paramount importance, and shewn that good works were but a very secondary consideration. They did not properly explain this. Even when some who were half-converted, conscientiously hesitated from a fear that they should not be able to act up to the purity of the doctrines inculcated by their Danish friends,—they did not secure their proselytes by this assurance. To confess the truth, the early Missionaries lay themselves open to the suspicion of laying undue stress upon good works, and including them in the necessary means of salvation;—but for this, we should have believed that they feared to lose the little influence they had gained in the minds of the Indians, by promulgating this convenient doctrine. And, when it was explained to the Brahmins at a later period, it appears not to have struck them with instant conviction; for as we are told, in the 'Danish Christian Missionary Conferences,' published in 1812,—(a volume which we commend to the reader's notice, if he be not already acquainted with it)—one of them replied, 'Then you think that it is by the strength of his faith, and not by his virtuous conversation, that a man will be saved.—Well, sirs, we look to you and your religion with great respect, and believe, notwithstanding what you have to-day told us, that it contains good and wise precepts; which, if a man follow conscientiously, he will do as well being a Christian, as he would were he a follower of our persuasion.'

Mr Grenfield tells us little or nothing of the conferences of the Missionaries with the Indians; his volume is a series of memoirs of the principal Missionaries, and appears to be little more than a compilation from the MS. records of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. By one short specimen of the Brahmins' manner of reasoning, it seems, indeed, that they did not consider the Christian faith much more rational than the Missionaries did theirs. They admitted that it might be very well adapted for Europeans; but, said they,—'As Christ in Europe was made for you, so here our God Vischnu was born for us. As you hope for salvation through Christ, so we hope for salvation from Vischnu. To save you one way, and us another, is one of the pastimes and diversions of the Almighty. Every one may be saved by his own religion, if he does what is good, and shuns what is evil.' He observed also, 'that he did not see how baptism and faith could influence his actions, or promote the forgiveness of sins.' He was bidden to go home and pray to the Lord to enlighten his mind,—and so—according to our author—his 'cavils' were silenced and confuted.

It is remarkable that, although the Danish Missions, commonly so called, were chiefly supported by, and under the direction of, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the difficulties of the service were so great, and the profits so small, that they had much trouble to find assistants and substitutes, as the duties increased, and the early Missionaries died, or returned to Europe. The few who did go, were Danes. The first Englishman who went to India in this capacity, was a Mr Clarke, who, upon the offer of a more profitable appointment, suddenly left his employers in the lurch, immediately after his arrival at Calcutta. The climate, perhaps, conspired with the smallness of the salaries, to deter our beloved countrymen from venturing there in the service of the Society. We do not find that there is any difficulty in finding successors to the see of Calcutta.

It is not our design to enter upon the question of the amount of benefit conferred upon the Indians by their Christian teachers; but to them we may attribute the calling the attention of the Brahmin, Ramohun Roy, to the subject of religious enquiry; and, from the influence over his countrymen of this extraordinary man, who, throwing off the shackles of prejudice, honestly seeks the truth, we believe and hope that much good will result. Praise is due to them also for their attention to the education of youth; since they liberally opened schools for the instruction of the natives, whether or not converted to the Christian faith.

The biographical character of this volume will render it interesting to persons not generally curious on the subject of the Christian Missions.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF LODGE'S ILLUSTRIOUS PORTRAITS.

We applaud Messrs Harding and Lepard for the liberal plurality of their ticket. They discriminate better than many, between what is good and what is not good, that is to say, to their interest, or against it. The user of a *single* ticket, weary with his solitary journey to the place of exhibition, meeting most probably none but strangers, having no one to converse with, flagged in spirits, and disgusted with his task, is little disposed to be pleased with what he sees. Can he, unless he is the most inured of all the lovers of truth, prevent this from having an effect upon his feelings,—upon his criticism? But he who has a double ticket offers the half to his 'friend;' his friend is pleased; he communicates a share in his feelings to the critic; they talk on their way, and on entering the room, express, if it be possible, their satisfaction to one another. Does *this* have no effect on the criticism? Whether it has or not, we were agreeably disappointed by Mr Lodge's Portraits. We expected no great gratification from a collection of small water-colour copies of portraits. But the characteristic faces belonging to old names familiar to us, and the physiognomical light (so to speak) which they throw upon history, immediately engaged our attention. The admirable style, too, in which these drawings are executed (of which, however, the engravings give by no means a *perfect* idea) is no small earnest of their authority, and the copious catalogue is an instructive addition to the entertainment.

One of the first persons we meet with is Henry VIII,—

'Quella bestiaccia,
Tanto crudele, dolorosa, infame,'—

and a few of his wives. How one regrets that such faces as Anne Boleyn's, so animated, so nice-natured, so like her letters, and Catherine Parr's, the most attractive of matrons, should be wasted on his great putty face. The remarkable resemblance his son bears to him makes one doubt, if Edward had not died, whether he would not have outlived his good character; there is the same flat broad squareness of face, petty character of mouth, and *pluffy* swelled eyes, like a boxer's. We forgot to notice whether the portrait of Queen Elizabeth wanted the shadow under the nose, which she is accused of having desired painters to omit in her portraits, observing, 'I have no black mark under my nose.'

He that sees Wolsey's face will no longer wonder at the power he acquired. In this room, too, is the great Duke of Ormond, a most prudent-looking man. We cannot help thinking that Walker's portrait of Oliver Cromwell, of which the one here is a copy, is less like than Lely's. It wants both the asperities and the humanities of the other.

In the Second Room we are greeted by Fulke Greville, and near him the man he boasted for a friend, Sir Philip Sydney, whose appearance so well answers to his fame. His sister is a blighted saint. In the same groupe are the jolly Catherine of Braganza and her husband, 'who never *said* a *foolish* thing, and never *did* a *wise* one!' His history illustrates the latter assertion, his face the former. A little farther on is Nelson, with his dreary energetic face. And this reminds us of the execrable arrangement of these portraits. At the entrance of the room is Sir Philip Sidney, near him Charles the Second, soon after Nelson, and in rapid succession, Locke, Newton, *Sir Joseph Banks*, and *Sir Thomas More!* In a series of portraits, surely everything requires that they should be in chronological order. The gradations of the costume, the style of painting, and the progress of history, are all unhinged by a distorted arrangement like the one before us.

[We find this exhibition so much more interesting than we expected, that we shall return to it, and probably give some longer notices.]

[The '*Living Painters*,' No. 5, containing Messrs Turner, Martin, Daney, and Stothard, will appear to-morrow.]

VAUCLUSE.

Scrambling among the rocks I now stood before the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse. At the distance of a few yards rose above me the huge bald rock I have mentioned, its front inclining a little forward from the perpendicular; and about half way up, springing from two fissures, hung two fig-trees, green and flourishing. In front, the under part of this rock showed a white arch, the entrance to a cavern; and beneath the arch slept, dark and deep, the fountain of Vaucluse. I made my way down the rock that inclines upwards from the water, that I might look into the cavern. The rocky chamber of the fountain appeared to me, as far as the gloom permitted me to ascertain its size, to be about thirty yards in diameter; and the roof in most places from ten to fifteen feet above the surface of the fountain. The water is perfectly tranquil, there is no boiling up or swelling out as from a spring—this, as well as the apparent blackness of the water, being owing to its great depth.

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The fountain has often been sounded, but ineffectually—not because it is bottomless, but probably because the force of the spring bursting upwards, added to the inefficiency of the instrument used, has prevented the lead from reaching the bottom. That it is of great depth, is, however, indisputable. I remarked, in descending to the brink of the fountain, a slight violet odour, which I at first imagined arose from the water; but upon looking more narrowly at the rocks, I found it proceeded from a deep red vegetable substance which grew upon them—I think the *Byssus jolithus* of Linnæus. The fountain of Vaucluse presents a totally different aspect at the season when I saw it, and when it was seen after a continuance of heavy rain. In dry weather, it is, as I have described it, a smooth deep fountain, confined to its rocky chamber; and when in this state, it escapes by subterranean passages into the bed of the Sourgue. When the fountain is high, these passages are insufficient, the cavern is no longer visible, for the water reaches the roof, and pours into the bed of the river in the form of a cascade. In this state, however, it must lose that character which is to me its chief attraction—that charm of stillness, placidity, and depth, which hangs over its rocky basin. The cascade may be fine, but I am sure I should have felt disappointment, had I seen it thus. Nothing that I have ever seen has so much exceeded my expectations as Vaucluse. * * * * * By the side of the river, there is a little garden, and a meadow, which are called by the inhabitants, the Garden of Petrarch. A high rock rises about it, on the southern side, and there is a natural grotto in the rock, about thirty feet long, and fifteen feet wide, which is also called the Grotto of Petrarch; and probably both the garden and the rock are justly named; for their features agree with the description given by Petrarch himself of his retreat. He says, in one of his Latin Epistles, 'On one side my garden is bounded by a deep river; on another by a rugged mountain, a barrier against the noon-day heats, and which never refuses, not even at mid-day, to lend me its friendly shade; but the sweet air reaches me through all obstables. In the distance, a surly wall makes me inaccessible to both man and beast.'—*Conway's Switzerland, France, &c.*

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— It is said that the Philharmonic Concerts have been deprived of the presence of Royalty solely by the want of proper accommodation — *Herald.*

— We understand, that although Mr Alexander Lee and Captain Polhill, the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, have paid 45,000*l.* on account of the theatre, still they are losers to the amount of 1200*l.* on the speculation of the season. Both parties, we are informed, are able to satisfy all demands against them.—*Daily Paper.*

Editorial Puissance.—The *Philadelphia Gazette* says,—'Editors in common are individuals of nerve. Not to mention the cumbrous masses of humanity that, in countless cases, fill the Editorial chairs throughout the country, we can safely aver that Editors usually possess corporeal puissance. Sometimes they seem pale, and worn with intense thought: but let them be aroused, and a power like that of Laocoön's serpents will be found in their red right hands.

'Though feeble wights they seem, of sallow hue,
Certes who bides their grasp, will that encounter rue.'

Rossini at Madrid.—We are informed by the *Correo de Madrid*, that on the day of Rossini's arrival last month, the *Barbiere di Seviglia* was ordered, and a box bespoke for *il Maestro*; but when the King arrived to witness the performance, Rossini quitted his box, and, appearing in the orchestra, took on himself the direction of the opera. No commentary can do justice to the applause with which this 'spoiled child of Europe,' as the people of Madrid term him, was crowned.—*Harmonicon.*

A Tahitian Custom.—A few days ago, a man of low rank, sent a great black hog through the district, with an intimation to all whom it might concern, that he wanted thirty-six fathoms of cloth. The carcase was carried from house to house, but no one would receive it, nor could any company of neighbours be persuaded to take the bait, tempting as it was, the practice being, in such a case, that whosoever tastes of the flesh is bound to do his proportion of the work, or furnish his quota of the commodity required. Undiscouraged by his ill-luck, and determined to try all fair means of obtaining his object, the owner forwarded his pig to the king, who not being at home at the time, the queen received it, and ordered it to be cooked. A number of women who had themselves rejected the overture, hearing of her majesty's acceptance of it, and knowing that she must manufacture the whole quantity of cloth with her own hands, unless voluntary assistance were given, *aroha'd* her, that is, they had compassion on her, which they shewed, first by going to her, and partaking of the dressed hog, and then by making each a portion of the quantity demanded, which was thus soon completed, and sent to the poor man's house.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

Gross Mockery of Justice.—The Queen of Madagascar was ill, and was supposed to have been poisoned by some of her female attendants. A number of these were brought to the ordeal of each having one joint of one finger, then another of the same, and so on from finger to finger, and from the fingers to the hands, and from the hands to the wrists, the wrists to the elbows, and the elbows up to the shoulders,—chopped off in succession (even to the mutilation of the whole body in case of contumacy) so long as the sufferer could endure the torture, that is, till she confessed the crime of which she was only suspected, whether guilty or not, when she was of course put to death at once. Thus there was no alternative between being murdered by inches or by one merciful blow, the mercy not being shewn till the wretch was *thus* proved to be a criminal, and deserving of none.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*—[The last sentence must not pass unnoticed: the author can scarcely mean to say that any criminal, however proved to be such, is undeserving of mercy.]

— Charles X has great hopes of being appointed a justice of the peace in *Canton.*—*Figaro.*

Singular Property of Phosphorus.—One of the most remarkable facts, is that discovered by M. Thenard. He found that phosphorus, purified by repeated distillations, though naturally of a whitish yellow colour when allowed to cool slowly, *becomes absolutely black* when thrown melted into cold water. Upon touching some little globules that still remained yellow and liquid when he was repeating this experiment, M. Biot found that they instantly became solid and black.—*Treatise on Optics, by Dr Brewster.* (*Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. XIX.)

APPALLING FAMINE IN IRELAND.

By a recent calculation the dreadful fact is ascertained, that there are in the county of Mayo *one hundred and sixty thousand four hundred human beings* in danger of perishing by famine. Similar wretchedness is taking place in the counties of Galway and Donegall. People are endeavouring to support life on nettles and seaweed, mothers are wailing for their crying children, families are stretched upon sick beds trying to die patiently. IN THE NAME OF GOD how can the British Nobility sit still in their chairs when they read of these things, and not rise up and offer their THOUSANDS in aid of their fellow-creatures! How can the BISHOPS sit still, and shamefully endure to have wealth at their bankers'! We respect many members of the present GOVERNMENT, and admire its general spirit, but we must express our DEEP ASTONISHMENT that it does not take instant measures for sending off ship-loads of assistance to Ireland. Why will they have us to ask whether there are such scenes as this in America?—The inhabitants of Chelsea, to their great honour, have raised a subscription from door to door, and are to have a sermon in furtherance of it next Sunday.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

King's Theatre.—Il Don Giovanni—Kenilworth.
Drury-Lane.—Who Wants a Guinea?—Tableaux Vivans—The Battle of Waterloo.
Covent-Garden.—Cinderella—Napoleon Buonaparte.

There is such a general and just sense of the merits of the great actress lately deceased, that we do not feel ourselves called upon to speak at large upon the subject. Mrs Siddons excited admiration; but it was in a line of tragedy which does not induce the memory to dwell upon it with any particular fondness; and as a private person, she lived retired, and drew upon us for little personal sympathy. 'She, queen-like, from her state inclined not.' The popular idea of her partook of the sovereignty of her brother John Kemble, though with less stiffness. It was said of an actress in former days, that in a fit of delirium she expressed herself in blank verse respecting the creation of a new batch of peers:—

'Ah, ah! And so they make us lords by dozens!'

We have heard it said of Mrs Siddons (we know not how truly) that being told of a young clerk in an office, who had got shut up in it when his brother clerks went away, and was described by a foreigner as being locked up in the *bureau*, she exclaimed, with habitual dignity,

'Alack-a-day! Poor youth, how gat he there?'

We believe she did not say much in ordinary; nor act up, in what she did say, to the expectations of her admirers. Nor was she bound to do so. It was enough, as Mr Hazlitt said, that she was Mrs Siddons. Her business had been with the thoughts of others;—her praise consisted in giving them a noble utterance. It procured her the right of being silent, together with an ample fortune, a good old age, and a line of enviable panegyrists all her life long, from Mr Hazlitt to Dr Johnson. Sir Walter Scott has recorded his admiration of her more than once. Mr Hazlitt has said many fine things of her. Dr Johnson's compliment is well known. She came to visit him one day, when there were not chairs enough in his room. 'You see, Madam,' said the Doctor, 'wherever you come, there is a dearth of seats.'

Mrs Siddons had a talent for sculpture. The head of her brother Charles, which is to be had in the shops, was of her modelling; and she made a striking profile of herself in a medallion.

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—We understand that the following appointments have been lately made by the council of this institution:—The Rev. W. Otter, A.M., to be Principal of the College, and Lecturer in Divinity; L. J. Ventouillac, Esq. to be Professor of French Literature; A. Bernays, Esq. of German Literature; M. Gabriele Rosetti, LL.D. of Italian Literature. We have also been informed, that the late Mrs Duppa has bequeathed a legacy of 1.000l. clear of all charges, to the College; and that Mr Sharon Turner has presented the library with a copy of his valuable publications in English History.

— I cannot resist the temptation of giving a few extracts from the Latin Epistles of Petrarch, less generally known than his sonnets, descriptive of his manner of life in the solitude which he had chosen:—'The only woman whom I ever see is a black servant, dry and withered like the desarts of Lybia. Here, neither the harmony of human voices, nor of instruments, reaches my ears. I hear only the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the warbling of birds, and the murmuring of waters. I am silent from morning till night, for I have no one to speak to. The people, who are occupied in cultivating their vines, or mending their nets, understand not the charms of conversation, nor the sympathies of life. I often content myself with sharing black bread with my valet, and I enjoy it. This man reproaches me with the severity of the life which I lead; but as for me, I find it easier to accustom myself to the simple food of the poor, than to a more artificial way of life. Figs, grapes, walnuts, almonds.—these are my delight. My table is also graced with the fish that abound in my river; and it is one of my greatest pleasures to watch the fishermen draw their nets, and to draw them myself. All about me is changed. I used to dress myself with care; now you would believe me a labourer or a shepherd. My house resembles that of Fabius, or of Cato. I have but a valet and a dog. The house of my servant adjoins my own. I call him when I want him, and when I have no need of him, he returns home.'—*Conway's Switzerland, France, and the Pyrenees.* Vol. II.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg pardon of AGIS. We received his packet; but a press of business hindered us from paying due attention to it at the moment, and for a day or two it has escaped our memory, owing to the same cause. He shall hear of it as soon as possible.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Drama of

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Ulrica, Miss Faucit. Eudiga, Mrs Waylett.
Charles the Twelfth, Mr Farren. Triptolemus Muddlewerk, Mr Harley.
Major Vanberg, Mr Cooper. Adam Brock, Mr Liston.
Gustavus, Mr J. Vining. Colonel Reichel, Mr Cooke.

In the course of the Evening, Lindpaintner's Overture to 'Joko;' A. Lee's Overture to the 'Invincibles;' and Rossini's Overture to 'L'Italiana in Algieri.'

After which, a new

DIVERTISSEMENT SUISSE.

Composed by Monsieur Simon. In which will be danced a PAS DE DEUX, by M. Gilbert and Mlle. Rosalia Guet; and the celebrated TYROLIENNE, from the Ballet of 'Guillaume Tell,' by M. Lefebvre, Mlle. Kaniel, and Mlle. Taglioni, with full Chorus, and Corps de Ballet. Madame Pasta will sing 'Di Tanti Palpiti,' from the Opera of 'Tancredi;' and a favourite Air, from the Opera of 'Medea.'

To which will be added, a New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]
The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.

To conclude with the Burletta of

TOM THUMB.

Queen Dollalolla, Mrs C. Jones. Huncamunca, Mrs Faucit.
Frizaletta, Mrs East. Plumante, Miss Vallancy.
King Arthur, Mr Dowton. Lord Grizzle, Mr Liston. Tom Thumb, Miss Poole.
Noodle, Mr Yarnold. Doodle, Mr Salter.
Ghost of Gaffer Thumb, Mr Bishop. Merlin, Mr Fenton.

To-morrow, William Tell; Deaf as a Post; The Portrait of Cervantes.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Miss Cawse. Lesbia, Miss H. Cawse. Zemira, Miss Inverarity.
Rosedelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulia, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

After which a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, Napoleon Buonaparte; Gipsy Father; and The Waterman.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LA CHANSON; OU, L'INTERIEUR D'UN BUREAU.

Comédie Vaudeville en Un Acte.

Eugénie, Madame Gamard. Bellemain, M. Gamard.
M. de Valcour, M. St Aubert. Dumont, M. Prèval. Un Huissier, M. Granville.
Victor, M. Alfred.

Suivi de

ANTOINE; OU, LES TROIS GENERATIONS.

Pièce en Trois Epoques, Mêlée de Chant, par MM. Melesville et Braxier.
Léon, Mlle. St Ange. La Marquise de St Valier, Madame Prèval.
Clémentine, Mlle. Florval. La Comtesse de Moirmont, Madame Baudin.
La Baronne de Lornes, Mlle. Corra. Henriette, Mlle. Jamain.
Madeline, Madame Gamard.
D'Antoine, M. Potier. Le Marquis de St Valier, M. St Aubert.
Le Vicomte de Chailly, M. Laporte. Le Président de Chatenay, M. Arnaud.
Leblanc Père, M. Prèval. Le Conseiller, M. Alfred.
Le Chevalier de Mirecourt, M. Paulin. Un Valet, M. Granville.
Placide, M. Gamard. Bertrand, M. Pelissié. François, M. Guenée.
Leblanc Fils, M. Cloup.

On finira par

WERTHER.

Vaudeville et Un Acte, du Théatre des Variétés.
Charlotte, Madame Prèval. Werther, M. Potier. Volmar, M. Alfred.
Albert, M. Cloup. Frits, M. Gamard. Loustick, M. Guenée.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,)" Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.

After which, A MUSICAL MELANGE.

To conclude with an Historical Drama, in Five Parts, entitled

NAPOLEON, THE VICTIM OF AMBITION.

The Music by Mr J. M. Jolly.

French.—Madame Bertrand, Madame Matilda. Madame Montholon, Miss Jordan.
Katty O'Neal, Madame Simon. Fanchon, Mlle. Rosier.
Frisk, Mrs C. Hill. Juliana, Miss Vincent. Katty O'Neal, Mme. Simon.
Bumbong, Miss Rumens.
Napoleon, Mr Osbaldiston. Bertrand, Mr C. Hill. Marmont, Mr Almar.
Sergeant Snitch, Mr Vale.
English:—Miss Balcomb, Miss Somerville.
General Sir Hudson Lowe, Mr Gough. Mr Balcomb, Mr Young.
Capt Sterling, Mr Edwin.
In the Allegory.—Justice, Miss Scott. Ambition, Mr Almar.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A Musical Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled

MY FRIEND FROM TOWN; OR, THE ELECTION.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Ralph, Mr Barnett. Jeremy, Mr H. Cooke. John, Mr Davis.
Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacit, Mr G. Smith. Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

To which will be added, a New Farcetta, called

DOUBLE OR QUITS.

[From the French, by Mr BARNETT.]

Mrs Properly, Miss Wells. Mrs Anna Maria Podger, Mrs Garrick.
Miss Ellen Temple, Miss Andrews. Captain Somerton, Mr Forrester.
Thomas, Mr Barnett. And Mr Augustus Podger, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with a Domestic Drama, in Three Acts, called

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[By Mr M'FARREN.]

Jenny, Mrs Evans. Dame Fairly, Miss Wells. Mrs Mac Toddy, Mrs Garrick.
Marian, Mrs Saville.
Auld Robin Gray, Mr Keppel. Jamie, Mr Forrester. Sandy, Mr Marshall.
Archibald Tillyvallock, Mr Munroe. Farmer Fairlie, Mr Porteus.
Patie, Mr G. Lejeune. Dougal, Mr Willing. Simon, Mr Davies.
Paul Bowbell, Mr Wilkinson.
Gipsies—Elspeth, Miss Dix. Ronald, Mr Spencer. Gabriel, Mr G. Smith.
Gilbert, Mr H. Cooke. Elshie, Mr Barnett.

In the course of the Evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Tancredi;' Winter's Overture to 'Zaira;' and Bishop's Overture to 'Guy Mannering.'

CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE,

MILTON STREET, FORE STREET.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

KING LEAR.

King Lear, Mr KEAN.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Liliputian Stud of Burman Ponies — Equitation by the Infant Roscius — Williams's Feats of Jumping—Taplin's Act of the Drunken Dragoon —M. Hengler, Miss and Master Cooke on the Tight Rope—Gymnastics—Dragon of Rhodes.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant —The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Farmers' Daughter.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Frozen Hand—Miser of Madrid—Outlaw's Oath.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Orphan of Hindostan—A Pill for Portugal—Clari.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

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Nº 241.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1831.

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS, AND A NEW ANECDOTE OF HIM.

No sooner had we put forth our ingenuous expostulation with Mr Moxon, for not sending us his edition of Shakspeare's sonnets, than with a celerity of movement, to be equalled only by the grace of it, a copy comes flying into our hands. Monday's TATLER could hardly have been seen by him, before Monday's morning brings us the handsome result, bound withal in perfect good taste, and as truly lettered. Moxon! thou art a bookseller worthy of thine authors, and we prophecy much unusual good of thee,—much finer Lintot, and superior Tonson. It was not to everybody that we could have put that remonstrance; but thou hast a tact and an elevation;—thou canst discern the difference between the sordid view, and the choice impulse.

Mr Moxon's edition of these Sonnets* is beautifully printed in a small volume in duodecimo, a sonnet to each page; and it is accompanied by those of Milton, making altogether a book of 186 pages, fit for the pocket. The Italian portion of the sonnets of Milton is judiciously retained. Whether Cowper's translation of them was the best to be had, may be doubted; but they are better than none. A short introduction to the volume is headed by an apposite Sonnet on the Sonnet, from the pen of Mr Wordsworth, containing what may be called the biographical history of this species of poem. He characterizes the sonnets of Shakspeare as the 'key' with which he 'opened his heart.'

All the miscellaneous poems of our great dramatist, notwithstanding his fame, and their truly Shaksperian merits, seem to have remained in obscurity almost ever since the age in which they were published, though at that time they appear to have gained him more applause from public writers than his plays. One of the great reasons of this neglect is undoubtedly that distinction drawn in mens' minds between the drama and every other species of writing, which induces booksellers to publish the plays 'of an author without his poems;' and another was the great fame attained by the author in that larger shape. Multitudes are acquainted with the Fairy Queen of Spenser, who are not aware that he wrote a great many sonnets; and even the sonnets of Milton are probably unknown to thousands of the readers of Paradise Lost. Some have thought, or affected to think, the sonnets of Shakspeare not worth perusal. Steevens the commentator, an acute observer up to a certain point, but who could write like an idiot when he got beyond it, pronounced of them, and of the 'Poems' in general, that 'the strongest act of parliament,' framed on purpose, could not compel people to read them, they are so inferior even to the smallest poets of the time. What is more curious is, that editors who have combated this opinion, and printed the poems, do not appear to have read them. In Mr Chalmers's edition, there is a complaint, that we are nowhere, in Shakspeare's works, let into any of the secrets of his domesticity,—of his friendships, his amusements, his private character, &c. whereas his sonnets present us with some remarkable evidences to the contrary: and this brings us to the new anecdote we have announced, which is contained in a valuable work that has just appeared from the pen of Mr Payne Collier, entitled *The History of English Dramatic Poetry, and Annals of the Stage.*† We shall notice Mr Collier's work further on Monday. It is no common production of the kind; and as it will doubtless attract a good deal of attention, especially from those who are critical in dramatic writing, and interested in the character of Shakspeare, we shall take this opportunity of saying a word or two on a subject which in these prying times will not be overlooked. The anecdote itself, such as it is, is a bit of scandal. We are far from objecting to Mr Collier for finding it. He does it in a perfectly just and honourable spirit: and among the usual readers of theatrical anecdotes, it will be looked upon as more in unison with the poet's character for wit, than calculated to do his memory any very violent disservice.

Among other novelties which he has brought forward, it was Mr Collier's good fortune, or rather the reward of his industrious research, to meet with a Manuscript Diary, which appears to have been kept by a barrister, and which includes original anecdotes of Shakspeare, Spenser, Tarleton, Ben Jonson, Marston, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others. Some of these anecdotes, he observes, 'are in their nature comparatively trifling, but, as has often been said, trifles become important when connected with the lives of distinguished men.' The MS. is in the Harleian Collection (No. 5353) and excepting by the writer of the catalogue, 'seems to have remained in that collection entirely unexamined.'

In this Diary, says Mr Collier, is 'a personal anecdote regarding our great dramatist, which possibly may serve to explain a good deal that has been obscure in his Sonnets. Much has been said, at different times, on the moral character of Shakspeare, as if in this respect he were far superior to the manners of the time in which he lived; and Boswell, in the last edition of his works, expressly observes, "We may lament that we know so little of his history; but this, at least, may be asserted with confidence, that at no time was the slightest imputation cast upon his moral character." This statement has reference to such of Shakspeare's Sonnets, as, taken literally, and, as I apprehend, not a few of them ought to be taken, indicate that Shakspeare was not, in this respect, more pure and perfect than most of his contemporaries. I think it extremely probable that some of those Sonnets were composed for other people, who could not write them for themselves, and who wished to make a favourable impression; but others undoubtedly have a personal allusion to himself, and the difficulty is now to separate one from the other. If we may believe the plain import of his 69th sonnet, in particular, he was at one period in love with a female who was not very chary of her reputation:—

> "But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
> The solve is this—that thou dost common grow."

And he over and over again laments the disgrace brought upon himself by his misconduct: in his 112th sonnet he says,

> "Your love and pity doth the impression fill,
> Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow."

Again, in his 121st sonnet, beginning, "'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed," he exclaimed,

> "No—I am that I am; and they that level
> At my abuses, reckon up their own;"

while, in his 131st sonnet, he tells the female, on account of whom he had been attacked,

> "In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds;
> And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds:"

So that although it may be very true, that no imputation upon his moral character had been discovered from extraneous sources, when Steevens or when Boswell wrote, yet, if we are to believe himself, although a married man, with a wife and family at Stratford, he was not immaculate. The difficulty of reconciling much that is contained in the sonnets has arisen from an amiable desire to think Shakspeare's moral and poetical character equally perfect. If, in the course of my enquiries, I have been unlucky enough (I may perhaps say) to find anything which represents our great dramatist in a less favourable light, as a human being with human infirmities, I may lament it, but I do not therefore feel myself at liberty to conceal and suppress the fact.

'Whether the anecdote in question be true or untrue, whether it were a mere joke or the invention of "vulgar scandal," it comes recommended to our notice upon tolerably good authority. Nicholas Tooley was one of the actors in Shakspeare's plays, and belonged to the company of the Globe Theatre in 1596; and it is very possible that the author of this Diary had met with him at some ordinary in London, and had heard from him the story in question, as we find the words "Mr Tooley" subjoined at the end of it, as the person from whom the writer had received it.

'"March 13th, 1601.

'"Upon a tyme when Burbadge played Rich. 3, there was a citizen grewe so farre in liking with him, that before shee went from the play, shee appointed him to come that night unto hir, by the

* *The Sonnets of Shakspeare and Milton.* 12mo pp. 186. Moxon.

† *The History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakspeare, and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration. By J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.* In three volumes 8vo. Murray.

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name of Rich. 3. Shakspeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before. * * * * * * Then message being brought that Rich. the 3 was at the dore, Shakspeare caused returne to be made, that William the Conqueror was before Rich. the 3.—Shakspeare name Willm.—Mr Tooley."

'This may have been (as I have said) a mere slanderous invention, a harmless joke, or a plain truth; and it is not to be forgotten, in reference to the value of Tooley's authority, that he had been the apprentice of Richard Burbadge, and might have had the story from that distinguished performer, who was himself a party in it.'—Vol. I, p. 329.

Our new anecdote, it must be confessed, is a better *bon mot* than story. The lady's love was not worth the trick, even as a matter of gallantry. However, every little addition to Shakspeare's history is valuable, though the anecdote throws no new light upon the Sonnets. The Sonnets themselves tell much more.

The plain truth, we suspect, with regard to Shakspeare's private life, would be found to amount to this;—that the same good-humoured casuistry which enabled him to regard the errors of his fellow-creatures with a kind eye, conspired, with lax habits of education, to allow him to indulge himself in such licenses of the times as he found prevalent among his brother actors; but did not prevent, nevertheless, frequent misgivings, and the self-resentment due to the nobler impulses of his nature. The wonderful intellect which we all know he possessed, and the singular sweetness of nature, which not only seems attributed to him by his contemporaries, but which is very evident in the Sonnet before us, would not permit him to grow insensible to the finer parts of virtue, either in their gracefulness or their social necessity; and in fact, while we have, in these Sonnets, proof positive that he not only had a mistress during his marriage, but that she was a woman of openly licentious life, and even worthy of being pronounced by him his 'bad angel,' and that he loved her nevertheless, and allowed all her license, yet we have equal proof that he often lamented his passion, and that his feelings in every other point were singularly child-like, and what is termed in these days 'romantic.' The Sonnets record a 'friend' of his, of whose perfection of nature he speaks in the strong hyperbolical language common to that age, and with all the enthusiasm of a school-boy. The female seduces this Grandison of a friend, which our author takes very unkindly of her, but still forgives; and she appears to have got the charitable poet into so much trouble, that at one time he thought proper to avoid any public recognition of Grandison, lest he should mix him up with the bad company she kept. The Sonnets, which were not given to the world, we believe, till after the poet's death, are dedicated to this exalted personage by the publisher, under the title of 'Mr W. H.,' which have strangely been supposed by some to be an anagram for Henry Wriottesley, Earl of Southampton, a known friend of Shakspeare's, and the romantic adherent of Essex. The person, whoever he was, is represented in the Sonnets, among his other perfections, as possessing 'birth;' but not to insist on the improbability of the anagram, it is not likely that a nobleman, besides having his initials twisted, would be styled '*Mister*.'

It is to be recollected after all, that we have no proof of the authenticity of *all* these sonnets. Some, nay, very many, are as manifestly Shaksperian, as the poetry in his plays; but the publisher may have done what he pleased with them. Some, as Mr Collier suggests, may have been written for other persons. In all, we are strongly to keep in mind the manners of the times, and to do for Shakspeare what he did for mankind,—put upon them the handsomest constructions. Their beauties are so exquisitely beautiful, so full of the kindest feelings, the deepest love of nature, the most refined and disinterested sentiment, that we owe to their author all the generosity we can shew him, and are bound to imagine that even his bad woman must have had some strange inconsistent qualities about her to redeem her character. In that respect, they present us with a sort of poetical Manon L'Escant.

Curious particulars of a minor kind may be gathered from these poems. They prove, satisfactorily at least to us, that Shakspeare was lame; that he rode on horseback, and could startle us and himself with thrusting a spear in the poor beast; that he did not write the sonnet, as commentators have supposed, when he was young; and that he hated his profession of a player, and thought it had hurt even his mind. The first seventeen are written to persuade his friend to marry, that so good a race might not be lost. It is not improbable, we think, that this person may be discovered by diligent enquiry among the W. H.'s of peerages and old books. We have a notion, from the multitude of apparent playings upon the words of a similar sound, that his name was Hugh or Hew. What sweet, and what grand things there are in these poems!

'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake *the darling buds* of May.
* * * * * *

'Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye, &c.
* * * * * *

'That thou art blam'd, shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mask was ever yet too fair:
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow there flies in heaven's sweetest air.
* * * * * *

'That time of year thou mayest in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs in which the sweet birds sang.
* * * * * *

'Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds;
And bends with the remover, to remove;
Oh no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
Which looks on tempests and is nevershaken.'
* * * * * *

And take the following entire sonnet, as evincing the perfection of tenderness:—

'No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give notice to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: *for I love you so,*
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love ev'n with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me, after I am gone.'

FINE ARTS.

THE LIVING PAINTERS. No. V.

'Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea, all in sedges hid.'—*Taming of the Shrew.*

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—J. MARTIN—FRANCIS DANBY, A.—THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

If man be the most wilful of animals, Mr Turner is the most wilful of men. And yet he is a painter, not of talent only, but of *genius*—a rare endowment, however liberally distributed amongst artists and authors by the false oracles and prophets of the time. Were half the sugared words true with which some of our critics try to sweeten the disappointments of their favourite writers, the world would be full of geniuses. We hear of 'a young man of genius'—of 'a rising genius'—of 'unquestionable genius'—of '*considerable* genius'—and of works which '*betray* genius'—and fifty other confectionary phrases, which serve no end but to treble the natural vanity of our heroes of the pencil and the goose quill, and to delude the simple public. There is not one 'young man of great genius'—no, nor one *old* man of great genius, amongst a million men. It is all a mistake; and posterity will find it out, if indeed we have not begun to make the discovery already.

But Mr Turner is a man of a different stamp. He is, by general assent, a person of eminence in his line, and in our estimation he is *super*-eminent. He has invention, power, experience, and an elevated view of his art, beyond any of his cotemporaries,—nay, beyond any English landscape-painter whatever. We assert this, notwithstanding his wilful, mad, inflamed pictures—notwithstanding his vain contempt of all opinion—notwithstanding, in short, his present disease (opthalmia or calenture) which leads him into the most marvellous absurdities and audacities of colour that painter ever ventured on—perhaps tempts him into the belief, that under the raging heat of his reds and blues and yellows, which belong only to the dog-days, there lurk the coolness of April, the greenness, freshness, and beauty of his native valley. This is very melancholy; but we trust that a timely application of blistering and phlebotomy may arrest the current of his disorder; and in the meantime we will endeavour to preserve him as he *was*, in our recollection.

Did the reader ever see the early pictures of Turner? or his drawings, done in his best time (after he had cast off the pettiness of his first style, and before he commenced those freaks of colour with which he is now content to amaze the public?) Or did he ever see his *Liber Studiorum?* If not, he is not acquainted with this extraordinary artist. Nothing comes amiss to him. The temples of Jove and Cybele are not too lofty; the Dutch fishing-boat is not too mean. 'He is not one, but Legion.' More sublime than

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Claude; less savage, yet grander than Salvator Rosa; and more beautiful, if less simple in his scenes, than are the vernal landscapes of Gaspar Poussin, Mr Turner must be esteemed, even by his enemies, as a painter of no common merit.

> 'Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with soft'ning hue,
> Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew'—

comes within the compass of his pencil, besides many things which those great men never attempted. Some of his landscapes, such as 'the Solway Moss,' 'Rizpah,' &c. force Rembrandt upon our thoughts, with no unfavourable comparison, however, for our artist. They are grand, dreary, sterile things, which must impress any one. At another time, his picture glows with all the flush and fever of Rubens; or outblazes the setting suns of Claude. We have, then, 'a fishing-boat off the Dogger Bank,' 'the Sands at Yarmouth,' or 'Cutting the Painter,'—all done in a style that would make Cuyp die the death of envy. His management of light and shade is wonderful, and therefore it is that his works tell so much better than others when engraved. His broad, bold masses—his trees and columns, thrown up in the very middle of his pictures his castle-crowned hills, which stand up like dark giants between you and the evening light—all tell of 'I dare!'—and all equally shew the powerful and ambitious man. One thing only we seem to want,—repose. Far excelling, in our opinion, any of the Italian painters, in vastness and sublimity, we yet often, when contemplating his works, seem to miss the amenities of Claude, or long to wander among the green paths and pastoral solitudes which distinguish, like a perpetual spring, the gentle labours of Gaspar Poussin.

Mr Martin entertains a more limited view of Nature. He has one grand idea; and if the invention be his own, he may rest content with having done one thing, that no one before him accomplished, or even attempted; but he has no variety. His simple landscapes, —when he ventures on such things, which he does in his drawings, —are absolutely worthless; but when he gets amongst his Egyptian, or Roman, or Babylonian visions, *then* he becomes great. He builds up column after column, dome beside dome, terrace after terrace, till one grows dizzy at the sight. We are introduced to Belshazzar and Semiramis,—we behold Nebuchadnezzar 'in his habit, as he lived,'—we are lost in wonder at the populous, endless multitudes which throng about those gorgeous places, of which now not a square foot of granite or sandstone remains:—

> 'Such throngs of old were never known to stream
> From Babylon or Susa, nor when last
> The Assyrian met the Mede, and marked the bounds
> Of empire by the gates of Nineveh:'

If Ninus or Semiramus had their thousands, Mr Martin has his tens of thousands. If they had palaces ten stories high, Mr Martin builds up twenty stories. This is the simple secret of his grandeur, —the accumulation of materials, the exaggeration—we do not mean this in its offensive sense—the exaggeration of fact. Mr Martin takes an unit and multiplies it by a million, and it becomes great. He extends a league to twenty, and—out of the mere necessity of preserving the perspective—grows up aerial distances, winding waters, rising hills, blue peaks, and mountains which blend and are finally lost in the white clouds afar off. And so he goes on, and so let him go on, so long as he has materials at hand to construct his pictures, and the public have the disposition to buy. We do not admire Mr Martin as an artist so intensely as some persons, but the fault may lie in ourselves, perhaps, as much as in Mr Martin.

Mr Danby began well, but he has proceeded indifferently. As a mere painter, he has more skill than Mr Martin; but he is inferior to him in imitation. There was something striking in his 'Sunset,' with the wreck floating beneath a crimson sun,—something grand in his 'Red Sea;' but he appears to us now to fall off. His 'Golden Age' in the present Somerset House Exhibition, ought to be called 'The Pink Age,' or perhaps 'The Age of Brass.'

We have left ourselves scarcely any room to speak of one of the very first artists that ever adorned this country; we mean Mr Stothard. Taking into consideration his invention and grace, and (covert) humour, he is, in our opinion, at the top of the English Historical School. He is deficient somewhat in the masculine qualities of an historical painter, and latterly he has degenerated into manner; but taking him *altogether*, we do not know his equal in England. He is said to be the author of nearly five thousand original designs (most or many of which are engraved). We cannot vouch for the number of his designs, but we can attest the excellence of hundreds,—some of them equal, we do not fear to say, in grace and feminine beauty, to Raffaelle himself. If Mr Fuseli was like Michael Angelo (which his admirers say) Stothard resembles 'the prince of painters,' and moreover comes much nearer to him than Fuseli did to his archetype. We will give ourselves pleasure, some of these days, by speaking fully and sincerely on the merits of this fine old simple-minded man. He may be pushed aside and thought little of by his juniors perhaps, whose brazen figures and ostentatious academical studies may dim for a time the modest and delicate forms of the octogenarian artist, but his deeds *will live* and be looked at, as models by future painters, when the swarms of pretenders will be forgotten.

[No. VI. will contain HILTON—HOWARD—ETTY—and EASTLAKE.]

MUSIC.

SIGNOR PAGANINI'S SECOND CONCERT.

THIS astonishing being gave his second Concert last evening, at the Opera-House. The confirmation of the incredible reports that had preceded him to this country having been more than realised upon his first performance last Friday, the doors of the theatre, upon the present occasion, were crowded long before their opening, and in the course of a few minutes, the first rush filled every unengaged place in the house. Upon sitting down to record an account of the feats of this evening, we feel equally incompetent as upon the first hearing, to convey any adequate idea of the performer's amazing accomplishments. Notwithstanding the satisfactory proofs we have had to the contrary, it is difficult to shake off the impression that we have been in the presence of a supernatural being. So many requisites towards forming a complete musician are combined in his mind and person, that we can conceive a millenium to elapse before the same qualities may unite again. He has a fine and original genius in composition, a pure and exquisite tone, a most impassioned expression, and an execution so miraculous, that all who have once heard him will henceforward hesitate before they doubt an impossibility. His performance upon the present occasion consisted first of a concerto of three movements, an introduction, an adagio (not of so fine and severe a character as the one we heard last Friday) and a brilliant finale. The second consisted of a military rondo introducing the preghiera from 'Pietro l'Eremita,' performed solely upon the fourth string; and the last a series of astounding variations upon the well-known melody 'The Carnival of Venice.' Although he thus occupies so considerable a space in the evening's entertainment, the attention to a solo performance, far from flagging, increases with his playing, until it amounts to a climax of enthusiasm. Never did we expect to come away from an hour and half's concerto on the violin with a refreshed and eager spirit, yet such has been the case this evening. Verily he hath a Devil.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

He was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood to madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path,
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then were they kind—the forests, there
Rivers and still waters paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded mould below;
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
And still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race; but they are gone
With their forests, wide and deep;
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their hills our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon,
And all still pay a tribute to their graves.

G.

'SINDBAD THE SAILOR.'—As an instance of the universal popularity of the *Arabian Nights*, we observe that there is an American brig, trading to Mexico, the name of which is *Sindbad*; given it, no doubt, in honour of the celebrated fictitious voyager, whose adventures have become as interesting to us as truth. The name of the Captain is Millar. We congratulate him on his good taste; and hope he will escape as prosperously through all his perils, as the godfather of his vessel.

— The papers inform us, that Mr Wordsworth the Poet has been appointed Stamp-distributor for the Carlisle district.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is spirit in the lines by W. T. H., entitled 'Yes, our flag has defied;' but we should be loth to thrust them in the teeth of our countrymen, while they are promising to make such amends for their former subserviency.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Charles the Twelfth—Legion of Honour—Tom Thumb.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—Napoleon Buonaparte.
FRENCH PLAYS.—La Chanson—Antoine; Ou, Les Trois Générations—Werther.

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Seria, in Two Acts, of
MEDEA.
[By MAYER.]

Medea, Wife of Jason . . . . Madame Pasta.
Creusa, Daughter of Creontes . . . . . Miss F. Ayton.
Ismenes, Confidant of Medea . . . Mlle. Feliani.
Creontes, King of Corinth . . . . . Signor Lablache.
Ægeus, King of Athens . . . Signor Rubini.
Jason . . . . Signor Curioni.
Tideus, Confidant of Creontes . . . Signor Deville.
Two children of Jason and Medea.
Corinthians, Maidens, Priests, Followers of Ægeus, Guards.

To conclude with a New Ballet, in One Act, entitled
LA BAYADERE.
[Composed by M. DESHAYES.]
The Music by Auber, arranged by M. Musard.

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, Mlle. Taglioni, M. Lefebvre, M. Emile. M. Simon, M. Hunt, M. O'Brien, and M. Bertram.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

The Historical Play of
WILLIAM TELL.
[By Mr KNOWLES.]

Emma, Miss Huddart. Anneli, Miss Russell. Agnes, Miss Faucit.
Gesler, Mr H. Wallack. Sarnem, Mr Thompson. Struth, Mr W. Bennett.
Rodolph, Mr Howard. Lutold, Mr Howell. Braun, Mr Ross.
William Tell, Mr Macready. Albert, Miss Poole. Melchtal, Mr Younge.
Erni, Mr Cathie. Furst, Mr Fenton. Verner, Mr Cooke.
Waldman, Mr Hughes. Michael, Mr Cooper. Jaghell, Mr J. Vining.
Pierre, Mr Eaton. Theodore, Mr Honner.
Savoyards—Miss Crawford, Mr Robinson, Mr Price, and Mr S. Jones.

In the course of the evening, Rossini's Overture to 'Guillaume Tell,' Cherubini's Overture to 'Les Deux Journees,' and Mozart's Overture to 'Il Don Giovanni.'

After which,
COMFORTABLE LODGINGS.

Antoinette, Miss Chikini. Madame Pelagie Bonassus, Mrs C. Jones.
Sir Hippington Miff, Mr Liston. Capt. Bonassus, Mr W. Bennett.
Bombardier Babillard, Mr Tayleure. Rigmarole, Mr Harley.
Monsieur de Caché, Mr Andrews. Roué, Mr Webster.
Dorville, Mr Howard. Gregory, Mr Hughes.

To conclude with the Farce of
X. Y. Z.
[By COLEMAN the Younger.]

Maria, Mrs Newcombe. Mrs Mouser, Mrs Broad.
Betty, Mrs Webster. Dora Mumwell, Mrs C. Jones.
Captain Galliard, Mr Cooke. Grumbleton, Mr W. Bennett.
Neddy Bray, Mr Liston. Doddle, Mr Hughes.
Roscius Alldross, Mr Tayleure. Ralph Hempseed, Mr Webster.

On Monday, Simpson and Co. The Brigand; Turning the Tables; and Quadrupeds.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.
NEW COMIC ANNUAL.
In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which Mr Mathews will introduce the following Songs:—'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—'The Omnibus.' Scena, Tim Wasp. and 'Harlowe Bush Fair.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called
YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.
In which Mr YATES will sustain Nine characters.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Nautical Drama, entitled
BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.
[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,)" Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.
A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which, the Musical Drama, in Two Acts, entitled
JOHN OF PARIS.
[By Mr POCOCK.]

Princess of Navarre, Miss Somerville, in which she will sing 'Should he upbraid.'
Olivia, Miss Vincent, in which she will introduce 'Smart young Bachelors.'
Rosa, Mrs C. Hill. John of Paris, Mr Osbaldiston.
Grand Chamberlain, Mr Williams. Pedrigo Potts, Mr Vale. Philip, Mr Ransford.

To conclude with the Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, in Two Acts, entitled
THE FOULAHS.
[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

Emily Worthy, Miss Scott. Laura, Miss Bell. Ora, Madame Simon.
Captain Worthy, Mr D. Pitt. Old Worthy, Mr Gough.
Jean Phillipe Gastineau, Mr Honner. Rigid, Mr Asbury. Maline, Mr Webb.
Sergeant, Mr Hobbs. Henry, Miss Ellis. Cato, Mr C. Hill.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.
MINTER'S SELF-ACTING AND RECLINING CHAIR
BY THE KING'S LETTERS PATENT.

G. MINTER begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, &c. that he has invented an EASY CHAIR, the positions or elevations of which are so numerous, that the number is quite indefinite, say from one to one thousand, and are obtained by a slight pressure of the back, which not only reclines the back of the chair, but raises the back part of the seat, thereby causing a proper inclined plane, which supports the weakest part of the back at any and every position. When you rise, the back follows you, and should you stop, the back immediately stops; and all this action is obtained without any spring, rack, or other machinery whatever.

G. Minter particularly recommends it to Invalids for its simplicity: if even they have lost the use of either of their hands or legs, they can obtain any position of themselves without any attendance, or exertion on their own part. The chair is made by the Inventor only, in a variety of plain and elegant shapes, at his manufactory, 26 PRINCES STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE (opposite Coventry street), and are sold as cheap as a common fixed easy chair of the same pattern, which is impossible in any other reclining chair, on account of their complicated construction, and which subjects them to be often out of repair, and even dangerous.—G. M. is confident any person honouring him with an inspection of his Chair, will be sufficiently convinced of its superiority over all others. It is also made portable for travelling, and will pack in a case only fourteen inches deep. It is warranted to act perfect fifty years.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schoenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

After which a New Drama, in Two Acts, called
THE GIPSY FATHER.
[By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.]

Rose Franklin, Miss E. Tree. Mary Barwell, Mrs Lovell.
Dolly Dolittle, Mrs Tayleure. Clara, Miss Hughes.
Gipsy Woman, Mrs Daly. Lucy, Miss Hunt.
Barwell, Mr Warde. Richard Barwell, Mr G. Bennett.
Simon Salubrious Dolittle, Mr Keeley. Edwards, Mr F. Matthews.
Judge Franklin, Mr Evans. Jem Hartshorn, Mr Meadows.
William and James, Miss P. Horton and Miss Kendall.
First Gipsy, Mr Turnour. Clerk, Mr Irwin. Servant, Mr Heath.
Previous to the Drama, Von Weber's Overture to Preciosa.

To conclude with the Musical Entertainment of
THE WATERMAN.
[By Mr DIBDIN.]

Mrs Bundle, Mrs Tayleure. Wilhelmina, Miss Hughes.
Tom Tug, Mr Wilson, who will sing 'The Bay of Biscay O!'
Bundle, Mr Blanchard. Robin, Mr Keeley.

The Waterman to conclude with 'Rule Britannia,' by Mr Wilson, Miss Cawse, and Chorus.

On Monday, Azor and Zemira; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

The Nautical Drama, entitled
BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

The Overture and Music selected from DIBDIN'S Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr BLEWITT.
Black-Eyed Susan, Mrs Evans. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Saville.
William, Mr T. P. Cooke. The Admiral, Mr Porteus. Quid, Mr G. Smith.
Captain Crosstree, Mr Spencer. Lieut. Pike, Mr G. Lejeune.
Blue Peter, Mr Bennett, with Gay's admired Ballad of 'All in the Downs.'
Yarn, Mr Davies. Raker, Mr Willing. Hatchett, Mr Barnett.
Doggrass, Mr Munroe. Jacob Twig, Mr Marshall. Ploughshare, Mr Young.
Gnatbrain, Mr Wilson.

In the course of the piece, Mr T. P. Cooke will introduce a Comic Song, and dance his celebrated Hornpipe.
At the end of the Drama, a Fantasia on the Violin by Mr Blagrove.
And the celebrated Laughing Trio, 'Vedasi via di Qua,' by Miss Dix, Mr Bennett, and Mr E. Seguin.

After which a Comic Interlude, in One Act, called
REFORMATION.
[By Mr BERNARD.]

Ellen Feelove, Miss Andrews. Mary Mayflower, Miss Forster.
Miss Matilda Manwaring, Mrs Garrick.
Mr Farringdon, Mr Munroe. Francis Feelove, Esq. Mr Porteus.
Sam Slap, Mr Marshall. Dick Dashington, Mr Green.

After which (by particular desire) the Gipsy Scene from Auld Robin Gray, introducing Bishop's celebrated Glee, 'The Chough and Crow.'

To conclude with a New Comic Operetta, called
PECCADILLOES.
[By Mr RAYMOND.]
The Music composed by Mr G. Cooke.
Donna Laura, Miss Dix. Donna Lorenza, Miss Andrews. Florine, Mrs Humby.
Don Frederick, Mr E. Seguin. Don Valerio, Mr Bennett.
Musquito Panza, Mr Green.

In the course of the evening, Cherubini's Grand Overture to 'Anacreon,' and Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflotte.'

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Feats of Horsemanship—The Liliputian Stud of Burman Ponies — Equitation by the Infant Roscius — Williams's Feats of Jumping—Taplin's Act of the Drunken Dragoon—M. Hengler, Miss and Master Cooke on the Tight Rope—Gymnastics—Dragon of Rhodes.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis, the Maid-Servant—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Farmers' Daughter.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Frozen Hand—Miser of Madrid—Outlaw's Oath.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Orphan of Hindostan—A Pill for Portugal—The Miller's Maid.

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Nº 242.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1831.

ANOTHER NUMBER OF THE ALDINE POETS.*

We noticed the peculiar features of this collection of the Poets in our remarks on its edition of Collins (Tatler, Nos. 9 and 10.) Since then we have not had the work in our hands till the present Number, which is the first volume of Pope, and is printed and put forth as elegantly as the Collins. The portrait, however, after Vanloo, is hard; and the 'Original Memoir' (to use the term in the general advertisement) is nothing but a compilation. Indeed the author (Mr Dyce) modestly disclaims the praise of having attempted much more: nor must it be concealed, that many of the more ambitious biographies of the poet, stuffed out with flimsy theories or critiques, are far less desirable than the good chronological series of anecdotes, the unpretending gossiping account, with which the editor has here furnished us.

Besides a bad common-place head of Thomson, which we saw to the volume of his Poems in a shop-window, we have one more fault to find with this otherwise engaging series of publications. The Aldine Poets are gentlemen of such unequal pretensions, that the genuine readers of poetry will be obliged to decline taking in the whole series, if the selection does not become more judicious. No. 11 contained the 'Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt,' who, though a very clever man, was no poet; and No. 6 was devoted to 'Kirke White,' who, though a clever youth, and amiable, only became popular for a time, because he was recommended to the undiscerning by the editorship of Mr Southey, who has a suspicious trick of patronizing authors of mediocrity. The 'Earl of Surrey's Poems' were a different matter. Cowper is good. Beattie may possibly deserve collection, though we are not sure of it, not having seen his book many years, and then not having been able to get through it. Burns, Thomson, and Collins are excellent; and everybody will be glad to see the never-ending urbane popularity of Pope, the prince of poets of the drawing-room.

* *The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.* Vol. I. 12mo. Pickering.

UNITARIAN BIOGRAPHY.*

The contents of this volume are extracted from some posthumous volumes of sermons written by Unitarian clergymen, and appear in a form more likely to attract the attention of the general reader. None but Unitarians would be likely to seek the biography of these ministers, in the original volumes; but many readers would peruse these short memoirs with pleasure, considering the subjects of them not as ministers, but as men. There are three classes of readers of biography—those who take an interest in the lives and actions of celebrated individuals; those who will read of no men but of their own way of thinking; and those who are willing to read of anybody, because he is a fellow-creature. The two latter classes will both be interested in these volumes. The celebrity of its heroes has not, perhaps, extended beyond the sect to which they belonged; they all died young. Mr Buckminster was only twenty-eight, and the other two yet younger. The former is described as an infant prodigy; we find him studying Greek and Latin at four years old, and ready for the University at twelve. His brother says of him,—

'He was seldom willing, while a child, to leave his books for any amusement; and my father was so much afraid that close application would injure his health, that he used to reward him for playing with boys of his own age, and would often go with him to persuade him, by example, to take part in their sports. I have no recollection that, while we were children, he ever did anything that was wrong. He had always the same open, candid disposition that marked his manhood; nor can I recollect any time when I did not feel the same confidence that whatever he did was right, the same affection and respect which made the last years I spent with him so happy. * * * * * I have heard my dear father say, that he never knew him tell an untruth, nor prevaricate in the least.'

His biographer tells us, that Mr Buckminster's mother was a woman of an elegant and cultivated mind, and that though she died while her son was yet in early youth, he had received impressions from her instruction and example, which no time could efface. He was always earnest to act up to what she would have hoped and expected of him. This appears to us an interesting fact, and reminds us how many have been the instances of good and great men who have been happy in such a mother. The weaknesses, indeed, as well as the strength of men, have been traced to maternal influence; but this only the more strongly shews the importance of cultivating the minds of women, that the influence may be good instead of evil. We suspect the biographer of some little partiality in his estimate of the talents of this young minister, when he speaks of the "splendid gifts of fancy," &c.—the rather, from the terms in which he speaks of a letter descriptive of a little tour in Switzerland, which he made in 1806, for the benefit of his health. There are, no doubt, some interesting points in this letter, but it does not answer to our expectations from a "mind of the highest order," a man of "brilliant genius." If the author's portrait is a just one, Mr Buckminster must indeed have been a prodigy; for he is represented as possessing almost every virtue, in an eminent degree, and uniting in himself certain qualities generally considered as incompatible. In the letter before mentioned, the young invalid gives a melancholy sketch of the destruction of several villages by the fall of a large portion of the mountain of Bossberg:—

'About five o'clock in the evening of the 3rd of September, a large projection of the mountain of Rossberg, on the north-east, gave way, and precipitated itself into this valley; and in less than four minutes completely overwhelmed the three villages of Goldan, Busingen, and Rathlen, with a part of Lowertz and Oberat. The torrent of earth and stones was far more rapid than that of Cava, and its effects as resistless and terrible. The mountain in its descent carried trees, rocks, houses, everything before it. The mass spread in every direction, so as to bury completely a space of charming country more than three miles square. The force of the earth must have been prodigious, since it not only spread over the hollow of the valley, but even ascended far up the opposite side of the Rigi. The quantity of earth, too, is enormous, since it has left a considerable hill in what was before the centre of the vale. A portion of the falling mass rolled into the lake of Lowertz, and it is calculated that a fifth part is filled up. On a minute map you will see two little islands marked in this lake, which have been admired for their picturesqueness. One of them is famous for the residence of two hermits, and the other for the remains of an ancient chateau, once belonging to the house of Hapsburg. So large a body of water was raised and pushed forward by the falling of such a mass into the lake, that the two islands, and the whole village of Seven, at the southern extremity, were, for a time, completely submerged by the passing of the swell. A large house in this village was lifted off its foundations and carried half a mile beyond its place.'

The more melancholy details of this catastrophe, we do not think it necessary to extract. We shall conclude with the following observations on the contents of the albums kept at the inns in the passes of the Alps:—

'In the album of the Grand Chartreuse, Gray, on his way to Geneva, recorded his deathless name, and left that exquisite Latin ode, beginning, "O! tu severi religio loci;" an ode which is indeed "pure nectar." It is curious to observe in these books the differences of national character. The Englishman usually writes his name only, without explanation or comment. The Frenchman records something of his feelings, destination, or business; commonly adding a line of poetry, an epigram, or some exclamation of pleasure or disgust. The German leaves a long dissertation upon the state of the roads, the accommodations, &c. detailing at full length whence he came, and whither he is going, through long pages of crabbed writing.'

The memoir of Mr Thatcher contains some remarks upon Cape Town, where he went in search of health; from thence, he went to Paris, and afterwards to Moulins, where he died at the age of two and twenty. The concluding memoir is of minor interest.

* *Biographical Memoirs of the Rev. T. S. Buckminster, S. C. Thatcher, and John Emery Abbot; Deceased American Unitarian Ministers.* 8vo. pp. 96. Hunter.

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NOBLE OUTLAWS.

[It is curious to see princes and nobles leading the life of bandits in the woods. The following description of the situation of Bruce and his followers, after a defeat, reminds one of Robin Hood, although their mirth was, perhaps, somewhat less genuine.] 'These,' says a delightful contemporary writer, (Barbour) 'for many a day after this, led the life of outlaws, often exposed to all the extremity of want in the mountains, their only food being the venison which they occasionally caught in the chase, and their drink the water from the rock; nor did they dare to descend into the low country, for the body of the people, ever precarious in their attachment, were now against the king, and willing once more to place themselves under the English protection.' In this manner did Bruce conceal himself in the hills, till the greater part of his followers were dispersed or broken down by misery; and at last receiving intelligence that his brother Nigel, with his queen, and accompanied by the wives and sisters of his few followers, had arrived at Aberdeen, with the determination to share their perils rather than take the chance of falling into the hands of the enemy, he ventured from his strongholds, and meeting them in that city, conducted them in safety into the heart of Breadalbane. The condition of the king at this moment, and the life which he was compelled to lead, were precarious in the extreme, but included abundance of that keen excitement and adventure, which carry with them a certain charm even for the sufferers, and, by rousing the interest of the people, disposed them once more to favor his cause. The presence, too, of the women, who dwelt in the woods with their husbands, brothers, or fathers, gave a romance and a devotion to the cause; whilst the men were absent at the chase, or engaged in an expedition of plunder, the hands that had been little accustomed to such common labours, prepared the food, and washed the linen, and spread for carpets, in the caves where they had taken refuge, the skins of the animals caught in hunting; and filial love or conjugal affection, whilst it soon led to skill in these menial services, softened for awhile the bitterness of privation and disappointment. It was at this time that the success and ingenuity of the good Sir James Douglas, then a very youthful knight, deserved to be so admirably and graphically described by the ancient biographer of Bruce. 'At this season,' says he, 'they were greatly distressed for want of meat, and James of Douglas was ever busy and on the alert to procure provisions for the ladies; and many ways had he of getting it. Sometimes he would bring them venison; sometimes he cunningly wrought gins, with which he caught pike, salmon, trout, eels, and par. Sometimes he would go on a foraging party, and then every man tried to get the most he could, but none were of such assistance to the ladies as Sir James, although the King, by his cheerful and humorous stories, and his constant activity, proved also a great comfort to them. Such was their mode of life, as they harboured in Breadalbane, and slowly retreated till they reached the head of Loch Tay. [After several skirmishes, in which Bruce and his party were obliged to retreat before the enemy, when several of his friends were seriously wounded, and he himself displayed almost superhuman strength, the description of their distressed condition is thus resumed:]—It was now the month of August, and as the winter approached, the miseries of cold and famine were coming nearer every day, and the thoughts of what they might yet be called upon to suffer, produced a great sinking of heart in his party. Their shoes were already worn off their feet, and their place had been supplied by sandals rudely formed of the untanned skins of the deer and other animals, and even these, torn and decayed, hardly protected their feet. During the summer, it had not been difficult to support themselves by fishing and the chase; but when the ground was covered with snow, and the rivers and the mountain-streams were chained by frost, to be supplied from these sources must become precarious and almost impossible. Besides, Douglas, the brave and skilful knight, whose activity and ingenuity had hitherto never failed of success, now lay languishing under a deep and dangerous wound. And if such trials made a serious impression upon the courage of his soldiers, their effects on the feebler constitutions of the women who accompanied them may easily be conceived. It was absolutely necessary, however, that they should press forward (towards the Lennox); and amid these complicated distresses, the only man whose spirit never sunk for a moment was the King. Calm, thoughtful, and unshaken by his repeated defeats, he anticipated every difficulty, and out of the scanty resources which were left him, exerted himself to the utmost to provide against it. Having secured himself from the pursuit of the enemy, as the night approached, it became necessary to look for shelter; and Bruce, who knew the country, found time to despatch an advanced party, who took possession of a large cave at the head of the glen of Balgahidder. Fires were kindled, which dispelled the close subterranean damps from their wild retreat; skins and furred cloaks were spread on the floor, beds of heather and moss hastily piled up against the walls, and the small allowance of provisions which remained, had been cooked for supper, when the king arrived with his wounded knights and faithful women; and having carefully stationed his watches to prevent a surprise, he unbuckled his armour, and courteously entreated them all to eat their meat with thankfulness, and retire to their repose. Nothing escaped his kind and tender care; the wounded were tended by his own hands—the queen and her ladies conducted, with expressions of admiration for their love and devotedness, to the rustic couches which had been prepared for them; the meanest page or servant was addressed with cheerful and even jocular expressions; and as his knights sat round the fire, and talked over the events of the day, Bruce, whose memory was stored with the literature of the times, amused them by anecdotes drawn from the pages of old romance. 'Whatever happens,' said he, 'never despair. Think always that, although it is now our lot to suffer, God may yet relieve us, as he has done many, who were yet harder bested than we; and who, through God's grace, accomplished the purpose which they had on hand. If the heart be once discomfited, and cast down, the strength of the body sinks along with it; therefore, dear friends, I beseech you, be of good heart, and all will yet go well.' But although the king bore himself thus cheerfully to his friends, it was evident,—in the simple words of his ancient biographer, that he figured to make better cheer than he felt,' for his cause became every day more desperate, and the spirits of his men were fast sinking under their misfortunes.—*Lives of the Scottish Worthies.*

MUSIC.

The Harmonicon for the present month, in noticing the Seventh Philharmonic concert has fallen into an awkward mis-statement of facts. The following is the passage to which we allude. 'Haydn's fifth symphony in C minor made ample compensation for the other, (Spohr's) and was executed in the most spirited finished style, *the trio in C obtaining an encore for the sake of* Lindley's *obligato part in it.*' Now we feel confident that Mr Lindley would be the first to acknowledge that he never played this trio so indifferently before an audience, as upon the occasion aluded to; but the curious part of this account is to come. *The trio was not encored.* A lapse of this nature would pass unnoticed, if the Harmonicon did not itself set the example every month of spying into the failings and self-commitments of other journalists in reports of music. The rebuke of the most patient of men is written on every page of their criticisms: 'No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you.' The valuable portions of the *Harmonicon* are the unpretending character of its biographies, and agreeable personal anecdotes.

"For Glorious Freedom."

We have been favoured with the copy of a New National Song, bearing this title, composed by Charles Walther, the words by Mr T. H. Stirling. If we cannot conscientiously recommend this piece as entitled to a station among the higher ranks of musical composition, it may nevertheless justly claim a place among the most respectable productions of the present day.

EXPOSTULATION AND CANDOUR.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

— Unfaithful girl! After such favours too!
Such bliss! To think that you should love another!
— Favours! Lord bless the man! I've done for you
No more than I'd have done for any other.

E.

— A certain lady of quality carried her purity so far, as warmly to rebuke her librarian for putting the male and female authors together on the same bookshelves.

Curious Relic of Antiquity.—During the progress of some excavations recently making in a paddock at Grimsby, belonging to Lord Yarborough, for the purpose of erecting stables, the foundation of an old stone wall was discovered. In the wall are a few carved stones, capitals of pillars, and some that have evidently been intended for the span of an arch; and this makes it probable that they were taken from the ruins of St Mary's Church, which, becoming dilapidated in the reign of Henry VIII, its materials were appropriated to the reparation of private houses. It is certain that a dwelling-house occupied this site so early as the reign of Edward III, and was inhabited by one of the priests of a chantry which was coeval with the foundation of St James's Church; for, by an endowment still preserved amongst the records of the Corporation, it appears that Edmund de Grimsbye, one of the Clerks in Chancery, and the King's Assessor in the county of Lincoln, endowed a chaplain of this chantry, commonly called Rayner's Chantry, as having been founded by a person of that name, with seven shops and certain lands in Grimsby (septem shopas duodecim acras t're et quinq' acras prati cum p'tim in Grymesbye qui de nobis tenent' in lib'um burgag'), in the 19th year of that King's reign; and from the Inquisitiones ad quod Damnum of the 16th and 20th of the said reign, we learn that the same individual gave to each of the two Chaplains of the chantry a dwelling-house, and certain other property, out of his own patrimonial estates, for the maintenance of themselves and their successors. One of those houses occupied the site now excavated, and the other was situated where the free-school stands. A Nuremberg token has been turned up: on the obverse is a globe and cross; and on the reverse three crowns, and the same number of *fleur de lis* placed alternately in circle. The legend on each side is the same: viz.: HANS: SCHVLTES: NORNB.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

THEATRICAL ATTRACTIONS.—Four *twin* children—all "born at a birth," are being exhibited at one of the Philadelphia theatres, in opposition to her Elephantine Highness the Princess of Siam The latter is conceded to be the weightiest attraction, though her friends are apprehensive that her rivals may prove "too many" for her.—*New York Gazette.*

THEATRICAL CHAT.—Kean goes from the City Theatre to that of Richmond: he gets 50*l.* a night at the Milton street Theatre.

Pearman is doing well in the West Indies; and Madame Fearon has so struck the people of the Havannah, that she is making money as fast as she can count it.

The Adelphi, which may be styled the *Ambigu*, opened on Saturday night with the French company, having undergone many changes since last season, and been occupied by five different companies within the year.

Madame Vestris is engaged at Dublin.

John Reeve goes to the English Opera Company, to supply the place of Keeley, who takes a provincial trip.

The English Opera Company commences about the 4th of July.

A new comedy is preparing for the Haymarket, called the *School for Coquettes*, by Mrs Gore.

Mrs Waylett returns to the Queen's Theatre.

Liston is engaged at the Olympic, at 25*l.* per night.

Covent Garden closes on the 26th. and Drury Lane on the 13th.

The Haymarket opens on the 15th.

— The dissolution of partnership between the lessees of Drury Lane Theatre, cancels all engagements previously made; it is said that some, who thought themselves secure for three seasons, mean to contest the point. Mr Sinclair leaves Drury Lane;—he has had tempting offers both from Italy and America. Mr Cooper applied to Paganini to perform for his benefit. If three hundred guineas were demanded, it was a most magnificent way of declining!

— In consequence of Mrs Orger's indisposition. Mrs Newcombe undertook the part of *Madame La Ronde* in *The Legion of Honour*, on Monday evening, at short notice, and repeated it on Friday. From the same cause, and the impossibility of immediately finding a substitute in the character of *Sally Mags*, the farce of *X. Y. Z.* was played instead of *Deaf as a Post*, on Wednesday.

— Kean has taken the Richmond Theatre for two years, and intends to open it with a superior company, occasionally acting himself. A new two-act piece is in preparation for the Haymarket Theatre, by Planché, taken from *La Fille d'Honneur*, in which Mademoiselle Mars was so greatly admired. Miss Taylor is to be the heroine of the English version, and Mr Farren the merchant. The new interlude, entitled *The Widow Bewitched*, with which that theatre is to open on the 15th, is from the pen of Mr Percy Farren.

USE OF A RED-HOT POKER.—During the attack made last week at Whitehaven, by the colliers in Lord Lonsdale's mines, on the Reformers, while celebrating his Majesty's birth day, the gentlemen of the assailed party did considerable execution among the assailants, by coming out into the street armed with red hot pokers, which they, remembering the example of *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*, had prepared within doors for the purpose.

THE POLES.—In 1315, the Swiss threw off the yoke of Austria; in 1609, the Dutch released themselves from Spanish bondage; and 1782 was the era of American independence. Why should not the Poles be equally successful in 1831?—*Atlas.*

— There is a sort of harmless liars, frequently to be met with in company, who deal much in the marvellous. Their usual intention is to please and entertain; but as men are most delighted with what they conceive to be truth, these people mistake extremely the means of pleasing, and incur universal blame.—*Hume.*

ARISTENETE.—The Nestor of French Literature, Felix Nogaret born at Versailles in 1740, closed his long career on Thursday last, and was interred at Père-la-Chaise. He was known by the name of the French Aristnetus, and may be said to have expired in the breach, since his last production—which was a pamphlet, half in prose and half in verse, intitled "*Aristenete, à M. Noiret*,"—is dated January 1831. He had published a few weeks before, a declaration of war against the Romantiques. The Classiques have lost in him their *Dean.*—*Atlas.*

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The periodical meeting of this society took place on the 7th inst. at their great room, in Regent-street. Dr Henderson in the chair. There were forty different species of rose, in full bloom; four varieties of the horse chesnut; several varieties of the honey-suckle; lupins and peonies in perfection. But the most fragrant of all the flowers was an aerides cornutum. Lord Carnarvon sent from his garden at High Clere some noble rhododendrons, and other beautiful and rare shrubs, which he had cultivated with complete success. Mr Young, of Epsom, Mr Groom, and Mr Donald, each sent some choice shrubs and flowers; and Mr Welstead favoured the society with a basket of delicious black Hamburgh grapes, which were highly appreciated by the ladies.

JOHN JACKSON, R.A.—This accomplished artist died on Thursday week, of pleurisy, in his fifty-third year, at his house, St John's-wood. He was a distinguished portrait painter, as our readers are well aware, and divided with Sir T. Lawrence that field of art. He was as excellent in the strength of dignity of his male portraits, as the knight was in the soft, graceful, and delicate beauties of his female subjects. His father was a village tailor in Yorkshire, and his son commenced his career in that unambitious profession. Lord Mulgrave, who caught by chance a glance of one of the youth's untutored sketches, chalked on his lordship's hall-table, saw the power of his genius, and resolved to foster it. He sent him to London, introduced him to Fuseli, then to the Academy, where his rapid progress in drawing enabled him soon to become a painter. He rose rapidly to excellence, and with Beechey, Lawrence, and others, shared the public favour in his art. His portraits of Gandy, Woollaston, and Flaxman, are much admired. Some of his portraits are among the ornaments of the British school, and in one or other of their characters equal the efforts of the most distinguished artists.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Medea—La Bayadere.
DRURY-LANE.—William Tell—Comfortable Lodgings—X. Y. Z.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Napoleon Buonaparte—The Gipsy Father—The Waterman.

KING'S THEATRE.

MADAME PASTA, in MEYER'S interesting opera of *Medea*, attracted here on Saturday night, a very numerous and elegant audience, which filled the pit at an early hour. As we have lately spoken of this performance, we need not enter now into any particular criticism. Let it suffice to say that she displayed all her wonted power; exhibiting with her own peculiar vividness, all the terrific effects of the dark passion which takes possession of the breast of *Medea*, converting her almost into a demon; almost,—for gleams of human feeling, nearly to the last, break through the surrounding blackness, and discover the woman and the mother under all. To these natural touches, Madame PASTA is always faithful, and it is this which constitutes her pre-eminence. She gives herself up to the impulse of the character whatever it may be, and for that very reason keeps close to the truth of nature. She never forgets that the personation of every character, (supposing the author to have done his part well), however it may be moulded by artificial habits and external causes, involves primarily the personation of the human being subjected to them, and therefore it is that her audiences feel themselves impressed as by a real character, not reciting the thoughts of another, but uttering as occasion prompts the suggestions of her own soul.

After the play, followed the ballet of *La Bayadere*, in which Mademoiselle TAGLIONI delighted the house by the superior ease and gracefulness of her dancing.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

THESE pleasant gardens are occasionally so acceptable a relief to our usual in-door amusements, that one regrets when their peculiar capabilities are not turned to the best advantage. The managers, this season, have done wisely in dispensing with the performance of any dramatic piece; such as on former occasions produced the very undesirable effect of collecting in the hottest weather a concourse of people, who, for the most part, suffered more annoyance from the heat than they derived pleasure from the interlude. There is still an equal diversity of entertainments, the better for being all in the open air; the vocal corps, if inferior to the season when Madame VESTRIS and other stars deigned to shine there for a few nights, is better than it was last year and the year before; and the illuminations among the trees are still there to remind us of the fairy tales which delighted our youth, and of the time when the first view of their splendour struck us like enchantment. Time has sobered down much of this sort of feeling in us; but the critics, whom the schools round London will soon liberate from their studies, will know how to appreciate its truth. But to proceed. There is little to be said of the music or the songs; neither struck us as particularly meritorious; the visitors, however, seemed pleased, albeit they listened in a very tranquil spirit of approbation, satisfied as much at the conclusion as at any part. An intermixture of some favourite old airs might be found an agreeable variety to the vocal performances.

Michel Boai, the Chin Melodist, is an extraordinary phenomenon; everybody should hear and see him once, if it be only that they may not at any time despair of finding melody where they least have cause to expect it. He strikes his chin with a vigour and perseverance that will take no denial; if melody be there, it is clear that he will have it out; never did man show more willingness 'to do what he likes with his own.' We liked him best in the shorter pieces; his performances, when long continued, are of a nature to tire; they reminded us of drawing of corks, and that operation is apt to become tantalizing when not followed by the pouring out of wine. Joel, the Altonian siffleur, perambulates the gardens, imitating the blackbird, the lark, &c. in a way which

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might excite the envy of the inferior among those charming vocalists, if envy could be supposed to reside in the breasts of those whom we know but by their powers of pleasing.

The Views, if all are as good as those of Brighton and the Eruption of Vesuvius, the only two we had a good opportunity of looking at, are compositions of considerable merit; but we would recommend that they should be left longer open for inspection. Many have no opportunity of seeing them within the time now limited. The fire-works, which commence at half-past eleven, are very magnificent; their combination with the watery element is an improvement of late years, which adds greatly to their effect. They seemed to please everybody. Besides the entertainments we have mentioned, there are some clever optical illusions, and between the acts of the Concert, the Singers of the Alps sang some of their native airs in a very unambitious but agreeable manner. We should be glad to see these gardens obtain that patronage from the public which might encourage the proprietors to make increased exertions to gratify it.

AMPHION'S HOUSE-BUILDING.

In times of old, when time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse could draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power;
Heroic strains would build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch. *Swift.*

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A Comedy, in Two Acts, called

SIMPSON AND CO.

Mrs Bromley, Miss Chester. Mrs Simpson, Mrs Faucit.
Mrs Fitzallan, Miss Faucit. Madame La Trappe, Mrs Orger.
Mr Simpson, Mr Farren. Mr Bromley, Mr Cooper.
Foster, Mr Honner. Servant, Mr Eaton.

In the course of the Evening, A Comic Address, in Character of Mawworm, by Mr Liston. The Song of 'The Humours of Moulsey Hurst; or Down the Road to the Mill,' by Mr Harley.

After which the Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Ottavia, Miss Faucit. Maria Grazie, Mrs W. Barrymore.
Prince Bianchi, Mr Younge. Nicolo, Mr Webster. Fabio, Mr Hughes.
Albert, Mr H. Wallack. Theodore, Mr J. Vining.
Alesandro Massaroni, Mr Wallack.
Rubaldo, Mr Bedford. Spoletto, Mr Bland.

To which will be added a New Farce, called

TURNING THE TABLES.

[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To conclude with a Comic Extravaganza, called

THE QUADRUPEDS.

Abrahamides, Mr J. Reeve, in which Character he will give Imitations of Mr Kean, Mr Macready, and Mr Farren; and introduce a new Parody on 'Away, away to the Mountain's Brow,' and 'Cherry Ripe.'

To-morrow, The Legion of Honour; The Illustrious Stranger; Turning the Tables; and Masaniello.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A New Grand Opera, in Three Acts, called

AZOR AND ZEMIRA; OR, THE MAGIC ROSE.

The whole of the Music composed by Louis Spohr.

[Adapted by Sir GEORGE SMART.]

Fatima, Miss Cawse. Lesbia, Miss H. Cawse. Zemira, Miss Inverarity.
Rosadelle, Miss Lawrence.
Saggarah, Ulin, and Marmouna, Misses Horton, Harrington, and P. Horton.
Azor, Mr Wilson. Scander, Mr Morley.
Ali, Mr G. Penson. Nigromant, Mr Evans.

To conclude with a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Noppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbruun (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, Cinderella; The Omnibus; and Teddy the Tiler.

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FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par

LES PROJETS DE MARIAGE.

Comédie en Un Acte, de M. A. DUVAL.

Rosaline, Mlle. Jamain.
Pedro, M. Laporte. M. Cazini, M. Préval. Germencey, M. Pelissié.
Belmont, M. Alfred. Un Domestique, M. Granville.

Suivi de

LE BOURGUEMESTRE DE SARDAM.

Vaudeville en Deux Actes de MM. MERLE et BOIRIE.

Marie, Mlle. Florval.
Van-Bet, M. Potier. Pierre Premier, M. Pelissié. Pierre Flimann, M. Laporte.
Lefort, M. Cloup. Le Marquis de Châteauneuf, M. Paulin.
Le Comte de Hogen, M. Guenée. Un Officier Hollandais, M. Arnaud.

On finira par

LE BENEFICIAIRE.

Le Jokey de Zéphirine, Mlle. Corra. Madame Lessouffié, Mme. Baudin.
Palma, Mlle. Jamain. Zéphirine, Mlle. Florval.
Bénéficiaire, M. Potier. M. de la Tirade, M. Pelissié. Dubémol, M. Alfred
M. Desrosiers, M. Guenée. M. Golden, M. Laporte.
Eugène, M. Paulin. Un Regisseur, M. Cloup.
Le Domestique de Dubémol, M. Granville.
Le Domestique de la Tirade, M. Arnaud.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,") Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.
A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which, a Drama, entitled

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Hermion, Miss M. C. Poole. Calanthe, Miss Scott. Phygenia, Miss Vincent.
Eudosia, Miss Somerville. Arria, Miss Rumens.
Rygcia, Madame Simon. Lyphrasia, Miss Jordan. Listea, Miss Nicol.
Damon, Mr Osbaldiston. Philistrius, Mr Almar. Damocles, Mr Gough.

To conclude with a new Comic Melo-Dramatic Entertainment, entitled

THE FEMALE MASSARONI.

Georgiana Dorio, Miss M. C. Poole Babbia, Miss Vincent.
Arabella, Mlle. Rosier. Rosa, Miss Somerville.
Count di Dorio, Mr Gough. The Marquis Sapparino, Mr C. Hill.
Count Fernando, Mr Edwin. Sancho, Mr Vale.
Ladroni, Mr Rogers. Old Jeromo, Mr Webb.
A Pas Seul, by Mlle. Rosier, introducing the Brigand's Military Exercise.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

The Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

The Overture and Music selected from DIBDIN'S Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr BLEWITT.

Black-Eyed Susan, Mrs Evans. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Saville.
William, Mr T. P. Cooke. The Admiral, Mr Porteus. Quid, Mr G. Smith.
Captain Crosstree, Mr Spencer. Lieut. Pike, Mr G. Lejeune.
Blue Peter, Mr Bennett, with Gay's admired Ballad of 'All in the Downs.'
Yarn, Mr Davies. Raker, Mr Willing. Hatchett, Mr Barnett.
Doggrass, Mr Munroe. Jacob Twig, Mr Marshall. Ploughshare, Mr Young.
Gnatbrain, Mr Wilson.
In the course of the piece, Mr T. P. Cooke will introduce a Comic Song, and dance his celebrated Hornpipe.

After which, a Musical Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled

MY FRIEND FROM TOWN; OR, THE ELECTION.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacit, Mr G. Smith. Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

[By Mr KEPPELL.]

The Music composed by Mr H. P. Hill.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Mrs Saville.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Alberto, Mr G. Smith. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson.

CITY SUBSCRIPTION THEATRE,

MILTON STREET, FORE STREET.

Mr COLMAN'S Play of

THE IRON CHEST.

Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr Kean.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Napoleon Buonaparte.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET. — Feats of Horsemanship — The Russian Courier—Liliputian Napoleon—Vaulting Mr J. Cooke's Exercises—Parisian Montrosities —The Flying Gymnasiast — Mr Wells's Performances — The Youthful Roscius — Greek Flag Dance—Dragon of Rhodes.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1831.

OLD ENGLISH STAGE.

The book that occasions this heading of our article will be the envy of many an antiquary; for besides being complete in its antiquities, and consisting of three thick volumes octavo, all written upon such matters as have got reputation for the Reeds and Ritsons at no greater expense than comparative pamphlets, it has brought divers new things to light, and is full of the most conquering corrections of its predecessors. If anything could have made the Ritsons and Giffords ashamed of themselves for the airs they gave themselves on that head, here is the work that might have done it. Malone himself turns out to have been a lax fellow in comparison with Mr Collier,—culpably careless in his decisions, and immoral in his dates.

'When I commenced my researches, *nearly twenty years ago*,' says Mr Collier, 'I was discouraged on all hands by those who imagined that Malone, Steevens, Reed, and Chalmers had exhausted the subject; and that, in the harvest they had reaped, they had not left even gleanings behind them. Nevertheless, seeing how many deficiences remained to be supplied, I persevered in the collection of materials. I obtained admission into the State Paper Department, the Privy Council Office, and into the Chapter House, Westminster; and I soon discovered in those depositories many valuable original documents, throwing a fresh, clear, and strong light upon some of the most obscure parts of the history of our stage and drama. Among these were unopened patents to different companies of players, and original accounts of the royal revels from the early part of the reign of Henry VIII.; while the unexamined books of the domestic expenses of our Kings and nobility, from the reign of Edward II downwards, provided me with a great variety of novel and interesting details.

'These sources of information had not been open to general search, and I was therefore not much surprised to find that a great deal had escaped discovery, but when I came to examine the manuscripts in that great national receptacle, the British Museum, to which everybody could easily obtain access, I was astonished at the quantity of substantial materials which had remained there undetected. From the Burghley Papers scarcely a single fact had been procured, although nearly every volume contained matters of importance; and the Harleian, Cottonian, and Royal M.S.S. had been only cursorily and hastily inspected. In these I met with letters from and concerning our most notorious poets, the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare; and in a diary, kept by an intelligent Barrister, who lived while our great dramatist was in the zenith of his popularity, I found original and authentic notices of him, Spenser, Jonson, Marston, and other distinguished authors of the time. It occupied me some years to go through the voluminous collections in the Museum, but I never had occasion to regret the mis-spending of a single hour so employed.'—P. 8.

The work, which has been thus long and industriously in hand, presents us with an entire History of English Dramatic Poetry up to the time of Shakspeare (a thing never attempted before); Annals of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage, that is to say, year by year, or in divisions comprising those years; and an account of the old theatres, playhouses, and their appurtenances, the actors, audiences, goods and chattels, payments, &c.; in short, a complete history of everything relating to the theatres up to a certain point. Mr Collier has given analyses, not only of the more regular dramatic productions, hitherto partially known, that preceded those of Shakspeare, but of the principal Miracle-plays and Morals (as he teaches us more properly to call 'Mysteries' and 'Moralities') that gradually merged each into the other, till the legitimate drama bore upon wider views of human sympathy, and the scene became the representation of real life.

We shall not undertake to give an elaborate, or even a regular account of Mr Collier's work. We have carefully inspected it: we give it great faith; and shall put it on our shelves as our stock-book of reference: but we profess only, as critics, to give it the testimony of our good opinion, to make a few extracts from it of the more amusing matter, and to offer a note or two here and there.

The famous old Countess of Desmond, who lived till God knows when, and danced with Richard III at the court of his brother Edward, said that, with the exception of Edward, he was the handsomest man there. Mr Collier has found another lift for his character, or at least thinks he has, in a fondness for music; though the mode in which it is exhibited is somewhat of the roughest. 'In the second year of his reign,' he issued, it seems, 'a most arbitrary order for *impressing* singing men and children, even from cathedrals, colleges, chapels, and houses of religion, for the purpose of affording him amusement. The order is quoted in a note. 'Subsequent monarchs,' observes the author, 'were not reluctant to follow the precedent thus, perhaps, for the first time set.' The conclusion drawn, however, both on that point, and on Richard's love of music, appears to us the hastiest in Mr Collier's book, and is by no means a 'favourable specimen' of it. Wise usurpers generally try to be popular. Richard is understood to have been a clever and good king, though he got at his crown badly; and we should doubt whether he set the example of this strange kind of impressment. He most likely found it to his hand, a common custom. Nor does it follow that because he gave the order, he was particularly fond of music. It might only have been a royal matter of course. We do not mean to imply that he could not have been fond of it. There are two sorts of lovers of music; one, who sympathise with all good things; and another, who like any luxury that tickles their senses, purely on that account; who take a concert as they would snuff or perfumes. Furthermore, Richard might have had a refined as well as a superficial love of music, whether he was the man or not that has been represented; for men are inconsistent beings, and it would be hard if a bad man had not something good in him. Henry VIII was fond of music. Nay, Nero himself. All we mean to say is, that Richard's order proves nothing but itself. The monarchs who continued to press children into the choir, up to the time of James I, are not all to be supposed to have cared about the matter. Children were 'purveyed,' as it was called, as people purveyed milk and cheese. We learn from a note to Chalmers's 'Farther Account of the Early English Stage,' that, 'as late as the accession of Charles I, drummers were pressed for the army.' But we are not to suppose Charles fond of drums; any more than William IV, albeit a sailor, is given to the cultivation of press-gangs.

Our ancestors were much fonder of plays than we, doubtless owing to the comparative dearth of amusement from other liberal sources. Speaking of the beginning of the sixteenth century, Mr Collier tells us, 'So much were players in request about this period, and so fashionable an amusement had theatrical exhibitions become, that it was usual, on the celebration of a joyous event in a family of distinction, either to have a play represented by the performers attached to the family, or to hire them for the purpose.' In Croft's *Excerpta Antiqua*, is a detailed account of a banquet, play, and mask at the house of Sir John Nevell, of Chevet, on the marriage of his daughter, in January, the 17 Henry VIII., to Roger Rockley. If a person of rank gave a banquet, it was often preceded by an interlude; or (as the name implies) a dramatic performance represented in the intervals of the entertainment.

On the other hand, 'the Corporation of London,' partly out of a dislike of the trouble occasioned by the apprentices who frequented them, and partly, no doubt, out of an instinct of want of refinement, and of jealousy of court manners, shewed themselves, it appears, from a very early period, 'inimical to stage-plays.'—'Prior to April 1543, they had adopted regulations for their suppression within the boundary of the city;' and they never afterwards cordially admitted them. They were, in fact, always trying to keep them out. It was this that gave rise to the erection of play-houses outside the walls, in lieu of the inns and other make-shifts before used for theatrical representations; and hence the Globe theatre on the other side of London bridge, and the theatre in Blackfriars (near the present Apothecaries' Hall) at both of which places the works of Shakspeare came out. When Burbage, and our great dramatist, built the latter theatre, they were opposed even by the inhabitants of Blackfriars, at that time the *West End of the town*, on account of the

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noise and inconvenience. But the Court protected them, and the Chamberlain too, though they set up their tents close by the latter's house. In fact, the company were the Crown's servants, and could hardly have been opposed but by the Puritan faction, then beginning to show themselves among the great as well as the small. The two other theatres existing at this time, namely, the 'theatre' emphatically so called, probably because it had been the only one, and the playhouse called the 'Curtain,' were in Shoreditch. The Globe, which belonged to the same company as the Blackfriars, was the summer theatre, to which the gentry went in their boats. When it became unpleasant to go by water, the actors came over to Blackfriars. This neighbourhood, by the way, was fashionable up to the period of the civil wars. Vandyke, who was the court painter, and married a lady of quality, lived and died there.

[To be continued.]

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE SOCIETY.

THE 'Parliamentary Candidate Society' has just put forth a pamphlet which is entitled to some notice at the present crisis: it contains the original address of this Society, published in March last; an answer which was made to its opponents, and published also; some observations on the difficulties which it nevertheless continued to experience; an account of what it has performed in spite of those difficulties, and still intends to perform; and a specimen of one of its schedules for obtaining information, filled up.

The Society confesses that it found enemies among the friends of Reform, as well as the opponents; and it speaks of misrepresentation and calumny. Some of its original committee withdrew their names. The great objection made to it, both among friends and enemies, was, that it took upon itself 'an unwarrantable interference with the conduct of public men.'

'The people,' says the pamphlet, 'had so long been considered and used as mere tools, to make members of parliament, and members had so long possessed the power of acting as masters over the people, that what at some former period would have been admired and applauded, as proof of the honesty and independence of Englishmen, was now considered as little better than an arrogant revolt of slaves against the domination of their absolute governors.'

This is true, and we doubt not that the Society has done good, and will do more: but the pamphlet overlooks two of the reasons which induced men to hesitate before they gave it their approbation. One is, the doubt whether it might not be turned to purposes of scandal, of personal party malice, and of inquisitorial prying:—the other, the doubt whether the individuals composing the Society had all an equal right to set themselves up as public censors, or were such men as others would be honestly willing to gift with the privilege of prying into their concerns. Many men who may have no objection to a public censorship of this kind, or even to the degree of private censorship which it implies, and which the unfilled schedule (by the way) implies much more than a filled specimen, may yet have reasonable objections to such and such persons for their inquisitors, and not on accounts attributable to self-love or to a dread of the examination. They may feel, in the first place, and on the very ground of their love of liberty, a dislike to anything in the shape of an inquisitorial combination; and they may feel a more especial dislike to undergo the chance of objection from men *themselves objectionable*, perhaps on the score of the very things they profess to advocate. We confess, that when the first pamphlet of the society was put into our own hands, we felt an impulse of objection to it on both these accounts: and the consequence was, that we said nothing about the society. Upon seeing the pamphlet before us, we are compelled to say, that we think the society is of use; but still we cannot think all its constituent parts as warrantable as the entire body. We like some of its members, but we plainly confess we dislike others. We think even that the latter have no business to some forward as overseers of public virtue, having been as great aristocrats, and even time-servers after a certain fashion, as anybody: and we dislike the reason which the schedule of enquiry gives for questions, the answers to which might surely be as awkward to some of the members if made public, as the publicity of what they chuse to make known must be to the candidates who are 'shewn up.' Nevertheless, we again allow that the society is of use; and so we must rank it among that class of utilities, numerous enough in the present condition of society, which are acknowledged to be far more beneficial than pleasant.

What the Society has succeeded in effecting is stated as follows:—

'It has carried on an extensive and useful correspondence with reformers in various parts of the country.

'At the request of many bodies of electors, the Committee have forwarded statements, and published accounts, of the speeches and votes of their former representative since the general election in 1826, and in some instances for a much longer period; and they have reason to conclude, that both in preventing the enemies of reform from again soliciting the suffrages of electors, and in inducing electors to refuse them where they have ventured to solicit their suffrages, the Society has assisted in promoting the public good.'

For the present, in consequence of the close of the elections, the labours of the Society are suspended. What the members mean to do hereafter, is thus told us:—

'In continuing their labours, they will carefully observe, and daily note, the conduct of all the members of the newly elected parliament, during the great struggle about to take place for the present salvation and future permanent advantage of the people, who compose this noble commonwealth; and when the time shall arrive, that our good and gracious and patriotic King shall again, by a dissolution of the parliament, "appeal to the sense of his people," they will, without prejudice or partiality, publish an accurate account of the attendance, the absence, the speeches and votes of the members of the House of Commons; and when any discussion or decision of any national importance takes place, of the numbers of members present at such discussion and division.

'The misconduct of a representative may be of *two* general descriptions. 1. He may speak or vote contrary to the public welfare; or, 2. He may abstain from either speaking or voting on the side of the people. The latter is the least ostensible, but the most insidious mischief. The absence of a member is as much a dereliction of his duty, as it would be were he to oppose himself directly and actively to measures intended for the public benefit.

'The Society will therefore notice such conduct. The public will then know, not only when a member did mischief in a direct way, but when, by neglecting his duty, he did his utmost to permit others to do so.'

The following is a specimen of a schedule filled up, much, no doubt, to the comfort of the gentleman inside. (The space for '*Miscellaneous Remarks*' mentioned in the plan of the schedule, is, it may be observed, omitted.)

'*Josias Du Pré Alexander, M. P. for Old Sarum. Has sat in Four Parliaments.*

'*Connections.*

'Related to the Earl of Caledon, and the Bishop of Meath. Has a brother and nephew Directors of the East India Company.

'Is, with his brother, James Alexander, and Lord Caledon, a proprietor of the pocket borough for which he sits.

'The whole number of houses in the borough is—NONE.

'The greatest number of electors polled within the last 30 years is—EIGHT.

'The actual number of electors is—The proprietors.

'He is a Director of the East-India Company; and has 4 stars, or 20,000l. value of stock, and the family and partners about 70,000l. Exclusive of law and marine appointments in India, and the nominations to the establishment of the India House, with the patronage connected with shipping and trade, the East-India Company disposes of yearly appointments to India, which appear, by returns laid before Parliament, to have been on an average as follow:—

'An appointment to China, worth say -	£10,000
68 civil appointments to India, worth say 5,000l. each - - -	340,000
460 military, clerical, and medical appointments, worth say 500 each -	230,000
	£580,000

'This patronage is divided as follows; namely, the President of the Board of Controul, the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of the Court of Directors, each two shares; and the Directors generally, one share each; making altogether 28 shares. Each Director's share may thus be estimated at 20,000l. a year, or thereabouts.

'*Profession.*

'A merchant.

'*Politics.*

'High Tory; a silent supporter of all administrations except the present. Friendly to monopolies.

'*Published Works.*

'*Public Acts.*

'Parliamentary speeches—None.

'*Votes.**

'1830. Nov. 15.—Against Sir H. Parnell's motion respecting the Civil List.

'1831. March 22.—Against Lord John Russell's Reform Bill.

'April 19.—Against Reform on Gen. Gascoyne's motion.'

"* It is of great importance to the community that the attendance or non attendance of every member should be known, and especially that the votes he gives should be published. It is only in a few cases that any such publication is made, and then it is generally confined to the minority. A member may therefore sit in the house during his life, and vote for every measure obnoxious to the general welfare, without having his vote recorded. This evil will, we may hope, be remedied by a reformed parliament."

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TO THE TATLER.

THE NEW ANECDOTE OF SHAKSPEARE.

DEAR MR TATLER,—I have not read Mr Collier's 'History of Dramatic Poetry to the time of Shakspeare,' &c. The encomium you pass upon the work in this day's paper, I shall not therefore dispute; but having already read in print the anecdote of Shakspeare which you quote, and comment upon as new, I must demur to its novelty.

The anecdote you will find already printed in the second column of the ninth page of a life of Shakspeare, prefixed to a prolegomena to Shakspeare's Works, published by Sherwood and Co. in 1825.

Should Mr Collier have communicated the materials for that life, he is entitled to the merit of having discovered the anecdote, should it not have been before published. If he did not, he reaps the reward, in your praise, of another man's labours.

Your's obediently, Mr Tatler,

A CONSTANT READER.

Saturday, 11th June 1831.

VIEW FROM THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

The garden front of the Tuileries, heavy and incongruous as it is when analyzed by architectural taste, is unquestionably magnificent. The view from it is unrivalled as a scene of artificial beauty. The eye ranges over broad terraces, crowded with a pleasure-loving population; walks interspersed with flower-gardens, and fountains, and shady groves, where some antique statue is encountered at every turn. From the central position the prospect is uninterrupted for a distance of several miles, and is terminated by the grand arch of the Barrière de Neuilly. The southern terrace is bounded by the quays and the river, and the northern by the splendid buildings of the Rue de Rivoli, from which street the garden is separated, not by a dark wall, but by a handsome open railing. We at once see that, whatever the French may have wanted in real political freedom, the out-door pleasures of the people have been abundantly consulted, even by their most arbitrary monarchs. It was the freedom of access to objects of taste and beauty which alone made the old regime endurable. The people in some degree participated in the pride of the monarch; and thus his splendour veiled his oppression. The respect which the French pay to the monuments of art, in which the humblest man feels a pride, presents a humiliating contrast to the barbarous mutilations which some, even of those who pretend to be refined, amongst ourselves, inflict upon the works of taste of which they are occasionally permitted to have a glimpse by the possessors. The reason is evident. We have too few institutions which offer such freedom of access, as the gardens of the Tuileries and the gallery of the Louvre. The people have had no public property to respect; and they are therefore deficient in that branch of national education. Even the monuments of our illustrious dead are closed against them, except upon the payment of contemptible fees, and under the watch of an ignorant exhibitor. The evil is sustaining some remedy. — *Library of Entertaining Knowledge, Vol* 10, *Part* 1.—*Paris and its Historical Scences.*

NOBILITY SPRUNG FROM TRADE.

(Lately quoted by the HERALD, from an old Newspaper.)

Pennant, in his 'History of London,' page 397, gives a curious list of some of our principal Noble families who owe their origin to trades, honest or dishonest, in the following words, viz.—"I beg leave here to remind several Noble Peers, of their industrious forefathers."

John Coventry was an opulent mercer of the city of London, and Mayor in 1425; a most spirited magistrate. From him is descended the Earl of Coventry.

The family of Rich, Earls of Warwick and Holland, arose from Richard Rich, an opulent mercer; Sheriff in 1441.

The Holles, Earls of Clare and Dukes of Newcastle, sprung from Sir Wm. Holles, Mayor in 1540, son of Wm. Holles, citizen and baker.

Sir Thomas Leigh, Mayor in 1558, furnished the Peerage with the addition of two, viz.—Leigh, Earl of Chichester, and Leigh, Lord Leigh of Stonely.

The Bouveries, Earls of Radnor, descend from Edward Des Bouveries, an opulent Turkey merchant; died in 1694.

Lord Ducie was descended from Sir Robert Ducie, Sheriff in 1620, Mayor in 1631, banker to Charles I., and afterwards created a Baronet.

Paul Bayning, Sheriff in 1593, was father of Paul, created Viscount Bayning.

The Cranfields, Earls of Middlesex, rose from Lionel Cranfield, a citizen, bred up in the Custom-house. The Duke of Dorset is descended from Frances Cranfield, heiress of the third Earl.

The Noble family of Ingram, Viscount Irwin (now represented by the Marchioness of Hertford), were raised in the reign of Elizabeth, by Hugh Ingram, citizen and tallow-chandler.

Sir Stephen Brown, Mayor in 1431, was a grocer, and gave us another Peer in the person of Sir Anthony Brown, created Viscount Montague in 1554.

The ancestor of the Legges, Earls of Dartmouth, was Mayor of London in 1347 and in 1357, having in his trade of a skinner attained great wealth.

Sir Geoffry Bullen, Mayor in 1458, was grandfather to Thomas Bullen, Earl of Wiltshire, father to Anna Bullen, and grandfather to Queen Elizabeth; the highest genealogical honour the City ever possessed.

Sir Baptist Hicks, mercer, founded the Peerage of Camden.

Sir W. Capel, draper, Mayor in 1503, founded the Noble family of Capel, now Earls of Essex.

Edward Osborne, Mayor in 1683, was ancestor of the Dukes of Leeds.

Michael Dormer, mercer, Mayor in 1542, produced the future Lords Dormer.

From Sir William Craven, merchant taylor, Mayor in 1611, sprung the Earls of Craven.

Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward descended from W. Ward, a wealthy goldsmith in London, and jeweller to the Queen of Charles I.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

FINE ARTS.—We are informed by a correspondent, that the first Exhibition of the NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS will take place in the Spring of 1832; the objects which the Society have in view having met with the approbation and concurrence of some of the leading patrons, and many of the most distinguished artists. The Society is patronised by Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

THE BANYAN TREE. — The natives of Tahiti have a tradition that the seed of this gigantic plant was brought by a bird from the moon. —*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

— The more men refine upon pleasure, the less will they indulge in excesses of any kind; because nothing is more destructive to true pleasure than such excess.—*Hume.*

INSTINCT OF SPIDERS.—It has been observed, that some spiders with an instinctive sagacity, select, as the place of greatest security from disturbance, the lids of the poor boxes in churches.—*Dr Mitchell's Lecture on Animal and Vegetable life.*

THE NE PLUS ULTRA OF STILLNESS.—The stillness was so deep on the first night of his (Paganini's) concert, that a single piece of wax dropping from the side of a candle on the stage, had an effect absolutely startling.—*Examiner.*

— The Albanese, like the modern Romans, pursue their avocations out of doors; even the attentions of courtship are carried on with amusing publicity at the house door; or the Zitella, leaning out of a first-floor window, listens complacently to the loud and passionate pleadings of her enamorato in the street below.

GHOSTS.—The neighbourhood in which the eight men were lately poisoned by eating patties containing arsenic, has, it is rumoured, been ever since haunted by the ghosts of the deceased. At night they are overheard talking with each other, and expressing their dissatisfaction that no respect has been shewn to their manes. The inhabitants have therefore contributed to have a service performed by the Taou-sze during three days and three nights. It is the popular belief, that this service elevates the departed spirits from the shades below to a state of happiness.—*Canton Register.*

GALLANTRY OF THE BOROUGHMONGERS.—A lady of the Blue (reform) party at Whitehaven, having felt some curiosity to see the preparations for the Lowther dinner there, soon after the election, went into the Granary-yard of the Castle, where it was laid out, accompanied by a friend of the opposite party; when in the yard, the Rev. Mr Lowther rudely ordered her to quit the place. As a recompense, the Chairman at the reform dinner in the town, a few days after, proposed the health of the 'Blue Belle of Whitehaven, who had the "audacity" to go and see 900 anti-reformers eat yellow beef.' He believed it was the only thing of the kind seen in England, and a lady might have been fairly excused her curiosity in going to witness such a rare sight.—*Evening Paper.*

THE OAK AND THE GRASS.—One morning, the Oak said to the Grass which grew under its branches, 'Thou art very ungrateful not to acknowledge the blessing which thou enjoyest, of being covered in the frost of winter with the leaves which I shake off in autumn.'—But the Grass replied, 'Thou deprivest me, with thy branches, of my share of sun, dew, and rain, and with thy roots of my portion of nourishment from the ground; boast not, therefore, of the alms-giving of thy foliage, with which thou art obliged, for the sake of thy own roots, to cover my lingering existence.'—*Pestalozzi.*

EMULATION EXTINGUISHED BY PERFECTION.—Perhaps it may not be for the advantage of any nation to have the arts imported from their neighbours in too great perfection. This extinguishes emulation, and sinks the ardour of the generous youth. So many models of Italian painting brought into England, instead of exciting our artists, is the cause of their small progress in that noble art. The same, perhaps, was the case of Rome, when it received the arts from Greece.—*Hume's Essays.*

DREAMS.

All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood.
Choler adust conjects the blood with fear,
Then black bucks toss us, and black devils tear;
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppressed, we sink in rivers drown'd. *Dryden.*

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— An Irishman asked one of the New Police the reason why he wore the white mark round his arm? 'It is to show that I am on duty,' replied the policeman. 'Och, and it's that you tell me; by the powers I was thinking it was to let you know your *right* arm from your *left*.'

A GIFT SHOULD BE GIVEN FREELY.

Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles;
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils. *Denham.*

— INDUSTRY, KNOWLEDGE, and HUMANITY are linked together by an indissoluble chain, and are found, from experience as well as reason, to be peculiar to the more polished, and what are commonly denominated, the more luxurious ages.—*Hume.*

THE BRUTALIZING EFFECTS OF SLAVERY.—A poor Negress who is a slave in this colony (the Mauritius) with great labour and long parsimony had saved as much money as would purchase a human being. She had a daughter, a slave like herself. What did she? She purchased that daughter of their common owner, and set her at liberty, being content to remain in bondage, for the pleasure of seeing her child walking at large, with *shoes* on her feet, which are here the badge of freedom among people of colour, no slave being permitted to wear them. Soon after the bargain had been completed, the affectionate mother happening to come into a room where this daughter was sitting, very naturally and unconsciously sat down beside her, as she had been wont to do. A moment or two afterwards, the daughter turned round in a rage, and rebuked her, exclaiming, 'How dare you sit down in my presence? Do you not know that I am a free woman, and you are a slave? Rise instantly, and leave the room.'—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*—[It is no less difficult than painful to give credit to an incident like this.]

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY-LANE.—Simpson and Co. — The Brigand — Turning the Tables — The Quadrupeds.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Azor and Zemira—Napoleon Buonaparte.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Les Projets de Mariage—Le Bourguemestre de Sardam—Le Bénéficiaire.

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Seria, in Two Acts, of

MEDEA.

[By MAYER.]

Medea, Wife of Jason . . . . Madame Pasta.
Creusa, Daughter of Creontes . . . . . Miss F. Ayton.
Ismenes, Confidant of Medea . . . Mlle. Feliani.
Creontes, King of Corinth . . . . . Signor Lablache.
Ægeus, King of Athens . . . Signor Rubini.
Jason . . . . Signor Curioni.
Tideus, Confidant of Creontes . . . Signor Deville.
Two children of Jason and Medea.
Corinthians, Maidens, Priests, Followers of Ægeus, Guards.

To conclude with a New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA BAYADERE.

[Composed by M. DESHAYES.]
The Music by Auber, arranged by M. Musard.

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, Mlle. Taglioni, M. Lefebvre, M. Emile. M. Simon, M. Hunt, M. O'Brien, and M. Bertram.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

A New Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, called

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

[Adapted from the French, by Mr PLANCHE.]
The Music by Mr A. Lee.

Madame La Ronde, Mrs Orger. Isabeau, Mrs Waylett.
Philippe Galliard (aged 102), Mr Farren.
Jerome Galliard, his son, Mr Dowton. Pierre Galliard, his grandson, Mr Liston.
Antoine Galliard, his great grandson, Mr Bland.
François Ledru, Mr Harley. Horace Galonné, Mr B. Hill. Hector, Miss Poole.

After which, a Musical Piece, in Two Acts, called

THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

[By Mr KENNEY.]

Fatima, Mrs Waylett, in which she will sing 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Irza, Miss Faucit. Aboulifar, Mr Thompson. Arzan, Mr Bland.
Alibajou, Mr Webster. Bowbell, Mr Liston. Gimbo, Mr Harley.

To which will be added a New Farce, called

TURNING THE TABLES.

[Partly from the French, by Mr POOLE.]

Miss Knibbs, Miss Faucit. Mrs Humphries, Mrs C. Jones.
Patty Larkins, Mrs Orger. Mr Knibbs, Mr Hughes. Mr Thornton, Mr J. Vining.
Jack Humphries, Mr Liston. Jeremiah Bumps, Mr Cooper.
Mr Edgar de Courcy, Mr Vining.

To conclude with the Grand Opera of

MASANIELLO.

[By M. AUBER.]

Elvira, Miss Byfeld. Fenella, Mrs W. Barrymore. Inis, Miss Chikini.
Masaniello, Mr Sinclair. Don Alphonso, Mr T. Cooke. Pietro, Mr Bedford.
Ruffino, Mr Bland. Lorenzo, Mr Howard. Moreno, Mr Yarnold.

A Spanish Bolero, by Mr Gilbert and Mlle. Rosalia Guet.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL,

In Three Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—Songs, 'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—Songs, 'The Omnibus,' and 'The Country Concert.'

PART III.—Song, 'Thames Sailing Match.' Scena. Song, 'Harlowe Bush Fair.'

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Silk Valencia	0	13	0
Patent Anglo Merino Trowsers, in Mixtures, Drabs, and Checks, from	16s. to	1	1 0
Fashionable Le Roi Jean		1	1 0
Ditto Checked Drill	12s. to	0	18 0

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THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Opera of

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss Inverarity. Clorinda, Miss Cawse. Thisbe, Miss Hughes.
Fairy Queen, Miss H. Cawse.
Felix, Mr Wilson. Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. Penson.
Alidoro, Mr G. Stansbury. Dandini, Mr Morley. Pedro, Mr Keeley.

After which, the Farce of

THE OMNIBUS; OR, A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

Julia Ledger, Miss Lawrence. Mrs Dobbs, Mrs Tayleure. Miss Damper, Mrs Daly.
Miss Jemima Damper, Miss Appleton. Mr Lodger, Mr Blanchard.
Mr Dobbs, Mr Bartley. Tom Dobbs, Mr Keeley. Pat Zooney, Mr Power.

To conclude with the Farce of

TEDDY THE TILER.

Lady Dunderford, Mrs Daly. Oriel, Miss Lawrence. Flora, Miss Nelson.
Julia, Mrs Brown. Ladies, Mesds. Perry and Appleton.
Lord Dunderford, Mr Evans. Henry, Mr Duruset. Frederick, Mr Baker.
Bombardine, Mr Henry. Mr Scrivener, Mr Turnour. Tim, Mr Addison.
Teddy Mulowney, Mr Power. Stiff, Mr Mears.
Apewell, Mr Irwin. Constable, Mr Fuller. Richard, Mr Heath.

To-morrow, The Chancery Suit; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Comedy of

THE HYPOCRITE.

[By BICKERSTAFF.]
Doctor Cantwell, Mr Williams.

After which,

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.

Rosina, Miss Somerville. Count Almaviva, Mr Hunt.
Doctor Bartolo, Mr Williams. Figaro, Mr Latham.

To conclude with

CHARLES THE SECOND.

[By HOWARD PAYNE.]
Mary, Miss Somerville.
Charles the Second, Mr Osbaldiston. Capt. Copp, Mr Williams.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

The Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

The Overture and Music selected from DIBDIN'S Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr BLEWITT.

Black-Eyed Susan, Mrs Evans. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Saville.
William, Mr Forrester. The Admiral, Mr Porteus. Quid, Mr G. Smith.
Captain Crosstree, Mr Spencer. Lieut. Pike, Mr G. Lejeune.
Blue Peter, Mr Bennett, with Gay's admired Ballad of 'All in the Downs.'
Yarn, Mr Davies. Raker, Mr Willing. Hatchett, Mr Barnett.
Doggrass, Mr Munroe. Jacob Twig, Mr Marshall. Ploughshare, Mr Young.
Gnatbrain, Mr Wilson.

After which, a Musical Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled

MY FRIEND FROM TOWN; OR, THE ELECTION.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacit, Mr G. Smith. Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

To conclude with a New Romantic Legend, in Two Acts, entitled

THE SPIRIT OF THE MIST.

[By Mr KEPPELL.]
The Music composed by Mr H. P. Hill.

The Lady Adela, Miss Dix. Rosabelle, Mrs Evans. Nerissa, Mrs Saville.
Unaria, Sylph of the Waters, Mademoiselle Josephine.
Albert, Mr Keppell. Baron Claudio, Mr Cooke. Don Carlos, Mr Lejeune.
Alberto, Mr G. Smith. Pedrillo, Mr Wilkinson.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Mysterious Tailor.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET. — Feats of Horsemanship — The Russian Courier—Lilliputian Napoleon—Vaulting—Mr J. Cooke's Exercises—Parisian Montrosities—The Flying Gymnasiast—Mr Welle's Performances — The Youthful Roscius — Greek Flag Dance—Dragon of Rhodes.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Outlaw's Oath—The Miser of Madrid—The English Paganini—Frozen Hand.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Bianca; or, the Italian Wife—A Pill for Portugal—Orphan of Hindostan.

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Nº 244.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1831.

OLD ENGLISH DRAMA.*

[Continued from Yesterday.]

THE following curious extracts, relative to the anti-theatrical spirit in the City, are made by Mr Collier from certain reports sent occasionally to Lord Burghley by Fleetwood the City Recorder, a very lively personage for one in that office. The Lord Mayor in 1584 wanted to suppress the two theatres in Shoreditch, which appear at this period to have been the occasion of a good deal of disturbance.

'Upon Whit sondaye,' says Fleetwood, 'there was a very good sermond preached at the new churche yard nere Bethelem, whereat my Lo. Mayor was with his brethren; and, by reason no playes were the same daie, all the citie was quiet.

'That night (Monday) retorned to London, and found all the wardes full of watches: the cause thereof was, that very near the Theatre or Curten, at the time of the playes there, lay a prentice sleping upon the grass, and on (one) Challis at Brostock dyd turn upon the too (toe) upon the belly of the same prentice; whereupon the apprentice start up, and after words they fell to playne blowes.

'Upon Weddensday one Browne, a serving man in a blew coat, a slashing fellowe, having a perrilous witt of his owne, entending a sport if he cold have brought it to passe, did at the Theater doore quarrell with certain poore boys, handicraft prenteses, and shooke some of them; and lastly he with his sword wounded and maymed one of the boyes upon the left hand; wherupon there assembled nere a M. people.

'Upon Soundaye my lord sent two Aldermen to the court, for the suppressing and pulling downe of the Theatre and Curten. All the Lords were therunto, saving my Lord Chamberlain and Mr Vyce but we obteyned a letter to suppresse theym. Upon the same nyght I sent for the quenes players, and my Lo. of Arundel his players, and they all willinglie obeyed the Lords letters. The cheefest of her highnes players advysed me to send for the owner of the Theatre, who was a stubborne fellow, and to bynd hym. I did so; he sent me word that he was my Lo. of Hunsdens man, and that he would not come at me, but he would in the monying ride to my Lord. Then I sent the under sheriff for him, and he browght him to me; and in the end I shewed hym my Lo. his masters hands, and then he was more quiet; but to die for it he would not be bound. And then I mynding to send him to prison, he made sute that he might be bounde to appere at the Oier and determiner, the which is to morowe, where he said that he was sure the court would not bynd hym, being a Counselors man. And so I have graunted his request, where he shalbe sure to be bound, or else ys lyke to do worse.

'An old mucision of the Quenes had this last night *meretricem* in his *lectulo*: one Alen a constable, being *homo barbatus*, took theym. The Italian most violentlie tore of Alens berd, and said he might have a wenche in his chamber, because for that he was the Quenes man. Alen now is become a Marques under my Lo. Mayor, and hath bound the Italian to answere at the next gaole delyverie.' —P. 258.

Fleetwood, says Mr Collier, 'was himself a natural son; so that he might be disposed to treat the Queen's old musician caught with *meretricem* in his *lectulo*, with the less severity.'

We have already given a story of Shakspeare afforded us by another lively lawyer, or a person supposed to be such, who kept a Diary of the Pepys order, now first brought forward by Mr Collier. Some further extracts from this Diary will at once amuse the reader, and give a good specimen of the author's intelligence and research:—

'First with regard to Shakspeare. The period when he wrote his *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*, has been much disputed among the commentators. Tyrwhitt was inclined to fix it in 1614, and Malone for some years was of the same opinion; but he afterwards changed the date he had adopted to 1607. Chalmers thought he found circumstances in the play to justify him in naming 1613, but what I am about to quote affords a striking, and at the same time a rarely occurring, and convincing proof, how little these conjectures merit confidence. That comedy was indisputably written before 1602, for in February of that year it was an established play, and so much liked, that it was chosen for performance at the Reader's Feast on Candlemas day, at the Inn of Court to which the author of this diary belonged—most likely the Middle Temple, which at that date was famous for its costly entertainments. After reading the following quotation, it is utterly impossible, although the name of the poet be not mentioned, to feel a moment's doubt as to the identity of the play there described, as the production of Shakspeare.

'"Feb. 2, 1601 [2.]

'"At our feast we had a play called *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*, much like the *Comedy of Errors*, or *Menechmi* in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian, called *Inganni*. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter as from his lady, in general terms telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c., and then, when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad.'"

'At this date, we may conclude with tolerable safety, that Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night* had been recently brought out at the Blackfriars' Theatre, and that its excellence and success had induced the managers of the Reader's Feast to select it for performance, as part of the entertainments on that occasion. There is no reason to suppose that any of Shakspeare's productions were represented for the first time anywhere but at a theatre. The *Comedy of Errors*, noticed in the preceding extract, was no doubt also Shakspeare's work mentioned by Meres in 1598, and not the old *History of Error*, performed at Hampton Court in 1576-7. The *Menechmi*, likewise spoken of, was of course the play of Plautus, as translated by W. W., and printed in 1595. Should the Italian comedy, called *Inganni*, turn up, we shall probably find it the actual original of *Twelfth Night*, which, it has been hitherto supposed, was founded upon the story of Apollonius and Sylla, in Barnabe Rich's 'Farewell to Militarie Profession,' twice printed, viz. in 1583 and 1606. It is remarkable that this is the only notice of a play throughout the Diary; and although the author of it went much into company, he does not appear on any occasion to have visited a public theatre. He was very regular in his attendance at church, both at the Temple and St Paul's, and inserts long accounts of the preachers and their sermons.'—P. 257.

Here follows the story we gave in our paper of Saturday. Mr Collier then proceeds:—

'Ben Jonson is only once mentioned in the same Diary, but the date and circumstances are both remarkable. It is known that he wrote nothing between his 'Poetaster,' in 1601, and his 'Sejanus,' in 1603; and in the interval, Decker produced his 'Satiromestix,' in ridicule of Ben Jonson; and as far as we can now judge, it was popular. Ben Jonson, therefore, seems in consequence to have withdrawn himself temporarily from the theatre, between 1601, when "his comic muse had proved so ominous" to him, and in 1603, when he tried "if tragedy had a more kind aspect." The following short paragraph accounts for him in the interval:—

'"Feb. 12, 1602.

'"Ben Jonson, the poet, now lives upon one Townesende, and scornes the world." So Overbury.'

'Townesende was probably some person who admired Jonson's genius, and thought that justice was not done to him by the public. The meaning of the addition, "So Overbury," is, evidently, that Sir Thomas Overbury, then a Student of the Middle Temple, was a narrator of the fact.

'John Marston was an author of Satires in 1598; and his play of *Antonio and Melida* was printed in the year in which he is noticed in the 'Barrister's Diary.' His *Malecontent* had, however, been written more than two years earlier, and he seems to have attracted a good deal of attention. The subsequent paragraph is very characteristic of its coarseness.

'"Nov. 21, 1602.

'"Jo. Marston, the last Christmas, when he danced with Alderman Mores wives daughter, a Spaniard born, fell into a strange commendation of her wit and beauty. When he had done, she thought to pay him home, and told him she thought he was a poet.—"'Tis true," said he, "for poets feigne and lie, and soe did I when I commended your beauty, for you are exceedingly foule."'—P. 333. . . . . .

'The following anecdote respecting Spenser has never before been told on such good authority, although it has been long known by tradition. It is disbelieved by Mr Todd, in his Spenser, i, lxvii, edit. 1805.

'"May 4, 1602.

'"When her Majestie had given order that Spenser should have a

* *The History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakspeare: and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration. By J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.* 3 vols. 8vo. Murray.

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reward for his poems, but Spenser could have nothing, he presented her with these verses:—

'"It pleased your Grace upon a time,
To graunt me reason for my rhyme;
But from that time until this season,
I heard of neither rhyme nor reason."'

'The barrister's informant in this instance was a person of the name of Touse, to whom he often refers as his voucher.

'An epitaph upon Spenser is thus given:—

'"*In Spenserum.*

'"Famous alive, and dead, here is the ods,
Then god of poets, now poet of the gods."'

The following does more credit to his adversary than to Sir W. Raleigh, but not much to either:—

'"December 30, 1602.

'"Sir W. Rawly made this ryme upon the name of a gallant, one Mr Noel:—

'"Noe L.

'"The word of Denial, and the letter of fifty
Makes the gent's name, that will never be thrifty."

'And Noel's Answer.

'"Raw Ly.

'"The foe to the stomacke, and the word of disgrace,
Shews the gent.'s name with the bold face."

There are several very coarse jokes regarding Sir John Davies; the following may be quoted:—

'"April 10, 1603.

'"Jo. Davies reporteth that he is sworne the king's name; that the K. shewed him great favours: *inepte*, he slanders while he praises."

'Regarding the death of Queene Elizabeth, the subsequent particulars derived, as will be seen, from the most authentic sources, are contained in the MS. Diary to which I have been so much indebted. The short concluding paragraph, regarding the ring and Lord Essex, is particularly worthy of notice:

'"March 23.—I was at the Court at Richmond to heare Dr Parry, one of her Majestie's Chaplens preach, and be assured whether the queene were living or dead. I heard him, and was assured she was then living. * * * These were present at his sermon. The Archbishop of Cant. the L. Keep. the L. Treasuror, L. Admirall, L. of Shrewsbury, E. of Worster, L. Gray, Sir Willm. Knollys, Sir Ed. Wotton, &c.

'"I dined with Dr Parry in the Privy Chamber, and understood by him, the Bishop of Chichester, the Deane of Canterbury, the Deane of Windsore, &c. that her Majestie hath been by fits troubled with melancholie some three or four months; but for this fortnight extreame oppressed with it, in so much that she refused to eat anything, to receive any phisicke, or admit any rest in bedd, till within these two or three dayes. Shee hath been in a manner speechless for two days: very pensive and silent since Shrovetide, sitting sometimes with her eye fixed upon one object many hours together; yet she always had her perfect senses and memory, and yesterday signified by the lifting up of her hand and eyes to heaven, a sign which Dr Parry entreated of her, that shee beloved that faith which she hath caused to be professed, and looked faithfully to be saved by Christ's merits and mercy only, and no other meanes. She took great delight in hearing prayers, would often at the name of Jesus lift up her hands and eyes to heaven. She would not hear the Archb. speaks of hope of her longer life, but when he prayed and spoke of heaven and those joys, she would hug his hand. It seems she might have lived yf she would have used means, but shee would not be persuaded, and princes must not be forced. Hir physicians said she had a body of a firm and perfect constitution likely to have lived many years: a Royal Majestie is not privilege against death.

'March 24.—This morning, at about three o'clock, her Majestie departed this life, mildly like a lamb, easily like a ripe apple from the tree: *cum levi quadam febre, absq. gemitu*. Dr Parry told me that he was present, and sent his prayers before her soule; and I doubt not, but that she is amongst the royal saintes in heaven, in eternal joys.

'April 4.—Dr Parry told me the Countess Kildare assured him, that the queene caused the ring, wherewith she was wedded to the crowne, to be cut from her finger some six months before her death; but wore a ring which the E. of Essex gave her, unto the day of hir death.'—P. 335.

[To be continued.]

VALUE OF A NAIL.—We have been told that the first nail ever seen in this island was taken from a boat at Raitea. It was a spike-nail, and brought hither by its fortunate possessor as something of rare value. And so it proved, for he made no small gain by lending it out for hire to canoe-builders to bore holes in the sides of their planks. Afterwards another lucky fellow got hold of a nail, and not knowing how such a thing came into existence, he shrewdly conjectured that it must have been formed by a process of vegetation. Wherefore, to propagate so valuable an exotic, he planted his nail in the ground, but waited in vain for the blade, the bud, the blossom, and the fruit. This man is still living, and has not heard the last of his speculation, being often reminded, to his no small chagrin, of the folly by which he acquired at least one piece of knowledge.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Voyages.*

FINE ARTS.

THE LIVING PAINTERS. No. VI.

'Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea, all in sedges hid.'—*Taming of the Shrew.*

WM. HILTON, R.A.—WM. ETTY, R.A.—H. HOWARD, R.A. C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A.

MR HILTON never offends us. He is never extravagant, and never mean. He exhibits occasionally instances of really fine colour, and adopts interesting subjects for his pencil. What then is it that we want?—We have some difficulty in answering the question with precision. But we feel that something *is* wanting in this artist's works, to place him on the foremost level. His is the '*aurea mediocritas.*' He is first in the second class of art, ranking below the great masters, but at the same time taking a creditable station. Perhaps he reminds us too often of the Italian painters. This, did it force us merely into a comparison with them, might amount to a high compliment to Mr Hilton; but that is not the case. It is not that he is as good as they are; but simply that he resembles them. We have caught ourselves, more than once, thinking of Guercino, of Andrea del Sarto, of Raffaelle, of Rubens, &c.; when standing before Mr Hilton's pictures; and we therefore cannot help thinking that the source of his inspiration must sometimes lie in their inventions. It must not be understood that we rate Mr Hilton low in reference to his brother artists. On the contrary, he occupies a high place amongst them. As a serious historical painter, he has—(with the exception of Mr Stothard's and Mr Haydon's *best* things)—done as much as any cotemporary painter that we can at present call to our recollection. He is decidedly a more effective artist than Mr Briggs, or Mr Etty, or Mr Howard, although the last named gentleman has sometimes excelled him, we think in graceful design. Mr Hilton has two pictures in Somerset House this year. One is 'The Angel releasing Peter, No. 168,'—the other, 'Sir Calepine rescuing Serena, No. 64.' The first of these reminds us, either from similarity of subject, or some other cause, of Raffaelle, and our artist suffers in consequence. The picture, of which the idea is taken from Spenser is, to our fancy, better. There is not, indeed, much expression in the heads; but the figure of Serena, for colour, harmony, and effect, is one of the loveliest things that the Exhibition affords; there are other parts of this picture which are also entitled to praise.

MR ETTY is an artist of great reputation. We can testify to his excellence as a colourist on former occasions, and indeed to his general merits as a painter. But we do not think that he is at present in the right road to fame. We wish we could set him right. He has abandoned his Venetian style, we perceive, and taken up—we know not what. It is as though he had grafted some of the defects of the Bolognese school on those of Leonardo da Vinci's. To our unsophisticated vision, his Scripture subject of this year (as well as that of last year) is very indifferent, even in colour. It is hard, black, and equally devoid of grace and meaning. Mr Etty's academical studies are beautiful, but they are not sufficient for a picture, and in *this* picture he does not even preserve the colour which he learns at the Life Academy. He who once was as gorgeous as summer, is now reduced to lamp-black and an ambiguous hue, in which a cold yellow and dirty brown seem struggling for pre-eminence. We would rather see Mr Etty again in his peacock plumage, when he caught sight of Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus, or when he painted 'Dan Cupid,' just after his sparkling wings had been dipped in the rainbow.

There are one or two paintings of merit in Somerset-House at present, by this artist, which ought not to be passed over. One is 'No. 170, Sabrina,' from Milton's Comus. The reader who recollects this nymph will be delighted to repeat the beautiful words in which the poet invokes her:—

'Sabrina fair!
Listen, where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.'

The painter, or the poet who prints the Somerset-House catalogue, has improved Milton's version, by throwing the two first lines of the above extract *into one!* This is economizing space with a vengeance.

With the exception of our friend Sabrina, Venus, and an occasional Cupid or two, the whole of Mythology seems to have become the domain of Mr HOWARD. He is proprietor of Iris and Ceres, of Narcissus and Echo, of Hylas and Hyacinthus. The

'Towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods,'—

is his, and all upwards to Jove. Then again, he is the historian of Fairy-land, exhibiting Oberon to us, and Titania, and all

'That Pygmæan race
Beyond the Indian mount, and faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees,'

when Sir John Barleycorn, vanquisher of the wits of men, takes his

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clownship by the ear, and shews him the greenwood haunted; or when the Spirit of Potheen dances from stalk to stalk, till Shamus O'Raffarty forgetteth that he is in the region of potatoes, and seeth nothing but 'good people' in the crowd of shillelah-bearers who dog his steps, with anything but amicable intentions, from the neighbouring 'wake.'

All this is, by common assent, Mr Howard's; but we can imagine far other things to exist in these parts than what Mr Howard has discovered. He is by no means deficient in occasional elegance—(his Titania, sleeping under a large lily or Narcissus flower, in the moonlight, is beautiful)—but he wants that air and extreme grace, and, as it were, impalpable beauty, which such a superhuman theme demands. Raffaelle, in his Cupid and Psyche, and Mr Stothard, in a few of his early drawings, seem to be the only artists who have had imaginations delicate and powerful enough to apprehend and overcome the difficulties of this subject.

We must wait a little longer before we venture to pronounce on the merits of Mr Eastlake. We are exceedingly disposed to yield him a *very* high place in modern art. What he wants is effect, and a more natural style of colour. At present, his pictures are too like faded frescoes. What he *has* is—beauty, expression, elegance, and simplicity; and he has these, we think (now that Mr Stothard is passed) in a degree beyond any other person in the Royal Academy. We hope good (and why not great?) things, from Mr Eastlake. Let him take care not to disappoint us. His 'Italian Family, No. 78,' notwithstanding the defects that we have alluded to, is a delightful picture, and possesses a combination of qualities that we do not observe in any other picture in the Exhibition of the present year.

[No. VII will contain "The Portrait Painters." viz. Sir M. A. Shee, Sir W. Beechey, Messrs Wilkie, Phillips, Jackson, Pickersgill, Reinagle, Chinnery, Norton, and Rothwell.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

A Wifely Duty.—To partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, *to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him*..... She must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Chinese-English.—A Chinese lad who had learned a little English, the other day gave his master a pleasant specimen of his proficiency: 'Master,' said he, 'the dog have five childs: three of them be bulls, and two be cows.'—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

— The spirit of the age affects all the arts; and the minds of men being once roused from their lethargy, and put into fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. —*Hume's Essays.*

Monarchy and Republicanism.—However perfect the monarchical form may appear to some politicians, it owes all its perfection to the republican; nor is it possible that a pure despotism, established among a barbarous people, can ever, by its native force and energy, refine and polish itself. It must borrow its laws, and methods, and institutions, and consequently its stability and order, from free governments. These advantages are the sole growth of republics.—*Hume.*

Counsel for a Bride and Bridegroom.—*Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy:* but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, *by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven*, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the *loud noises of a tempest*, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, *there are a great many remembrances, and some things present that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.—Jeremy Taylor.*

Random-Shot of a Gamekeeper.—At a time when party-spirit ran high, Sheridan went on a shooting excursion into the Highlands, and being near the estate of Lord Melville, asked permission of the gamekeeper to let him shoot an hour or so upon it. The man consented, and when they were in a wild part of the mountain, began to speak of politics, not knowing the person to whom he addressed himself; but mentioning Sheridan's name with great energy, he exclaimed, 'Deil hae my saul, if I could see the rascal, an I would not break every bone in his body.' Sheridan, of course, took the hint, and concealed his name from so formidable an adversary.—*Bennett's Albanians, &c.*

Aristocracy and Standing Army.—It may perhaps be asked why Booth could go to the tavern, and not to the oratorio, with his wife. In truth, then, the tavern was within hallowed ground, that is to say, in the verge of the court: for of five officers that were to meet there, three besides Booth were confined to that air, which hath been always found extremely wholesome to a *broken* military constitution. And here, if the good reader will pardon the pun, he will scarce be offended at the observation; since how is it possible that, without running in debt, any person should maintain the dress and appearance of a gentleman, whose income is not half so good as that of a porter? It is true that this allowance, small as it is, is a great expense to the public; but if several more unnecessary charges were spared, the public might perhaps bear a little increase of this without much feeling it. They would not, I am sure, have equal reason to complain at contributing to the maintenance of a set of brave fellows, who, at the hazard of their health, their limbs, and their lives, have maintained the safety and honour of their country; as when they find themselves taxed to the support of a set of drones, who have not the least merit or claim to their favour; and who, without contributing in any manner to the good of the hive, live luxuriously on the labours of the industrious bee.—*Fielding's 'Amelia.'*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

King's Theatre.—Semiramide—La Bayadere.
Drury-Lane.—The Legion of Honour—The Illustrious Stranger—Turning the Tables—Massaniello.
Covent-Garden.—Cinderella—The Omnibus—Teddy the Tiler.

My dear Mr Tatler,—As the ten nights for which the French company have engaged the Adelphi Theatre are to conclude the professional labours of M. Potier, I would fain recommend your readers not to let them pass away unheeded. Those who have seen this excellent actor will need no persuasion to go and see him again; those who have not, should hasten to do so, before he retires. I saw him last season in the character of *Antoine*, in the piece of that name; afterwards played, in the English version, by Farren. The public could not determine which was the finer performance. Both were painfully true in their representation of the mental darkness and occasional gleams of intellect, together with the bodily weakness of extreme age. On Monday evening I went to see M. Potier in *Le Bourgmestre de Sardam*, which has been performed at the English theatres, I think, by the title of *Peter the Great, or 'Twould puzzle a Conjuror*. He represented the Burgomaster himself, a character decidedly comic, an ignorant man in office, who, from his desire to know everything, never succeeds in obtaining the knowledge of anything, and goes blundering in the dark through various intrigues and absurdities. Nothing could be more natural; yet, Mr Tatler, it was not that mere dry representation of nature, to which you have objected in some of our English actors; but such as to remind one of the old adage, 'He must be a wise man, who can act a fool.' The piece represents Peter the First of Russia disguised as a ship-carpenter at Sardam, the French and English Ambassadors seeking to detect him through the disguise, and each anxious to anticipate the other in concluding with him a treaty of alliance. The English Ambassador is pourtrayed as a grave, weak person, talking mysteriously, and suffering himself to be taken in by a yet greater ignoramus than himself. He is expressively styled *Lord Simpley*. Why does M. La Porte (in him I suppose it originates) substitute for this name in the bills, '*Le Comte de Hogen, Suedois?*' If it is from a fear of offending the English, he has chosen a very mistaken mode of averting the danger. The name of the Ambassador and his country are changed, in the bills, while the words are spoken as before, by the actors, and he himself expressly says, 'I am *Lord Simpley*, Ambassador from England.' This is the very way to put objection into people's heads, whether they will or no. The English do not scruple to have their laugh at the peculiarities of the French; why should not they laugh in turn, so long as it be done in good humour? but if they make a serious matter of it themselves, the English may be inclined to do the same.

The last piece of the evening was *Le Beneficiare*, which has been acted in English, under the title of *The Prompter*. The *Prompter* (M. Potier), who has been thirty years in that office, is about to take a benefit. All promises well for his success, when a sudden pique induces the great leaders of tragedy, opera, and ballet, to forsake him, on the plea of illness. The *Prompter* visits each in turn, and by flattery, varied according to the character he addresses, succeeds in obtaining a positive promise of their attendance. The triumphant *Prompter* takes his station, the curtain rises, when the Manager suddenly appears, and informs him that the performance cannot proceed, on account of the absence of the inferior actors, to whom he had neglected to pay the same particular attention. It is one of those pieces which depend entirely upon the acting. M. Potier kept the audience, between laughing and applauding, in continual exercise. This actor does not, like some of our English comedians, owe his reputation to any peculiarity of face, voice, or manner; they change with every character. In the Burgomaster he was a handsome elderly gentleman, living at his ease, whose gravity carried with it an air of authority, in spite of his ignorance, and even while he made his audience laugh continually: in the *Prompter* he is an active-minded man, who has gone through much care, yet still preserved his disposition to hope the best. Every

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feature expresses habitual anxiety, yet every disappointment finds him provided with a resource. During his visits to the three great personages before mentioned, he exhibits such varied powers, that one naturally wonders at the blindness of the Manager, in not removing him from the Prompter's box to the boards. He has one great fault, indeed,—commonly so called,—he is much given to what is elegantly termed 'gagging.' M. LA PORTE has the same propensity; but whether it really be a fault in *them* I doubt. Certainly neither the authors nor the audience had reason to complain last night; for some of their additions were the best things said. M. LA PORTE added many ludicrous phrases of bad French, in his representation of an English Nobleman, in *Le Beneficiaire*, such as saying it was the custom of the English at Paris to *prendre une boite* on a benefit night, &c.

Before I take leave of M. POTIER, Mr Tatler, I will tell you an anecdote I heard of him a short time since:—A gentleman on the Drury Lane establishment invited him to see that theatre; and they went together, one morning in the course of last season. M. POTIER was struck with the box entrance, which he declared he had never seen equalled for magnificence, in any theatre. He was then led through certain private passages, and brought suddenly upon the stage. He stretched his arms to the right and left, thrust them forward, shrugged his shoulders, and gave his companion to understand, that the theatre was of a hopeless size, and that he disapproved of the extent, as much as he admired the grand entrance of the house. I am sadly afraid, Mr Tatler, that the French have better actors than we have; for when we see their best, I don't know where we are to look for their equals. I know of no actor on the English boards, so truly and delightfully natural, as M. LA PORTE, or Mademoiselle LEONTINE FAY. We observed the occupiers of the stalls indulging in enormous quantities of cakes and strawberry ice, while playing with a sleek black cat, who kept her station on one of the seats the greater part of the evening, and seemed admirably to succeed in beguiling the long intervals between the pieces.

I remain, Mr Tatler, with great respect,
Your Old Correspondent,
A. A.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The New Comedy of
THE CHANCERY SUIT.
[By Mr PEAKE.]

Emily Traverse. Miss E. Tree. Mrs Post, Mrs Gibbs. Mrs Snare, Mrs Pindar.
Jenny, Mrs J. Hughes. Miss Willowly, Miss Perry.
Sir Bernard Blazoncourt, Mr Egerton. Frederick Blazoncourt, Mr Abbot.
Guy Thistlebloom, Mr Bartley. Murphy O'Doggrely, Mr Power.
Jeremy Thistlebloom, (under the assumed name of Courtington) Mr Warde.
Snare, Mr Meadows. Winterfield, Mr Blanchard.

Previous to the Comedy, Rossini's Overture to 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia'

To conclude with a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schoenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, The Maid of Judah; and The Highland Reel.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The Comedy of
THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.
[By COLMAN the Elder, and GARRICK.]

Mrs Heidelberg, Mrs Glover. Miss Sterling, Mrs W. Clifford.
Fanny, Mrs Ashton. Chambermaid, Mrs Coveney. Trusty, Mrs W. Johnson.
Betty, Mrs Tayleure.
Lord Ogleby, Mr W. Farren. Lovewell, Mr Cooper.
Sir John Melville, Mr Brindal. Sterling, Mr Gattie. Brush, Mr Vining.
Canton, Mr Webster. Serjeant Flower, Mr W. Johnson.
Truman, Mr V. Webster. Traverse, Mr Coveney.

After which, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called
THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.
[By Mr P. FARREN.]

The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney, Mrs Coveney, Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

To conclude with the Musical Farce of
THE REVIEW; OR, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.
[By COLMAN, the Younger.]

Grace Gaylove, Mrs Humby. Lucy, Mrs T. Hill. Martha, Mrs W. Johnson.
Phœbe Whitethorn, Miss J. Scott.
Caleb Quot'em, Mr Harley. Mr Deputy Bull, Mr Gattie.
Captain Beaugard, Mr Brindal. Looney Mactwolter, Mr H. Wallack.
John Lump, Mr Webster. Charles Williams, Mr Newcombe.
Serjeant, Mr Coveney. Dubbs, Mr Bishop.

To-morrow, The Way to Keep Him; Killing No Murder; and other Entertainments.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
MR ABBOTT'S NIGHT, FRIDAY, JUNE 17.

On which occasion Madame PASTA and Mlle. TAGLIONI will make their first and positively last appearance at this Theatre.

The Performance will commence with the Comedy of THE EXQUISITES. Lilias Evondale, Miss E. Tree; Lord Castleton, Mr C. Kemble; Frank Cecil, Mr Abbott; Gosling, Mr Keeley; Strut, Mr Power. In Act II, Madame TAGLIONI will dance the celebrated 'Tyrolienne,' from the Opera of 'Guillaume Tell,' and the admired 'Pas,' from 'La Bayadere.' In the course of the Evening, Madame PASTA will sing 'Il soave e bel contento,' and a favourite Air. 'Should he upbraid,' by Miss INVERARITY, and the Glee, 'My Father Land,' (from the 'Romance of a Day,') by Miss HARRINGTON, Messrs TEXT, IRWIN, BENEDICT, and SHERRIFF. After which, the Farce of THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS. To conclude with the Musical Farce of THE WATERMAN.

Tickets and Private Boxes to be had of Mr ABBOTT and Mr NOTTER, at the Box Office, Hart-street.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie par
LE CI-DEVANT JEUNE HOMME.
Comédie en Un Acte, en Prose, de M. MERLE.

Madame de Blainville, Mlle. St. Ange.
Ci-devant Jeune Homme, M. Potier. Florville, M. Pellissié.
Floricour, M. Paulin. M. Sombreuil, M. Préval. La Branche, M. Laporte.
Grugeon, M. Gamard. Poupart, M. Guenee. M. Carrick, M. Arnaud.

Suivie de
LE CHIFFONNIER: OU, LE PHILOSOPHE NOCTURNE.
Vaudeville nouveau en Cinq petits Actes, par MM. THEAULON et ETIENNE.

Madame de Verseuil, Mlle. Jamain. Madame Gerval, Mme. Bandin.
Céline, Mlle. Florval.
Chiffonnier, M. Potier. Ernest d'Arleville, M. Alfred. Alfred, M. Paulin.
M. Gripefort, M. Préval. M. Chapoulard, M. Cloup.
Un Garde du Commerce, M. Guenée. Un Valet, M. Granville.

On finira par
LES ANGLAISES POUR RIRE.
Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. SEVRIN et DUMERSAN.

Aspasie, Mlle. St. Ange. Goton, Mme. Gamard.
M. Menu, M. Potier. M. Coclet, M. Laporte. M. Copeau, M. Cloup.
M. Fusin, M. Gamard.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Nautical Drama, entitled
BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.
[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,") Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.

A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which, a Dramatic Romance, in Two Acts, called
THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Helena di Rosalvi, Miss M. C. Poole. Claudine, Miss Jordan.
Jacinthe, Miss Rumens. Rosa, Miss Nicol. Genevieve, Miss Vincent.
Felix, Mr Osbaldiston. Rosalvi, Mr D. Pitt. Jeronymo, Mr Young.
Marco, Mr Lee. Florio di Rosalvi, Miss Ellis. Baptista, Mr Webb.
Julio di Rosalvi, Master F. Carbery. Juan, Mr Tully.
Pietro, Mr Collier. Fabricio, Mr Fone.

To conclude with the Historical Drama of
WILLIAM TELL.

Austrians—Anneli, Miss Vincent. Agnes, Miss Scott.
Gesler, Mr D. Pitt. Sarnam, Mr Almar. Struth, Mr Hobbs. Braun, Mr Rogers.
Rudolph, Mr Lee. Lutold, Mr Richards.
Swiss—Emma, Miss M. C. Poole. William Tell, Mr Osbaldiston.
Albert, Miss Ellis. Waldman, Mr Webb. Michael, Mr C. Hill.
Melctal, Mr Gough. Erni, Mr Nelson. Verner, Mr Maitland.
Furst, Mr Young. Jagheli, Mr Honner. Pierre, Mr Ransford.
Theodore, Mr Asbury.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

For the Benefit of Mr E. Seguin.
A New Operatic Piece, entitled
GALATEA.

With Handel's celebrated Music, newly arranged by Mr C. Potter.
Galatea, Miss Dix. Eudora, Mrs Saville. Doris, Mrs Garrick.
Acis, Mr Bennett. Damon, Mr Marshall. Ulysses, Mr Spencer.
Lysander, Mr G. Lejeune. Telemon, Mr Munroe. Faunus, Mr G. Smith.
Polyphemus, the Fiend of Mount Etna, Mr E. Seguin.

After the Opera, A Pas de Deux, by Mlle. Clara and M. Emile.

After which, A CONCERT by Madame Mesge and Madame Raimbaux, Signor Curioni, and Signor Lablache. And 'The Wolf,' by Mr G. Smith.

To conclude with the Drama, in Two Acts, of
BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.
[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.
Black-Eyed Susan, Mrs Evans. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Saville.
William, (with the Original Song and Hornpipe) Mr Forrester.
The Admiral, Mr Porteus. Quid, Mr G. Smith.
Captain Crosstree, Mr Spencer. Lieut. Pike, Mr G. Lejeune.
Blue Peter, Mr Bennett, with Gay's admired Ballad of 'All in the Downs.'
Yarn, Mr Davies. Raker, Mr Willing. Hatchett, Mr Barnett.
Doggrass, Mr Munroe. Jacob Twig, Mr Marshall. Ploughshare, Mr Young.
Gnatbrain, Mr Wilkinson.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Mysterious Tailor.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET. — Feats of Horsemanship — The Russian Courier—Lilliputian Napoleon—Vaulting—Mr J. Cooke's Exercises—Parisian Montrosities—The Flying Gymnasiast—Mr Wells's Performances — The Youthful Roscius — Greek Flag Dance—Dragon of Rhodes.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Outlaw's Oath—The Miser of Madrid—The English Paganini—Frozen Hand.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Jane Shore—A Pill for Portugal—Orphan of Hindostan.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

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Nº 245.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1831.

OLD ENGLISH DRAMA.*

[Continued from Yesterday.]

At the beginning of the second volume, Mr Collier favours us with some extracts from another diary of the Pepys order, kept by Sir Humphrey Mildmay, who appears to have been a leisurely gentleman, of an appetite for pleasure more strong than delicate, going about 'seeking what he might devour,' whether plays, books, barmaids or cherry-bounce. He had a wife, who it seems complained of him, notwithstanding the conscientious manner in which he itemed his expenditure:—

			£.	s.	d.
'"21 Jan.	1631.	To the wanton nurse at M. Langhorne's	0	1	0
		To Mother Gill, a poor naughty woman	0	1	0
14 July,	1632.	To a pretty wenche at Paule's Wharfe	0	1	0
10 Nov.		To Thomas of the stall of Cozeninge	0	1	6
27 Nov.		At a Tavern with Anne Cressy	0	0	8
12 April,	1633.	To Mr John Percy for Rhemishe Testament	0	8	0
10 May,		To Ducke Lane for popishe books	0	3	0
26 June,		To a purse for ballets	0	1	0
22 July,		Expences at a cherry-garden	0	2	0
1 Nov.		To Hunnis, fiddler at Brentwood	0	2	0
8 Jan.		To Nathl. for making of me merry, and to others at the same time at Much Hadam	0	2	0
19 Mar.	1633.	To a bookseller, for the Converted Jew	0	5	0
14 July,	1634.	To a tavern with a *Bona*	0	1	0."

—Vol. II. p. 41.

'Two of the items in this MS.' observes Mr Collier, 'are particularly curious, in connexion with the family and name of Shakspeare. They run thus:—

			£.	s.	d.
'"31st of May,	1633.	To Mr Shakespere his man Jo. for one per of spurres with bosses, &c. this last of May	0	9	0
4 Dec.		To Jo. at Mr Shakespere's, for one per of spurres	0	2	6"

'There are many notes in the margin of this account book, and opposite the first of these entries are placed these remarkable words; 'no player now;' as if the Shakespere here mentioned had once been a player, or at least had some connexion with players. What relation, if any, this Shakespere might be to William Shakespeare, my researches have not enabled me to ascertain. I have been able to learn however, that he bore the Christian name of Shakespeare's father, John, and that he was dead in 1637. By a Privy Seal dated 16 December, 13 Car. I., orders were given to the Lord Treasurer to pay to Mary Shakespeare, widow and executrix of John Shakespeare, our late Bittmaker deceased, the sum of £1692. 11s. due to her late husband. He must have been a man of considerable substance to allow so large a debt to be incurred. The Privy Seal is in the Chapter House Westminster.'—P. 42.

As this Shakespeare had been a player, might he not be the person alluded to in a passage often quoted by the curious, and repeated by Mr Collier, which is naturally supposed to have been aimed at our great dramatist? The passage is in Robt. Green's *Groats-worth of Wit*, published in 1592, and is as follows:—

'"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart, wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-Scene in the country."

'Here,' says Mr Collier, 'the words "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," clearly mean, that Shakespeare in 1592, had gained a reputation by altering and amending the plays of preceding dramatists;" and he thinks, that the supposition of Malone, respecting Shakespeare's not having become an original dramatic author, until 1593, "gives full point" to the charge thus "peevishly and enviously brought against him." By this, and other arguments, Mr Collier has undoubtedly given great corroboration to a conjecture already well grounded: nor does the character of Shakespeare for modesty and gentleness prove anything against the application of the libel, since the better his qualities, the more angrily would envy try to misrepresent them. Still, as there was another Shakespeare, who had been once a player, and from the dates before mentioned might have been a player at the time here pointed out, it might be worth while to consider whether the passage does not apply to him, especially as his name was John, and the Shake-Scene here carped at is called a 'Johannes Factotum.'

While we are on the subject of Shakespeare, we will mention a 'Rime,' spoken of in Mr Collier's third volume, (p. 276) and which our great poet is said to have written upon the wine at the Mitre, a Tavern in Fleet Street:—

'Mr Thorp, the enterprising Bookseller of Bedford Street, is in possession of a MS. full of songs and poems, in the handwriting of a person of the name of Richard Jackson, all copied prior to the year 1631, and including many unpublished pieces by a variety of celebrated poets. One of the most curious is a song in five seven-line stanzas, thus headed:—

'"Shakespeare's rime which is made [at the Mitre in Fleet Street."

'It begins "From the rich Lavinian shore," and some few of the lines were published by Playford, and set as a catch. Another shorter piece, is called in the margin,

'"Shakespeare's Rime.

'"Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
Which was the Mitre's [drinks] and now is mine;
Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted,
Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

'I have little doubt that the lines are genuine, as well as many other songs and poems attributed to Ben Jonson, Sir W. Raleigh, H. Constable, Dr Donne, J. Sylvester, and others.'—Vol. III. p. 275.

We agree with Mr Collier in thinking these lines genuine, but we think we have heard them before. There was a letter in Tuesday's *Tatler*, shewing that the anecdote of Shakespeare which we repeated as new from our author's work the day before, had transpired to the public five or six years ago. As Mr Collier, however, has been about his work these twenty years, it is possible that the anecdote might still have come through the channel of his researches, and that a similar cause might have left these lines upon our memory. The catch 'From the rich Lavinian shore,' is well known, but we do not sufficiently recollect the words to be able to speak to the merits of the writing. There is a beautiful old glee, the words of which contain such an exquisite delicacy of sentiment, that in spite of want of finish in the writing, we have often thought they might have been Shakespeare's. It begins

'Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd
To honour and renown you"—

'When Davenant presented his comedy of the *Wits* for license, to Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to Charles the First; Sir Henry Herbert "crossed out many exclamations that struck him in the light of oaths." Through Endymion Porter, Davenant complained to the King of this exercise of authority, and on the 9th of January, the King called the Master of the Revels before him, and desired that he should allow such words as *faith*, *death*, and *slight* to stand, "as asseverations only, and no oaths." Davenant,' continues Mr Collier, 'was in considerable favour at this date, which might induce the King to take especial interest about his play. Notwithstanding this royal decision against him, Sir Henry Herbert made the following memorandum in his office book, shewing that he was "convinced against his will:"—

'"The King is pleased to take faith, death, slight, for asseverations and no oaths, to which I do humbly submit, as my master's judgment; but under favour conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here to declare my opinion and submission." '—P. 57.

Charles would probably have thought nothing of the words in question, by whomsoever written. When his son, Charles II, was rebuked by some conscientious clergyman, for using so many oaths in his conversation, he declared that he was nothing in that matter

* *The History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakspeare: and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration. By J. Payne Collier, Esq. F.S.A.* 3 vols. 8vo. Murray.

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to what his father had been. "*Your Martyr*," said he, "was the man for swearing." This irreverent speech may be taken *cum grano*: but the melancholy fate of Charles I, has unquestionably thrown a gravity over his memory, which was not borne out by the manners of his court.

At page 80, Mr Collier has traced to its author, the 'often repeated and supposed anonymous description of a Giant Fishing.' The description is in Davenant's *Britannia Triumphans*:—

'This day (a day as fair as heart could wish)
This giant stood on shore of sea to fish:
For angling rod he took a sturdy oak,
For line a cable that in storm ne'er broke:
His hook was such as heads the end of pole
To pluck down house ere fire consumes it whole;
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.'

'This was first stolen,' says Mr Collier, 'by the anonymous author of the burlesque, Hero and Leander, 1653. 8vo.' Dr King took the second and fifth couplets, and appropriated them as an epigram, which is to be found in his works. We mention this, because it reminds us of a similar plagiarism by another Tory wit, Sprat, Bishop of Rochester. In Sprat's poems, is a ludicrous epigram on a dwarf thrown by an ant. This comes from the following verses in the works of Crashaw:—

'ON NANUS MOUNTED UPON AN ANT.
'High mounted on an ant, Nanus the tall
Was thrown, alas! and got a deadly fall;
Under the unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
All torn; with much ado, yet ere he dies,
He strains these words: "Base Envy, do laugh on,
Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaeton."'

Davenant, by the way, seems to have thought that there was something particularly ludicrous or mock-heroical in the omission of the article before his nouns, as in some of the lines of his 'Angling Giant.' In his works, there is a poem of some length (the 'Long Vacation'), in which scarcely an article is admitted.

Some of the old Miracle Plays or Pageants, analysed by Mr Collier, are very curious. We have selected one or two specimens for the reader's amusement:—

'CREATION OF THE WORLD. REBELLION OF LUCIFER, DEATH OF ABEL.—The first Play, or Pageant, of the Widkirk collection includes the Creation, with the rebellion and expulsion of Lucifer and his adherents. The Deity thus commences:—

'"Ego sum alpha et o
I am the first, the last also.
Oone god in majestie,
Mervelus of myght most,
Fader and son and holy goost
On god in trinyte."

The work of creation is then begun, and after the cherubim have sung, the Deity descends from his throne and goes out: Lucifer usurps it, and asks the Angels—

'"Gay felows, how semys now me?"

The good and bad Angels disagree as to his appearance; but the dispute is terminated by the return of the Deity, who expels Satan and his adherents from heaven. Adam and Eve are then created in Paradise, and this piece ends with a speech from Satan, lamenting their felicity: of the temptation and fall of man, we hear nothing, the second play relating to the murder of Abel. It is opened by Cain's ploughboy, called *Garçon*, with a sort of prologue, in which, amongst other things, he warns the spectators to be silent. It opens thus:—

'"All hayll, all hayll, both blithe and glad,
For here com I, a mery lad.
Be peasse youre dyn, my masters bad,
Or els the devill you spede. . . . . .
Felowes, here I you forbede
To make nother nose ne cry:
Whoso is so hardy to do that dede,
The devill hang him up to dry."

Cain enters with a plough and team, one of his mares being named "Donnyng;" he quarrels with the *Garçon* because he will not drive for him; after which Abel arrives, and wishes that "God may speed Cain and his man." . . . . . The murder afterwards takes place, and Cain hides himself:—

'"*Deus.* Cayn, Cayn!
Cayn. Who is it that callis me?
I am yonder, may thou not se.
Deus. Cayn, where is thy brother Abell?
Cayn. What askst thou me?—I trow, in hell;
At hell, I trow, he be:
Who so were there then myght he see."

'Cain having been cursed, calls the boy and beats him, "but to use his hand:" he acknowledges that he has slain his brother, and the boy advises running away, lest the "bayles us take." This is followed by some gross buffoonery, Cain making a mock proclamation, "in the King's name," and the boy repeating it blunderingly after him. Cain sends him away with the plough and horses, and ends the pageant with a speech to the spectators, bidding them farewell for ever before he goes to the devil. This brings us, in the Widkirk Plays, to Noah's Flood.'—Vol. II, p. 157.

'NOAH'S FLOOD.—The third Widkirk Pageant is entitled *Processus Noe cum filiis*. After Noah has lamented the sinfulness of the world, God is introduced, repenting that he had created mankind, instructing Noah how to build the ark, and blessing him and "his fry." Noah's wife is of a very quarrelsome disposition, and they have a contest in the commencement, in which both swear by the Virgin Mary: her complaint is, that her husband does no work for his family; and he soon afterwards sets about the Ark, which is completed on the spot *in nomine patris, et filii et spiritus sancti*. He then warns his wife of what is about to happen, and invites her on board:—

'"*Noe.* Raine as it is skill,*
Here must us abide grace;
Therefore wif, with good will,
Come into this place.
'"*Uxor.* Sir, for Jak not for Gill,
Will I turn my face,
Till I have on this hill
Spon a space
On my rok.
Well were he might get me·
Now will I downe set me,
Yet reede I no man let me,†
For drede of a knok.
'"*Noe.* Behold to the heven.
The cataractes all
They are open, full even
Grete and small;
And the planets seven
Left has their stall.
Thise thoners and levin‡
Down gar ‖ fall
Full stout,
Both halls and bowers,
Castels and towers. §
Full sharpe are thise showers
That renys ¶ about;
Wherfore wife have done,
Come into the ship fast.
'"*Uxor.* Yei, Noe, go clout thy shone,
The better will thai last."

'The wives of their sons intercede in vain, and Noah is at last obliged to threaten his wife with the whip.

'"*Noe.* In fayth, for your long tarrying
You shall lyk on the whip.
'"*Uxor.* Spare me not, I pray thee;
But even, as thou thynk
Thise grete words shall not flay me.
'"*Noe.* Abide dame, and drynk
For betyn shalt thou be:
Are strokes good, say me?"

'They then begin a new conflict, the wife not taking her castigation at all patiently; she gets the worst of it, and wishes her own husband dead, and the same good luck to all the wives among the spectators: Noah, on the other hand, warns all husbands to chastise their wives before they become too headstrong. The matter is accorded to the intervention of the sons, and ultimately they all go on board: three hundred and fifty days are said to pass while Noah and his family are conversing in the rain. A raven, and then a dove, are sent out, and the play ends with the debarkation from the ark.'—P. 161.

* As it is fit.
† Yet I advise no man to hinder me.
‡ Thunders and lightning.
‖ Make.
§ 'Noah's description of the falling flood is by no means unpoetical:—"Behold the heavens! All the cataracts, both great and small, are open, and the seven planets have quitted their stations. Thunders and lightenings strike down the strong halls and bowers, castles and towers."
¶ Runs.

[To be concluded on Saturday.]

God, and the good, know to forgive, and save.—*Ben Jonson*

SPANISH DILIGENCES.—The Spanish Diligences are the best in the world; they are extremely commodious, well cushioned and well hung, and are admirably contrived for the exclusion of both heat and cold. Like the French diligences, they have a *coupé*, in all respects as good as a post-chaise, and generally they have no *rotonde*; they are drawn by seven, eight, or nine mules, according to the nature of the road, and travel at the rate of seven miles an hour. The conductors are remarkably civil; and in punctuality as to the hours of departure and arrival, and in every arrangement that can conduce to the comfort of the passengers, there is no room for improvement. When a passenger secures his seat, he receives a paper from the bureau, specifying the precise place he is to occupy; and when he delivers his baggage, he is presented with a receipt for the articles delivered, and for which the proprietors are responsible. The price of places in the Spanish diligences varies greatly.—*Spain in* 1830.

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CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

[KING'S THEATRE.—A dramatic and musical entertainment, under the superintendence of Signor Pistrucci and Mr Wigley, took place in the Concert-room of this theatre on Monday evening. It was exceedingly well attended. The performance commenced with Pellico's Italian tragedy, entitled *Eufemio di Messina*, which was extremely well represented. Signor Pistrucci gave some specimens of his powers as an improvisatore, which afforded considerable amusement. The topic suggested was *Punchinello*, and he showed great readiness and comic power.—*Daily Paper*.

— Paganini is engaged to perform before their Majesties at the Queen's concert on Friday. There is a rumour afloat about the Opera-house, that Paganini has already lost his heart, and offered his hand to the lady who stole it. She is said to be a pupil of Signor De Begnis, and in her 16th year.—*Globe*.

— A letter from Paganini to a German professor gives an account of the profits of this celebrated violinist in the year 1829. At Vienna, 3,250*l*.; at Prague, 580*l*.; at Milan, 1,250*l*.; at Bologna, 1,300*l*.; and at Genoa, 1,150*l*. There are many people (des gens) who would be contented with his profits at Genoa (de Genes).—*Furet de Londres*.

— Some of the actors of the French Theatre talk of making a dramatic tour to Scotland after the close of the season. The management has already twice tried its fortune unsuccessfully in this part of Great Britain.—*Furet de Londres*.

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE FISHES.—The fishes of a pond complained that they were, more than their neighbours in other ponds, persecuted by the pikes. Whereupon an old pike, who was the judge of the pond, pronounced this sentence:—'That the defendants, to make amends, should in future, permit every year two common fishes to become pikes.'—*Pestalozzi*.

POLITICAL HOROSCOPE.—'This poor invalid will soon die,' said Joe,—'Oh, no,' replied Harry, 'there is not the slightest danger for his existence:'—and he rested his argument on the solidity of the constituent parts of the skeleton.—*Pestalozzi*.

LOVE OF BEAUTY, FINITE.—It is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts together by *a little thread of red and white:* and they can love no longer, but until the next ague comes; and they are fond of each other but at the chance of fancy, or the small-pox, or child-bearing, *or care, or time, or anything that can destroy a pretty flower.—Jeremy Taylor*.

ROYAL DIGNITY.—The favourite Queen presented herself to her husband, according to etiquette, wrapped round with a piece of native cloth, so long and broad that she was almost hidden under the folds, like a caterpillar beneath its web. To array herself in this unwieldy robe, the cloth had been spread out on the ground, when, beginning at one end, she threw her body across it, and rolled over and over, from side to side, till she had wound the whole round her. After she had shown herself thus apparelled in 'the presence,' her Majesty lay down again upon the floor, and unrolled the cloth, by reversing the process of clothing, she then gathered it up, and presented the bundle to the King.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels*.

STARVATION IN IRELAND.—It has been suggested by a respectable cotemporary, among the modes by which considerable and easy additions might be made to the fund for the relief of the starving poor of Ireland, "that every Irish Bishop should be called upon, each individually, and separately, and *formally* by the Committee, for some distinct contribution. [The Bishop of Derry gave the sum of 25*l*.—about 3*s*. for every hundred pounds of his income!]—2. That the sum subscribed for a piece of plate to poor Queen Caroline, after the termination of the proceedings against her, and about which nothing has been since heard, should now be appropriated to this other cause, not less interesting to British humanity.—3. That the fund which was raised by subscription after the passing of the Catholic Bill, and called a fund for completing the "Wellington Testimonial," near Dublin, about which fund no more has since been heard (although we believe it amounted to 2 or 3,000*l*.) than of the "Queen Caroline Fund," should now be demanded by the subscribers, and applied to this sacred purpose of feeding the hungry poor.—If there be good sense or usefulness in any of the above suggestions, there is *not a moment to be lost*."—[We think the above suggestions admirable, and agree with the writer, that not a moment should be lost.]

ANCIENT COINS.—A few days ago, a labourer found three ancient silver coins, in a field near Armagh; they are now in the possession of Mr Corry. The oldest belongs to the Saxon King Athelstan, who ascended the throne of England in 925. In the centre of the obverse is a cross, and round it is inscribed Athelstan Rex Tot Brit—(Athelstan King of all Britain.) The reverse has also a cross in the centre, and the legend, Eliaf, Moneta Lund Civitt—(Eliaf, Mint-master of the City of London.) This King was the first in England who placed the title, 'King of all England,' on his coins, which he did in 928, after he defeated the Danes. The second coin belongs to Wolstan, Archbishop of York in 930, but cannot be easily deciphered. The third, and most curious, was minted for Anlaf, the Danish King of Northumberland; on the obverse, is the rude figure of a bird with the wings extended; it is supposed to be the raven, the well-known symbol of the Danes, and round it is Anlaf Cynyng; Anlaf King. The reverse has a small cross in the centre, and the legend, Athelward, Minetric, or Mint-master. This Anlaf was the son of Sitric, King of Northumberland; after his father's death he was driven out of the kingdom by Athelstan in 925; he came to Ireland, and having received assistance from the Irish, Welsh and Scotch, he invaded Northumberland in 938, and was defeated by Athelstan in the battle of Brunenburgh, fought in that year; he came back to Ireland, and in 942, when Edmond ascended the throne, aided by Olaus, King of Norway, he succeeded in obtaining possession of all that part of England which lay north of the great Roman road. The above coin, in all probability, was minted in that year. Having been obliged to lay heavy taxes on his subjects, to pay the King of Norway for the troops lent him, he lost their affections, and was obliged to fly the kingdom in 945. He was recalled by the Danes in 949, but did not treat his subjects better than before; he was finally expelled by them in 952, and came to Ireland, where it is believed he died.—*Newry Examiner*.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The Chancery Suit—Napoleon Buonaparte.
HAYMARKET.—The Clandestine Marriage—The Widow Bewitched—The Review.
FRENCH PLAYS.—Le Ci-devant Jeune Homme—Le Chiffonnier—Les Anglaises pour Rire.

HAYMARKET.

THIS chearful, companionable theatre, where we see the actors as at the other end of a room, and where the heat itself becomes more endurable than at other houses, because the audience are prepared by the cheerfulness to make the best of it, opened for the season last night with the *Clandestine Marriage* and other entertainments, among which was a new farce, entitled *The Widow Bewitched; or, Love at Fault*.

We have criticised on a former occasion the *Clandestine Marriage*, and Mr FARREN'S *Lord Ogleby*. The new farce turns upon the stratagem of a gallant *Colonel* (Mr FARREN) for trying the fidelity and sentimentality of his young wife (Miss SYDNEY.) The *Colonel*, who is twenty years older than the lady, has been in the wars in India. He has been absent some time, we know not how long, but long enough to make the interval formidable to his elderly imagination; and so in order to give the lady a few additional reasons for disliking him, in case she has acquired any (for her's is the tenderest of unequal matches) he first has intelligence given her of his decease, and then claps a patch on his eye, and a stick under his left leg, and introduces himself to her as *Major Jones*, the bosom friend of his late self. The lady receives him in such a manner as to convince him that she is as faithful and as sentimental as ever; for in the course of their conversation respecting the deceased, she goes down on her knees in the ardour of describing how she used to beg his pardon when she had been giddy, and the *Major* in a transport of delight resumes the *Colonel* a little too hastily, for, without explaining himself,, he clasps her in his arms. The paragon of young widows is highly offended, and to his exceeding delight, forbids him the house. Still he does not explain himself, and this gets him into a scrape with the lady's brother (VINING) of whose existence (we know not why) he is ignorant, and who acting the part of husband in the house, is found by him sitting over a luncheon of hock and fowl, and puts him in a paroxysm of jealousy. A *scene* is taking place in consequence, when the lady comes in, and having found out from the landlord of the inn where he put up who the Major is, gives the cue to her brother, who agrees to join her in punishing him. They accordingly cut jokes on his wooden leg, make love to one another, waltz, run against him, and perform other intolerable vagaries, till the poor *Colonel's* feelings are wound up to the highest pitch of exasperation, and he bursts out with an explanation. He thinks fit however to apologise to the supposed new husband for having abused him under the circumstances, then renounces the giddy lady, and is going to make his exit, when the latter recalls him, and the truth is made known. The scene of the kneeling, which was made too serious in the first instance, is prettily repeated; the *Colonel*, an enraptured penitent, takes his generous girl in his arms; and the male sex among the audience are thus dismissed with an intimation, that they deserve to have the best, handsomest, and youngest wives possible, even though they should make the most ungenerous and lying experiments upon the poor womens' generosity and truth. This, of course, is not the author's intention; but a moral does not stop just where an author pleases; and such is the final amount of his intended rebuke to old Colonels. He justly rebukes the assumption implied in a trick of this sort; but the very supposition that a man who practised it could afterwards be endurable, shews that habit of assumption on the part of the 'unfair sex,' which pervades their whole treatment of women, and shews that they have yet got to travel a great way before they get out of their barbarisms in that matter.

The plot of this farce, it will be observed, is founded upon that of *The Deuce is in him*; nor is the comparison to its advantage, for it is not managed with equal address. The graver parts are

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pushed too far, and border too much on the tragic. It is not deficient, however, in sprightliness and situation, and by the help of FARREN's and VINING's acting (the latter of whom we were glad to see again) will probably run a little while. There is an air of natural good-humour and cordiality in VINING, which we always liked; and he has diminished, we observe, his tendency to make too many comments with nods of the head; which was a help to effect, that spoiled a better one.

There was a little bit of a Corporal Trim part for WEBSTER, but too little to require notice.

Miss SYDNEY, who acted the lady, came from the establishment of Madame VESTRIS, and we understand has been much paragraphed in the newspapers, as having been—we must not say a *bone* of contention, but a pretty piece of flesh and blood of contention,—between divers houses. These flourishes of trumpets are a pity. If an actress is really calculated to make a sensation, she does not want them: and if she is not, they injure her before long. We have little recollection of Miss SYDNEY at the Olympic; but what little we have is, we believe, favourable. She does not want promise, especially in her mode of suddenly answering a question, or putting one; which was sometimes very natural and off-hand. And there is a smartness in her general manner; a little elaborate, perhaps; but that may have been owing to her new first appearance. As a singer, however, we should not augur much from the song she sang last night, accompanied by herself on the piano. The accompaniment, or rather prelude, for there was little enough of the other, was well enough, and just what a young lady might have been expected to do, who plays the piano-forte; but her voice was thin and not very melodious, and there was too much of the *piano* and the *forte*—the mere loud and soft—in her singing. Miss SYDNEY has a trim waist, and a piquant carriage with her; and being of the old *Colonel's* mind in those matters, we need not add that we wish her well.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

For the Benefit of Mr Wilson.

The Grand Opera of

THE MAID OF JUDAH; OR, THE KNIGHTS' TEMPLARS.

The whole arranged and adapted to the English Stage, by M. R. LACY.

The Music by Rossini.

Saxons.—Cedric, Mr Morley. Ivanhoe, Mr Wilson. Wamba, Mr Keeley.
Gurth, Mr Farley. Robin Hood, Mr Baker. Little John, Mr Jones.
Friar Tuck, Mr Bartley.
Normans.—Sir Lucas de Beaumanoir, Mr Evans.
Sir Brian de Boisguilbert, Mr Warde. Sir Maurice de Bracey, Mr G. Stansbury.
Albert de Malvoisin, Mr Henry. Damian, Mr Holl. Herald, Mr Irwin.
Warder, Mr Turnour.
Jews.—Rebecca, Miss Inverarity. Isaac, Mr Egerton.

In the course of the Evening, a Variety of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

To conclude with the Musical Farce of

THE HIGHLAND REEL.

[By O'KEEFE.]

Moggy M'Gilpin, Miss Taylor. Jenny, Miss Hughes.
M'Gilpin, Mr Blanchard. Sandy, Mr Wilson. Shelty, Mr Keeley.
Charlie, Mr Henry. Captain Dash, Mr Baker.
Serjeant Jack, Mr G. Stansbury. Laird of Raasy, Mr Turnour.
Croudy, Mr Evans. Apie, Mr Heath. Benin, Master Harvey.

To-morrow, The Exquisites; The Hunter of the Alps; and The Waterman.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The Comedy of

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

[By Mr MURPHY.]

The Widow Belmour, by A Lady. Mrs Lovemore, Mrs Faucit.
Muslin, Mrs Tayleure. Mignionet, Miss J. Scott. Lady Constant, Mrs Ashton.
Furnish, Mrs Coveney. Maid, Miss Barnett.
Sir Bashful Constant, Mr W. Farren. Lovemore, Mr Cooper.
Sir Brilliant Fashion, Mr Vining.
William, Mr W. Johnson. Sideboard, Mr Coveney.

After which, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.

[By Mr P. FARREN.]

The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney, Mrs Coveney, Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

To conclude with the Musical Entertainment of

KILLING NO MURDER.

[By Mr HOOK.]

Mrs Watchett, Mrs Tayleure. Nancy, Miss J. Scott. Fanny, Mrs T. Hill.
Buskin, Mr Harley. Sir Walton Wilton, Mr Gattie.
Bradford, Mr Coveney. Apollo Belvi, Mr Webster.
Tap, Mr Bishop. Servant, Mr Coates.

To-morrow, The Marriage of Figaro; Spring and Autumn; and other Entertainments.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Miss INVERARITY begs leave to announce that her BENEFIT will take place on TUESDAY next, the 21st June.

On which occasion Mr BRAHAM has kindly consented to perform.

The Performances will commence with the Comic Opera of LOVE IN A VILLAGE. Rosetta, (her first appearance in that character) Miss Inverarity; Madge, (for this Night only) Miss Taylor; Young Meadows, Mr Wilson; Hawthorn, Mr Braham. A favorite Solo on the Flute, by Mr Nicholson, and a Fantasia on the Violin, by Mr Murray. In the course of the Evening, the following Vocal Entertainments: 'Whence can you inherit,' 'My Heart's my own, my Will is free,' Miss Inverarity; 'There was a Jolly Miller once,' 'We all love a pretty Girl under the Rose,' 'Friend of my Soul,' (the Poetry by T. Moore, Esq.) Mr Braham; 'Tyrant, soon I'll burst thy Chains,' Miss Inverarity; 'If doughty deeds my Lady please,' (Composed by F. Dunn,) Mr Wilson; 'When thy Bosom,' Mr Braham and Miss Inverarity; 'There was a Golden Time,' (accompanied by himself on the Pianoforte) and 'The Bay of Biscay O,' Mr Braham. To conclude with a Melo-Drama called THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

Tickets, Places, and Private Boxes to be had of Miss INVERARITY, 7 Buckingham street, Strand, and at the Box-Office, Hart street.

BEALE ON THE SPINE.

OBSERVATIONS ON DISTORTIONS OF THE SPINE AND LIMBS.

By LIONEL BEALE, Surgeon, Author of a Treatise on Deformities.

Published by J. WILSON, 16 Princes-street, Soho; price 5s.

"This production, if it contained nothing but the judicious advice for managing deformities of children's legs, ought to have a place in every medical library."—*Medical and Surgical Journal.*

"This book merits general perusal; Mr Beale's remarks on stays, tight lacing, &c. are excellent."

"The valuable practical remarks with which this work abounds shew that the author has paid peculiar attention to the causes, &c. of spinal distortions and deformities in general."—*Gazette of Medicine.*

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL,

In Three Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—Songs, 'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—Songs, 'The Omnibus,' and 'The Country Concert.'

PART III.—Song, 'Thames Sailing Match.' Scena. Song, 'Harlowe Bush Fair.'

SURREY THEATRE.

A Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,") Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.
A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which, the Drama, in Five Acts, entitled

VIRGINIUS! THE ROMAN FATHER.

Virginia, Miss Vincent. Servia, Miss M. C. Poole.
Appius Claudius, Mr D. Pitt. Caius Claudius, Mr Honner. Marcus, Mr Almar.
Virginius, Mr Osbaldiston. Dentatus, Mr Williams.
Icilius, Mr C. Hill. Numitorius, Mr Gough. Lucius, Mr Lee. Titus, Mr Webb.
Servius, Mr Rogers. Cneius, Mr Maitland. Publius, Mr Asbury.

To conclude with the Farce of

MONSIEUR TONSON.

[By Mr MONCRIEFF.]

Madame Belgarde, Madame Simon. Adolphine de Courcy, Miss Vincent.
Monsieur Morbleu, Mr C. Hill. Tom King, Mr Honner.
Jack Ardourly, Mr Maitland. Mr Thompson, Mr D. Pitt.
Rusty, Mr Webb. Useful, Mr Rogers. Nap, Mr Gough. Trap, Mr Asbury.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

The Overture and the whole of the Music, by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.
Russians—Katherine, Miss Diz. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lefeune.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Spltzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Azim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Aulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford.
Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.

After which, a Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

FALSE AND CONSTANT.

Constance, Mrs Waylett, who will sing her Popular Ballads, 'Away to the Mountain's Brow,' and 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Arabelle, Mrs Evans. Susan, Miss Andrews.
Major Fitzcannon, Mr Hammerton. Mr Fairport, Mr Munroe.
Harry Severton, Mr Marshall. Charles Trueman, Mr Spencer. Robert, Mr Davies.
Mr Standish, Mr Porteus. And Sir Gerrge Darewell, Mr Green.

To conclude with a Comic Interlude, in One Act, called

REFORMATION.

[By Mr BERNARD.]

Ellen Feelove, Miss Andrews. Mary Mayflower, Miss Forster.
Miss Matilda Manwayring, Mrs Garrick.
Mr Farringdon, Mr Munroe. Francis Feelove, Esq. Mr Porteus.
Sam Slap, Mr Marshall. Dick Dashington, Mr Green.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Mysterious Tailor.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET. — Feats of Horsemanship — The Russian Courier—Lilliputian Napoleon—Vaulting—Mr J. Cooke's Exercises—Parisian Montrosities—The Flying Gymnasiast—Mr Wells's Performances — The Youthful Roscius — Greek Flag Dance—Dragon of Rhodes.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis—Black-eyed Susan—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Pilot.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Outlaw's Oath—The Miser of Madrid—The English Paganini—Frozen Hand.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Jane Shore—A Pill for Portugal—Orphan of Hindostan.

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Nº 246.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1831.

PROPOSED NEW SCRIPTURAL STATE OF SOCIETY.*

THIS curious little pamphlet is a singular mixture of good sense and simplicity;—of universality and literal-mindedness. The Kingdom of Christ, in our author's opinion (and in the most enlarged sense of the phrase we agree with him), is that improved state of society to which things are now tending. He endeavours to shew what is wanting to its completion; and speaks of the necessary changes, and their immediate feasibility, as he would of opening a window to admit the fresh air. Great changes do undoubtedly come sometimes in an easier and quicker manner than the world looks for, as late events have edified it by shewing; but individuals, however strong their will, cannot obtain their sudden and triumphant termination by fixing men's minds upon any particular doctrine, or means of change, the letter of which they feel instinctively forced to give up at the very outset.

'As Society (says our author) makes fresh steps in improvement, the Gospel meets the demands of Society, *by discovering itself under improved aspects*: and the superstition and bigotry with which an imperfect *view* of its nature and design once invested it, pass away when that view becomes more perfect by the gradual development of God's designs in the moral government of the earth. Society is undergoing changes and modifications perpetually. . . . . But as there is a Governor of the world, so there is a certain destination to which that Governor has appointed that Society should arrive, both as to its moral and temporal condition. And as there is a certain destination which that Governor has appointed, so there is a certain revelation of the will of that Governor, with reference to that destination; and this will is called the Word of God. The Word of God then teaches us to look forward to a state of Society which shall supersede all other states of Society that have ever existed since the world began. It declares to us, with an authority which none can controvert, that the "kingdom of God,"—"the kingdom of Christ,"—"the kingdom of Heaven," names which this state of Society bears, from its transcendant excellence,—shall break in pieces and swallow up all other kingdoms. . . . . No other weapon than God's spirit—the conviction which God shall superinduce upon men's minds, of the excellence, and fitness, and expediency of this kingdom, as calculated to meet all the moral, intellectual and temporal demands and necessities of the age in which it shall be produced, shall be employed in its realization. The exigencies of the age then in which we live, do call for such a sweeping reform in the administration of the affairs of nations, that nothing short of a complete dissolution and reorganization of the old systems of Government, can satisfy these exigencies. The time is now fast arriving, when men will neither require, nor will they wear those trammels and restraints which the presumption of power has so long imposed upon them to little or no purpose but the degradation of their moral and intellectual dignity.'

In the same strong language the author proposes the doing away with 'all authority and power,' with 'all civil or ecclesiastical usurpation,' with war and violence; and he speaks of these things as to be done with a wish:—next Friday, for example.

'Let men but remove the scaffolding of civil government, the kingdom of Christ is already formed. What are the churchwardens and overseers of the poor, but the deacons of the ancient church attending to its temporalities?—and what the parish minister, but the angel, bishop, presbyter, or elder of the ancient church, were he elected by the free suffrage of the congregation? Wherever there is a congregation and edifice for public worship, let that be an independent government for the settling of all private causes, &c.'

To say nothing of the probable duration of peace and harmony, we should fear that this close connection with the church would but ill ensure a freedom from ecclesiastical usurpation. But the worst of it is what the author does not appear to perceive, the difficulty of abolishing the civil government. It so happens that we cannot unite the heads of all the dignitaries into one, with one wish, and chop it off with another. There is no violence to be used, and if we should politely invite the King, Lords, and Commons to come and be hanged in a gentle manner, they might, like Barnardine, reply 'I will not die to-day, by any man's persuasion.'—What then is to be done? If we invite them merely to step out of office, and become private individuals of the several congregations, it is not improbable but they might decline the invitation.

There is a great deal of truth about governments in the following startling passage; but does our author think that if governments by 'Parishes' were to take place tomorrow, there would be no jealousies among them? And as to violence and bloodshed, does he forget that Robespierre's government was the government of a Parish? We grant that men, by and by, will see the feasibility of governing themselves in a better manner than has hitherto been done; and that small divisions of the community will have a great deal more to do with the matter than they have now; but this is not to be effected at a jerk, like the unsettlement of a tyrant. You may shake off an oppression, sooner than acquire a good habit; though unquestionably the getting rid of the one is a vast help to the growth of the other.

'Men are not kept together by law and government so much as by their mutual interests or a sense of expediency. A sense of decency, of propriety, of honour, controls their interests. The higher tone of religion regulates that sense of decency, of propriety, and of honour. Law and government require more often to be checked by the subjects for whom their provisions are intended, than the subjects require to be checked by them. The customs too, and habits of society, are always more powerful than the laws, and will hold men together when the laws will not, for the laws are generally made against the customs and habits of society to supply their deficiencies. A dissolution of the government, therefore, need never be a dissolution of society. Were all the governments of Christendom abolished at a stroke to-morrow, such an excision might be nothing more than an abolition of so much taxes, and so much useless expenditure. There would be no occasion for the creation of any fresh forms of government, when, as men are now organized in Christendom, there are already sufficient materials in the local authorities of its parishes, or in the separate congregations of its parishes, for all the purposes of government. The Kingdom of the Parishes, or the Kingdom of the Congregations, without either army or navy, and with its local tribunals of the parish churches for their parliaments, would be a much more economical and efficient kingdom than any kingdom in existence. And what have law and government done? Perplexed society, both in its internal and foreign relations—plunged the world in bloodshed—sat like an incubus upon its resources—meddled in matters which would have "worked" best when left alone to themselves—very often justified iniquity and oppression—perverted justice—and divided states by the intestine jealousies which they have created. It is the natural dependence of man on man, increasing with the descent of the scale in the successive grades of society, which binds them together more efficaciously than laws or governments. Those who compose the lowest grade of society are most interested in preserving its peace, as any little derangement of its mechanism may throw them out of a participation of its resources, through the precarious tenure by which they hang on to the system. It is the impression which they receive from their more independent superiors, which more often drives them to rebellion than any agitating cause of their own creation. It is the rulers of the earth, who have been more prone to "destroy the earth," than that collection of men, whom their oppression or restless ambition have roused into existence, which are generally designated by *The Mob*. The kingdom of Christ, or that new state of society which the divine mind of our Lord Jesus Christ contemplated, will remove all the causes which tend to disturb the general peace of the world. It will not indeed abolish the orders of kings and priests, it will extend these dignities to every one. It will not make laws nugatory, it will establish them the more by engrafting them in men's hearts. A congregational resolution, which its subjects have made themselves, will be more binding on their consciences and conduct, than any laws which have been made for them by others, when enforced by all the terrors of the civil sword. And if a man "neglect to hear the congregation," when society is so constituted, "let him be a heathen or a publican," and he will so hate himself, that like Judas, he will perform the work of capital punishment himself.'

The conclusion here made respecting Judas, is a little hard upon Judases. Why should there be such men in the 'New State of Society?' Or if such, why should they be forced to

* *Outlines of a Plan for the Formation of a New State of Society, on the Doctrines and Principles of Christ's Kingdom, as laid down by our Divine Master, in the Word of God.* 8vo. pp. 14. Hunter.

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hang themselves, instead of being encouraged to know better? There seems a lurking 'violence' of some sort in a disputant, when men are congratulated on the prospect of seeing a fellow-creature saving them the trouble of executing violence upon him, by doing it himself! In short, we agree in praying with our author that the 'kingdom of heaven' may 'come,' but we object, that he reads the meaning of it too narrowly. He forgets that the best nut may have had a husk with it, the retention of which is not at all necessary to the enjoyment of the kernel; and also, that a best nut does not imply that there may have not been a hundred others, all good of their kind, and convertible into the same sweet blood which the other is to perfect.

The author is not altogether unprepared for some little opposition; but as he is firm in his position that there is to be no physical violence, we must wait until the people have learned how to 'remove the scaffolding' without it. That time and knowledge may ultimately effect this, and sooner than is suspected, we think not only possible, but in the inevitable course of things. Meanwhile, we may improve upon the author's view of the New State of Society, so as to render it more durable, without being less just, or less benevolent. We recommend the reader who takes an interest in the advancement of human good, to read the pamphlet itself, or at least the first ten pages. The writer appears to be an honest man; and much of the language he utters is itself an evidence of the progress of which he speaks. The rest will shew, that he has also his proportion of defect the other way. He thinks he has advanced more than he has.

MR JAMES'S NEW NOVEL.*

THERE is much talent in the present volumes, but little interest. It is dangerous to attempt engrafting a serious fictitious interest upon historic characters: the truth of one part destroys the illusion of the other. The struggle of kings and princes for power and conquest are ceasing every day to awaken sympathy; and when we see Philip so flattered, that his very vices are elevated into virtues, when we see his pride and love of power veiled over with a pretence of conjugal affection, we cannot lend ourselves to the deceit. Had Mr James placed two fictitious characters in the situation of Philip and Agnes, their sorrows would have drawn tears from our eyes. As it is, all the interest of the work is concentrated in Agnes, whose frank, true, and generous love (borne out by history, for it is understood that she died of grief, at being separated from her husband) led us to pity her that she had bestowed it on a king. The portraiture of this charming woman made us regret that the author said so little of Isadora, who is scarcely anything but an oft-repeated name. We have all the *dramatis personæ* of chivalry—brave knights, damsels in distress, sturdy squires, a faithful gallant, and gallant page, and—what we suspect to be the author's favourite character—a juggler, whose mind having become twisted by the deformity of his nose, assumes a mask of folly to conceal his knavery, and, by the exercise of its mischievous propensities, influences the fate of thousands. One good lesson may be found in these volumes:—that the poor contemned vassals have, indirectly, no less power over the destinies of the rich, than the rich have over theirs; and are therefore not to be scorned and trampled upon with impunity. The work gives us, no doubt, a faithful picture of the manners of the times, but we cannot acquiesce in Mr James's opinion, that it is his best. We do not think it equal to 'Darnley' or 'Richelieu.' We have no room for any extracts that could be given with advantage, with the exception of the following note:—

'The only titles of honour known in those days were, *Monseigneur*, My Lord; *Illustres Seigneurs*, applied in general to an assembly of Nobles; and *Beau Sire*, or Fair Sire, which was not only bestowed upon Kings, on all occasions, but even as lately as the reign of St Louis was addressed to God himself. Many prayers beginning "*Beau Sire Dieu*" are still extant.'

Though, from a want of familiarity, it seems more irreverend, it is not really more so than the same use of the word Lord. In the present volumes, the expression "the Lord King" is repeatedly used, as if in direct imitation of the Lord God. We never read of these strange analogies, but we think of the never-to-be-too-often-repeated opinion of the clergyman respecting the last moments of James I; namely, that the King was so pious, there seemed to be a considerable intercourse going on "between their Divine and Human Majesties."

* *Philip Augustus; or the Brothers in Arms. By the Author of Darnley, De L'Orme, &c.* 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn and Bentley.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MR ALLEN.*

THE author of the pamphlet mentioned below, who appears a well-meaning man, not wanting in perseverance, speaks in strong terms of the evil tendency of a general pauperism of the married peasantry; and proposes, that instead of relief from the parish, every industrious man should be furnished, on his marriage, with a cottage, and such a portion of land as, with the aid of his wife, he might cultivate without interfering with his regular daily labours. He asserts that the expense would be less than is now expended in poor's-rates; and makes answer to the anticipated objections of the Malthusians. The author does not appear to be a man of education, but he has good sense and kind feelings; and if his phrases sometimes appear a little high-flown, his motives are evidently not selfish ones. The plan was first proposed, by letter, to the Duke of Wellington, who not only did not promote it, but seems to have thought that the mere publication of the letter would be a mischievous proceeding. His Grace first refused his assent to the publication, on the plea that assent would imply approbation; but when the author informed him that he should publish it without his assent, and with his reply annexed, the Duke peremptorily forbade so enormous a committal of his opinions.

'The Duke positively refuses his consent to Mr Allen's publishing anything written by him If Mr Allen publishes, notwithstanding this prohibition, the Duke will take the steps upon the subject which he may be advised to take.'

Such is the Duke's answer to Mr Allen's last letter. If his Grace's admirers be judicious, we suspect they will advise him to take any step, rather than the one which points to the house of his Grace's attorney. Public men should write nothing on public subjects, which could not endure and even court publicity. And as to dignity, if dignity is consulted by answering every one who writes a letter, it is no less consulted by letting the world see that everybody is worth answering. The world is in progress towards the inevitable arrival of that time, when every man will have what the author of this pamphlet desires, or at least its equivalent; and the Duke, by his opinions on Reform, has rendered it, unfortunately, of little consequence, what he thinks on the matter.

* *A Plan for Benefiting the Agricultural Labourers.* 8vo. pp. 45. Effingham Wilson.

SIDDONIANA.

When Mrs Siddons visited Dr Johnson, he paid her two or three very elegant compliments. When she retired, he said to Dr Glover, 'Sir, she is a prodigiously fine woman.' 'Yes,' replied Dr Glover, 'but don't you think she is much finer on the stage, when she is adorned by art?'—'Sir,' said Dr Johnson, 'on the stage *art* does not adorn her; *nature adorns* her there, and *art glorifies* her.'

'Mrs Siddons,' said Lord Byron, 'was the *beau ideal* of acting; Miss O'Neill I would not go to see for fear of weakening the impression made by the Queen of Tragedians. When I read *Lady Macbeth's* part, I have Mrs Siddons before me; and imagination even supplies her voice, whose tones were superhuman, and power over the heart supernatural.'

Sir Joshua Reynolds never marked his name on his pictures, except in the instance of Mrs Siddons's portrait as the Tragic Muse, when he wrote his name upon the hem of her garment. When Mrs Siddons first saw the picture in its finished state, she went near to examine the pattern of this, which appeared to be a curious classic embroidery, such being, at that time, much in fashion, and she then perceived it contained his name; when making the remark to Sir Joshua, who was present, he very politely said, 'I could not lose the honour this opportunity offered to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment.'

'At Calais,' says Kelly, in his *Reminiscences*, 'we went to Dessein's, made an excellent dinner, and passed the night there. We took our route the next morning for Lisle, and got to dinner at St Omer. At the hotel where we dined, the landlady told us that Madame la grand actrice Anglaise Siddons had just dined, and quitted the house not more than a quarter of an hour before our arrival. I asked the landlady what she thought of Mrs Siddons? She said she "thought her a fine woman, and thought she made it her study to appear like a Frenchwoman; but," added the landlady, "she has yet much to learn before she arrives at the dignity and grace of one." After this speech I could find nothing palatable in her house.'

Mrs Siddons was less taciturn in private society than is generally imagined by those who had infrequent opportunities of seeing her. She sung many simple ballads with infinite taste; and, when in very limited society, she introduced a peculiarly dry humour into those amusing trifles. On one occasion, at the house of her late brother, Mr John Kemble, the writer of this remembers Mrs Siddons singing Sheridan's ballad of 'Billy Taylor' with irresistible drollery.

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FUNERAL OF MRS SIDDONS.—On Wednesday morning, at the early hour of nine o'clock, there was an immense assemblage of persons of all ranks in Upper Baker street, Regent's park, to witness the funeral of this celebrated actress. About ten o'clock the hearse and mourning coaches began to assemble at Mr Harris's, the Globe, corner of the New road and Baker street. At half-past ten o'clock the signal was given for the mournful procession to move. The coffin, which had a covering of rich purple velvet, was placed in a hearse drawn by four horses, followed by two mourning coaches and four, containing the relatives of the deceased lady; afterwards fourteen mourning-coaches, drawn by two horses, each coach containing four gentlemen mourners belonging to the theatres; two gentlemen's carriages brought up the procession. The cavalcade proceeded along the Park road, Regent's park, up the Alpha road, through Prince's street, to Paddington Church, where, after the funeral rites had been performed, the body was deposited in a vault at a quarter before twelve o'clock. The immense number of persons assembled to witness the funeral could not be less than 5,000.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— An arrangement has been entered into by Mr Young, with the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre, for the purpose of repeating a certain number of his most popular characters, previous to his taking his final leave of the stage.

— Madame Vestris, now in Dublin, has kindly offered her services in any dramatic entertainment which may be performed for the benefit of the famishing Irish.

— A worthy Churchwarden of Canterbury, a few days since, excused himself by note from a dinner party, by alleging that he was 'engaged in taking the *senses* of his parish.'

— A tailor, who, like many of his fraternity, was an habitual drunkard, alleged, by way of excuse, that he found it good for a *stitch* in his side.

— The Princess of Salms has published a poem, entitled, 'An Epistle to absolute Monarchs,' which is full of the spirit of liberty; and, considering that the Princess moves among the circles to which she addresses her epistle, it is one of the most extraordinary among the recent and present proofs of that fellowship which the governing party think it their interest to feel or affect for the people.—*Evening Paper.*

SPLENDID DONATION.—As good deeds ought to be known and justly appreciated, and as some confusion has arisen in names, it may not be unacceptable to the public to be informed, that the Lady who has so bountifully given 4,000*l.* to the suffering Irish, is Mrs Palmer, who has 30,00*l.* a year in Mayo, the mother-in law of Mr W. Mackinnon, M.P. for Lymington.

GRANDILOQUENT.—The following specimen of the anti-climax, is from a Mobile (Alabama) paper of May 3; and commences thus, viz.:—'*All hail!*—Sunday morning, at about four o'clock, one of the *prettiest storms* ever exhibited in Mobile was witnessed. The wind blew from the northwest, like the last trump. Lightning *decorated* the mantle of night with *golden chains*, and unrolled and spread out all over the earth, her *sheets* of fire. Hail fell—sparkling in the light—like diamonds from the clouds—*and about as big as a piece of chalk!*—*New York Gazette.*

'ENTICEMENT.'—The editor of the *National Gazette* ends an elaborate definition of the above word with the following authority. It is comprised in an anecdote of a sailor, who giving his testimony in a Boston Court, about an assault and battery, stated that Jack (the traverser) had powerfully *enticed* Sam (the complainant). Jack's Counsel asked him to explain what he meant by the word *entice*. 'What do I mean, Sir?' said the honest tar. 'Why, Sir, I mean this—Jack took a devilish big handspike, and drove it plump in Sam's back; that's what I calls *enticing*.'—*New York Gazette.*

FLYING FISH.—This fish has many enemies in both elements, rapacious fishes and birds of prey. Our mate told us that he once saw a man-of-war eagle—an albatross (diamedea exulans)—pounce downward upon a flying fish, while at the same instant a thunny, or albicore, sprang from below to seize it. Neither seemed to see the other, and so eagerly did they aim at their common prey, that the thunny's head bolted into the open beak of the albatross. The latter struggled hard to carry off its unexpected prize, which, however, proved too weighty, and fell back into the water. Meanwhile the flying-fish escaped with life from both the deaths that threatened it.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

A STRANGE VOICE.—The mate on duty ordered some of the youths to reef the main-topsail. When the first got up, he heard a strange voice saying, 'It blows hard.' The lad waited for no more; he was down in a trice, and telling his adventure. A second immediately ascended, laughing at the folly of his companion; but returned even more quickly, declaring that he was quite sure that a voice, not of this world, had cried in his ear, 'It blows hard.' Another went, and another; but each came back with the same tale. At length the mate, having sent up the whole watch, ran up the shrouds himself, and when he reached the haunted spot, heard the dreadful words distinctly uttered in his ears,—'It blows hard.' 'Aye, aye, old one, but blow it ever so hard, we must ease the earings for all that,' replied the mate undauntedly; and, looking round, he espied a fine parrot perched on one of the clues, the thoughtless author of all the false alarms, which had probably escaped from some other vessel, but had not previously been discovered to have taken refuge on this.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

The Court's a school, indeed, in which some few
Learn virtuous principles; but most forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honest.
Trifling is there in practice; serious actions
Are obsolete and out of use. *Custom of the Country.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The Maid of Judah—The Highland Reel.
HAYMARKET.—The Way to Keep Him—The Widow Bewitched—Killing No Murder.

HAYMARKET.

A LADY made her first appearance on the stage last night, as the *Widow Belmour* in the pleasant, easy comedy of the *Way to Keep Him*. We did not see her, however, in the most trying scene of this not very trying part, and would rather postpone our judgment till another time. FARREN performed admirably in *Sir Bashful Constant*, particularly in the scene of the buckles with *Sir Brilliant*, and the other where he observes his wife reading the letter, and works himself up into an extasy of suspense. There is no man like FARREN for winding up a feeling of this kind to its height, till he topples over in a paroxysm of incapability.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE ADELPHI.

TO THE TATLER.

DEAR MR TATLER,—The audience at the Adelphi Theatre, on Wednesday evening, was not a full, but it was a merry one. More visitors might have made the proprietors merrier, and possibly the actors; but the adage would scarcely have applied before the curtain. During the first and last piece, there was a continued rippling of small laughter, that was worth going to hear, for its own sake. It is seldom we hear the English so lively; yet the audience had nevertheless an English aspect in other respects. But how is it that an actor like POTIER does not fill the house? I acknowledge it might render it somewhat warmer, yet I should like to see justice done to his talents. I believe the truth is, that the French company did not "draw" at the Adelphi before. The theatre is not a convenient one. The lower front boxes, and the stalls, are the only places really comfortable. There is a sort of dungeon behind the former, where the vapour bath may be taken without extra expense; and above, seats, having neither backs nor cushions, and being inconveniently distant from the high front which it is necessary to peer over to see the stage, are by no means inviting to ladies. Gentlemen, too, have no objection to be at their ease at a place of entertainment. The gallery is considered as an upper tier of boxes, and the admissions are charged accordingly, without any correspondent accommodation. Now, whatever name the French management may choose to give it, the English well know that it *is* a gallery. Box visitors are not disposed to sit there; gallery visitors are not disposed to pay so much for admission. The consequence is, that it is all but empty. I was rather surprised to see the pit so well occupied, for the screens which divide it from the stalls are somewhat aristocratic. In short, Mr TATLER, to begin with the Manager,—I think he has made some great mistakes. And now to speak of the hero of the Adelphi Nights. The first was a short piece in one act, called *Le Ci-devant Jeune Homme*, in which he played a kind of French *Lord Ogleby* to admiration. Nothing could have been better than the manner in which he reconciled the feebleness of age, with the wilful indolence of a fashionable lounge, and gave to the physical exhaustion consequent upon undue exertion, at his time of life, the air of a languor resulting from youthful dissipation. One step more, and the youth would have appeared too real;—one step less, and the acting would have been imperfect. In the second piece, *Le Chiffonier*, his character is a serious one. A young advocate having, by the examination of certain documents, discovered that a merchant of the name of *Francval* had been unjustly implicated in a charge of fraud, by which he had lost both his reputation and his property, voluntarily undertakes to plead his cause in court, and succeeds in reversing the sentence. It is after an interval of fifteen years, and the merchant is supposed to be dead. He is, however, close at hand in the disguise of a *chiffonier*, whose business it seems to be, to wander about at night, to seek and restore lost property. Under this disguise, he has opportunities of doing signal service to the young advocate, on whom he finally be-

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stows his daughter, with a handsome fortune. The daughter, who has been placed under the care of an elderly woman in the father's confidence, maintains herself by her industry as an embroideress; and he, in the character of a friendly neighbour, occasionally undergoes the painful pleasure of seeing and conversing with her. On one occasion she sings a little ballad which relates his own history, concluding with the melancholy fact, that in consequence of the infamy attached to his name, he keeps himself concealed, and dares not even to embrace his own child. While the daughter sings this as a mere fiction, the father is deeply agitated;—the words haunt him, and presently he repeats the concluding lines;—she corrects him, and to set set him right, sings them again, when he breaks away from her in uncontrollable emotion. To describe the acting of M. POTIER in this character, I shall not attempt. It appeared to me liable to the old objection made against GARRICK,—that he only did just what any man so circumstanced would do. In the last piece (which I have seen before) I did not like M. POTIER so well as M. PERLET. Two of the characters in this piece disguise themselves as English ladies. PERLET and PELISSIE endeavoured to soften the voice, and really to imitate women; which is more consistent with their wish to deceive the old man, into whose house they are endeavouring to introduce themselves as lodgers, than the manly tones which POTIER and LA PORTE retain, in strong contrast with their dress and demeanour, which appeared feminine enough. It might be more comic perhaps—or rather, more farcical;—it was certainly less natural. From the front of the house M. LA PORTE, in his large hat and ringlets, looked not unlike Mrs ORGER. The resemblance was not very striking when the hat and ringlets were thrown off. My great amazement was, that he could for a moment have looked like a pretty woman. I speak of the face only; I do not mean to compare him with the lady in person or carriage. But I am running to great length. Farewell, Mr TATLER; you must be impatient to arrive at the signature.

Yours, truly,

A. A.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank SIWEL; but his communication hardly belongs to our journal.

We respect the zeal of AGIS, and the talents undoubtedly possessed by the author on whom he writes; but they were not manifested in their best way on the occasion referred to; and we think the author will be glad by and by, that the subject has been dropped.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

For the Benefit of Mr Abbott.

The Comedy of

THE EXQUISITES.

[By DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COSIO.]

Mrs Stockland, Mrs Gibbs. Harriet, Miss Nelson.
Lilian Evondale, Miss E. Tree. Kitty, Mrs Keeley.
Lord Castleton, Mr C. Kemble. Count Valmore, Mr G. Bennett.
Lord Belcourt, Mr Parry. Hon. Frank Cecil, Mr Abbott. Melton, Mr Wrench.
Gosling, Mr Keeley. Sir Benjamin Bonus, Mr Bartley.
Mr Stockland, Mr Egerton. Thornton, Mr Henry.
Timothy Oldstyle, Mr Blanchard. Strut, Mr Power.

In Act II, Madame Taglioni will dance the celebrated 'Tyrollienne,' from the Opera of 'Guillaume Tell,' and the admired 'Pas,' from 'La Bayadere.'

In the course of the Evening, Madame Pasta will sing 'Il soave e bel contento,' and a favourite Air.—'Should he upbraid,' by Miss Inverarity. And the Glee, 'My Father Land,' (from the 'Romance of a Day,') by Miss Harrington, Messrs Tett, Irwin, Benedict, and Sheriff.

After the Comedy, the Drama of

THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS.

Felix, Mr Abbott. Rosalvi, by a Gentleman.

To conclude with the Musical Entertainment of

THE WATERMAN.

[By Mr DIBDIN.]

Mrs Bundle, Mrs Tayleure. Wilhelmina, Miss Cawse.
Tom Tug, Mr Wilson, who will sing 'The Bay of Biscay O!'
Bundle, Mr Blanchard. Robin, Mr Keeley.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The Opera of

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

Countess Almaviva, Miss Land. Susanna, Miss Wells.
Barbarina, Mrs T. Hill. Marcellina, Mrs Coveney.
Count Almaviva, Mr Vining. Antonio, Mr J. Cooper. Fiorello, Mr Huckel.
Figaro, Mr Harley. Cherubino, Mrs Humby. Basil, Mr Bishop.
Notary, Mr V. Webster. Sebastian, Mr Moore.

After which, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.

[By Mr P. FARREN.]

The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney, Mrs Coveney, Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

To conclude with the Comedy of

SPRING AND AUTUMN; OR THE BRIDE AT FIFTY.

Mrs Rattle, Mrs W. Clifford. Clara, Mrs Ashton.
Mrs General Dartmouth, Mrs Glover.
Sir Simon Slack, Mr W. Farren. Major Osmond, Mr Brindal.
John, Mr Coveney. Rattle, Mr Cooper.

To-morrow, The Heir at Law; with Lodgings for Single Gentlemen; The Waterman; and The Widow Bewitched.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

LES PLAIDEURS.

Comédie en Trois Actes, en Vers, de RACINE.

Isabelle, Mlle. Jamain. La Comtesse, Madame Baudin.
Dandin, M. Potier. Léandre, M. Alfred. L'Intimé, M. Laporte.
Chicaneau, M. Cloup. Petit Jean, M. Préval. Un Souffleur, M. Granville.

Suivie de

L'HOMME DE 60 ANS; OU, LA PETITE ENTETEE,

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. DARTOIS et SIMONIN.

Angélina, Mlle. St. Ange. Honorine, Madame Gamard.
L'Homme de 60 Ans, M. Potier. Eugène, M. Alfred. Bernard, M. Cloup.
Folleville, M. Paulin. François, M. Arnaud. Un Domestique, M. Granville.

On finira par

LE CUISINIER DE BUFFON,

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. MERLE, ROUGEMONT, et SIMONIN.

Gertrude, Madame Préval. Perrette, Mlle. Jamain.
Guénot, M. Potier. Bexon, M. Cloup. Pot-de-Vin, M. Preval.
Julien, M. Guenée. Un Domestique, M. Arnaud.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,") Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.
A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which, a Romantic Drama, called

THE PROPHET OF THE MOOR.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

Catherine Gray, Miss Somerville Crazy Ruth, Miss M. C. Poole.
Honor Jeykel, Miss Jordan. Dame Hetty Horner, Miss Nicol.
Elkanah White, Mr Osbaldiston. Colonel Launce Leolyn, Mr C. Hill.
Ralph Gayton, Mr Williams. Hal Hardenbrass, Mr Honner.
Dwarf Stephen, or Stephen Poynet, Mr Almar. Haveril Horner, Mr Gough.
Master John Horner, Mr Vale. Oliver Brown, Mr Lee.
Goliah Goodbody, sen. Mr Asbury. Goliah Goodbody, jun. Master Frank Carbery.
Piers Talbot, Mr Edwin. Joey Stokes, Mr Rogers. Thomas Green, Mr Hobbs.

To conclude with the Musical Drama, in Two Acts, intitled

JOHN OF PARIS.

[By Mr POCOCK.]

Princess of Navarre, Miss Somerville, in which she will sing 'Should he upbraid.'
Olivia, Miss Vincent, in which she will introduce 'Smart young Bachelors.'
Rosa, Miss Nicol. John of Paris, Mr Osbaldiston.
Grand Chamberlain, Mr Williams. Pedrigo Potts, Mr Vale. Philip, Mr Ransford.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, intitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.

Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lejeune.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Asim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.

After which, a Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

FALSE AND CONSTANT.

Constance, Mrs Waylett, who will sing her Popular Ballads, 'Away to the Mountain's Brow,' and 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Arabelle, Mrs Evans. Susan, Miss Andrews.
Major Fitzcannon, Mr Hammerton. Mr Fairport, Mr Munroe.
Harry Severton, Mr Marshall. Charles Trueman, Mr Spencer. Robert, Mr Davies.
Mr Standish, Mr Porteus. And Sir Gerrge Darewell, Mr Green.

To conclude with the Drama, in Two Acts, of

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

Black-Eyed Susan, Mrs Evans. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Saville.
William, (with the Original Song and Hornpipe) Mr Forrester.
The Admiral, Mr Porteus. Quid, Mr G. Smith.
Captain Crosstree, Mr Spencer. Lieut. Pike, Mr G. Lejeune.
Blue Peter, Mr Bennett, with Gay's admired Ballad of 'All in the Downs.'
Yarn, Mr Davies. Raker, Mr Willing. Hatchett, Mr Barnett.
Doggrass, Mr Munroe. Jacob Twig, Mr Marshall. Ploughshare, Mr Young.
Gnatbrain, Mr Wilkinson.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Mysterious Tailor.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Enchanted Chair—Rob Roy—Minuet and Quadrille—Lubin and Annette—The Turkish Troops—Vaulting Evolutions—Pegasus—Harebell—Countess of Liliput—Corde Volante—Gambols—Cupid and Zephyr—The Turkish Defence—Fireworks.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis—Black-eyed Susan—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Pilot.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Outlaw's Oath—The Miser of Madrid—The English Paganini—Frozen Hand.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

THEATRE SANS SOUCI, LEICESTER SQUARE.—Love in Humble Life—Jocko—Reconciliations.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1831.

OLD ENGLISH STAGE.*

The fourth Widkirk pageant, which relates to the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham, is of a strain so far superior to the two already noticed, that it appears as misplaced in their company, as a tender beauty among a set of alehouse buffoons. Mr Collier gives the following interesting analysis of it. It would be worth while to know the author, for it is written by a man of genius, and possesses genuine pathos.

'The father and son,' says Mr Collier, 'are accompanied on their way "forth of towne" by two boys and a jackass, whom before the sacrifice they leave behind. When Abraham is about to slay his son, Isaac exclaims:—

'" The shynyng of your bright blade
It gars me quake for ferde to dee.
'" *Abraham.* Therefore groflyng† thou shalt be layde;
Then when I stryke, thou shalt not se."

'In order to delay the fatal stroke, Abraham pretends that he has lost something, and turning away, says very tenderly:—

'" What water shotes in both myn eeyn!
I were lever than all worldly wyn,
That I had for hym onys unkynde
But no defawt I faund hym in.
I wold be dede for hym or fynde;
To slo hym thus I thynke grete syn."

'or, in other words,—"What water shoots into both mine eyes! I should have been more glad than of all worldly gain, if I had found him once unkind; but I never found him in fault. I would willingly die or endure suffering for him: to slay him thus I think a great sin."

'The Angel prevents the blow, but Abraham will not talk, even with the heavenly messenger, till he has released and kissed his son.

'The Chester play treats this story even more pathetically, and, as a contrast, it is opened with a comic prologue by a person who calls himself "Gobbet on the Greene." It ends thus:—

'" My name is Gobbet on the Greene,
With you I may no longer bene.
Farewell, my lordings, by dene,
For letting of your playe."

'The following is a part of the dialogue between Abraham and Isaac:—

'" *Isaacke.* Yf I have trespassed in any degree,
With a yarde you may beate me.
Put up your sworde, yf your wil be,
For I am but a chylde.
'" *Abraham.* Oh, my deare sone, I ame sorye
To doe to thee this greate anoye.
God's commaundement doe must I,
His workes are aye full mylde.
'" *Isaacke.* Woulde God, my mother were here with me,
She woulde kneele downe upon her knee
Prayinge you, father, yf yt might be,
For to save my life."

'Isaac expresses his readiness to submit to the will of God, and reminds Abraham that he has other sons at home whom he may love. Abraham "wrings his hands," and declares himself almost out of his senses for grief. Isaac on his knees asks his father's blessing, and requests him to hide his eyes, that he may not see the sword when it is raised to strike him. Abraham entreats him not to add to his agony, and calls upon Christ to have pity upon him. The stage direction at the close is: "Here let Abraham make a sygne, as though he would slaye and cut off his head with his sworde, then let the Angell come and take the sworde by the ende, and staye it."

'In the course of this piece we meet with the first mention of the *Expositor* (sometimes also called the *Doctor*), who makes several explanatory addresses to the audience. A messenger delivers an epilogue, in which he announces the subject of the next play.

'The Coventry Pageant, which relates, like those of Widkirk and Chester, solely to the sacrifice of Isaac, is much inferior. There is one natural touch in it, however, which deserves notice; during the whole day Abraham is dumb with grief at the comtemplation of the sacrifice he is compelled to make; and Isaac remarks, unconsciously and innocently,—

'" Fayre fadyr, ye go ryght stille;
I pray you, fadyr, speke unto me."'—Vol. II, p. 165.

We thank Mr Collier for the analysis of these Widkirk and Chester pieces, and for the quotation from the Coventry. All the touches of pathos, to which he points our attention, are of the right heart-felt order, and would not have been unworthy of Chaucer. Everybody who has any feeling, must recognize the truth and beauty of Abraham's expression about the tears coming into his eyes; of his wish that the boy had been sometimes unkind to him; of his remaining silent towards the angel, till he has released and kissed his son; of Isaac's telling him (in the Chester Pageant) that he might beat him if he had done anything wrong, but ought not to use a sword; of the poor boy's wish that his mother were present, to beg his life; of Abraham's wringing his hands, and declaring himself almost out of his senses for grief; Isaac asking his father's blessing, and then the father begging him 'not to add to his agony,' and calling 'upon Christ to have pity upon him.' The author of *Lear* and *King John* might have had 'the water shooting into his eyes' at the reading of passages like these.

We have been well acquainted with Christmas carols in our time, but do not remember the following pretty fancy, which Mr Collier tells us is to be found in a popular one. It is in a Coventry Pageant:—'Mary, seeing a cherry-tree, longs for some of the fruit; and Joseph tells her, that he who is the father of her child may procure it for her. *The tree instantly bows down to her hand.*'

The following is a specimen of the short work which Mr Collier makes of the *dicta* of the most assured of his predecessors:—

'Gifford designates the Vice, "the buffoon of the old Mysteries and Moralities," as if he had figured in the Miracle plays represented at Chester, Coventry, York, and elsewhere. Malone, also, in a passage before alluded to, speaks of him as the "constant attendant" of the Devil in "the ancient religious plays." Theobald, in a note on the words, "the formal Vice Iniquity" in *Richard the Third*, asserts that before the period of the Reformation, there was hardly an old play without a Devil and a Vice. The fact is, that the Vice was wholly unknown in our religious plays, which have hitherto gone by the name of Mysteries, and to which Gifford, Malone, and Theobald refer.' .... 'With regard to "Moralities," it is certainly true, that in the most ancient moral plays, characters of gross buffoonery and vicious propensities were inserted for the amusement and instruction of the audience; but although we hear of 'the fool' in Medwall's Interlude, performed before Henry VIII in 1516, such a character seems very rarely to have been specifically called "the Vice," anterior to the Reformation.'—P. 266.

[To be continued.]

* *The History of English Dramatic Poetry to the time of Shakspeare: and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration. By J. Payne Collier, Esq. F. S. A.* Three vols. 8vo. Murray.

† *Grovelling* on his stomach.

DREADFUL FAMINE IN IRELAND.

The spectacle of indifference presented by the Nobility of the United Kingdom, at this present crisis of death and misery in the sister island, is perfectly disgusting. Our countrymen were angry with Bonaparte for calling them a 'shop-keeping nation.' The Nobility, we suppose, would *not* be angry (for nothing moves them) at being called a money-keeping Nobility; but such they are: and all the rich, as a body, are included in the designation. They have their tens of thousands a-year, their twenty thousands, their fifty thousands, their hundreds of thousands; and they deny themselves no luxury under the sun, not even that of keeping thousands in their strong boxes, while humanity wants a meal. Let no one hereafter talk of the generosity of the 'upper classes' in England.

A Correspondent of the *Times* recommended, the other day, that the 'Wellington Testimonial Fund' should be applied to the salvation of the poor starving Irish. A 'Member of the Committee' for that fund answers the letter, and says the recommendation could not be taken, because granting that every subscriber but one should

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sanction the measure, it would be in the power of that one 'to file a bill in Chancery, not merely for the recovery of his subscription, but to compel a specific performance of the object proposed when he paid his money.' This may be true, though it would not be very likely. But there is *one* person concerned, who could turn the fund to this beneficial object by a single word. Why does not the Duke of Wellington recommend it? He would raise himself a monument by the action, much nobler than any that the Fund could give him.

The following is something to the purpose. Another correspondent, in a style of striking brevity and feeling, writes to the Editor of the same paper:—

'Sir,—Our fellow-creatures in Ireland are starving.

'Cannot every individual give something?

'The population of London alone is 1,500,000. If every person would give only 6*d.*, 37,500*l.* would at once be collected, and yet not above half that sum has yet been raised. Let no one refuse to give something, be it but a penny. How many could save 1*d.* per day? and this done by each person in London, for one day, amounts to 6,250*l.* Let us all do our uttermost, and that instantly: delay is death to our fellow-creatures. C. J.'

Yes: think of this last sentence. A ball is announced for the 4th July, at Drury Lane theatre, for the relief of the starvers, and the King and Queen are to be there. This is very well: but what are the starvers to do in the mean time? A paragraph in the same paper informs us, that 'the average price of potatoes in Ireland is 2*d.* a stone (14lb.) that is, 3½lb. for a halfpenny, enough to support a man for a day; and yet this halfpenny cannot be had in Erris and other parts where famine rages.'

An inhabitant of Regent street, the other day, offered to keep a subscription-box in his shop-window, for the collection of passing charity. If the same generous person had time to procure the establishment of similar boxes in three or four different parts of the metropolis, and books were opened at each place for the receipt of sixpenny and shilling subscriptions, or subscriptions not exceeding half-a-sovereign, a good sum perhaps might be obtained at once. But again we say, what are the nobility about, and why do they not come down with their *thousands?* The inhabitants of Chelsea have done themselves immortal honour by paying into the General Committee at Cornhill the sum of 450*l.* as their 'first instalment.' We shall hold that district in double respect henceforward, and feel a pleasure in going through it.

FINE ARTS.

THE LIVING PAINTERS. No. VII.

'Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea, all in sedges hid.'—*Taming of the Shrew.*

THE PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

SIR M. A. SHEE, SIR W. BEECHEY, MESSRS JACKSON, REINAGLE, WILKIE, PICKERSGILL, CHINNERY, MORTON, AND ROTHWELL.

A Portrait is a species of mirror, in which the merits of Nature are carefully reflected, and her defects altogether shut out. It is the art of painting unlikenesses—the art of aggrandizing small things—the art, in a word, of flattering agreeably *and profitably*, at the expense of nothing but truth. This last—the *auri sacra fames*—is the grand inspiration; the former—the flattery—is the secret of success. The improvement in arts and manufactures is in proportion to the profits resulting to individuals; but the profits would not ensue, were not other individuals pleased. We might paint gods and angels to all eternity without getting a maravedi by them, did they not profess to resemble Mr, Mrs, or Miss Lackwit, and to transmit the imaginary excellence of that illustrious family to the admiration of 1930. We are somewhat backward in acknowledging our great uncle Brick-bat, smeared faithfully upon canvass by the downright pencil of Kneller. We hesitate to confess our descent from figures fit to be scarecrows, which the malignity of provincial 'professors' has caused to be hung up in our oaken galleries; but the beauties of Sir Thomas we bow to in an instant, and admit them the more readily and gratefully, because he has faithfully avoided all the deformities of nature.

When Titian painted, he had heads to paint that were, in themselves, sufficient to illuminate his pannels with grandeur and beauty. The very costume of his time was enough to constitute a gorgeous picture. The ample folds of silk and velvet, the hats crowned with feathers, the flashing, formidable eyes (in which the noble and the cut-throat * mingled so harmoniously) the mighty beards, and lastly, the fine rich tone which the complexion and the hair presented, are scarcely to be called accessories; they in fact made up the main value of the picture. What a contrast does our meagre, close, square-cut dress afford! We are in fact nothing more than a series of obtuse angles, disguised by kerseymere and broad-cloth; and our only result, when sitting for our pictures, is to stultify the artist by the innumerable points and difficulties which our ill-dressed figures present. When the Doge Grimani, or the Senator Lanfranco, or any other Grandee of Italy or Spain, came before Titian or Velasquez, he came properly accoutred. He came duly loaded with twenty yards of Genoa velvet, a handsome proportion of the finest silk, his belt, and his sword, and above all his beard, over which came glancing a couple of eyes (like those of the eagle or the rattlesnake), whilst his whole aspect wore a look of command, and said, '*Come, paint me!*'—There was no alternative. He was set down, accordingly, 'in his habit, as he lived;' and a very pretty picture he made, as we all know. Instead of this, we have now a slice of a man (five feet ten by fifteen inches) who runs up the middle of the picture like a hop-pole, and divides the canvass into a couple of hemispheres, which the puzzled painter is then bound to fill. In this extremity, he looks round his 'studio'—he examines very narrowly the economy of his friends' sitting rooms—he purchases two yards of flowered silk, or venerable damask, at the bazaar of Mordecai Levi, dealer in clothes ancient and modern,—and at last pounces upon a jar or inkstand—hangs his before-mentioned silk or damask across a chair, and the portrait is then worked up into rapid perfection. His brother artists applaud; the sitter (sufficiently flattered) is delighted; and the arts—remain *in statu quo*. No sudden incursion of new ideas disturbs the settled equanimity—the old, approved, aristocratic, system of picture-manufacturing. And, in fact, what do the Academicians want? They

'Want no change, and least of all such change,'

as a fresh, vigorous, imaginative artist would bring upon them. What would become of their sleepy portraits? their hard and staring heads? their idle, endless, dull, unprofitable repetitions of each other? their stupid thefts from ancient masters? their blind, arrogant, oracular decisions in favour of themselves? Why, all would go down to the dust. Ay; notwithstanding the unanimity of the English in favour of English art, their pictures would immediately take a secondary station. They would become 'respectable' pictures, and they themselves 'creditable' artists—than which, as we well know, there is nothing more damning and dishonouring. They have indistinct visions of this their fate, no doubt; else why do they go on railing at their betters in art? Do they think that they can make themselves superior, merely by imagining that they are so? Do they think that they can keep their works impefishable—unmelted,

'By *thinking* of the frosty Caucasus.'

Let them be assured, that this is a mistake altogether. The great painter must think, and labour, and look at nature; he must give his imagination way, and let his reason guide him (the two are quite reconcileable); he must study, and combine, and be patient and sincere in his desire to attain what is good; and he must moreover strip himself of prejudice and envy and all the other disqualifications which interfere with success. It is not sufficient to sit simpering or scowling in the midst of one's own achievements,—nor to sneer at the Flemings and Italians, and imagine that one's own school is the best of all possible schools, and one's self at the top of the topmost form. This may injure others a little; but it will do no good to ourselves.

We have not left ourselves a great deal of space in the present number to speak of the English portrait-painters in detail. Nor is there a necessity for this. They have much in common with each other, both of what is vicious as well as valuable; and a few general remarks might almost serve for all. They are, for the most part, good painters, but indifferent artists; that is to say, they are dextrous with the brush, and frequently shew skill in their effects; but in design and invention and expression, we think, they too often fail.

Sir Martin Archer Shee has hitherto been known better for his verses than his pictures. His 'Rhymes on Art' have obtained for him some reputation, and his agreeable qualities more. He has always had the good word of all persons. This, we believe, was the secret of his elevation to the President's chair. As an artist, he was not considered equal to some other Academicians; but for courtesy, good manners, and all gentleman-like qualities, he was beyond most, and inferior to none. We, at first, murmured a little at his elevation; but we are now satisfied that the Academicians were right, and that he will do credit to their choice. In truth, he may already be said to have done this; for one of his pictures—we are ashamed to have forgotten the *name* of the portrait—is one of the best pieces of art in the present Exhibition. He seems to have set himself to work in earnest, in order to show his electors what he could do. This appears to us to be the true way of requiting them, and of vindicating himself.—Sir William Beechey is fallen into the 'sere and yellow leaf.' He was never much of an artist; and now his portraits bear the defects of servility, superadded to the crudeness which marked his early works. He has passed from youth to age, without arriving at maturity. It is surely time for him to desist. Of Mr Phillips, we have already spoken; he is an agreeable artist, with more refinement than any of his brother Academicians who devote themselves to this branch of art. Mr Jackson is—or rather *was* (for, we are sorry to see that he is dead) a painter of merit; somewhat deficient in elegance and finish, but generally effective, and shewing that he could colour well when he pleased.

* *Lege*, 'soldier.'

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Mr Pickersgill, to our mind, possesses less real claims to distinction than any portrait-painter of equal reputation. His fame exceeds immeasureably his deserts, which are moderate enough. This artist may be referred to as one of those who paint every part of man to perfection, *except his head!* and who may fairly be put upon an equality with those ingenious artists who used, in former days, to furnish our old friend Mrs Salmon with the wax figures that enabled her to contest the palm so successfully with her jealous brethren at Somerset-House. We have heard that the late Mr Dawe was in the habit of vindicating his claim to be an industrious man by painting *dolls*, by the gross, for the toy-shops. We imagine that it may have been by some such gradation that Mr Pickersgill arrived at his present eminence. There are three pictures by this artist in the present Exhibition; one, of Lord Lyndhurst, has the 'outward visible form' of the late Chancellor (which indeed it is barely possible to miss), but it wants that lurking expression that we have so often remarked in his face, and which used eternally to remind us of some of the curious faces that we have seen peeping through the leaves in the paintings of Nicolo Poussin. The Portrait of Mr Bulwer is not, we trust, a likeness of that clever author. To us it seems like a man whose faculties are muddled with beer; and the Portrait of Mr Charles Kemble (which wants altogether the fine chivalrous air of that excellent actor) is one of the most dismal instances of what the 'human face divine' may be reduced to by the want of taste in the artist. It should be called 'The Weeping Butcher,' and sent off to Smithfield without delay.—Mr Reinagle is an admirable landscape-painter; and we are sincerely sorry to see him perplex himself with portraits. It is quite clear that his talent does not lie that way.—Mr Chinnery is the first painter in the Celestial Empire. He resides at Canton, and sends us over a cargo of portraits in company with our Congou and Twankay. He is an artist of great talent. We have seen some productions of his formerly, which appeared to exhibit as fine a style as that of any of his cotemporaries, without exception. We speak, however, from a recollection not very recent, and we may therefore be deceived.—We have not forgotten Mr Morton's Portrait of his present Majesty, which was exhibited last year. It was a picture of unquestionable talent, and was, we think, the very best likeness that we have seen of our excellent King and Illustrious Reformer. There is something in the broad open look of William the Fourth that we like to look upon. He has none of that pinched, painful, jealous expression that we have seen in the faces of some kings. He has not the long, lean, bigotted look of Charles the Tenth, nor the bullet-head of Alexander; he is not like his late Majesty, 'as stiff as stone;' nor like Ferdinand nor Miguel in—thank God!—in anything. We are not advocating our Monarch's claims to beauty, to which he has no pretensions, and which (to a man at least) is a mighty indifferent matter, after all; but we are willing to think that he has a bold, open, and honest look, which we trust he will continue to give proof of on every occasion, when the welfare of England shall demand it.—Mr Rothwell is the last on our list; and he is *far* from the worst. In fact, he appears to us to be the most promising portrait-painter of the present time. His style is broad, vigorous, graceful, and natural, and he has an eye for colour. His family picture (except a young girl playing on a guitar, which is full of elegance) is not so good as his portraits; but his portraits have great breadth, character, and general excellence. If we are not mistaken, Mr Rothwell and Mr Phillips must take the lead in portrait—(for Mr Wilkie, whom we shall speak of more particularly hereafter, will return, we hope, to his old subjects). They will probably 'divide the town' at first; but, eventually, we think the younger artist (Rothwell) will take the post of honour. These prophecies are, it must be confessed, somewhat perilous, and subject us occasionally to disappointment; but we will venture one upon the present occasion.

[No. VIII will contain Messrs Leslie, Briggs, Jones, Allan, Brockedon, and Clint.]

MUSIC.

1. 'The Flag that brav'd a Thousand Years.' A National Song, sung by Mr H. Phillips, at the Oratorios and Public Concerts. The poetry by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. The music composed by S. Nelson. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

2. 'Come dwell with me.' A Ballad sung by Mrs Waylett, in the grand Musical Performances at the Theatres-Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. The poetry by T. Haynes Bayly, Esq. The music composed by Alex. Lee. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)

3. 'Every Man's Song, or, Let Each Reform One.' Written by the Author of the 'Wreath,' &c. &c. Composed by L. Sharpe. (Goulding and D'Almaine).

4. 'Why sure there never met.' Laughing Trio, written and adapted to Martini's celebrated Terzetto; and the Symphony and Accompaniments composed by J. Addison. (Goulding and D'Almaine).

The Composers of the *three* first-named of the above pieces have doubtless consulted the prevailing taste of the English audiences, who attend oratorios, musical farces, and public dinners. They are precisely the order of composition to be immediately appreciated by *all* classes, and to be encored by the majority. Without affecting a complacent superiority in musical refinement, we can honestly say that we shall never look them in the face again; and that we should prefer hearing no ballads at all, to the hearing of such ballads. A thousandth repetition of any of the unpretending little melodies of Linley, or Shield, or Storace, would, to our taste, be positive variety, compared with an encore of any of the above-named. The first upon the list is utterly commonplace in melody, and defective in accent; as for instance on the words 'emblem,' and 'thousand.' The second, we can conceive Mr Lee writing off, as he would a free admission. There is not a single new idea in the melody; the accompaniment is like a first lesson, and as for the bass, it is one of the most meagre affairs we ever beheld; one note to a bar, that of course the key note, alternating with a fourth. The third piece is of that class that we have heard Mr Charles Taylor upon occasion sing at corporation or city company's feasts. The fourth on the list is a new adaptation and arrangement of the celebrated terzetto by Martini, that was, we believe, frequently sung at the oratorios last season, and never without being encored.

As the reader can derive neither pleasure nor profit from learning the character of such compositions as those just alluded to, and as it is far more grateful to our feelings to approve than to condemn, we propose in future naming those only that in our opinion will tend to promote a correct taste in music. Those pieces, therefore, that we decline noticing, the publishers may receive back by application at the office of the Printer.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Covent-Garden.—The Exquisites—Hunter of the Alps—The Omnibus.
Haymarket.—The Marriage of Figaro—The Widow Bewitched—Spring and Autumn.

A Correspondent asks how it is that we do not criticise benefit nights. The answer is simple;—tickets are not admitted on benefit nights, and we go in with tickets. It has long been understood between Editors and Managers, that however independent the former choose to be in their criticisms, the convenience of tickets is a matter of mutual accommodation; because any notice is better than none, and many notices are valuable in proportion. For a long time, when we wrote theatricals, years back, in another paper, we did not avail ourselves of this understanding: and we confess that had we remained rich enough, after our twenty years' war in favour of Reform, we should have acted as we did then. Had we *got* rich, we would have gone further. *Dii boni!* what a splendid example of superiority to all human ticket should we not have set! How glad the box-keepers should have been to see us! How Mr Massingham should have blessed us, and himself! What tickets should we not have bought; what benefit-nights patronised; what charming faces have dressed in golden smiles! Mr Abbott should have felt the warmth of our presence last night, because he is a good fellow; and Miss Inverarity, next Tuesday, should have looked (if possible) the sweeter, and sang with a more cordial breath. Us the hackney coachmen should have blessed; and much link-boy should have awaited us. The very actors we objected to, should have found somehow a salve for their wound, so happy should have been our criticism: yea, all should have welcomed our advent but the old fruit-women, whose apples at three-pence a-piece we hate, because of the hypocrisy of their staid faces, and the filthiness of their decency.

The mystery of tickets is a curious one, and might amuse the public if unravelled. Paganini, they say, was astonished when he found that it was expected of him to admit 'sixty gentlemen of the press' for nothing. The plea for the non-admission of tickets on a benefit-night is, that the persons admitted for nothing might possibly keep out those who would pay. Such a possibility there is, on nights when it might be death to squeeze in; but this seldom happens; and a distinction might surely be made, in favour of those who take frequent and admiring notice of theatricals. It is because we reckon ourselves, upon the whole, good-natured critics, and such as are more accustomed to like than condemn, that we have allowed ourselves to use this accommodation. We are sorry, for the reputation of our beloved countrymen, to add, that those who are the most liberal of it, are the foreign theatres among us. The French Theatre, in this respect, sustains the generous politeness of the national character; and the Italian is as liberal as the house ought to be, that contains the divine Pasta and all the emotion she excites. We heard the other day, by the bye, of some impious Goths who hissed her on one of the benefit-nights at Drury Lane!! May they never know any better.

Haymarket.

There were two first appearances here last night, in the opera of the *Marriage of Figaro*; a Miss Land, as the *Countess Almaviva*, and Miss Wells, from the Dublin Theatre. We have only room to state that they were both favourably received, and will reappear in the same parts on Tuesday next.

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'A GREAT MORAL LESSON.'—To-day the Duke of Wellington, according to annual custom, presents to the King a tri-coloured French flag, as the trophy of his career, and the symbol of what was 'put down' at the Battle of Waterloo. On the same day, and on all other days, France presents a thousand tri-colour flags to all the world.

DIVINE RIGHT.—It is said in a book lately published, that if the doctrine of legitimacy or divine right were attended to, the crown so deservedly worn at present by our Royal Reformer, ought to be taken from his head, and given to the Duchess of Buckingham or the Marquis of Stafford. How the pretensions of the Noble Marquis are made out, we cannot say. The Duchess is the representative of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, and his wife Francis, who was eldest daughter of the famous Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, that married Mary, Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII.

A HUMAN PRIVILEGE.—Brutes never make themselves ridiculous; that is the peculiar prerogative of man. The former, in their strangest vagaries, act according to nature; while the latter, in trying to go beyond her, render themselves contemptible in the eyes of others, just in proportion as they excel in their own.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

A LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.—A young native gentleman, an officer at Cannonmore, one evening, looking at his watch to ascertain the time, found that it had stopped, he having neglected to wind it up. Anxious, however, to know what o'clock it was, and recollecting that Captain B. had just constructed a very excellent sun-dial, he called for a lantern and candle, that he might see what hour it was by the new and strange chronometer of which he had heard so much.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Missionary Travels.*

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

The Opera Seria, in Two Acts, of

MEDEA.

[By MAYER.]

Medea, Wife of Jason . . . . Madame Pasta.
Creusa, Daughter of Creontes . . . . . Miss F. Ayton.
Ismenes, Confidant of Medea . . . Mlle. Feliani.
Creontes, King of Corinth . . . . . Signor Lablache.
Ægeus, King of Athens . . . Signor Rubini.
Jason . . . . Signor Curioni.
Tideus, Confidant of Creontes . . . Signor Deville.
Two children of Jason and Medea.
Corinthians, Maidens, Priests, Followers of Ægeus, Guards.

To conclude with a New Ballet, in One Act, entitled

LA BAYADERE.

[Composed by M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Auber, arranged by M. Musard.

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré, Mlle. Taglioni, M. Lefebvre, M. Emile. M. Simon, M. Hunt, M. O'Brien, and M. Bertram.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Play of

THE STRANGER.

[By KOTZEBUE.]

Mrs Haller, Miss F. Kemble. Countess Winterstein, Mrs Chatterley.
Annette, Miss H. Cawse. Claudine, Miss Perry. Charlotte, Mrs Gibbs.
Susan, Mrs Daly. Hannah, Miss Brown.
The Stranger's Children, by Miss Carson and Miss Hunt.
The Stranger, Mr C. Kemble. Count Winterstein, Mr Duruset.
Count's Son, Miss Kendall. Baron Steinfort, Mr Warde. Tobias, Mr F. Matthews.
Francis, Mr Farley. Solomon, Mr Bartley. Peter, Mr Meadows.

Previous to the Play, Mehul's Overture to 'D'Adrien.'

To conclude with a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schöenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

On Monday, Romeo and Juliet; Napoleon Buonaparte.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

A Comic Piece, in one Act, called

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Mrs Greville, Mrs T. Hill. Maria, Mrs Ashton.
Mrs Prattle, Mrs Glover.
Captain Postlethwaite, Mr Vining. Colonel Stanmere, Mr Brindal.
Trusty, Mr Webster.

After which, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.

[By Mr P. FARREN.]

The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney, Mrs Coveney, Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

To which will be added, the Comedy of

THE HEIR AT LAW.

[By G COLMAN.]

Deborah Dowlas, Mrs Glover. Caroline Dormer, Mrs Ashton.
Cicely Homespun, Mrs Humby.
Daniel Dowlas, Mr W. Farren. Dick Dowlas, Mr Vining.
Doctor Pangloss, Mr Harley. Henry Morland, Mr Brindal.
Stedfast, Mr W. Johnson. Zekiel Homespun, Mr Webster.
Kenrick, Mr H. Wallack.

To conclude with the Musical Entertainment of

THE WATERMAN.

[By DIBDIN.]

Mrs Bundle, Mrs Taylcure. Wilhelmina, Mrs T. Hill.
Tom Tug, Mr Bianchi Taylor.
Robin, Mr Harley. Bundle, Mr Gattie.

On Monday, The Goldsmith; Paul Pry; Monsieur Tonson; and The Widow Bewitched.

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Ditto Checked Drill	12s. to 0 18 0

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THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL,

In Three Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—Songs, 'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'
PART II.—Songs, 'The Omnibus,' and 'The Country Concert.'
PART III.—Song, 'Thames Sailing Match.' Scena. Song, 'Harlowe Bush Fair.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,") Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.
A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Rosier.

After which, A MUSICAL MELANGE.

To conclude with the Play of

THE STRANGER.

[By KOTZEBUE.]

Mrs Haller, Miss M. C. Poole, Countess Winterstein, Miss Scott.
Charlotte, Miss Vincent. Savoyard, Miss Somerville, with the original Ballad, 'I have a silent sorrow here.'
The Stranger, Mr Osbaldiston. Count Winterstein, Mr Honner. Peter, Mr Vale.
Baron Steinfort, Mr D. Pitt. Solomon, Mr Williams. Francis, Mr C. Hill.
Tobias, Mr Gough. The Count's Son, Master F. Carbery.
The Stranger's Children, Misses Clarke and E. Clarke.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, intitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.

Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lejeune.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Azim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.

After which, a Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

FALSE AND CONSTANT.

Constance, Mrs Waylett, who will sing her Popular Ballads, 'Away to the Mountain's Brow,' and 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Arabelle, Mrs Evans. Susan, Miss Andrews.
Major Fitzcannon, Mr Hammerton. Mr Fairport, Mr Munroe.
Harry Severton, Mr Marshall. Charles Trueman, Mr Spencer. Robert, Mr Davies.
Mr Standish, Mr Porteus. And Sir Gerrge Darewell, Mr Green.

To conclude with the Drama, in Two Acts, of

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.

Black-Eyed Susan, Mrs Evans. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Saville.
William, (with the Original Song and Hornpipe) Mr Forrester.
The Admiral, Mr Porteus. Quid, Mr G. Smith.
Captain Crosstree, Mr Spencer. Lieut. Pike, Mr G. Lejeune.
Blue Peter, Mr Bennett, with Gay's admired Ballad of 'All in the Downs.'
Yarn, Mr Davies. Raker, Mr Willing. Hatchett, Mr Barnett.
Doggrass, Mr Munroe. Jacob Twig, Mr Marshall. Ploughshare, Mr Young.
Gnatbrain, Mr Wilkinson.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE. — Mazeppa — Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Mysterious Tailor.

COBURG THEATRE.—Martha Willis—Black-eyed Susan—The Napoleon of Humble Life—The Pilot.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Outlaw's Oath—The Miser of Madrid—The English Paganini—Frozen Hand.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Timour the Tartar—A Pill for Portugal—Orphan of Hindostan.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, JUNE 20, 1831.

OLD ENGLISH STAGE.*

[Concluded.]

In the moral or allegorical plays (with the exception of one of a political nature, the only one of the kind, and which Mr Collier thinks was suppressed immediately after its performance—see p. 369) we find nothing particular to notice: but there is an account worth giving of an old interlude resembling a moral, called *Jack Juggler*, 'one of the very oldest pieces in our language founded upon a classic original.' The author acknowledges himself to have been indebted to Plautus. Mr Collier infers that the piece was written in the reign of Edward VI or Mary. 'The story,' he says, 'is by no means complicated, and there is a good deal of humour in the manner in which the few incidents are brought about.'

'Master Bongrace sends his lacquey Jenkin Careaway to his mistress Dame Coy, but Jenkins plays at dice, loiters, and steals apples by the way. Jack Juggler "the Vice," without any apparent motive but the love of mischief, watches him, and dressing himself like Jenkin, determines to try to persuade Jenkin that he is not himself, but another man. He of course finds some difficulty in his undertaking, and among other arguments resorts to the forcible, and in this case, convincing one, of blows. Jenkin is persuaded out of his identity, and makes the following comic appeal upon the subject to the audience:—

"'But, maysters, yf you happen to see that other I,
As that you shall is not verye liklye,
Nor I woll not desyre you for him purposelye to looke,
For it is an uncomparable unhappye hooke;
And yf it be I, you might happin to seeke,
And not fuynd me out in an hole weeke:
For when I was wonte to rune awaye
I used not to cum againe in lesse than a moneth or tway.
Houbeit for all this, I thinke it be not I,
For to shew the matter in dyde, trulye,
I never use to run awaye in winter nor in vere,
But all wayes in suche tyme and season of the yeare
When honye lyeth in the hyves of bees,
And all maner frute falleth from the trees,
As apples, nuttes, peres, and plummes also,
Whereby a boy may live abrod a moneth or two.
This cast do I use, I woll not with you fayne;
Therefore I wonder if he be I sertaine.
But and if he be, and you mete me abrod by chaunce,
Send me home to my maister with a vengaunce."

'His blunders and confusion on this point get him into disgrace with Dame Coy, who bestows "a cudgel blessing" upon him, and tells his master to "joll his head to a post." Even at the conclusion he has great difficulty in arriving at a conviction that he is himself, and not some other man. Besides the liveliness of some part of the dialogue, there is a decided attempt at character in the piece, as may be seen from the following description by Jack Juggler of Alice Trip-and-go, a smart maid-servant attendant upon Dame Coy:—

'"She simpereth, she prankith, and getteth without fayle,
As a pecocke that hath spred and sheweth hir gaye taile;
She minceth, she brideleth, she swimmeth to and fro;
She tredith not one here a wrye, she tryppeth like a do:
A brode in the strete, going or coming homward,
She quaverith and wardelith like one in a galliard.
She talketh, she chatteth, like a pye all daye,
And speakethe like a parat poppagaye;
And that as fine as a small silken threede,
Ye, and as high as an eagle can fle for a neade."—P. 366.

At p. 463 is a good remark on the grossness of the old play of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, written by John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells:—

'I cannot entirely agree with Warton,' says Mr Collier, 'that the many indecencies and grossnesses with which his play abounds arose out of the want of polish of the age. At least *Ralph Roister Doister* is remarkably free from them, and it is doubtful whether in London, in this respect, people were much more refined than in the country. *Gammer Gurton's Needle* has this peculiarity belonging to it,—that it is, I believe, the first existing English play acted at either University; and it is a singular coincidence (which is further illustrated in "The Annals of the Stage,") that the author of the comedy so represented should be the very person who, many years afterwards, when he had become Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, was called upon to remonstrate with the minister of Queen Elizabeth against having an English play performed before her at that University, as unbefitting its learning, dignity, and character.'—P. 463.

Grossnesses may be attributed in *part* to the age which allows them; but the great difference in this respect between the writers of any particular age is remarkable, and was never better exhibited than in Shakspeare and his contemporaries. Our great bard, as he was the greatest, so he was one of the most delicate of all the dramatic writers of his time. The exceeding sweetness and gracefulness of his nature instinctively threw off impurities which Ben Jonson, and Massinger, and even Beaumont and Fletcher allowed themselves absolutely to wallow in; and it is observable, that what licence he allowed himself, is almost invariably on the side of pleasurable associations, and not of degrading ones.

We regret we have not room to notice the political play, which Mr Collier justly pronounces 'a most remarkable production,' and prides himself upon having discovered. The curious reader will find himself repaid by turning to the volume for it. Its boldness is of so extraordinary a nature for any period, much more for that of the Tudors, that we can only conjecture it to have been written on the supposition, either that men of influence would have excused it out of some view of their own, in furtherance of some policy of the moment; or else, that it was a violent sectarian effusion; which last perhaps is the most probable. Very likely it was both, since politics and religion were so mixed up in those times. The 'lords spiritual' are cut at without ceremony; and some 'spye' is talked of, (this looks like a cut at a favourite) who talks to the Prince against the Commons, and to the Commons against the Prince. Was it an attack on the Protector Somerset?

At page 291 of the volume we are here going through (the second) is an explanation of a word that has often puzzled us in a passage of Chaucer. The poet, in his exquisite description of the lawyer (of whom he says,

No where so busy a man as he there n'as,
And yet he seemed busier than he was)

tells us, that this bustling person was a frequenter of "the Parvyse." Mr Collier, meeting with this word in an old drama, in connexion with St Paul's cathedral, has the following note upon it:—

'*Parvyse* means the Portico. This passage settles the doubt (see Glossary to Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, *voc.* "Parvis") as to where the Parvis at London was situated. It was where lawyers met for consultation, viz., the portico of St Paul's Cathedral. *Pour avis* would seem, therefore, a more reasonable etymology than Du Cange's *Paradisus*.'

In volume the third (the most interesting of the three, though it calls upon us for least notice, being upon more known subjects) Mr Collier has entered into a curious analysis of the versification of Marlow, and has successfully shown that he had greater variety of music in his lines than is commonly supposed: but we cannot agree with him in concluding, that Shakspeare gave dramatic versification but little additional variety. Shakspeare's music is among the most various in the world. Marlow's 'mighty line' (as Ben Jonson with great felicity called it) is still, generally speaking, a line standing by itself, however mighty, or varied in its might. He wrote ingots of gold; but they are still ingots, formal and separate.

We must not trust ourselves with quotations about the theatres, the actors, the payment of actors, &c. otherwise we shall never have done with the subject.

Upon the whole (if we may speak from a view of the work, which we must acknowledge to have been but a hasty and superficial one),

* *The History of English Dramatic Poetry to the time of Shakspeare: and Annals of the Stage to the Restoration. By J. Payne Collier, Esq. F. S. A.* Three vols. 8vo. Murray.

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Mr Collier may claim very high merits of 'zeal and industry;' which are all that he puts forward. He has corrected errors; he has added to the stock of facts; he has supplied a desideratum. His work has absorbed, as it goes, the best things of his predecessors, and grown to an importance and a completeness in every other respect, such as they despaired of beholding. In short, it is a novelty of its kind, a work long wanting, and will unquestionably take its stand above all others, as the standard book of reference upon all subjects connected with the stage history of England. What we miss is something more of entertainment mixed up with the style or general treatment, and a grappling with the spirit as well as the letter of the geniuses who founded our drama. The author, however, it is to be considered, does not pretend to have furnished either of these desiderata. Perhaps, at the same time, he expects, with a little too much security, that his materials will, of themselves, be as interesting to others as to the writer; and we have been mortified, in what criticism there is, to find not even an allusion to those excellent critics of later days, Messrs Lamb and Hazlitt, who have written upon the old dramatists in a spirit worthy even of those great men.

LAW VERSUS JUSTICE.

Ton-song, a Chinese Tartar, who travelled in England in the train of an Indian juggler, appeared at the Exeter assizes to prefer a charge against two individuals whom he accused of robbing him on the public road. It being necessary to swear the complainant, the judge enquired what was his religion. *Ton-song*, a little embarrassed by this unexpected question, thought to satisfy everybody and prevent any unpleasant consequence by answering, which he did in a mixed jargon of English and his mother-tongue, that he was of the religion of the English. But as England does not profess that happy unity of faith which the great emperor so paternally maintains in China, the judge could not admit the sufficiency of the answer; he wished the foreigner to explain something of the doctrines of his faith. 'Have you been baptised? Yes, certainly.—When? Very often; they have baptised me in every town I have passed through.' The judge not knowing what to make of so strange a witness, thought that the witness must have misunderstood him, or that he must have misunderstood the witness; he therefore sent for an interpreter and recommenced his interrogations. The interpreter, thinking that *Ton-song* might be a Catholic, repeated the question,—Had he been baptised? making, as he asked the question, the sign of the cross. The sign was hardly made ere the witness heartily replied in the affirmative. The judge felt relieved by this prompt acquiescense, when new explanations threw him again into embarrassment. '*Interpreter*. Where were you baptised.—*Ton-song*. In every town in England that I have traversed.—*Judge*. Indeed! I am in a most afflicting perplexity; if this man was a Pagan I could administer the oath to him according to the usage of his country, but he says he is a Christian and I cannot comprehend anything of his religion.—*Interpreter*. Were you ever in a church? *Ton-song*. Never.—*Interpreter*. How is an oath administered in your country?—*Ton-song*. I don't know.—*Interpreter*. Do you know where men go after their death?—*Ton-song*. In the earth.—*Interpreter*. Where are your father and mother?—*Ton-song*. In the earth.—*Judge*. It is decidedly impossible to obtain an answer from this Chinese.' Let him get down. [This anecdote is translated from a French work, but we think we recollect something of the kind taking place, and moreover believe that if a similar difficulty was to occur to-morrow, the result would be the same as in the anecdote,—the poor man would get no redress for the wrong done to him. If we might comment on the news of the day, we should say something of a case in which a poor man was committed to prison because he had no means of finding bail to answer for his appearance as prosecutor against a woman who had robbed him. Luckily no reader of the account can need any comment.]

Stupendous Glass Vase.—We have enjoyed a private view, at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford street, of a colossal glass vase, designed and constructed by Messrs Gunby and Co. of Birmingham. The dimensions of this magnificent vessel are, 14 feet in height, and 12 feet in diameter. It weighs upwards of 13,444lbs.; and is capable of containing 5,400 bottles of wine. A vessel of this magnitude, composed of such elegant material, is in itself attractive: but when this quality is combined with beauty of form, splendour of decoration, and uncommon mechanical ingenuity, it becomes an object of extraordinary interest and admiration. The prevailing colour of the vase is gold, relieved with emerald green and vermillion, the whole of which are laid on *under* the surface of the glass. By this contrivance, the ornamental beauty and brilliancy of the decoration are secured from the action of the atmosphere, and will remain unimpaired as long as the structure itself. To describe the decoration of this splendid work of art would occupy a considerable space, and even then the reader would form but an inadequate idea of the dazzling beauty of its appearance. Externally it is composed of compartments, inclosing rich medallions, running scrolls, and scollop shells, all exquisitely formed; the ground of the interior is a pale lavender, with a running pattern of vine leaves of vivid green. The undertaking altogether, with the taste and magnificence displayed in its construction, together with its immense value, 10,000*l*. make it one of the most attractive exhibitions of the season.—*Atlas*.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

Amongst my fears,
To do wrong is the greatest. *The Scornful Lady*.

— The man but persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.—*The Scornful Lady*.

— 'What,' said an anti-reforming priest in the neighbourhood of Maidenhead, to a gentleman who lately solicited votes for Messrs Dundas and Throgmorton, 'what would my brother the Admiral say to my father, were he to raise his hoary hairs from the grave, and reproach him with having promised his votes to such men as Dundas and Throckmorton?' —'Say?' replied the other, 'why, he would instantly desire him to return, and trouble himself no more with the affairs of this world.'—*Windsor Express*.

Poacher Extraordinary.—On Wednesday last, as a boy of Mr W. Kiddell's, of Heydon, was riding down a lane upon a female donkey, a hare came brushing through the hedge into the road, making a grunting noise, which the ass immediately saw, instantly floored the boy, and darted off in pursuit of the hare, and after a very short course, with a few excellent turns, she took her up at full speed, and killed her. This fact (says the *Mercury*) has been authenticated to us by a gentleman so respectable, that we may safely pledge ourselves for its truth, however extraordinary it appears.—*Norwich Post*.

— Curious Matrimonial Advertisement. — A gentleman residing in one of the principal hunting counties, of middle age and sportsmanlike manner, is desirous of uniting himself to a lady possessing a passion or field-sports. Fortune or beauty are not the object of the advertiser; the former, if any, may be settled upon the lady; and as to the latter, though not an objection, it nevertheless is not a primary object. Good-humour, a small foot, and an easy seat on horseback, are the principal qualifications required. As this is the advertisement of a fox—and not a fortune-hunter, it is hoped that no one will answer it out of idle curiosity. P.S. None with red hair need apply.—*Sporting Magazine*.

Cholera Morbus.—Sir Anthony Carlisle, in a letter addressed to Lord Brougham in the *Times*, recommends to serious attention a suggestion of Dr Ainslie's, the author of the *Materia Indica*. 'The Doctor,' he says, 'viewing the sudden sinking of strength, and the disordered state of the blood, as the most urgent symptoms, advises the immediate trial of inhaling a super-oxygenated air, for the purpose of revivifying the blood, until other remedies, such as ammonia, shall have time to act upon the morbid materials in the alimentary passages. I am more disposed,' observes Sir Anthony, 'to place reliance upon the immediate and often-repeated doses of ammonia, because of the attending spasms in the limbs, an occurrence which is generally connected with alimentary acidity.' The Lords of the Privy Council have transmitted to the College of Physicians a mass of statistical returns furnished to the Government by the British Authorities resident abroad, relative to the progress and present state of the Russian Cholera. The report of the Committee is expected to contain important information.

Mrs Siddons's Taste in Gardens.—We learn from a treatise on flowers by Mr Hogg, quoted in the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' that Mrs Siddons was fond of seeing flowers in large masses, of the same species and colour, and cultivated her garden in that style, when she lived in the Harrow road. This the writer of the treatise approves. He seems to object, however, to the profusion with which she indulged in her favourite flower, the *viola amœna*, common purple hearts-ease, which was showered all over the place unsparingly. And he says that there was such a profusion of evergreens, and those of the sombre cast, that there was no looking at the garden with satisfaction 'except in winter-time;' which seems a contradiction to what he says about the flowers in masses. We suspect that Mrs Siddons was a genuine lover both of flowers and trees; liked to have a good sense of colour, of the reds and purples, &c. and chose to secure foliage all the year round. To be sure she was rich enough (if we are not mistaken) to have indulged in the varieties of the seasons; but a lover of colours in the mass, and of leafiness at all times, possesses (so far) the true elements of a genuine reveller in nature.

Not so Bad.—Janin married a young and pretty wife. Soon after he met an old acquaintance, whom he had not seen for a long time. 'So, Janin, you have got married, eh! Ay, indeed, oh, if you saw her! That is good. Not so good; she has a foolish head. That is bad. Not so bad. Why? Because a foolish head and a pretty figure often please very much in our parish. That is good. Not so good. Why? Because a gentleman comes to see her very often. That is bad. Not so bad. Why? He always gives me something. That is good. Not so good. Why? Because he always sends me a good way off. That is bad. Not so bad. Why? Because if he does send me three miles he gives me enough to pay me for twenty, and I take care to enjoy myself well on the road. That is good. Not so good. Why? Because when I go out I am exposed to the wind and rain. That is bad. Not so bad. Why? Because I am used to it.'

SELF-KNOWLEDGE THE HIGHEST PHILOSOPHY.

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young Imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warn'd: and know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. O be wiser, thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart. Wordsworth.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Medea—La Bayadere.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The Stranger—Napoleon Buonaparte.

HAYMARKET.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen—The Widow Bewitched—The Heir at Law—The Waterman.

DEAR MR TATLER,—I went on Friday night to the Adelphi Theatre to see *Les Plaideurs*, of RACINE, a ludicrous satire on the courts of law, which, in many points, may apply to other countries, and other ages, than his own. The beautiful irrelevance of the long exordiums, delivered with all pomp and emphasis,—the confused haste with which the actual circumstances of the case are muttered over, on the one side,—and the ignorance 'crammed' for the occasion on the other, and unable to resume a long-winded discourse, when once interrupted,—form perhaps, a truer picture of the old French courts of law, than the author himself professed to represent. He tells us in his preface to the piece that, like Aristophanes, he had gone beyond nature, to avoid giving offence to the judges, who were the less likely to recognise themselves, when truth was a little caricatured. Be this as it may, we know that the trial of the dog for stealing a capon, was no burlesque of earlier times, and that the eloquence of their counsel had not always succeeded in preserving rats, bulls, &c. from excommunication. The history of the piece is curious, and may be new to some of your readers. RACINE having been harassed with a law-suit which wearied his patience, consoled himself by writing this satire, to which he was urged by several literati of the day, with whom he was in the habit of dining at the house of a celebrated *traiteur*. Every one furnished him with some hint. M. de BRILHAC instructed him in the law terms; BOILEAU gave him the scene of dispute between *Chicaneau* and the *Countess*, from a similar one at which he had actually been present; and the lady appeared on the stage in the very dress of her who had figured in it. The Secretary, with his Ciceronian commencement of his grand oration in defence of the canine culprit, pourtrayed an advocate who had used the same language in a case between a pastrycook and a baker. It might be expected that such a piece would raise enemies; one gentleman of the long robe was very loud against it. Notwithstanding MOLIERE'S admiration of it, the second representation would have been the last, had it not been performed at court, a few weeks afterwards, and made LOUIS XIV laugh in a manner which compelled the courtiers to follow his example. The King's company, delighted with this success, hastened to Paris, and wakened RACINE, purposely to inform him of it. Three carriages, in the middle of the night, rolling along a street where carriages were seldom seen by day, roused the neighbourhood; all heads were out at window; and it was generally believed that the poet was about to be punished for railing at the judges on the public stage. The next day, while he was congratulating himself upon the reception of his piece at court, all Paris supposed him to be in prison. The King's example reconciled his subjects to the necessity of laughing, and everybody enjoyed it. RACINE tells us, that their quarrel with the piece had not been that it did not make them laugh, but that it had not effected this object more seriously. MOLIERE only could afford to laugh without fear of committing his reputation.

To return to the representation of the piece on Friday evening,—it seemed to me that the principal character was that of the Secretary, acted by M. LAPORTE. The Judge, an imbecile old man, gave but little scope for the display of M. POTIER'S talents; there is no conflicting passion, no powerful emotion, no contradiction to reconcile.—I would rather have seen him in the Secretary, which, though very well acted by M. LAPORTE, would have been irresistible in the hands of M. POTIER. The audience did not seem to relish this piece so well as the modern vaudevilles. The satire is, in some points, too delicate, perhaps, for general apprehension; and the local allusions have no longer the spicy flavour they originally possessed.

A pretty little comedy followed, called *L'Homme de Soixante Ans, ou La Petite Entêtée*, which represents a young girl about to make herself miserable for life, by marrying an old man whom she has never seen, merely to mortify her lover, with whom she has quarrelled. Happily for her, the old gentleman, though too gallant to reject her offered hand, is wise enough to think the match not very promising; and, discovering the real state of her feelings, he contrives to effect a reconciliation. POTIER, as usual, was, for the time, the character he undertook to be. His description of the sameness of the country-life to which she would be condemned by her union with him, which he designedly represents in the least attractive light,—was admirable. Mademoiselle ST ANGE played the headstrong damsel with much grace and spirit. It was impossible not to assent to the justice of the old gentleman's compliment upon her dress. This lady is always drest in the best taste the character will admit; evincing in that respect the good sense which is observable in all she does. M. PAULIN occasionally reminds me of ELLISTON. He has, what we much want on the English stage,—the vivacity of a gentleman. He is not a 'walking gentleman,' he never looks like a statue, or like a school-boy repeating his lesson; he is present to the scene, and always ready for action, without being restless.

A. A.

HAYMARKET.

IT is the system of this theatre to make the most of the passing hour, and produce its novelties with a celerity becoming the shortness of its season. This is judicious; for whether new candidates succeed or fail, it is better for all parties that there should be a speedy decision. There were no less than three first appearances in *The Marriage of Figaro*, on Friday night; Miss LAND, Miss WELLS, and Mr J. COOPER. Of the former lady, who is altogether new to the stage, we shall be able to speak more decidedly hereafter, as there was an inequality in her singing the other night, which might be fairly attributed to want of self-possession, and the novelty of her situation. This appears the more likely, as she sang with much more effect as the piece proceeded, and she acquired confidence. Many of her notes are sweet and delicate, and are put forth with a visible desire to modulate them, with due regard to correct expression. Miss WELLS, (from the Dublin Theatre) has the advantage of more stage-experience. She has a full and clear voice, which she manages for the most part with great felicity, and greatly adds to the effect of her singing, by the attention she pays to her acting. Her person is inclined to plumpness, and her face, if not regularly handsome, by the aid of a pair of good dark eyes, and a good-humoured archness of expression, is infinitely more prepossessing. She seemed to make friends of the audience on a very short acquaintance, and we have no doubt the friendship will be lasting. Mr J. COOPER, from the Olympic Theatre, (and we think we recollect him at Tottenham-street) is an actor of promise. He reminds us both of EMERY and MUNDEN; but his rusticity is not so genuine as was that of the former; still less has he the exuberant humour which made MUNDEN'S drunkards so irresistibly amusing, and at the same time so like nature in its unnatural state. We do not admire Mrs HUMBY in the page; her amorousness seems to have no warrant from the sprightliness of her blood, but to be enacted because the author has so put it down.

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Guilt dare not help guilt; though they grow together
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.
A King and No King.

TEA AND TRAVELLERS.—There are few things in which travellers' accounts are more at variance than tea. Whether they speak of the tea in its growing state, of the method of gathering, or drying, or of preparing it for use, they are continually contradicting each other. They are not agreed as to the various kinds of tea, whether they are produced by different species, gathered at different seasons, or dried by a different process. Some travellers tell us that green teas are dried on copper; others deny it. Some say that in China the tea is always kept in jars ready for use, and invariably taken cold; others affirm that it is made when wanted, and that the Chinese take it warm. They cannot even agree as to the vessel in which it is made. The most recent accounts inform us that every person has the tea made in the cup in which it is served; but accounts still vary, even in the same volume. In the travels of the Missionaries Tyerman and Bennett, we are told that, calling at a tea-house, a wooden tray was placed before them, with a tea-pot, cups and saucers, &c. In another passage, describing a marriage festival, they speak of 'the tea as usual being prepared in each cup, with hot water poured upon the leaves, and without either cream or sugar.' The fact seems to be, that it is drunk warm, and, in the more fashionable circles, is made in the cups. None seem so fully sensible of the value of tea, as travellers: Messrs Dobell, Brooke, &c. speak of it as their chief comfort, and one almost necessary to their existence.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet, Miss Fanny Kemble.
Lady Capulet, Mrs Lovell. Nurse, Mrs Gibbs.
Romeo, Mr John Mason. Prince Escalus, Mr Henry.
Paris, Mr Parry. Montague, Mr Turnour. Capulet, Mr Egerton.
Benvolio, Mr Holl. Tybalt, Mr Baker. Mercutio, Mr C. Kemble.
Friar Lawrence, Mr Evans. Friar John, Mr Mears.
Apothecary, Mr Meadows.
Page, Miss Fortescue. Balthazar, Mr Irwin. Abram, Mr Heath.
Samson, Mr Fuller. Gregory, Mr Norris. Peter, Mr Keeley.

In Act I. A Masquerade and Dance.

In Act V. The Funeral Procession of Juliet, and a Solemn Dirge.

To conclude with a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows.
Doppet, Mr Collett. Lieut.-General Count Bertrand, Mr Egerton.
Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, Love in a Village; and The Miller and His Men.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

A Melo-Drama (founded on a Fact) called

THE GOLDSMITH.

The Countess, Mrs W. Clifford. Isabella, Miss J. Scott.
Margaret, Mrs Humby.
The President, Mr W. Johnson. Count Rosemberg, Mr Brindal.
Cardillac, Mr Cooper. Oliver, Mr Vining. Bernard, Mr Coveney.
Hubert, Mr V. Webster. James, Mr Coates.

After which, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.

[By Mr P. FARREN.]
The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney,
Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

To which will be added, the Comedy of

PAUL PRY.

[By Mr POOLE.]
Mrs Subtle, Mrs Glover. Eliza, Mrs Ashton. Marian, Miss J. Scott.
Phœbe, Mrs Humby, who will sing 'The Lover's Mistake,' and 'Cherry Ripe.'
Colonel Hardy, Mr W. Farren. Frank Hardy, Mr Brindal.
Witherton, Mr H. Wallack. Somers, Mr W. Johnson. Stanley, Mr Coates.
Harry Stanley, Mr Vining. Paul Pry, Mr Harley. Grasp, Mr Mulleney
Doubledot, Mr Coveney. Simon, Mr V. Webster. Thomas, Mr Bishop.

To conclude with the Farce of

MONSIEUR TONSON.

[By Mr MONCRIEFF.]
Adolphine de Courcy, Miss J. Scott.
Madame Bellegarde, Mrs Tayleure. Mrs Thompson, Mrs Coveney.
Monsieur Morbleu, Mr Gattie.
Tom King, Mr Brindal. Mr Thompson, Mr W. Johnson.
Jack Ardourly, Mr Bartlett. Nap, Mr Webster.
Rusty, Mr J. Cooper. Useful, Mr Mulleney. Trap, Mr Bishop.
Wantem, Mr Field. Fip, Mr Coveney.
Snap, Mr V. Webster. Servant, Mr Coates.

To-morrow, Marriage of Figaro; Speed the Plough; and The Widow Bewitched.

FRENCH PLAYS,

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

LE SOLLICITEUR.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. SCRIBE.
Madame Verse, Mlle. St. Ange. Madame Durand, Mme. Préval.
Esperance, M. Potier. Armand, M. Alfred. George, M. Cloup.
Zurich, M. Guenée. Sorbet, M. Arnaud. Criardet, M. Granville.

Suivi de

LE JUIF; OU, LA FORET DE REMIVAL.

Vaudeville Anecdotique, en Deux Actes, de M. DESAUGIER.
Lucette Richard, Mlle. St. Ange. Mademoiselle Descédules, Mme. Préval.
Hortense, Mlle. Florval. Madame Simonne, Madame Bandin.
Juif, M. Potier. Charles, M. Paulin. Brillant, M. Pelissié. M. Pincé, M. Guenée.
Thomas, M. Laporte. Delaune, M. Cloup. Le Sergent, M. Arnaud.
Le Conducteur de la Diligence, M. Granville.
Rosignol, Brisetout, M. Gamard et M. Préval.

On Finira par

MONS. PIQUE-ASSIETTE.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. DARTOIS et GABRIEL.
Mme. Dalibon, Mme. Préval. Ernestine, Mlle. Florval.
Une Jeune Mariée, Mlle. Corra.
M. Pique-Assiette, M. Potier. Tricot, M. Préval. Baboulard, M. Gamard.
Victor, M. Alfred. Jules, M. Paulin. Mariné, M. Guenée.
Un Jeune Marié, M. Arnaud.

SURREY THEATRE.

The National Drama, entitled

PIZARRO.

[By SHERIDAN.]
Spaniards.—Elvira, Miss M. C. Poole.
Pizarro, Mr D. Pitt. Alonzo, Mr C. Hill. Valverde, Mr Honner.
Almagro, Mr Rogers. Davilla, Mr Asbury. Gonzalo, Mr Collier.
Fernando, Mr Tully. Centinel, Mr Young.
Peruvians.—Cora, Miss Scott. Priestess, Miss Somerville.
Rolla, Mr Osbaldiston.
Atalibe, Mr Almar. Orozembo, Mr Williams. Orano, Mr Lee. Limatro, Mr Webb.
Old Man, Mr Gough. Peruvian Boy, Miss Ellis. High Priest, Mr Ransford.

In the course of the Evening, a Medley Cantata, 'The Triple Courtship,' Miss Somerville. 'The Bay of Biscay O!' Mr Edwin.

To conclude with a Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]
The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.
Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Miss Vincent.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnathrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on "Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,") Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.
A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Rosier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

[By Mr HAINES.]
The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.
Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lejeune.
Ulzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Koppell.
Turks.—Omar El Asim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

And OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Battle of Waterloo.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Mr J. Cooke's Acts of The Fox Hunter; Seven Characters; Xinocles the Greek—Cavalry Manœuvres—Lubin and Annette, on Three Tight Ropes—Quang Cœlis, the Attidinarian—Countess of Liliput—Mr Williams's Feats of Unrivalled Leaping—Burmese Ponies—The Countryman's Act of Horsemanship, by Master H. Cooke—Mr Wells on the Enchanted Chair—Billy Button's Disasters.

COBURG THEATRE.—Luke the Labourer—Henry the Fifth—The Pilot.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Canonbury Tower—English Paginini—The Devil at Dunmow.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Alp, the Tartar Khan—A Pill for Portugal—Blue Beard.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

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No. 249.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1831.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.*

This, like a former work by the same author,—'First Steps to Botany,'—is written for the purpose of exciting in young minds a sense of the wonderful adaptation of every part of nature to its respective purposes. He observes no regular method, but supposes himself making a little excursion in the company of his young friend, commenting, as he goes, on the objects before him, and occasionally on others which are brought to his mind. He appears to think it necessary to accustom the young student to look abroad upon the wonders of nature, before he is made acquainted with any system, which might tend to confine his views. Here we are induced to think our author under a mistake. The broader views he speaks of, are not only perfectly compatible with system, but are more strongly and clearly impressed upon the mind, by its help. System assists the memory, both in receiving and retaining knowledge; and the habit of considering natural objects in their relative position to each other, enables us better to comprehend their general and individual completeness, than any heaping together of desultory facts. We do not mean to question Dr Drummond's assertion that young people are too apt to rest satisfied with the mere nomenclature of system; but that may be as well remedied by encouraging a habit of observation in connection with systematic study, as by separating two things so intimately connected, and so well calculated to assist each other. The earlier the young mind is exercised in comparing and distinguishing apparently similar objects, and ascertaining the causes of their several peculiarities, the more quick and accurate will be its powers of discrimination in after-life. This is a fact well known to naturalists, and a strong argument for combining systematic order with the earliest pursuit of natural history. If the pupil indeed were to be supposed so young, or of such in-door habits, as to be in danger of becoming a victim to formality, in learning system before anything else, we should say, 'Get him out in the fields above all things, and let him run wild among the birds and buttercups without hearing a word even of instruction.' But it is to be taken for granted, that Nature has done for him in this instance what it has done for others, and made love precede knowledge. We are glad to see that Dr Drummond has not fallen into the modern cant of depreciating Linnæus. We fully agree with him, that the botanical system of the great Swede is by far the easiest and most accurate, and consequently, the least likely to frighten or to confound the young student. Those who desire to see natural history form a part of general education, will do justice to Linnæus. Should his system be superseded by any now taught, botany will cease to be studied by any but professed men of science. It is Dr Drummond's wish that the study of natural history should be rendered attractive; and nothing can be better calculated than his own volumes, to make it so. Let him speak for himself:—

'I think one great view which every man who has time and capacity at the present day should entertain, is to combine science with useful knowledge, and to spread both as far as he can. These cannot be made too easy, and they ought, if possible, to be given in such a dress as to prove attractive and delightful to every man who can read and write. This never will be the case with dry details, however ingenious or perfect the system may be to which they relate; and, hence, notwithstanding the great progress of science as such, comparatively little taste for it has yet spread among the people at large.'

One great design of the author, in his endeavours to extend the study of nature, is, through his works, to draw the attention of the young mind towards 'Nature's God.' He advances no dogmas, holds out no particular doctrines; he does not bid youth to fear and tremble before a beneficent God;—but he says—behold his works;—see how perfect the design, how infinite the goodness visible throughout, and be grateful. This is the natural theology he inculcates. He bids the young student not to arrogate to his own species the sole possession of reason; justly reprobates the unnecessary cruelties which some naturalists have practised;—expatiates upon the entire freedom from ennui, which those enjoy who can find food for contemplation wherever they turn their eyes; and sprinkles the whole with interesting passages on various subjects, well calculated to excite the young student to further enquiry. We add a few extracts from different parts of the volume:—

'Do not suppose that I intend to inculcate the notion that *all* the actions of animals are the result of instinct. Let no one convince you that man is the *only* being on this earth endowed with reason. He is infinitely more endowed with it, indeed, than any other; but I am sure no one is making use of that inestimable blessing when he arrogates to his own species alone the entire possession of it. Never let your own pride or the theories of others blind you to the light of truth. Think for yourself, be enchained to no system, look to the operations of the Almighty in his works, and let nothing influence you to reject an item of the truth you there discover. Men have been too little accustomed to search and examine the real state of things, and then to found their opinions on the basis of observation and fact.'

In speaking of the cruelties of naturalists, who have made the cause of science their plea, the author has the following remarks upon the subject of angling:—

'With all my early recollections about me, still I cannot consider angling as an innocent amusement; or if it can with any truth be deemed so, it is when practised with artificial flies, or with salmon-roe, or some other bait without life. To use a living frog, or a a minnow, or other fish, as is often done, with the hook thrust through its skin, cannot surely be called an innocent employment. Though worms seem to have a very delicate sense of touch, and though they seem to suffer much when impaled on the hook, I am not certain that the pain they endure can be compared in intensity with that felt by animals of a higher class under the infliction of similar injuries. Still however, though we may admit that the worm transfixed by a hook may not experience excessive pain, yet it must still undergo no inconsiderable degree of suffering; and that ought to be sufficient to deter a man of sensibility and humane feelings from pursuing an amusement, if so it must be called, which is to be accomplished by the torture of a weak and helpless creature. There is something too appalling in the idea of an animal being impaled on a steel hook, and seeing it writhe in pain, and that only for our sport. In the case of a fisherman by profession, who has to depend on his own skill and exertions for his daily bread, the thing is different:—he must obtain the fish by any means his ingenuity can invent; but I must regret that so many who are under no such necessity, and especially that men of education and cultivated minds, should condescend to employ this petty employment as a recreation.'

How many miserable beings, to whom trouble itself would seem a blessing, if it offered them a sensation, might benefit by the following hint!—

'How many men of independence and leisure are there to whom life is a burthen; on whom time hangs like a weight of lead; and who are eager to plunge into any amusement that may make them forget themselves, and kill the passing time that is fleeting so rapidly to a close! How many persons have committed suicide from want of mental occupation; how many have gone mad by dreaming away their hours in reveries and foolish conceits! But what are these men, to whom time is a burden? Are they geologists, or astronomers, or chemists? Are they botanists or landscape-painters? Are they butterfly-hunters,—to use a term often spoken in derision? Are they naturalists or philosophers of any kind? We may safely, I believe, answer in the negative. No one who pursues science, is likely to complain of the *tædium vitæ*, the *ennui* of modern times.'

We are inclined to believe that a love of natural history is inherent in young minds, and that no pains would be found necessary to persuade them to the study. Not to check them, would in most cases be sufficient; and even minds a little sluggish, would be readily excited by a few such baits for curiosity to snap at, as the following:—

'Let me now turn your attention for a time to the element which composes our little streamlet and the wide-spread sea. Is it a simple substance?—No, it is composed of two other bodies joined in chemical union. And what are they? The very opposite to what

* *Letter to a Young Naturalist, on the Study of Nature, and Natural Theology. By James L. Drummond, M. D.* 12mo. Longman and Co.

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we might *a priori* imagine. They are two airs, and one of them is lighter than any air known; it is the lightest indeed of all ponderable substances. The one is oxygen, that part of the atmosphere which is absolutely necessary for the respiration of man and animals, whether they live in air or water. The other is hydrogen or inflammable air, so named because it burns, and explodes when a taper or flame of any kind is applied to it. Oxygen however is as necessary to combustion as it is to respiration, and hence the inflammable air will not burn unless oxygen be present. Now observe this singular fact:—these two gases form water by their combustion, and combustion itself is necessarily dependant on one of them, the oxygen; and yet water, the product of the combustion of the two, is among the most effectual agents we can use to extinguish fire. The torrents of rain which fall during a thunder-storm are formed, in a considerable degree, at the time, by the inflammatory explosion of these two gases, or airs, from their being ignited by the electric spark or lightning passing from one cloud to another.

'At the town of Biddeford, in Devonshire, there is a long bridge of twenty-four arches across the Towridge river, near its junction with the Taw. At this bridge the tide flows so rapidly that it cannot be kept in repair by mortar. The corporation therefore, keep boats in employ to bring muscles to it, and the interstices of the bridge are filled by hand with these muscles. It is supported from being driven away by the tide, entirely by the strong threads these muscles fix to the stone-work; and by an act or grant it is a crime, liable to transportation, for any person to remove these muscles, unless in the presence and by the consent of the corporative trustees.'*

This little book, while it is calculated to fulfil the object of the author, in helping to spread a taste for the study of nature, will also be very acceptable to *all* whom worldly pursuits have not rendered callous to impressions from natural objects. It is one of those pleasant volumes—of which it is a pity there are not a great many more,—that bring a taste of the country into the very smoke of London, and supply us at once with a ramble and a companion. We must not forget to say that it is enlivened with a number of excellent little engravings, let in between the type, in the manner of the library of Entertaining Knowledge, &c. The work is considered rather dear, we understand; but it is better to give a good price for genuine characteristic prints, than to save a shilling or two, by having bad ones. The swallow, in one of these prints, unites in a singular degree, the look of pouting or nestling plumpness with the lurking spirit of agility. You see he could be "off" in a twinkling.

* Quoted from Daniel's Rural Sports.

JEREMY TAYLOR.*

ALTHOUGH the title of 'Divines of the Church of England' has an air of exclusiveness about it, not in accordance with the enlarged spirit of the times, we are not disposed to cavil at it or any other mode, by which the intellect of former days is introduced to public notice. This series commenced with Sherlock; Barrow followed; and the volume at present before us is the first of a selection from the works of Jeremy Taylor. It contains a pretty copious Life of the Bishop, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, and Seven Sermons, displaying more or less the diversified excellence which distinguished their author. Taylor's father was by trade a barber, but educated so much above his rank in society as to be able to instruct his children in grammar and mathematics. When only three years of age, young Taylor was sent to a free grammar school at Cambridge; at thirteen he was admitted a sizar at Caius College; and at 21, so rapid and extensive had been his proficiency in his various studies, that he took the degree of M.A.; and shortly after he lectured at St Paul's Cathedral.

'Here he preached,' says a biographer, 'to the admiration and astonishment of his auditory; and by his florid and youthful beauty, his sweet and pleasant air, his sublime and raised discourses, he made his hearers take him for some young angel descended from the visions of glory.'

The hyperbolical strain of this passage need not make us doubt that he made a great and unusual impression. Having attracted the notice of Archbishop Laud, he derived some preferment from that prelate's patronage; but it brought him into connection with the High Church and Prerogative Party, and thence involved him in the disputes and troubles which at that time agitated the country. Taylor adhered to the King's party through all its struggles with the party opposed to Monarchy and the Church, by doing which he suffered great losses of fortune, and was two or three times imprisoned. During one of these periods of adversity, he published his 'Liberty of Prophesying,' a work which would now be deemed not sufficiently comprehensive; but at the time of its appearance it was an evident advance beyond his contemporaries, many of whom, even among those with whom he coincided generally, were offended by it. He was not one, however, to qualify his principles so as to make them palateable to the zealots of his own party, but, on the contrary, took occasion to vindicate them, by showing their conformity to reason and to the spirit of the religion which they as well as he professed.

'When,' he says, 'a persecution did arise against the Church of England, and I intended to make a defensative for my brethren and myself, by pleading for liberty of our consciences to persevere in that profession which was warranted by all the laws of God and our superiors, some men were angry, and would not be safe that way, because I had made the roof of the sanctuary so wide, that more might be sheltered under it than they had a mind should be saved harmless: men would be safe alone or not at all, supposing that their truth and good cause was warranty enough against persecution, if men had believed it to be truth: but because we were fallen under the power of our worst enemies (for brethren turned enemies are ever the most implacable) they looked on us as men in mispersuasion and error. And therefore I was to defend our persons, that whether our cause were right or wrong (for it would be supposed wrong) yet we might be permitted in liberty and impunity; but then the consequent would be this, that if we, when we were supposed to be in error, were yet to be identified, then others also, of whom we thought as ill of, were to rejoice in the same freedom, because this equality is the great instrument of justice; and if we would not do to others as we desired should be done to us, we were no more to pretend religion, because we destroy the law and the prophets. Of this some men were impatient: and they would have all the world spare them, and yet they would spare nobody. But because this is unreasonable, I need no excuse for speaking to other purposes.'

By the success of the republican party Taylor lost his preferment, and was reduced to a state of indigence, from which he was relieved by the friendship and protection of Lord Carbery, a loyalist nobleman, at whose mansion in Wales he resided some years, and composed there many of his works. He afterwards became acquainted with the celebrated Evelyn, to whose interference he owed his liberation from the Tower, where he was confined in the year 1658, for having in one of his works, prefixed a portrait of Christ in the attitude of prayer, 'a species of representation considered little less than idolatry, and prohibited by statute.' Such was the spirit of those often-lauded 'good old times,' With the Restoration Taylor's worldly prosperity in some respects returned. He was elevated to the Bishopric of Down and Connor, and made Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin; but the state of Ireland then, as now, was one of disorder, embittered by religious dissensions, the heat of which he endeavoured to allay by mild and conciliatory proceedings. He had the satisfaction of at least partially succeeding; for although the puritanical clergy, the champions of the Covenant, repelled his advances to meet them in friendly conference, the laity were less wrong-headed, and were offended at the refusal of their pastors. The incessant activity and study of Taylor's life were not without effect on his constitution, in addition to which he had to sustain many domestic calamities, the last of which was the death of one of his sons in a duel, and the irregular conduct of the other, who became the favourite companion of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He died on the 3rd of August 1667, in the 55th year of his age.

Jeremy Taylor was twice married; his second wife was the natural daughter of Charles the First, and is said, 'to have been brought up in much privacy by some relations in Glamorganshire, to have possessed a very fine person, of which a portrait, yet preserved in the family, is a sufficient evidence, and both in countenance and disposition to have displayed a striking resemblance to her unfortunate father.'

We intended to give some extracts from the Bishop's writings, and advert more particularly to his merits as an author and a preacher, but we must defer both to another paper.

* *Divines of the Church of England; with a Life of each Author, a Summary of each Discourse, Notes, &c. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. Vol. XIII.* (Jeremy Taylor. Vol. I.)

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS.

The most remarkable feature in the general appearance of Paris, is the inner inclosure formed by the celebrated road called the 'Boulevards.' On the north side of the river, the Boulevards follow a line nearly midway, on an average, between the river and the wall. The space which they comprehend therefore, is but a small portion of that included within the outer boundary of the city. The length of this part of the road is about 5,200 English yards, or somewhat under three miles. That on the south side of the river is of far greater extent, approaching, as it does, throughout its whole sweep, very much closer to the wall, and in some parts entirely coinciding with it. It measures about 16,000 yards, or above nine miles in length. Each of these lines, although in reality forming an uninterrupted road from its commencement to its termination, is divided into a succession of parts, each having its particular name.

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The northern Boulevards are twelve in number, the southern seven. We have nothing in England like the Parisian Boulevards. They may be generally described as a road or street, of great breadth, along each side of which are planted double rows of elms. But these shady avenues do not present merely a picture of rural beauty. Rising as they do in the heart of a great city, they partake also of its artificial elegance and splendour, and are associated with all the luxuries of architectural decoration. Considered merely as a range of streets, the Boulevards are hardly rivalled by any other part of Paris. Those to the north of the river are lined on both sides, throughout their whole extent, by buildings more uniformly handsome than are those of almost any other street in the city, and by many which may be even described as magnificent. Some of these are private residences; others are shops, cafés, public hotels, and theatres. The crowds by whom so many parts of these Boulevards are frequented chiefly give to the scene its singular liveliness and brilliancy. The southern Boulevards, though equally beautiful, are far from being so much the habitual resort of the citizens; but the walks, on this very account, have a charm for some moods of mind which the others want. Another road, planted in a similar manner, has more recently been carried round the exterior walls of the city. It is distinguished from the inner Boulevards by the name of the 'Boulevards Exterieurs.'—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Paris and its Historical Scenes.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HEART'S REVERIE.

My friends, the blue sky, and the swelling sea,
The bee-sucked flow'r and the bird-haunted tree,
The green earth, and the ivy-covered bower
Where the winds nestle in, in this calm hour
Which I have stolen from the world to brood
O'er you, and with you, in your solitude,
(For ye all seem with spirit and feeling fraught,
And, in your voicelessness, to pause with thought),
Again I greet you—and again I find
Your beauty soothe and elevate my mind.
Dear Nature, whilst I thus commune with thee,
Thy look a pensive mother's seems to be,
I love thee with the rapture of a boy,
And, all thou givest, like a child, enjoy;
I love a flower—'tis sure to lose its hue,
But then it never promised to be true.
I love a leaf—yes, after it has strayed
With the false winds and down in death is laid.
It seems to pine for its forsaken tree,
And in that pining seems to pity me.
I love a bird, it sings and flies away,
I love it still—it made no vow to stay,
In fine, I love all things in earth and sky,
As I would love my kind—without a sigh
Into whose hearts that love I fain would pour,
Full as yon gentle sea its waves upon the shore.

SFORZA.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

ABUSE OF PRIVILEGE.—Pelisson (a French historian) was so much disfigured by the small-pox, that Madame de Sevigné said that he abused the privilege which men had of being ugly.

REPUBLICAN EQUALITY.—We copy the following from the *New York General Advertiser*:—A coloured man, a trader, in Charleston, S. C., recently brought a suit against a white man for debt. The book of original entries was exhibited in court; but as it had been kept by a coloured man, of course it was not admitted as evidence, and thus the honest black trader was non-suited.

CHILDREN.—No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little mansations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

APELLES TO CAMPASPE.

I cannot paint thee while those heavenly eyes
Wear that fond languishment—that tender mien;
For, sooth, I would not have their witcheries
By prouder gazers than myself be seen.
Oh! look less lovely—look as cold as snow,
That none may, pausing on thy beauty's line
Writ on my canvass, sigh and wish to know
The fair original of my design!
Why should I mimic for the common stare
The love-lit lightning of an angel smile,
That, in my heart's fond hopelessness, I dare
To think, is meant *my* sorrows to beguile?
Campaspe! look *as* beautiful as day,
But from thy beauty take thy love away!

The Dwelling of Fancy.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON KING OF SPAIN.—The consequences of caricaturing are made evident from an important letter in the *Herald* of Friday, which informs the editor, 'upon undoubted authority,' that a carrier in Spain had been seized and thrown into a dungeon between Cadiz and Zeres, having been detected in the act of conveying to a gentleman of the latter place an English caricature published some months ago, and entitled 'Don-Key.' The figure represented was supposed by the zealous authorities of Cadiz to be a caricature of King Ferdinand the Seventh in his robes. The poor carrier has been in prison three months, and his mules are empounded till the liberation of their master. The last fact we have from our own private correspondent at Port St Mary's; it is not the least important part of the proceedings.—*Atlas.*

WATERLOO DAY.—Saturday, the anniversary of the eventful battle of Waterloo, is marked by a ceremony of the chivalric character of very peculiar interest. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington and Prince of Waterloo holds his lands of Strathfieldsay by a tenure, the most honourable known to the feudal or modern law of arms. On the anniversary of the crown of his conquests, the last of that great series of battles in India, Portugal, Spain, France, and Belgium, which marked his extraordinary career, the great captain is bound by his tenure to present to the King a tri-coloured flag; the restoration of which, or its acceptance by his Majesty, is the token of a charter renewed. This suit and service is to mark to a grateful posterity the day when the valour of British troops and the skill of their general reached the climax of success and honour; winning, by the defeat of the Emperor in person, the last laurel from the crown that had been considered deathless. Each of Napoleon's generals, that galaxy of military talent, had in succession yielded to Wellington and English soldiers. On that day Napoleon and the imperial guard fled before them, and the ceremony we have indicated celebrates that triumph.—*Atlas.*

TOLLING TO KIRK.—In the old days of Scotland, when persons of property (unless they happened to be non-jurors) were as regular as their inferiors in their attendance on parochial worship, there was a kind of etiquette, in waiting till the patron, or acknowledged great man of the parish, should make his appearance. This ceremony was so sacred in the eyes of a parish beadle in the Isle of Bute, that the kirk-bell being out of order, he is said to have mounted the steeple every Sunday, to imitate with his voice the successive summonses which its mouth of metal used to send forth. The first part of this imitative harmony was simply the repetition of the words *Bell bell, bell bell*, two or three times, in a manner as much resembling the sound as throat of flesh could imitate throat of iron. *Bellim, bellim* was sounded forth in a more urgent manner; but he never sent forth the the third and conclusive peal, the varied tone of which is called the *ringing-in*, until the two principal heritors of the parish approached, when the chime ran thus:—

Bellim, Belellum,
Bennera and Knockdow's coming!
Bellim, Bellellum,
Bennera and Knockdow's coming!

Thereby intimating that service was instantly to proceed.—*Notes to the Waverley Novels.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Romeo and Juliet—Napoleon Buonaparte.
HAYMARKET.—The Goldsmith—The Widow Bewitched—Paul Pry—Monsieur Tonson.
FRENCH PLAYS.—Le Solliciteur—Le Juif—Mons. Pique Assiette.

COVENT GARDEN.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of MASON, brother, we believe, of a Mr MASON who appeared some years back on the London boards, made his *debut* in the same quarter last night, as *Romeo:* but we feel ourselves bound in courtesy to postpone our judgment of him, as at the end of the second act, an apology was made for his extreme hoarseness, and the indulgence of the audience requested in consequence. Hoarseness alone might not be much, otherwise KEAN would have had to apologize almost every night of his performance, and so might the new actor's relation, Mr JOHN KEMBLE. But on a first night, any extraordinary access of a physical obstacle may reasonably be supposed to put all the actor's faculties to a disadvantage; and therefore we did not even stay to complete our opinion of Mr MASON. All that we shall say is, that he appears young, has an air of respectability, and a greater likeness to some of the KEMBLE connexions than to those on the stage, except in his voice, which reminded us so much at times of the high hollow tones of JOHN KEMBLE, as probably to be owing to the same physical causes, and therefore not likely to be very different at any time. This however, as we have just hinted, is no obstacle to Mr MASON'S ultimate success, if he should turn out to partake in any high degree of the better family qualifications. To our play-going ears we could not, indeed, help feeling it a recommendation. We did not admire it in his celebrated kinsman; but the sound was connected with old play-going times, and JOHN KEMBLE is gone, and we would fain hear him again if we could. He seemed to have a value for Shakspeare's lines, if he had nothing else; and he looked

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like our book-notions of the Catos and Coriolanuses; and even such images of fine actors are not to be had every day.

CHARLES KEMBLE, who positively grows younger and younger except in fat, and puts forth green shoots of vivacity like an everlasting juniper, acted with his usual effect in *Mercutio*. Why will his daughter be perverse, and insist upon suddenly bridling up and making doleful majesty of the line about the "ga-arish sun," when her praises of Romeo ought to make her full of nothing but life and spirits. The critics may have objected to her mode of delivering the line; but love, she may be assured, objects to it much more.

HAYMARKET.

'WE just dropt in' here last night to watch the proceedings of *Mr Paul Pry*. We hardly knew him again. The lively, bustling HARLEY had assumed his coat and was uttering his words, and doing his deeds; but unfortunately he had forgotten to drop his own peculiar quips, and nods, and knowing smiles; his abrupt and continual compression of mouth, glowing of eyes, and incessant restlessness. He was going about his work too obviously; it was broad unmasked curiosity; it had none of the sneaking subtlety of prying. It seemed a mistake altogether. The play itself is amusing, and in the principal character hits off very well a common nuisance in society. LISTON's personation of it left nothing to desire, and the remembrance of him in it is a disadvantage to any other actor.

Mrs GLOVER's *Mrs Subtle* is excellent, and she plays it as well as ever. Mrs HUMBY, in the waiting-maid, played, looked, and sang 'Cherry ripe'—prettily.

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

A FAVOURITE OPERA.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT's Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Signor Costa.

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré.

M. Lefebvre, M. Emile. M. Simon, M. Antoni, and M. Venafra.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

For the Benefit of Miss Inverarity.

The Comic Opera of

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

[By BICKERSTAFF.]

Rosetta, Miss Inverarity. Lucinda, Miss Cawse.
Deborah Woodcock, Mrs Gibbs. Housemaid, Mrs Daly. Madge, Miss Taylor.
Sir William Meadows, Mr Egerton. Justice Woodcock, Mr Blanchard.
Young Meadows, Mr Wilson. Hawthorn, Mr Braham. Eutace, Mr Duruset.
Hodge, Mr Keeley. Carter, Mr Evans. Cook, Mr Turnour.

In the course of the Evening, the Overture to 'Love in a Village;' C. M. Von Weber's Overture to 'Oberon;' and Bishop's Overture to 'The Miller and His Men.'

A Variety of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

To conclude with a Melo-Drama, called

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

[By Mr POCOCK.]

Claudine, Mrs Vining. Ravina, Mrs Lovell. Lauretta, Miss P. Horton.
Grindoff, Mr Farley. Count Friberg, Mr Parry.
Karl, Mr Blanchard. Lothair. Mr Abbott. Kelmar, Mr Evans.
Kreutz, Master Watson. Riber, Mr Henry.
Golotz, Mr Mears. Zingra, Mr Norris.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The Opera of

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

Countess Almaviva, Miss Land. Susanna, Miss Wells.
Barbarina, Mrs T. Hill. Marcellina, Mrs Coveney.
Count Almaviva, Mr Vining. Antonio, M. J. Cooper. Fiorello, Mr Huckel.
Figaro, Mr Harley. Cherubino, Mrs Humby. Basil, Mr Bishop.
Notary, Mr V. Webster. Sebastian, Mr Moore.

After which, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.

[By Mr P. FARREN.]

The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney,
Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

To conclude with the Comedy of

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

[By MORTON.]

Dame Ashfield, Mrs Glover. Miss Blandford, Mrs Ashton.
Lady Handy, Mrs Tayleure. Susan Ashfield, Miss J. Scott.
Sir Abel Handy, Mr W. Farren.
Bob Handy, Mr Vining. Sir Philip Blandford, Mr H. Wallack.
Morrington, Mr W. Johnson. Henry, Mr Cooper.
Farmer Ashfield, Mr Webster. Evergreen, Mr Coveney.
Gerald, Mr Mulleney. Peter, Mr V. Webster.

To-morrow, Secrets Worth Knowing; A Roland for an Oliver; The Widow Bewitched.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL,

In Three Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—Songs, 'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—Songs, 'The Omnibus,' and 'The Country Concert.'

PART III.—Song, 'Thames Sailing Match.' Scena. Song, 'Harlowe Bush Fair.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Comedy of

THE HYPOCRITE.

[By BICKERSTAFF.]

Old Lady Lambert, Madame Simon. Young Lady Lambert, Miss Scott.
Charlotte, Miss M. C. Poole. Betty, Miss Nicol.
Sir John Lambert, Mr D. Pitt. Colonel Lambert, Mr C. Hill.
Doctor Cantwell, Mr Williams. Darnley, Mr Honner. Seward, Mr Maitland.
Mawworm, Mr Vale.

A Chinese Pas Seul, by Master Saunders.

After which, a Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Vale.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on 'Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,') Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.

A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Rosier.

To conclude with, by desire, a Drama, entitled

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Hermion, Miss M. C. Poole. Calanthe, Miss Scott.
Eudosia, Miss Somerville. Phygenia, Miss Vincent. Arria, Miss Rumens.
Rygcia, Madame Simon. Lyphrasia, Miss Jordan. Listea, Miss Nicol.
Damon, Mr Osbaldiston. Dionysius, Mr D. Pitt. Pythias, Mr C. Hill.
Philistius, Mr Almar. Damocles, Mr Gough.
Melcthon, Mr Edwin. Procles, Mr Honner. Lucullus, Mr Lee.
Fabius, Mr Webb. Pellagus, Mr Young. Arcus. Mr Hobbs.
Aranthon, Mr Ransford. Naxillus, Mr Boulanger.
Petus, Mr Willmot. Executioner, Mr Thomson.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.

Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lejeune.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingarod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Azim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

After which, a Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

FALSE AND CONSTANT.

Constance, Mrs Waylett, who will sing her Popular Ballads, 'Away to the Mountain's Brow,' and 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Arabelle, Mrs Evans. Susan, Miss Andrews.
Major Fitzcannon, Mr Hammerton. Mr Fairport, Mr Munroe.
Harry Severton, Mr Marshall. Charles Trueman, Mr Spencer. Robert, Mr Davies.
Mr Standish, Mr Porteus. And Sir Gerrge Darewell, Mr Green.

To conclude with the Drama, in Two Acts, of

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.

Black-Eyed Susan, Mrs Evans. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Saville.
William, (with the Original Hornpipe) Mr Forrester.
The Admiral, Mr Porteus. Quid, Mr G. Smith.
Captain Crosstree, Mr Spencer. Lieut. Pike, Mr G. Lejeune.
Blue Peter, Mr Bennett, with Gay's admired Ballad of 'All in the Downs.'
Yarn, Mr Davies. Raker, Mr Willing. Hatchett, Mr Barnett.
Doggrass, Mr Munroe. Jacob Twig, Mr Marshall. Ploughshare, Mr Young.
Gnatbrain, Mr Wilkinson.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Battle of Waterloo.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Slack Rope, Herculean Feats, and Jumping, by Mr Williams—Grand Horse Combat—Master Cooke's Vaulting Exercises—The Horses 'Pegasus' and 'Harebell'—The Peruvian—Double Tight Rope—Rival Clowns—Lilliputian Bonaparte—Mr J. Cooke will appear in Six New Characters—The Brentford Election.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Canonbury Tower—English Paginini—The Devil at Dunmow.

THEATRE SANS SOUCI, LEICESTER SQUARE.—*The Faithful Irishman—Jocko—Roland for an Oliver.*

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1831.

SPINES AND TIGHT-LACING.*

The little work mentioned below is one which concerns not the faculty alone, but every one who has the charge of youth, from the earliest infancy to the cessation of growth. It is not encumbered with technicalities, but written in that clear, unaffected style, best adapted for a work that should be in general circulation. Albeit not much given to medical studies, we have read the book through; and though somewhat startled at the great variety of diseases referred to the spine, the reasoning seems so clear, that we cannot doubt it. How, indeed, can we wonder that, communicating with so many parts of the body, the spine, when itself diseased, should derange the whole system, and appear under various forms, according to the part affected? It seems, nevertheless, that its extensive influence has hitherto been imperfectly understood, and that further opportunities of observation are yet wanting, on the subject of what is termed spinal irritation. What renders it of vital importance that parents should be aware of its Protean disguises, is the great danger attendant upon a mistake of the complaint in some cases, and the experience necessary to distinguish it from others of which it assumes the appearance.

'A delicate, pale-faced, bloodless female,' says the author, 'complains of pains in the side, may have a slight cough, her breathing is hurried, her pulse frequent, her appetite bad, her tongue coated. A routine practitioner pronounces it a case of pleurisy, the lancet is called into play, &c. &c., foxglove or colchicum is prescribed, and that irritation which really constituted the complaint is kept up by the treatment adopted. Perhaps the symptoms are aggravated, the obstinacy of the disease calls for farther antiphlogistic remedies, and the patient dies, or falls into a state of apparent consumption. Such cases are not uncommon, and it behoves the young practitioner to endeavour to form a correct judgment with regard to them. Unfortunately the kind of cases which are seen by students, at hospitals and dispensaries, being chiefly those of the labouring classes, and for the most part inflammatory, misleads the judgment, and he commences practice with the habit of seeing inflammation at every step. His teacher and his experience both have misled him. It is often many years before the prejudices imbibed in the schools are destroyed by real experience of the diseases of a higher grade of society; but time at length convinces him that, as there is a nervous as well as a vascular system, so there are as many, and perhaps more, nervous than vascular or inflammatory diseases.'

Thus there is an acknowledged aristocracy even in disease. Nervous diseases are never found among those who live by hard labour, or by active occupation in the open air; they belong chiefly to the idle or the sedentary; and have been considered by medical men as their chief source of trouble and of profit. Mr Beale holds out a hope, that the following up of the present active enquiries into the nature of spinal irritation will throw a new light on this class of diseases. The opportunities of observation, however, are but few, inasmuch as, not being often fatal, they do not admit of *post-mortem* examination.

'We have enumerated many symptoms which appertain to the long catalogue of those which characterise what have been denominated nervous disorders, and if experience affirms the conclusion, that these distressing and perplexing maladies always have their causes in the spine, this will not be the most unimportant of the modern improvements in the art of healing. That such a connexion does exist in many instances, we have abundant facts to testify; numerous cases are now on record, of nervous and hysteric complaints being removed by local applications to particular parts of the spine. This class of diseases have hitherto been so perplexing, and a remedial means has so long been a desideratum, that the spine should never be neglected in such disorders. By careful observations, we shall be enabled to verify the truth of the foregoing descriptions, and determine how far we are warranted in referring nervous disorders to irritation or subacute inflammation of the spinal brain, or the communicating nerves. If we succeed only here and there in a case, we shall be rewarded for our trouble; for although these complaints are too often disregarded, and made the subject of ridicule, although they are never attended with any danger to life, yet there is no class of maladies more distressing to the sufferers themselves.'

Another strong reason why parents should be acquainted with the work, is, that it shews them how frequently children become deformed by neglect or mismanagement, and how important it is to attend to the very first symptoms of general debility. There are few cases, the author tells us, in which deformity might not be prevented or removed by early attention and judicious treatment. He gives directions for the management of weakly children, which mothers would do well to study; and asserts that the air of the most confined parts of the city of London is sufficiently pure for children to breathe without injury to health, if not confined within the house, improperly fed, &c. At a later age, he reprobates the practice of insisting upon a constantly upright position, and quotes the opinions of several authors on this subject, shewing, that where there is any weakness of the spine, this is the very mode of encouraging deformity.

'The party makes a forced effort to sit erect; in a few moments the effort relaxes, and the spine yields, the trunk sensibly sinking, the chest becoming flatted, and the back arched. When this degree of weakness exists, the spine is never safe; it is sure to yield in some direction; and the early inflection begets a long train of nervous, thoracic, and other disturbances. In such cases, whether curvature be discoverable or not, I enjoin the parties to take refuge in the recumbent posture. So long as the dorsal muscles are in action, the mischief cannot advance, and restoration of power to those muscles, by local and constitutional means, is the only effectual cure. The cure, too, is not difficult, when commenced early, and judiciously pursued. So long as the weakness continues, there is no security, save in avoiding the sitting posture, whenever the trunk cannot be fully supported. I have found a great advantage in this respect, in dispensing with the 'board,' as it is termed, and converting a common sofa into an inclined plane. This is readily done by any carpenter; a plane raised to seven or eight inches at one end, and terminating in a point being slipped under the cushion. This arrangement excites no observation,—a consideration of some moment, where the feelings are sensitive; it is always at hand, and will be used freely, when the formality and display of lying down on the board would be repulsive.'

Among the various causes of deformity, arising from a curvature of the spine, Mr Beale mentions tight-lacing. In some few instances it has been the sole cause; in others, it has been one of many; and even where actual deformity is not the result, all beautiful proportion is destroyed. There can be no grace, no freedom of action, in a body so confined; the breathing is obstructed, the digestion weakened, and the general health altogether deranged. Is it not extraordinary that any person of common sense should consent to exchange health of mind and body, a well-proportioned form, graceful motion, and the bloom of youth, all for—what?—for a waist unnaturally and frightfully small, red arms, and thick ankles!! In the hope that the consequences of this pernicious habit, as shewn by Mr Beale, may have weight with some one or more of our readers, we conclude with the following extracts, which to those who read them with the attention they deserve, cannot but be matter of serious consideration.

'Tight-lacing not only prevents a due development of the muscles by pressure, but by fixing into one immovable mass the ribs and vertebræ of the back, which, more especially in youth, should have free motion on each other, makes the whole upper part of the body a dead weight on the vertebræ of the loins, which in consequence give way to one or other side, and lateral curvature is produced . . . . . Not only does tight-lacing act directly in this

* *Observations on Distortions of the Spine: with a Few Remarks on Deformities of the Legs. By Lionel J. Beale, Member of the College of Surgeons, and Author of a Treatise on Deformities.* 8vo. pp.100. John Wilson.

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manner, but indirectly it operates in diminishing muscular vigour, by impeding respiration. It is well known that muscular power bears a relative proportion to the freedom of respiration, animals having the highest development of the respiratory organs, being the most powerful in muscular force. Tight stays compress the ribs together, and prevent the play of the respiratory muscles; when applied during the growth of the body, they prevent the development of the chest, and thus lay the foundation of many pectoral diseases. . . . . The female form, at least in youth, requires no artificial aid to improve it; who would think of putting stays on the Venus de Medicis?'

Mr Beale quotes the following passage from a work entitled 'A Comparative View of the Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World.'

'Some nations have fancied that Nature did not give a good shape to the head, and thought it would be better to mould it into the form of a sugar-loaf. The Chinese thinks a woman's foot much handsomer if squeezed into a third part of its natural size. Some African nations have a like quarrel with the shape of the nose, which they think ought to be laid as flat as possible on the face. We laugh at the folly, and are shocked with the cruelty of these barbarians, but think it a very clear case, that the natural shape of a woman's chest is not so elegant as we can make it by the confinement of stays. The common effect of this practice, is obstructions in the lungs, from their not having sufficient room to play, which, besides tainting the breath, cuts off numbers of young women in the very bloom of life. But Nature has shewn her resentment of this practice in a very striking manner, by rendering above half the women of fashion deformed, in some degree or other. Deformity is peculiar to the civilized part of mankind, and is almost always the work of our own hands.'

We fear the author speaks too truly, when he says, we think it 'a very clear case, &c., that a woman ought to have stays instead of a chest.' Yet it would be found, we believe, upon enquiry, that no woman respected for her good sense in other matters is given to this folly; and of the other sex, none but the most ignorant and coxcomical admire, or affect to admire, a female the more for resembling—we can scarcely say, an *animated* hour-glass. Time might hold one of them in his hand for an emblem, especially as they are for cutting their days short as well as their ribs.

It is a frequent matter of astonishment, why females should persist in tight-lacing when so much is said against it, and how it happens that they should take what is really a deformity for something handsome. The first part of this mystery is answered by the second: they think the waist produced by tight-lacing a beauty; and the reason why they think so is, that they know a small waist to be an object of admiration, and they feel that they never can persuade you it is small without forcing the smallness upon one's eyes, and thus compelling one to acknowledge it. On the contrary, we feel that if the waist were really small, so much pains would not be taken to convince us of it. But this the dear absurdities will not consider. Everyone thinks that there will be an exception in her favour. *Other* women, she allows, make themselves ridiculous, and attempt to impose upon us:—with her the case is different:—everybody must see that *her* waist is really small. Therefore she goes lacing and lacing on, till she becomes like a wasp; and everybody who follows her in the street, laughs at her.

We have seen some of these waists, of such a frightful tenuity, as to strike the least thinking observer with their ugliness. The other day there was a young lady before us in the street, whose waist literally struck you as being no thicker than a large arm. The poor girl had infallibly marked herself for death. Some of the most vital parts inside of her, must have been lapped over one another, or frightfully, not to say disgustingly, compressed into a mass. The first sensation, at seeing this phenomenon, was pain at the monstrosity; the second was vexation with the poor silly girl; the third was pity. The ground of this folly, like that of so many others, which excite in us the folly of impatience, is sympathy, however mistaken. The poor simpleton wishes for our admiration, and does not know that she has tried hard to gain contempt. We ought the less to be provoked, because in all these yearnings after social approbation, there is the germ of a great preferment for the community; since the same people, who now make themselves so ridiculous, and get so much death and disease, by pursuing false means of obtaining our good opinion, would, in a wiser state of society, be led as vehemently to adopt the true. Instead of going about half stifled, with bad livers, and ready-made Coroner's inquests, the poor dear creatures would then be anxious to shew us that they were natural healthy females, fit to be wives and mothers; and instead of having bodies like insects, that they were made like the Venus de Medicis, and the other ideal shapes of beauty; which they certainly no more resemble in their tight-laced condition, than a dice-box resembles a pear, or a pair of stays a body to love.

POETRY.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN AT SHERWOOD FOREST.

The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befel,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath cozen'd them, that him would have betrayed;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue.
His feilows winded horn, not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little bengles shrill,
The warbling echoes wak'd from every dale and hill:
Their bauldrick's set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which, under their arms, their sheafs were buckled fast;
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span;
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man:
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow or but, or prick or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score they us'd to prick and rove,
Yet higher than the breast for comfort never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin:
Their arrows finely paired, for timber and for feather,
With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave there was not any one
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the green wood tree.
From wealthy Abbots' chests and churls' abundant store
What oftentimes he took he shar'd among the poor:
No lordly Bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay.
The widow in distress he generously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to the mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which, wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wandered here and there.
Amongst the forest wild; Diana never kuew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

DRAYTON.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— The wonders of nature lie out of the common paths: so as the very absurdity of an attempt may sometimes be prosperous.—*Bacon.*

— The vexation of sickness, the sweetness of life, the flattery of hope, and the commendation of friends, makes men to depend upon physicians, with all their defects.—*Bacon.*

MARRIAGES FOR MONEY.—Men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune, and shew themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature, to their relative! The odd thousand pounds would gladly be allowed in good-nature and fair manners.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

AN UGLY DISAPPOINTMENT.—A beautiful woman took Pelisson by the hand one day, as he was walking in the street, and conducted him to a house close by. Struck with her charms, he was unable to resist, and flattered himself with a very agreeable issue to this adventure. The lady presented him to the master of the House, saying: *Feature for feature, like that.* She then abruptly quitted, leaving the wit behind. Pelisson recovered from his astonishment, demanded an explanation of all this from the master of the house, who acknowledged that he was a painter: I have, said he, undertaken for this lady, the subject of the temptation of Christ in the wilderness. We have been disputing above an hour upon the figure that should be given to the devil, and she stept in just now to explain to me that she wished me to take you for the model.

DEJECTION.

I'll sit me down and weep!
All things have cast me from them but the earth:
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now as well as I.

Beaumont and Eletcher,—The Coxcomb.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—Semiramide—Kenilworth.
COVENT-GARDEN.—Love in a Village—The Miller and his Men.
HAYMARKET.—The Marriage of Figaro—The Widow Bewitched—Speed the Plough.

COVENT GARDEN.

MISS INVERARITY, like a good honest girl, who deserves to have the fine talent and the pleasure-giving face that Nature has bestowed upon her, sent us a couple of tickets for *Love in a Village*, which was performed for her benefit last night: so we went, and had not only the pleasure of hearing her in a new part, but of finding one of the most strongly-cast pieces of the kind we remember to have witnessed. There was herself, 'videlicet, herself,' in *Rosetta:* WILSON was *Young Meadows:* BLANCHARD, the Justice; Mrs GIBBS, his sister; Miss CAWSE, his daughter; DURUSET, the daughter's lover; KEELEY, *Hodge; Madge* was Miss TAYLOR; and *Hawthorn* was BRAHAM. This is the right sort of thing. Players are too apt to think, that one or twe good hands are not only sufficient in a piece, but are the better for having bad ones to set them off; which is as great a mistake as if a painter were to make some of his colours of the right mixture, and have the others from a painter and glazier; or as if a person who invited us to dinner should not only give us but two good dishes out of five, but the rest positively bad, and the butter rancid. It has often struck us, that if we were actors, and good ones, we would sometimes request to be put into subordinate parts, merely to shew how much might be made of them, and to encourage a spirit of good sense in this matter.

What has come to Messrs BRAHAM and CHARLES KEMBLE in their old age we know not, but the former seems of late almost as improved as the latter. We have heard of his achievements from others, and last night we saw them. He came on as *Hawthorn* in high style, reposing with true confidence on his gun and his rustic stoutness, and giving the song of the *Jolly Miller* in all the glory of its simplicity; not however without the just commentary of a few jovial digs of the fist, on the words

I care for nobody, no not I,
If nobody cares for me.

His shake on the words *under the rose*, was new to us, and equally to the purpose. And he acted very well indeed throughout. How is it? Is it a new kind of second childhood, as extraordinary and vigorous, as other men's are decrepid; and like the people we sometimes read of, who have a new set of teeth at sixty? Or is it young ladies' benefit nights that inspire him? The phenomenon exists somehow, and a very acceptable one it is. The galleries re-echo his potent strains with storms of approbation; and people tell one another how old he is; and marvel at his *crescendo*.—We could have spared the song accompanied by himself on the piano-forte. It was sung between the acts, but the singer was in the costume of *Hawthorn*, and the two notions did not suit. *Hawthorn* at a piano-forte is like a farmer in an opera-box.

Mrs GIBBS is not so good a *Deborah Woodcock* as Mrs DAVENPORT, but she is always good, nevertheless, after a fashion. BLANCHARD, as the Justice, wants some of DOWTON'S unction; but then DOWTON has too much of it; and we are not sure that his thinness is not more in character. DOWTON'S Justice looks as if he had run more after good dinners than pretty girls. KEELEY is an excellent *Hodge*. He does not give the rustic mode of speaking so well as we have heard it; but in all the rest nothing could be better. His brutality is of the most solid description, with an impudent air of tranquillity and of a foundation in reason; yet he varies the tones of his petulant sallies admirably. Almost everything he uttered produced a roar of approbation. And Miss TAYLOR surprised us with the excellence of her *Madge*. We did not expect her, after the way in which she allowed herself to be spoiled by her inferiors, to give herself up so completely to the nature of the character. Her jeering tones of contempt, and gestures to match it, thrusting out her head and chin, and grinding her words, as it were, into *Hodge's* face, were particularly excellent. We had only to find fault now and then, when she became pathetic, and when she sang the song recalling her once happy condition, during which she ought not to have smiled and acted over again her former happiness, but to have been full of the pensiveness of the contrast. It is a song to be sung in the simplest manner, with a corner of the apron held in the hand, and a tear in the eye. But her performance, altogether, is a considerable addition to her stock. What a variety of excellence has not a melo-dramatic education and common-place tragedy teachers prevented in this clever actress!

We doubt whether the English ballad style will be found to suit Miss INVERARITY so well as composition of a higher order. She is of a more chearful, revelling, and powerful spirit than it requires; and having come out of the Italian school, we doubt whether she can subject herself sufficiently to the other. There is also a pleasurable richness in the middle tones of her voice, which seems to require a greater luxuriance of emotion than the English ballad supplies. She seemed delighted to get into the merry mocking song in which she pretends to complain of the old Jusstice, and which produced a rapturous encore. We never heard her in better voice, nor saw her (to use a new phrase) in better face. Also, she was capitally well-dressed. She not only has a good person, but knows how to set it off; which is good upon good; and we will swear from her face, that she is a good, chearful-hearted girl, and deserves to send tickets to honest critics, who (between ourselves) would not go to see everybody, if they were to send dozens.

By the way, her voice goes better with BRAHAM'S than Miss PATON'S did at the oratorios. They sang a duet in the course of the piece, with great applause. After the play, there was a quartett, which we could not admire; nor can we give Mr NICHOLSON'S flute credit for much sensibility, though it is full of skill and power. We thought he was going to give us 'John Anderson my Jo,' with real simplicity; but he could not find it in his heart to let us have it without flourishes. Anderson, besides his grey locks, must, he thought, have feathers in his cap. As a variation, it might have been so; since variations upon airs are chartered vagaries; but it was hard not to let us have the real beautiful air once. BRAHAM sang 'The Bay of Biscay' with his usual effect. These intermediate performances between the play and the afterpiece closed with 'God save the King,' which produced a storm of hurras.

MUSIC IN OLD THEATRES.

THE mention of music, or minstrelsy, as an accompaniment of the old Morals, is not frequent, although songs are often introduced into them; but it is very clear that companies of players who visited monasteries and the houses of the nobility prior to the Reformation were often attended by minstrels, who are sometimes mentioned with and rewarded at the same time as the actors. . . . . .

Although various songs are introduced into *Ralph Roister Doister*, it nowhere appears that music was played between the acts. At the end of Act 2 of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1566, *Diccon*, addressing himself to the instrumental performers, tells them, 'In the mean time, fellows, pipe up your fiddles;' and perhaps we may conclude that music was also played at the close of the other acts, although it is not mentioned. In the *Two Italian Gentlemen*, by Anthony Munday, (printed about 1584) the different kinds of music to be played after each act are mentioned, whether 'a pleasant galliard,' 'a solemn dump,' or 'a pleasant allemaigne.' Marston is very particular in his *Sophonisba*, 1606, in pointing out the instruments to be played during the four intervals of the acts:— . . . . . .

In the course of Act 5 he introduces a novel species of harmony, for we are twice told that 'infernal music plays softly.' Fiddles, flutes, and hautboys are mentioned by other dramatists, as instruments then in use at the theatres. Nabbes, in the prologue to his *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, alludes at the same time to the change of the place of action, and to the performance of instruments between the acts —

'The place is sometimes changed too with the scene,
Which is translated as the music plays
Betwixt the acts.'

Malone refers to a warrant of protection, dated 1624, by Sir H. Herbert to Nicholas Underhill and others, 'and all employed by the King's Majesty's servants in their quality of playing as musicians and other necessary attendants;' but here it is impossible to distinguish who were musicians and who attendants, and a doubt must exist whether the musicians did not sometimes perform, and

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vice versâ. We know that Phillippes and other actors of eminence played upon different instruments, and Pallant was a performer in the 'plat' of the second part of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, before 1588: possibly after he had ceased to act he became an instrumental performer in the band. The fee to the Master of the Revels for 'a warrant for the musicians of the King's Company' appears to have been 1*l.*; before this date we do not hear of any such claim by the Master of the Revels.

Dr Burney, in his 'History of Music,' quotes from a MS. then in the possession of Dr Moreton of the British Museum, an account of the preparation and performances of Shirley's *Mask of Peace*, in February 1633-4, in which it is said that 'the Blackfriars' music was then esteemed the best of the common musicians in London.' The shifts they were put to after the closing of the theatres in 1642 are thus humourously noticed by the author of 'The Actor's Remonstrance, 1643:'—'Our music, that was held so delectable and precious, that they scorned to come to a tavern under twenty shillings salary for two hours, now wander with their instruments under their cloaks—I mean such as have any—into all houses of good fellowship, saluting every room where there is company with, "Will you have any music, gentlemen?"'—*Collier's Annals of the Stage.*

— Doubts are sponges to suck in knowledge.—*Bacon.*

— Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most. for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell on her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

IMPERFECTION OF KNOWLEDGE.

For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides, or rising's seats;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast heights.—*Butler.*

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Grand Opera of

THE MAID OF JUDAH; OR, THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

[By M. R. Lacy.]

The Music by Rossini.

Saxons.—Cedric, Mr Morley. Ivanhoe, Mr Wilson. Wamba, Mr Keeley.
Gurth, Mr Morley. Robin Hood, Mr Baker. Little John, Mr Jones.
Friar Tuck, Mr Bartley.
Normans.—Sir Lucas de Beaumanoir, Mr Evans.
Sir Brian de Boisguilbert, Mr Warde. Sir Maurice de Bracey, Mr G. Stansbury.
Albert de Malvoisin, Mr Henry. Damian, Mr Holl. Herald, Mr Irwin.
Warder, Mr Turnour.
Jews.—Rebecca, Miss Inverarity. Isaac, Mr Egerton.

To conclude with a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows. Doppet, Mr Collett.
Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, The Gamester; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The Farce of

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE.

[By Mr Buckstone.]

Mrs Dudley, Mrs Glover. Sophia, Mrs Humby. Mary, Mrs Ashton.
Mrs Grimley, Mrs Tayleure. Mrs Taylor, Mrs Coveney.
Mr Gillman, Mr Webster. Mr Dudley, Mr Mulleney. Charles, Mr Brindall.
John, Mr Coveney. Frederick Vincent, Mr Cooke.

After which the Comedy of

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

[By Morton.]

Sally Downright, Mrs Glover. Rose Sidney, Mrs Humby.
Mrs Greville, Mrs Ashton.
Nicholas Rue, Mr W. Farren. Rostrum, Mr Vining. Plethora, Mr Harley.
Undermine, Mr Gattie. Egerton, Mr Cooper.
Greville, Mr Brindall. April, Mr Webster.
Valet, Mr Coveney. Butler, Mr Newcombe. Cook, Mr Field.
Coachman, Mr Bishop. Footman, Mr Coates.

To which will be added, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.

[By Mr P. Farren.]

The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney,
Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

To conclude with the Musical Entertainment of

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

[By Morton.]

Mrs Selborne, Mrs T. Hill. Mrs Fixture, Mrs Tayleure.
Maria Darlington, Mrs Humby.
Sir Mark Chase, Mr Gattie. Mr Selborne, Mr Brindal.
Alfred Highflyer, Mr Vining. Fixture, Mr J. Cooper.
Gamekeeper, Mr Field. Groom, Mr Coates.

To-morrow, The Lord of the Manor; The Green Eyed Monster; The Widow Bewitched; and Killing No Murder.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

ANTOINE; OU, LES TROIS GENERATIONS.

Pièce en Trois Epoques, mêlée de Chant, par MM. Melesville et Brazier.
Léon, Mlle. St. Ange. La Marquise de St. Valier, Madame Préval.
Clémentine, Mlle. Florval. La Comtesse de Morimont, Mme. Boudin.
La Baronne de Lorges, Mlle. Corra. Henriette, Mlle. Jamain.
Madeline, Madame Gamard.
Antoine, M. Potier. Le Marquis de St. Valier, M. St. Aubert.
Le Vicomte de Chailly, M. Laporte. Le Président de Chatenay, M. Arnaud.
Leblanc Père, M. Préval. Le Conseiller, M. Alfred.
Le Chevalier de Mirecourt, M. Paulin. Un Valet, M. Granville.
Placide, M. Gamard. Bertrand, M. Pellesie. François, M. Guenée.
Leblanc Fils, M. Cloup.

Suivi de

LE TAILLEUR DE JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Comédie en Un Acte, par MM. Rougemont et Merle.
Mlle. Clairon, Mlle. Florval. Babet, Mlle. St. Ange.
Rousseaux Tailleur, M. Potier. Poisson, M. Guenée. Mentrichard, M. Préval.
Le Président, M. Cloup. Simon. M. Arnaud. Lafleur, M. Granville.

On Finira par

LES ANGLAISES POUR RIRE.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. Sevrin et Dumersan.
Aspasie, Mlle. St. Ange. Goton, Mme. Gamard.
M. Menu, M. Potier. M. Coclet, M. Laporte. M. Cepeau, M. Cloup.
M. Fusin, M. Gamard.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Romantic Melo-Drama, in Three Acts, called

BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

[By Mr D. W. Jerrold.]

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Bridget, Miss Vincent. Earl Moreland, Mr D. Pitt.
Nicholas, Mr Vale. Martin, Mr Gough. Bampfylde Moore Carew, Mr C. Hill.
Albert, Mr Maitland. De Leon, Mr Webb. Walter, Mr Young.
Planxty, Mr Osbaldiston. Judge, Mr Almar.

After which, a Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. Jerrold.]

The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Vale.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Rainford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on 'Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,') Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.
A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Roder.

To conclude with the Farce of

MONSIEUR TONSON.

[By Mr Moncrieff.]

Madame Belgarde, Madame Simon. Adolphine de Courcy, Miss Vincent.
Monsieur Morbleu, Mr C. Hill. Tom King, Mr Honner.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

[By Mr Haines.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.
Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lejeune.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Asim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berrodaed, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

After which, a Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

FALSE AND CONSTANT.

Constance, Mrs Waylett, who will sing her Popular Ballads, 'Away to the Mountain's Brow,' and 'Meet me by Moonlight.'
Arabelle, Mrs Evans. Susan, Miss Andrews.
Major Fitzcannon, Mr Hammerton. Mr Fairport, Mr Munroe.
Harry Severton, Mr Marshall. Charles Trueman, Mr Spencer. Robert, Mr Davies.
Mr Standish, Mr Porteus. And Sir George Darewell, Mr Green.

To conclude with the Drama, in Two Acts, of

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. Jerrold.]

The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.

Black-Eyed Susan, Mrs Evans. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Saville.
William, (with the Original Hornpipe) Mr Forrester.
The Admiral, Mr Porteus. Quid, Mr G. Smith.
Captain Crosstree, Mr Spencer. Lieut. Pike, Mr G. Lejeune.
Blue Peter, Mr Bennett, with Gay's admired Ballad of 'All in the Downs.'
Yarn, Mr Davies. Raker, Mr Willing. Hatchett, Mr Barnett.
Doggrass, Mr Munroe. Jacob Twig, Mr Marshall. Ploughshare, Mr Young.
Gnatbrain, Mr Wilkinson.

Astley's Amphitheatre.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Battle of Waterloo.

Cooke's Equestrian Circus, Great Windmill St. Haymarket.—Lubin and Annette—Mr J. Cooke will appear in Six New Characters—The King of Italy—Rival Vaulting on the Elastic Board—Countryman's Visit to the Circus—Wonderful Antipodean Performances—The Lilliputian Stud of Burman Ponies—Equitation—Extraordinary Leaping—The Yorkshire Fox-hunter—The Dragon of Rhodes.

Sadler's Wells.—Canonbury Tower—English Paginini—The Devil at Dunmow.

Theatre Sans Souci, Leicester Square.—The Faithful Irishman—Jocko—Roland for an Oliver.

Royal Pavilion Theatre.—Alp, the Tartar Khan—A Pill for Portugal—Blue Beard.

Vauxhall Gardens.—Variety of Entertainments.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1831.

THE LATE KING.*

The second volume of the life of this prince maintains the character which the author acquired by the first, as an acute and entertaining historian. There is not so much about his 'hero' in it, as in the other; but there is a great deal more about a hero of a different sort,—Napoleon,—of whom he seems fond; and a good deal respecting another, who has not the same advantage in his love; to wit, the Duke of Wellington. We do not wonder at this 'respect of persons.' Napoleon had that about him, to which intellectual men, however they might fall short of worshippers, could not refuse their admiration. The Duke of Wellington's fortunes they cannot so easily account for. The former, till he made his mistakes in Spain and Russia, helped to aggrandize the character of a soldier. People saw revived in him the Cæsars and the Xenophons, and fancied that the extremes of activity and contemplation could be united in the same man. The Duke of Wellington, even before he consented to be a 'mad minister,' never could succeed in affecting the intellectual world at large in the like manner. He had nothing but partizans. We beheld in him the prudent general, the 'modern Fabius,' the man great by negation, the mechanic of armies, the future god of the police, the Grand *Constable* of Europe, who could avail himself of conflicting passions, and a prepared readiness of assistance, and follow up the retreating fortunes of the great outlaw, with a tipstaff representing the wooden deity of kingship. It was impossible in these refined, physiognomical times, not to see the two different men in their faces. The Duke has his merits, ever of countenance; but they are shared by thousands of clever mechanical men; and it is not scandalous to say, that those who behold it for the first time, are amazed, on the wrong side of amazement. Napoleon's face is allowed to number him among the old classical gods of the earth, who look calmly dominant upon coins and medals, and 'shew cause' why they were so famous.

Still we confess we are not disposed to think so highly of Napoleon as our author seems to do. We fear that the writer of the 'History of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth' is, though in the best sense of the word, a man of the world; and for a true speculator, and even a deep politician, this is a character, we conceive, that to all great and future purposes, may be considered as 'gone by.' At least, the men of this cast that shall continue to have to do with the government of the world, are not those, we think, that will in future succeed most, or obtain the highest reputation. We think that too numerous a body of men *out-speculates* them; and that ambition will be found to have taken new and unlooked-for directions. We do not mean to imply, that the writer of the book before us is hostile to the enlarged views of society. But there is an air of the old diplomatic school about him; and he plainly stops short of those better opinions of human nature, which are the noblest incitement to action, the only real hopes of improvement, and go far deeper, we think, than those common notions of merit and demerit, which justly baulk the confidence of ordinary acuteness of observation. The author, though a warm Foxite, evidently thinks that cunning and insincerity belong to the very greatest men, meaning those who can mould the world with effect; and he repeats the old, and false, and we must add, shallow notion, that 'obligation and ingratitude' are 'cause and effect.' The whole secret of that mystery, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is, that obligation is seldom what it seems to be; and that the instinct of the obliged person, perplexed between the truth and the appearance, and rendering him jealous of his share of power and admiration, makes him uneasy under the dilemma. We no more dislike anything that is really good and fair, and that we are sure of being so, than we dislike roses or the summer-time. We will venture to affirm, from experience, that next to love, there is not a more enchanting sensation than the sense of being obliged by a truly open and generous nature.

Poor George III makes as ill a figure in this second volume, as in the first. No king stands a greater chance of having the public opinion of him, as expressed in his own times, reversed in that of history, and instead of a good man, being absolutely considered a bad one;—a very singular instance of vicissitude in reputation. For this he may thank the self-love of the John Bullism of his day, a wretched education, and the folly and disease he inherited from his parents. We had thought his son the worst letter-writer among princes that we remember; but the following epistle from the pen of George III, may contend with the selectest of his son's. It was written to the Princess of Wales during one of the early disputes between her and her husband. How more than ever absurd, by the way, sound the absurd formulas of royalty, on these occasions. The Princess is his Majesty's 'dearest Daughter-in-law and Niece;' and he is her 'affectionate Father-in-law and Uncle.' It is a pity he did not add, 'and Cousin five times removed.'—'Believe me, dearest Daughter-in-law, and Niece, and Cousin five times removed, your affectionate Father-in-law, and Uncle, and Cousin five times removed, G. R.'—And the Prince of Wales ought surely to have been designated as her Royal Highness's first cousin and husband, and his Majesty's son.—'Yesterday I and the rest of my family had an interview with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, your Royal Highness's first cousin and husband, and my son, at Kew;—which leaves his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in a situation to shew, whether his Royal Highness your Royal Highness's first cousin and husband, and my son, wishes to return to his family or not,' &c.—But to the Letter.

'My dearest Daughter-in-law and Niece,

'Yesterday I and the rest of my family had an interview with the Prince of Wales, at Kew. Care was taken on all sides to avoid all subjects of altercation or explanation, consequently the conversation was *neither instructive nor entertaining*; but it leaves the Prince of Wales in a situation to *shew* whether his desire to return to his family is only verbal or real, which time alone can *shew*. I am not idle in my endeavours to make enquiries that may enable me to communicate some plan for the advantage of the dear child, you and *me*, with so much reason, must interest ourselves about; and *its effecting my having* the happiness of living more with you, is no small incentive to my forming some ideas on the subject; but you may depend on their being not decided upon without your thorough and cordial concurrence; for your authority as mother, it is my object to support.

'Believe me, at all times,

'My dearest Daughter-in-law and Niece,

'Your most affectionate Father-in-law and Uncle,

'G. R.'—P. 43.

The silence of George III towards Bonaparte, (see p. 3.) when the latter, as First Consul, wrote him a pacific overture, was one of those assumptions of state, which tend to make royalty ridiculous, in the airs it gives itself over natural and undoubted greatness. It is a sort of official madness, not the less so for being thought proper by the formalists. The same remark applies to the silence of the Prince Regent, when Napoleon wrote to him after his downfall; only the latter added the ungraciousness of unequal fortune. The Prince had then an opportunity of shewing himself capable of one of those gallant pieces of courtesy and generosity, for which his canting flatterers had so often given him credit. He lost it and thus shewed that he never *had* been capable; for never was an occasion more golden. It would seem, by the practice of those who wear crowns, that it is difficult for a king *as* a king, to behave with the common proprieties of other men. The moment his state is touched, it is a signal for him to be absurd. Our author has the following remarks on the silence of George III:—

'The French republic, after the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, existed only in chains at the feet of a successful soldier. Bonaparte was not long invested with the dictatorship, when he made overtures

* *The History of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth.* In 3 vols. 12mo. (Fifth Volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library.) Longman & Co.

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for peace, in a well-known letter addressed directly to George III. This letter has the frankness, simplicity, brevity, and elevation of the republican, with the courtesies of the royal style; and, affecting to discard the artifices of diplomacy, is a masterpiece of diplomatic skill. George III did not deign to answer this *unanointed epistle*: but Lord Grenville addressed to the French minister, Talleyrand, a reply unworthy of his talents and character. The English minister's diffuse state paper—supercilious without dignity, and disingenuous without adroitness—set forth in substance, that the king was ever desirous of peace, and then ready to negociate—provided only that Bonaparte would acknowledge himself unfit to be treated with, abdicate his power, and restore the power and persons of the Bourbons to France.'—P. 4. A modest request certainly. Though a man however can be 'disingenuous without adroitness,' we do not see how he can be expected to be 'supercilious with dignity.' Superciliousness is one of the worst proofs of want of dignity.

Our author makes some good observations on the apostacy of the late king from his old Whig friends. 'George IV.' he says, 'has been praised for abandoning party on the death of Mr Fox. This is one of the many instances in which a vice of character becomes a virtue in a prince. Their ardour had become cool, and his sincerity dubious much earlier; but habit made him bow to the authority, or vanity made him bask in the lustre, of Mr Fox's name. His subsequent neutrality was the effect, not of enlarged views, but of natural indolence, and of political and personal alienation. At this stage of his life, the more distinguished of his early friends had dropped into the grave, or withdrew from him in disgust. Sheridan and Lord Erskine alone remained to share his orgies and amusements rather than his counsels.'—P. 90.

Again:—The Regent's 'decision was the result of his indolence, his personal dislike of Lords Grey and Grenville, especially of the former, and an intriguing manœuvre practised by Sheridan. The prince, now in his forty-ninth year, had lost, in the idleness of a frivolous and sensual life, all energy and impulse of action and motive; he dreaded the unbending principles and character of Lord Grey, and was disposed to pronounce against him the same sentence of exclusion which his father had pronounced against Mr Fox; he calculated upon less trouble and more complaisance from Mr Perceval and his colleagues, who had little of personal or private character to compromise, and were more versed in the routine of administration; and Sheridan, who divined his wishes with the unerring instinct of a court slave, continued to gratify them.'—P. 139.

All the motives here attributed to the Prince Regent no doubt had their share in his proceedings: but we think the author has left one out, the greatest of all; to wit, the natural Toryism of Kings, and the preference that all new sovereigns have for those who have served the old one with the greatest devotion. The sovereign whom in these days we have the good fortune to possess, is an anomaly in the history of kings, made in great measure by an education, and an experience of life, very extraordinary for a prince: and even he is most probably influenced, not only by circumstances, but by recollections, if not of preference to some, at least of antipathy to others and to *their* preferences.

Sheridan cuts a wretched figure in these pages, and we fear too true a one. He is a fine admonitory picture for men of the world, even of the cleverest kind. His very romance was a mistake; for he knew nothing of what is called sentiment, and was unable to exhibit disinterestedness itself but in union with the poorest subserviency. The following was one of the innumerable scrapes into which he got himself in consequence. The occasion spoken of was the revival of the Catholic Claims, and the disappointment and disgust which the Irish felt at the broken promises of the Regent:—

'Sheridan's devotion to the Prince of Wales was sincere and disinterested, but servile and self-debasing. For it he compromised that reputation for public integrity which, with his genius, palliated the vices of his private life. His hollow finesse on this occasion received a happy rebuke. He happened to dine at the house of a distinguished English Catholic, in company with the late Mr Scully, who had come over from Ireland, as a member of the Catholic deputation. The conversation naturally turned upon the approaching debate. "If," said Sheridan, "Moira and I, from particular circumstances, should not take an active part on the Catholic petition as you could wish, you may still be assured, Mr Scully, that our hearts are with you."—"And if," replied the latter, "the French should invade Ireland, and the Irish Catholics, from peculiar circumstances, should not take as active a part as you could wish, you may still be assured, Mr Sheridan, that our hearts are with you." '—P. 33.

To return awhile to the intrigues respecting the ministries of George IV, we shall lay before our readers an extract, which furnishes a crowning specimen of poor Sheridan's perdition. It relates to the prospect of a Whig Ministry, at the death of Perceval:—

'On the 5th of June (1812) Lord Moira having previously had a conversation with the Duke of Bedford, addressed a note to Lords Grey and Grenville, proposing a conference. They declined an unauthorized discussion as unusual, and likely to lead to no advantageous result. Lord Moira, in rejoinder, informed them next day, that, since his first communication, he had received authority and full liberty from the Prince Regent to negociate specially with them. A conference, at which Lord Erskine was present, by the desire of Lord Moira, took place on the 8th of June. It may be useful to state here, that Lord Moira had, in conversation with Lord Spencer, previously declared his determination not to admit, as a subject for consideration, in any new arrangements, the great offices of the Prince Regent's household. Lord Spencer objected to this exemption, as unprecedented and unconstitutional,—failed to make any impression upon the mind of Lord Moira,—prepared Lords Grey and Grenville for Lord Moira's objections,—and gave them his opinion, which entirely coincided with their own, that in the conference with Lord Moira, the household should be made a preliminary question. Accordingly, Lords Grey and Grenville asked whether Lord Moira's "full liberty" extended to the consideration of "new appointments to those great offices of the household, which have been usually included in the political arrangements made on a change of administration; and stated that they made this stipulation solely on public, not personal grounds, as necessary to give to a new government that character of efficiency and stability, and those marks of the constitutional support of the crown, which were required to enable it to act usefully for the public service." Lord Moira answered, that he was not restricted by the Prince Regent; but that he would not himself agree to "the positive exercise of such a power in the formation of an administration." —"A decided difference of opinion," says the minute of the conference, "as to this point having been thus expressed on both sides, the conversation ended with mutual declarations of regret."

'Lord Moira went back to the Regent, announced his failure, resigned his commission, and advised the revival of the Perceval Ministry. Lord Liverpool was accordingly appointed first Lord of the Treasury, and announced his appointment in the House of Lords on the 8th of June.

'The secret and only desired end of the negotiation was thus attained at last, and the household party which hemmed in the Regent, a willing captive, triumphed. The proceedings which followed in both Houses throw considerable light upon the negotiations.

'The great offices of the household, it should be remembered, were held by members of the Hertford family.

'Lord Moira accounted for his tenacity on the question of those offices, as arising from his fear that, by submitting them to consideration, "he should countenance every ribald tale of scandal which had been circulated abroad." The course pursued by him had precisely the effect which he professed his desire to avoid, and which it is strange that he should not have foreseen. There is something incomprehensible in the system adopted by Lord Moira. "Is your Royal Highness prepared," said he, to the Prince Regent, "if I should advise it, to part with the officers of your household?" The answer was, "I am."—"Then," rejoined Moira, "your Royal Highness shall not part with one of them;" and having thus heroically or *theatrically* taken the responsibility upon himself, he went upon his inauspicious mission to Lords Grey and Grenville.

'It may be rash to decide whether Lord Moira was the dupe or confederate of the secret cabal, but it is obvious that he was most effectually playing their game.

'Sheridan repeated and improved upon the intriguing part which he had played at the commencement of the preceding year. It was industriously circulated abroad that Lords Grey and Grenville were made acquainted with the intention of the household to resign as soon as a new ministry should be definitely formed; and that those lords insisted upon its dismissal as a preliminary stipulation, in order to humiliate and enslave the Prince. Lord Yarmouth, who held the office of Vice-Chamberlain, stated in the House of Commons, that the officers of the household were resolved to resign "at only ten minutes' notice," before certain gentlemen should receive the seals of office, and that he communicated this resolution to Sheridan for the purpose of reaching the "certain gentlemen" to whom he alluded. Sheridan, it came out, advised Lord Yarmouth not to resign, suppressed Lord Yarmouth's communication, and upon being asked by Mr Tierney, offered to bet five hundred guineas that no such thing was ever thought of by the household. Confronted with the two principal witnesses—Lord Yarmouth and Mr Tierney—in the House of Commons, Sheridan gave notice that he should make his defence on a future day. When that day came he was taken ill whilst speaking, and sate down doubly an object of commiseration to the House. He returned to the subject on a subsequent night, sought refuge in self-degrading buffoonery and flimsy generalities, and was from that hour a lost man.'—P. 191.

It is interesting to consider who of these persons are alive now, and what they are about. Sheridan is gone; George IV is gone; Lord Moira is gone: Lord Grey is the popular minister of a new sovereign in totally new times; and Lord Grenville, we presume, as we hear nothing of him, is enjoying the *supercilium cum dignitate*.

We must have another article on this amusing book.

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MUSIC.

1. 'The Sea.' A Song, sung by Mr Phillips, at the Public Concerts, &c. The poetry by Barry Cornwall, Esq. The music composed and dedicated to his friend, Capt. Gosling, R.N., by The Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm. (Cramer, Addison, and Beale.)

2. 'Oh Smile not upon me.' Ballad written and dedicated to Mrs Ames, by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq. The music by H. R. Bishop. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)

3. 'When first me met.' Ballad, sung by Miss Paton, Miss H. Cawse, and Miss Stephens. Written by Thos. Haynes Bayly, Esq. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)

4. 'Helen Trevor.' Ballad, the words by Mrs Geo. Sharpe. Composed for and inscribed to Miss Paton, by Chas. E. Horn. (Goulding and D'Almaine.)

The reader has already heard our opinion of the talents of the Chevalier Neukomm. At so high a rate do we estimate them, that we feel jealous of his ever putting forth a composition that shall sink below the water-mark of his ordinary minor pieces; yet justice compels us to say, that his adaptation of Mr Barry Cornwall's animated lines have disappointed our expectations. The character of the song is spirited, and, as might be expected, it displays, upon occasion, the master's hand in the harmonies; but we perceive no indication of careful thought or deliberation in the melody: in short—the word must out—we think it common-place; yet we understand that it is a more popular composition than his 'Napoleon's Midnight Review,' a cantata of fifty times its merit; but a performer of the latter piece must be both a good player as well as an advanced singer.

No. 2 is a simple and plaintive little ballad, in the key of C, triple time.

No. 3 is in the key of D, two sharps, simple common time. Its character is smooth, flowing, and graceful, and the harmonies sufficiently full for the lightness of the subject.

No 4 is unequal to several ballads by the same tasteful musician that have come under our notice. It is in the key of G, triple time, is within the range of the most moderate performer's abilities, and although we perceive no novel effects in the melody, the harmonies are here and there graced by the judicious introduction of accidentals that betray the practised musician, while they gratify the ear that is accustomed to seek for unhackneyed combinations.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

Covent-Garden.—The Maid of Judah—Napoleon Buonaparte.
Haymarket.—The Happiest Day of My Life—Secrets Worth Knowing—The Widow Bewitched—A Roland for an Oliver.
French Plays.—Antoine—Le Tailleur de Jean Jacques Rousseau—Les Anglaises pour Rire.

King's Theatre.

Signor Paganini favoured the public with his 'fifth and last concert at this theatre,' last night, but not, it seems, with his fifth and last appearance; for he is to play this evening for the benefit of Lablache, besides the four other performances, we suppose, which he is to be prevailed upon to bestow upon us, and the forty elsewhere.—Well: the public are accustomed to these managerial tricks, and ought to be prepared for them; which does not seem to have been the case with some persons last night, by their hissing at the commencement of the benefit. Besides, Paganini is fine enough to make the public wish to hear him again and again, at some little expence to the perfection of his *morale*. Whether he would not be finer still, if his proceedings were as strait-forward as his bow, is a question of refinement, which it may be hard to urge in a matter of violin-playing.

Let us not belie the effect however which this extraordinary player had upon us last night. To begin with the beginning,—he had a magnificent house. We thought at first we were literally going to *hear* him, without seeing his face; for the house was crammed at so early an hour, that on entering it, we found ourselves fixed on the lowest of the pit stairs. It was amusing to see the persons who came in after us. Some, as they cast up their eyes, gaped amazement at the huge mass of faces presented in all quarters of the house; others looked angry; others ashamed and cast a glance around them to see what was thought of them; some gallantly smiled, and resolved to make the best of it. One man exclaimed, with unsophisticated astonishment, 'Christ Jesus!' and an Italian whispered in a half-execrating tone, 'Oh Dio!'

Meantime we heard some interesting conversation around us. We had been told, as a striking instance of the effect that Paganini has produced upon the English musical world, that one eminent musician declared he could not sleep the first night of his performance, for thinking of him, but that he got up and walked about his room. A gentleman present last night was telling his friends, that another celebrated player swore that he would have given a thousand guineas to keep the Italian out of the country, he had put everybody at such an immeasurable distance. These candid confessions, it seems, are made in perfect good-humour, and therefore do honour to the gentlemen concerned. The truth is, as a late writer observed, that men of real pretensions are not apt to grudge higher pretensions in others, if they are of a very genuine surpassing nature. Envy is lost in admiration.

The performances commenced with Haydn's beautiful symphony, No. 9, the fine, touching exordium of which, full of a kind of hushing meaning, appeared admirably adapted to be the harbinger of the evening's wonder. A duet between Santini and Curioni followed; and then, after a due interval, came in Signor Paganini, and 'brought the house down' with applause.

As it was the first time we had seen the great player, except in the criticisms of our musical friends, which had rendered us doubly curious, we looked up with interest at him, from our abysm in the pit. A lucky interval between a gentleman's head and a lady's bonnet favoured our endeavour, and there we beheld the long, pale face of the musical marvel, hung, as it were, in the light, and looking as strange as need be. He made divers uncouth obeisances, and then put himself in a masterly attitude for his work, his manner being as firm and full of conscious power when he puts the bow to the instrument, as it is otherwise when he is not playing. We thought he did not look so old as he is said to be; but he is long-faced and haggard, with strongly-marked prominent features, wears his black hair flowing on his neck like an enthusiast, has a coat of ancient cut which astonishes Fop's Alley; in short, is very like the picture of him in the shops. He is like a great old boy, who has done nothing but play the violin all his life, and knows as much about that, as he does little of conventional manners. His face at the same time has much less expression than might be looked for. At first it seemed little better than a mask; with a fastidious, dreary expression, as if inclined to despise his music and go to sleep. And such was his counteuance for a great part of the evening. His fervour was in his hand and bow. Towards the close of the performances, he waxed more enthusiastic in appearance, gave way to some uncouth bodily movement from side to side, and seemed to be getting into his violin. Occasionally also he put back his hair. When he makes his acknowledgments, he bows like a camel, and grins like a goblin or a mountain-goat.

His playing is indeed marvellous. What other players can do well, he does a hundred times better. We never heard such playing before; nor had we imagined it. His bow perfectly talks. It remonstrates, supplicates, answers, holds a dialogue. It would be the easiest thing in the world to put words to his music. We heard an enthusiastic violin player assert once, in the heat of argument with a painter, that it would be as possible to call for a chop at a tavern by playing, as by painting it. Last night we almost began to think that this hyperbole was hardly a fiction. We are sure that with a given subject, or even without it, Paganini's best playing could be construed into discourse by any imaginative person.

Last night he began a composition of his own (very good, by the way)—an Allegro Maestoso movement (majestically cheerful) with singular force and precision. Precision is not the proper word; it was a sort of peremptoriness and dash. He did not put his bow to the strings, nor lay it upon them; he struck them, as you might imagine a Greek to have done when he used his plectrum, and 'smote the sounding shell.' He then fell into a tender strain, till the strings, when he touched them, appeared to shiver with pleasure. Then he gave us a sort of minute warbling, as if half a dozen humming birds were singing at the tops of their voices, the highest notes sometimes leaping off and shivering like sprinkles of water; then he descended with wonderful force and gravity into the base; then he would commence a strain of earnest feeling or entreaty, with notes of the greatest solidity, yet full of trembling emotion; and then again he

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would leap to a height beyond all height, with notes of desperate minuteness, then flash down in a set of headlong harmonies, sharp and brilliant as the edges of swords; then warble again with inconceivable beauty and remoteness, as if he was a ventriloquizing-bird; and finally, besides his usual wonderful staccatos in ordinary, he would suddenly throw handfuls, as it were, of staccatoed notes, in distinct and repeated showers over his violin, small and pungent as the tips of pins.

In a word, we never heard anything like *any* part of his performance, much less the least marvel we have been speaking of. The people sit astonished, venting themselves in whispers of 'Wonderful!'—'Good God!'—and other unusual symptoms of English amazement; and when the applause comes, some of them take an opportunity of laughing, out of pure inability to express their feelings otherwise.

But we have come to the end of our room, and must have another article upon him to-morrow.

[As many old friends have expressed their regret, from old friendship, at finding the usual sign manual omitted to the Editor's theatrical articles, and as the omission has subjected him, with others, to a report of neglect or absence, which he has reason to think a little hard, and too much reason to know might be a serious injury to him if unrefuted, he has thought it best, having once begun with his signature, to restore it, and to put it, as in a former paper, to all that he writes.]

A NATURAL PICTURE.

As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,
When ruddie Phœbus gins to welk in west,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do *bite their hasty supper best*,
A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he nowhere can rest;
But with his clownish hands *their tender wings*
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

SPENSER.

How sweet is this last passage, with the repetition of the word *oft*, and the low internal sound of the concluding sentence.

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

For the Benefit of Signor Lablache.

An Opera Buffa, compressed into One Act, entitled

L'ITALIANA IN ALGIERI.

[By ROSSINI.]

The Principal Characters by Mme. Raimbaux, Mme. Castelli, Mlle. Feliani, Signor Rubini, Signor Santini, Signor Deville, and Signor Lablache.

After which, an Opera Buffa, compressed into One Act, entitled

LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA.

[By GNECCO.]

The Principal Characters by Mme. Pasta, Mme. Castelli, Mlle. Feliani, Signor Rubini, Signor Santini, Signor De Angeli, Signor Deville, Signor Galli, and Signor Lablache.

With OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS, and

A FAVORITE BALLET,

In which Mlle. Taglioni will dance.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

THE GAMESTER.

[By MOORE.]

Mrs Beverley, Miss F. Kemble. Charlotte, Miss Lawrence. Lucy, Mrs Daly.
Beverley, Mr C. Kemble. Stukely, Mr Warde. Lewson, Mr Abbott.
Bates, Mr F. Matthews. Jarvis, Mr Egerton.
Dawson, Mr Baker. Waiter, Mr Heath.

Previous to the Play, Cherubini's Overture to 'Les Deux Journées.'

At the End of the Play, Miss Inverarity will sing 'Bonnie Prince Charlie.' After which, 'My Father Land,' by Miss Harrington, Messrs. Tett, Irwin, Benedict, and Sherriff.

To conclude with a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows. Doppet, Mr Collett.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schönbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, The Carnival at Naples; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Mr MATHEWS will have the honor to publish the Second Volume of his

COMIC ANNUAL,

In Three Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—Songs, 'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—Songs, 'The Omnibus,' and 'The Country Concert.'

PART III.—Song, 'Thames Sailing Match.' Scena. Song, 'Harlowe Bush Fair.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

A Comic Piece, in One Act, called

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.

[By Mr P. FARREN.]

The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney,
Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

After which, the Opera of

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

[By BURGOYNE.]

Sophia, Miss Land. Annette, Miss Wells. Peggy, Mrs T. Hill.
Moll Flagon, Mr Harley.
Sir John Contrast, Mr Gattie. Trumore, Mr B. Taylor. Rashly, Mr Huckel.
Young Contrast, Mr Vining. La Nippe, Mr Brindal.
Rentall, Mr W. Johnson. Ralph, Mr J. Cooper. Corporal Drill, Mr Coveney.
Serjeant Sash, Mr Field. Serjeant Snap, Mr Bishop.

To which will be added the Comedy of

THE GREEN EYED-MONSTER.

[By Mr PLANCHE.

Lady Speyenhausen, Mrs Faucit. Amelia Rosenthal, Mrs T. Hill.
Luise, Mrs Humby.
Baron Speyenhausen, Mr W. Farren. Col. Arnsdorf, Mr Cooper.
Marcus, Mr Vining. Krout, Mr Harley.

To conclude with the Musical Entertainment of

KILLING NO MURDER.

[By Mr HOOK.]

Mrs Watchet, Mrs Tayleure. Nancy, Miss J. Scott. Fanny, Mrs T. Hill.
Buskin, Mr Harley. Sir Walter Wilton, Mr Gattie.
Bradford, Mr Coveney. Apollo Belvi, Mr Webster.
Tap, Mr Bishop. Servant, Mr Coates.

To-morrow, The Way To Keep Him; The Widow Bewitched; The Intrigue; and The Agreeable Surprise.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Comic Opera of

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

[By BICKERSTAFF.]

Deborah Woodcock, Madame Simon. Lucinda, Miss Vincent.
Rosetta, Miss Somerville, in which she will introduce 'Lo here the gentle lark.'
Madge, Mrs Vale. Housemaid, Miss Nicol. Cook, Mr Webb.
Sir William Meadows, Mr Gough.
Young Meadows, Mr Edwin, in which he will introduce, 'Can I forget thee, no?' 'Wilt thou meet me then, love,' and, with Miss Somerville, the Duet, 'When thy bosom heaves the sigh.' Justice Woodcock, Mr Williams.
Hawthorn, Mr Ransford, who will introduce, 'Who deeply drinks of wine,'
Eustace, Mr Maitland. Hodge, Mr Vale.
Footman, Mr Rogers. Carter, Mr Young.

The celebrated Tarantella, from 'Masaniello,' by Mlle. Rosier and Master Saunders.

To conclude with the Drama, entitled

PIZARRO! OR, THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

[By SHERIDAN.]

Spaniards.—Elvira, Miss M. C. Poole. Pizarro, Mr D. Pitt.
Alonzo, Mr C. Hill. Valverde, Mr Honner. Almagro, Mr Rogers.
Davila, Mr Asbury. Gonzalo, Mr Collier. Fernando, Mr Tully.
Centinel, Mr Young.
Peruvians.—Cora, Miss Scott. Ataliba, Mr Almar.
Orozembo, Mr Williams. Orano, Mr Lee. Limatro, Mr Webb.
Old Man, Mr Gough. Peruvian Boy, Miss Ellis.
Rolla, Mr Osbaldiston.
Priestess, Miss Somerville. High Priest, Mr Ransford.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.
Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lejeune.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Asim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

After which, a Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

FALSE AND CONSTANT.

Constance, Mrs Waylett, who will sing her Popular Ballads, 'Away to the Mountain's Brow,' and 'Come dwell with me.'
Arabelle, Mrs Evans. Susan, Miss Andrews.
Major Fitzcannon, Mr Hammerton. Mr Fairport, Mr Munroe.
Harry Severton, Mr Marshall. Charles Trueman, Mr Spencer. Robert, Mr Davies.
Mr Standish, Mr Porteus. And Sir Gerrge Darewell, Mr Green.

To conclude with the Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled

MY FRIEND FROM TOWN; OR, THE ELECTION.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Ralph, Mr Davies. Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacet, Mr G. Smith.
Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Battle of Waterloo.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Emperor of the French, by Miss Edwin—Clown, by Mr Edwin—Mr Edwin will take a Flying Ascent through a Volcano of Fire, and a Somerset through Six Balloons—Crusaders and Knights of St Patrick, in which a Tournament, &c. will be introduced—Masquerade in Full Costume, by Mr J. Cooke—Circumvolutions, by Mr Williams—Extraordinary Evolutions—Egyptian Monuments—Tight Rope—Countryman's Visit—Attitudinarian—The High-mettled Charger—Russian Courier—Billy Button's Disasters.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Canonbury Tower—English Paganini—The Devil at Dunmow.

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Nº 252.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1831.

THE LATE KING.*

[Concluded from yesterday.]

The following passage respecting his present Majesty will be interesting to our readers. It is coloured perhaps a little highly by a natural admiration of his conduct since he has come to the throne; but we remember well, that he was the most frequent and the most effective speaker of the Royal family:—

'The Duke of Clarence was endowed with the faculty of eloquence, not only beyond his brothers, but in a degree which, with due exercise, would have placed him in the first rank of debaters in the house of lords. His name appears more frequently than those of the other princes in the parliamentary debates. He defended Lord St Vincent with the zeal of a friend; and asked on one occasion, in February 1805, whether or not the conduct of that nobleman was to become the subject of a formal enquiry? After evasive answers from Lords Sidmouth and Hawkesbury, the Chancellor (Lord Eldon) left the woolsack to rebuke the Duke of Clarence for putting "questions inconsistent with order." The Duke, in reply to what he described as "the conscientious admonition of the Noble and Learned Lord," maintained the regularity of his questions, though they might not, he admitted, "be quite agreeable to his Lordship and the Ministers." Some few other sharp and civil encounters took place between the Prince and the Chancellor. In one instance the former aptly reminded the latter of the irregular frequency with which he left the woolsack to address the House upon the same question. The Chancellor made no reply at the moment, but referred on a subsequent night to the expressions of the Duke of Clarence. Upon this the Prince of Wales, in explanation, disclaimed, on the part of the Duke, all personal offence, and declared that "he understood his noble relation as merely illustrating the necessity of a liberal and indulgent construction of the orders of the House." The observations of the Prince of Wales are given at length in the Parliamentary debates, and were made with a facility and propriety which produced expressions of regret that he addressed the House so rarely.'

How could anybody regret the silence of a man, who has been represented to us by one who knew him as the most prosing of companions, and whose literary feats of bad reasoning and bad grammar are before the public? The lingering infatuation on this point is wonderful, and can only be accounted for by supposing that the gratuitous admiration paid to him when in the bloom of his youth and person, never ceased to affect his beholders in their old age, in spite of their better sense. Perhaps our author (of whom we have no knowledge, but who must infallibly be taken for an old gentleman when he writes in this manner) retains a sympathetic recollection of some costume, or common enjoyment, in former times. Falstaff accounted for another Prince of Wales's fondness for a common-place associate, by saying that their 'legs were both of a thickness.' Perhaps our author has a bit of regard for the Prince; because their pigtails were once of a like affinity.

The remark at the end of the passage we are about to quote, is of another strain. Speaking of the departure of the Prince's regiment for the Peninsula, he says, that

'His Royal Highness went to Portsmouth, and directed in person the embarkation of the regiment. The following speech was addressed by him to the corps at parting:—"It is one of the most painful regrets of my life, that circumstances do not admit of my accompanying you. To Brigadier-General Slade I present my sword: he will lead you; and to go under his command is, I know, as much your wish as it is mine." When taking leave of the officers he burst into tears, and both officers and men shared his emotion. There is no ground for classing the account of this scene with the sycophant flatteries which were so common at the time. His long familiarity with the regiment, which was a source of pride, and an object of constant care to him, was likely to have endeared them to each other. Suspicion, indeed, may attach to the frequency with which he was described as shedding tears. He visited, it was said, Lord Lake in his last illness this year, "burst into tears, and fainted away" at the bed side of his dying friend. This too is not only possible, but perfectly consistent with the known selfishness of his feelings. There is a fastidious, pampered, selfish sensibility of the nerves, as well as a humane sympathy with the suffering of a fellow-creature and a friend.'

The author is happy in remarks of this nature. He knows the town-side of humanity well, and can 'spy into an abuse.' Very sensitive and very selfish people are alike given to tears, if the latter are selfish on the side of personal indulgence. They get their senses into a state to be moved by any kind of excitement that stimulates their languor, and take a wonderful degree of pity on—themselves: for such is the secret of their pretended pity for others. You may always know it by the fine things they say of their own sufferings on the occasion. Sensitive people, on the other hand, of a more generous sort, though they cannot always restrain their tears, are accustomed to do so, partly out of shame at being taken for the others, partly because they can less afford the emotion. The sensitive selfish have the advantage in point of natural strength, being often as fat, jolly people as any, with a trick of longevity. George IV, with all his tears, and the wear and tear of his dinners to boot, lasted to a reasonable old age. If he had been shrewder, and taken more care of himself, he might have lived to a hundred. But it must be allowed, that he would then have been still more selfish than he was; for these luxurious weepers are at least generous in imagination. They include a notion of other people somehow, and are more convertible into good people when young. The most selfish person we ever met with, was upwards of a hundred, and had the glorious reputation of not being moveable by anything or anybody. He lasted, as a statue might last in a public square; which would see the whole side of it burn, with stony eyes, and bowels of Scotch granite.

The pinguitude of our late sovereign's person was a subject not lightly to be touched during his life-time, even though the courtiers who stood by, took a provoking advantage of the silence to swear he was an Adonis. See what short work is made of these sacred matters, when a king is dead:—

'The new Parliament, (says our author), was opened (in 1812) by the Regent in person. It was the first time of his performing this duty, which, for the preceding eight years, had been executed by commission. The House of Lords never was, and in fact never could have been, more crowded. The Regent's gorgeous robes and forest of plumes did not conceal his corpulency and the coarseness of his countenance,—and he read the speech with little of the dignity or grace of delivery for which he was famed, in a bass voice, which had the unbending harshness of age. Those to whom it was his first representation,—if that alien but expressive term be allowable,—and whose fancy associated with the Prince of Wales the accomplishments of manner and enunciation, were disappointed.'

The Duke of York's character suffers in these pages, in a like proportion. 'A dead lord,' said Gray, 'ranks with commoners.' A dead prince, we fear, must rank sometimes with very common commoners. The Duke was a good-natured man, but not superior to petty spites; and his weakness had a reserve of obstinacy, which took a direction that might have been very unfortunate for these realms, had he come to the throne. He had a fancy for being a bigotted Anti-Catholic. Our author does justice to all parties, in the famous business of Mrs Clarke. The following passages from this portion of his book are amusing:—

'The adventures, vicissitudes, and fascinations of Mrs Clarke, had been for sometime the engrossing theme of conversation and curiosity. She was a person of obscure origin, who had deserted her husband, passed through the usual alternations of luxury and destitution, which marked the career of "certain persons"—as Mr Wilberforce decorously expressed it,—ruining, by her prodigalities, those whom she fascinated by her charms, until she had passed the morning of her life, when it was her fortune to make the conquest of the Duke of York. The appearance of this modern Phryne at the bar of Parliament fully vindicated the interest which she had excited, and the renown which preceded her. She was of, or under, the middle stature of her sex. Her figure and beauty were still scarcely impaired by age. But the secret of her sway lay chiefly in her exercised, if not accomplished, faculties and manner. Her obeisance, on presenting herself at the bar of the House, was

* *The History of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth.* Second Volume. (Fifth Volume of Dr Lardner's Cabinet Library.) 12mo. Longman and Co.

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pronounced a chef-d'œuvre of theatric grace. In the course of her examination, she sometimes discovered the pert effrontery of women of her class. But the ease, adroitness, and pleasantry of her replies, and her artful command at pleasure, of self-possession and emotion, soon obtained her personal as well as political partizans. When the freedom, point, or levity of her answers were checked with cries of "order," and appeals to the dignity of the House by Mr Perceval and Mr Wilberforce, others encouraged and cheered her. "Who," asked the Attorney-General, "brought you that message?"—"A particular friend of the Duke's."—"Who was he?"—"Mr Taylor, the shoe-maker of Bond street."—(A laugh.)—"By whom did you send your desires to the Duke?"—"By my own pen."—"I mean who brought the letter?"—"The same ambassador."—"What ambassador?"—"Why the ambassador of *Morocco*." This sally produced an explosion of merriment, and the Speaker threatened her with the displeasure of the House.

'The enquiry occupied the time of Parliament for seven weeks, and the secrets revealed will be regarded as among the most edifying monuments of the state of manners in England at the commencement of the 19th century. The sale of promotions by Mrs Clarke, not only in the army, but in the church, was proved undeniably. She had her known agents and her fixed scale of prices. Candidates for advancement in the army and in the church duly sent into her their titles and testimonials. An aspirant to the mitre, placed in her hands the recommendation of an archbishop, and obtained, through her influence over the Duke of York, "the honour of preaching before royalty" at Weymouth. "This gentleman," said one of the London newspapers, describing the effect of the sermon, "certainly possesses that sweet charm, that celestial unction, which Christian oratory demands. He inveigled with peculiar energy against the savage philosophy of the French deists. *His lips are touched with the live coal from the altar.* The king was very attentive, and stood the whole time; the queen and princesses were melted into tears." Unfortunately George III had a dislike to the Irish O' in the preacher's name, and Mrs Clarke failed to make him a bishop.'—P. 111.

The ensuing is an anecdote, apparently of a very different sort, but not quite so in reality:—

'There was a friendly contention between Lords Ellenborough and Erskine,—each claiming to the Chief-Justiceship, and yielding to the other the higher honours of the Chancellorship. Lord Erskine's personal vanity would have preferred the seals, precarious as they were; but, with the consciousness that he was ignorant both of the principles and practice of equity, he trembled for his fame, and affected the modesty of concession. Lord Ellenborough, with his characteristic frankness, cut the matter short, by saying, "Why, Erskine, I know as little of equity as you do yourself."'—P. 45.

Sea history is accused of being surprisingly deficient in the supernatural. Its most romantic portions are undoubtedly those of its real life. The following is a specimen:—we have here a very ghastly, yet a real ship:—

'The project,' (that made to Pitt for blowing up the French flotilla) 'was equally hateful and ridiculous. No effect whatever appears to have been produced by the Catamarans; and twelve fire-ships exploded without any serious mischief, from the success with which the enemy's vessels manœuvred to avoid them. The fire-ships were cutters or brigs, differing from the ordinary kind only in their giving no indication of what they were before their near approach. The first which bore down with full sails was never suspected by the French to be a death-ship without a soul on board, until they perceived it advancing under a tremendous fire, without returning a single shot.'

The author, in his history of the Spanish campaign, has given an account of 'the remarkable combat of Redinha:'—

'Ney sustained, with the French rear-guard, for several hours, the shock of the mass of the British army, and then effected his retreat in the following manner, with safety and facility. Lord Wellington's intention was to seize, Ney's to pass, the defile of Redinha. Whilst the engagement still continued, Ney gave orders that the colours of each battalion should be conveyed and planted, under the care of an adjutant, on the other side of the ravine. The retreat was commenced by signal with the utmost rapidity, and the French troops suddenly disappeared from the eyes of the British, who as suddenly made for the brow of a hill, which would admit of plunging a destructive fire upon the retreating and encumbered French masses. Ney had provided against this movement: two battalions placed by him in ambuscade checked the British by a close and deadly fire, and effected their own retreat, whilst the battalions which had before retreated, were already re-formed under their respective colours, in order of battle. In this obscure but well-fought combat, Lord Wellington had the mortification to know that Ney had awed him into mistaken caution, by the strategic skill and artful confidence with which he presented his inadequate force, and the happy thought by which he effected his retreat. Had the overwhelming mass of the British been directed against him, with quickness and vigour, he must, according to military authorities, both French and English, have been crushed.'

Ney was a shallow politician, and not a very scrupulous moralist; but like many shallow politicians and unscrupulous moralists, he was a great soldier; and we think the Duke of Wellington might have retained enough sympathy with him to have borne in mind this gallant adventure, at a time when it might reasonably have done one soldier a service with another.

We think our author overrates the talents of Lord Wellesley, and undervalues those of Talleyrand; the former, perhaps, because he looks upon him with something of that personal fondness of recollection which mingles with his disapprobation of George IV; the latter, because Talleyrand gave up the Emperor Napoleon. See pages 128 and 279. Did he ever read a masterly character of the Noble Lord's eloquence, given by the late Mr Hazlitt in answer to a writer under the signature of Vetus? It is to be found in the collection of some political pieces by Mr Hazlitt, published under the title of *Political Essays and Characters*. If we are not mistaken, a silence of a very remarkable description followed upon the appearance of the answer, and (so to speak) has never since been broken. As to Talleyrand, whose ascendancy, under certain circumstances, our author thinks unaccountable, seeing that his political talents are not of 'the first order,' we take the reverse to have been the fact; that is to say, compared with those of the heads he had to do with. We know not how high the political views of Talleyrand may be, in the most exalted sense of the word. Perhaps they are nothing; perhaps they see what is inevitably coming for the world, and are glad of it. But compared with the soldiers and kings he had to 'transact business with,' we have no doubt he is as much their superior as head is superior to hand, or brain to diadem.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—L'Italiana in Algieri—La Prova d'Un Opera Seria—Kenilworth.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The Gamester—Napoleon Buonaparte.

HAYMARKET.—Widow Bewitched—Lord of the Manor—The Green-Eyed Master—Killing No Murder.

FRENCH PLAYS.—MONDAY.

DEAR MR TATLER,—It was announced, a few weeks since, that M. POTIER, after acting for a short time at the Adelphi Theatre, would take his farewell of the stage; we are now told that he bids adieu to the English stage only. This has much the appearance of a trick. If it be one, it has failed, as it deserved to do; for however great the talents of this comedian, the houses are not such as would evince a general appreciation of them. But it may be a little caprice on the part of M. POTIER himself, who is, I am told, one of those restless geniuses who are fond of coquetting with the world, and for ever taking their last leave, as if merely for the pleasure of returning to it; while the good, easy, innocent world allows itself to be cajoled, and is always ready to forgive them, because it has more interest in the exercise of their talents than in their steadiness of purpose. Of the three pieces performed on Monday night, I saw the second, entitled *Le Juif, ou La Forêt de Remival*. I think it has been performed in English, but at what theatre, or by what name, I cannot say; my memory being of that troublesome sort, that neither wholly loses or wholly retains what is given to its keeping. Some of your readers may recognize it by the plot, or rather the subject of the piece, justly termed *anecdotique*. A diligence is overturned near a village inn in the vicinity of the forest of Remival, which is infested by banditti. Though the hostess can ill lodge the passengers, they are compelled to remain till the vehicle is repaired; and in the course of conversation a young lady, no less communicative than her neighbours, tells them that she is on her way to Orleans, to purchase the freedom of her lover, who, in a fit of despair at his mother's determined opposition to their union, had enlisted in the army. The hostess turns out to be the mother, and finding the damsel unexpectedly in possession of 11,000 francs, becomes very affectionate; while an old Jew, who expresses great interest for the young girl, counsels her not to talk so openly of her affairs in the presence of strangers. The lover, impatient to see his mistress, deserts from his regiment to pay her a visit, and while lingering about his mother's door, in his way, is recognised by the former, who explains her errand, and the mother's consent, and by this sudden announcement, awakens him to a sense of his own danger. He confesses the fact; the girl asks

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counsel of the old Jew, who writes a letter to the Colonel, and the lover is sent to hide himself until the answer arrives. Meantime the robbers make their appearance among the party, and take possession of watches, reticules, &c. The Jew conceals himself under the table, but being at last discovered, affects to make common cause with the robbers, persuades them to return the trumpery booty they had taken, and tells them that the young lady is in possession of 11,000 francs, stipulating for 1,000 to himself, as a reward. The poor girl is thrown into despair, and the Jew, naturally mistrusted by his companions, walks about with a tranquillity that seems to them the most consummate impudence. The mother becomes acquainted with the arrival and danger of her son, who is about to make the best of his way to Orleans, to throw himself at the feet of his Colonel, when the Jew steps out for some of the military, brought to the spot by the report of the robbery (a night being supposed to have intervened) and desires them to take the youth prisoner. While all unite in execrating the old Israelite's treachery, his messenger returns with the answer to his letter, and brings the news that the robbers are taken. They are presently brought into the inn, and made to restore the girl's money; when, one thousand francs being missing, they assert that it was the share of their comrade, the Jew; who is ordered to make restitution, and follow the robbers to prison. He very composedly returns the money; the officer congratulates the lady upon having recovered all her property; the old man says there is yet a trifle wanting. Being desired to explain, he says, that he alludes to the 200,000 francs in his pocket, to save which he had discovered the 11,000— in the young lady's possession;—which he himself had sent her. He then produces the Colonel's letter, which sets the lover at liberty; and it appears that he only gave him in charge, to prevent his leaving the village before this letter arrived. He announces himself as the friend of the young lady's father, who died in America, and is now as much esteemed and applauded as, before, he was scouted and despised. M. Potier's composed demeanour, throughout all the unmerited obloquy cast on him, was admirable, and his account of the death and last request of his friend, both touching and natural; but in some parts, I did not think his representation of the Jew so good as M. La Porte's, who acted it some seasons ago, at the English Opera-House. La Porte made natural goodness of heart the prominent feature of the character; M. Potier gives it an air of thought. The latter represents a kind-hearted man acting upon principle, and guided by reason; the former, a man strong in his good intentions, who acts upon impulse, and is guided altogether by his feelings. La Porte makes the heart predominate,—M. Potier, the head. M. La Porte, on the present occasion, acted the *garçon* of the village inn, in which he was very amusing. M. Paulin, who was the lover, did well the little he had to do. Madame Baudin, in the repulsive character of the mother, looked almost too cordial for a woman with only a fraction of a heart, and that not very tender; and Mademoiselle St Ange so well pourtrayed the warm-hearted and affectionate girl, intent upon restoring her lover to liberty and happiness, that one could only wish the Colonel there, to see how good an excuse the young soldier had for running away. This lady nicely hits the mean between forwardness and prudery. Some lines, sung after the robbers were taken, were not inapplicable to late events; they were noticed by a few individuals, but did not excite general attention.

'Quel bien pour notre pays,
Si l'on voulait mieux s'entendre,
Et que l'on pût prendre
Les grands comme les petits.'

P.S. By the bye, Mr Tatler, your printers have made me answerable for errors not my own. In a letter published in your paper of Wednesday, May 15th, I said I knew of no English actor so natural as M. Potier. The name of La Porte has been substituted; who, though a clever and amusing comedian, cannot in any justice be placed above Farren, Liston, &c. He holds, perhaps, the same professional rank with Harley; certainly not higher.

Wednesday.

There can scarcely be two characters more dissimilar than those which M. Potier played in the first and second pieces performed on Wednesday evening; yet he was equally admirable in both. I must not say unrivalled, for, in *Antoine*, he has found a powerful rival in Farren. The piece has been played so repeatedly both in French and English, that most of your readers must be acquainted with it. I will not, therefore, dwell upon it further than to say that M. Potier's representation of the old steward appeared to me one of the most perfect pieces of acting that I ever witnessed; and that M. La Porte's aged *Viscount*, in the last act, was infinitely more interesting than his young one in the first; he was so well dressed, wigged, and wrinkle-marked, that one feared to discover that the forty years interval, supposed between the last two acts, had actually passed over all our heads. His voice, too, was well managed;—he spoke, looked, and moved with all the feebleness of seventy, without the least exaggeration of his age, which still seemed almost youthful when compared with that of *Antoine*. When I last saw the piece, the old man, having at last relieved his mind of the weighty secret which had oppressed it for so many years, fell back, exhausted by exertion, and overpowered by his feelings, into the arms of *Jules*; which was a much better conclusion than his sudden revival, and address to the audience, with which the piece ended on Wednesday. The audience warmly applauded the sentiments of the steward, muttered to himself, after listening to the complaint of one of his young masters, of the different treatment of himself and brother: it was not his fault that he came into the world last; and, for my part, I cannot see why one child should be fed with ortolans, and another with dry bread!"

The second piece, *Le Tailleur de Jean-Jaques*, is excellent, and would, I think, succeed on the English stage. Rousseau's tailor happens to bear his name, and endeavours to persuade himself, that, by some little frailty on his mother's part, he might probably be related to the great man. He affects a great respect for philosophers in general, and for Rousseau in particular; carries his works about with him, which he is always reciting or humming; boasts of the friendship of his illustrious customer; and piques himself upon his likeness to him, both in mind and person,—as he himself expresses it,—'He is nearly of my size, and I am exactly of his.' A farmer-general who gives great suppers, 'at which,' he tells us, 'everybody laughs,' makes interest with *Mademoiselle Clairon* to invite Jean Jaques to dinner, that he may endeavour to persuade him to go to these suppers; where he receives all the literati of the day. 'Voltaire,' he says, 'went once, only once,—he uever repeated his visit;' and he particularly wishes to gain Rousseau, whose works he keeps in his library, 'handsomely bound and gilt, and will not suffer any one to touch them.' A friend of *Mademoiselle Clairon* meets with the tailor, and contrives to deliver the lady's letter of invitation to him instead of his brother philosopher. The invitation is accepted: the tailor is delighted with his good fortune; the farmer-general, with the great talents of the supposed philosopher; and all goes on smoothly, till the secret of his trade breaks forth, and the catastrophe follows accordingly. The dialogue is lively, and the equivoque good. The audience were in ecstacies throughout the piece; and well they might. Potier was inimitable in the tailor,—grave himself, he kept the whole house laughing. The ludicrous contrast of some of his expressions with his profound veneration for philosophers, and the tranquillity of his self- importance,—perfectly unconscious of any mistake or imposition,—were truly irresistible. He makes no secret of his trade, and goes on to speak of the work he has on hand, one under press, some that have displeased M. St Lambert,—of the men of letters whom he has seen at the Hermitage, &c. &c. till the farmer-general, who misconceives the nature of all these works, is in rapture. The burly ignorance of the farmer-general is well hit off, and for once I liked M. Cloup. I never before saw him to such advantage. The whole weight of the piece, however,—if so light a piece can be said to have any,—rests on M. Potier, who suffers no joke, or pun, or point of humour of any kind, to fall to the ground. I should like to see him act *Paul Pry*. A French

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translation of the piece would succeed, too. Crowds of English would go to see their old favourite in a French dress, as they go to Primrose Hill, to look at St Paul's Church. I mean no ill compliment to LISTON. The *Prys* are a large family, but his *Paul* has hitherto been the only one, I believe, whose acquaintance has been generally courted.

When the cholera visited China, it was remarked that it selected such as lived in filth and intemperance; and that, on the contrary, persons of undaunted mind, with habits of cleanliness and moderation, were for the most part exempt from its attacks.

THE JESUITS.—Madame de Pompadour, writing to the Archbishop of Paris, says, 'As for your Jesuits, they must be left to the justice of the Parliament; their society has been the plague of Kings and of the states which have suffered them. A man who knows them well said, the other day, that they had done nothing good except bringing over the Peruvian bark: it was therefore necessary to have the fever, in order to love them.

NEW PLAYS IN OLD TIMES.—New plays seem always to have attracted large audiences. Dekker, in his *News from Hell*, 1606, observes, 'It was a comedy to see what a crowding, as if it had been at a new play, there was upon the Acherontic strand;' and one of the characters in Massinger's *Fine Companion*, says, 'A new play, and a gentleman in a new suit, claim the same privilege; at their first presentment, their estimation is double.' The behaviour of an audience on such an occasion is well described by Ben Jonson, the mirror of manners, in his *Case is altered*, acted at Blackfriars about 1599:—'But the sport (says *Valentine*, Act 2, sc. 4) is at a new play, to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says, he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing: and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a Parliament time or so, will be as deep mixed in censuring as the best, and swear by God's foot he would never stir a foot to see a hundred such as that is!' The conduct of 'capricious gallants,' on the production of a new play is thus subsequently noticed by the same character:—'They have taken such a habit of dislike in all things, that they will approve nothing, be it never so conceited or elaborate; but sit dispersed, making faces and spitting, wagging their upright ears, and cry 'Filthy, filthy!' simply uttering their own condition, and using their wryed countenances, instead of a Vice, to turn the good aspects of all that sit near them from what they behold.'—*Collier's Annals of the Stage.*

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

A Play, in Three Acts, called

THE CARNIVAL AT NAPLES.

The Overture and Music composed by J. Barnett.

Duchess di Fontana, Mrs Lovell. Aurora di Cosenza, Miss Hughes.
Zoranthe, Miss Horton. Rodriga, Mrs Daly. Nina, Miss Taylor.
Theresa, Miss Phillips. Female Mask, Mrs Brown.
Duke di Fontana, Mr Egerton. Count Cosenza, Mr Blanchard.
Manfredi, Mr Warde. Valentine, Mr Wilson. Benedetto, Mr G. Bennett.
Harry Fortescue, Mr Abbott. Dermot O'Donovan, Mr Power. Rufo, Mr Evans.
Gasparo, Mr F. Matthews. Guiscard, Mr Irwin.

In the course of the Evening, the popular Glee, 'We Gipsies lead a merry Life,' by Messrs May, Miller, and Herriff.

To conclude with a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.

Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows. Doppet, Mr Collett.

Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schöenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

To-morrow, Fazio; and Napoleon Buonaparte.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

A Comic Piece, in One Act, called

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.

[By Mr P. FARREN.]

The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney,
Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

After which, the Comedy of

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

[By Mr MURPHY.]

The Widow Belmour, by A Lady. Mrs Lovemore, Mrs Faucit.
Muslin, Mrs Tayleure. Mignionet, Miss J. Scott. Lady Constant, Mrs Ashton.
Furnish, Mrs Coveney. Maid, Miss Barnett.
Sir Bashful Constant, Mr W. Farren. Lovemore, Mr Cooper.
Sir Brilliant Fashion, Mr Vining.
William, Mr W. Johnson. Sideboard, Mr Coveney.

To which will be added, the Interlude of

THE INTRIGUE.

Ellen, Mrs Humby. Tom, Mr Harley.
Captain Rambleton, Mr Vining. Varnish, Mr Brindal.

In the course of the piece Mrs Humby and Mr Harley will introduce the Duet of 'When a little Farm we keep.'

To conclude with the Farce of

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Laura, Miss Wells. Mrs Cheshire, Mrs Tayleure.
Fringe, Mrs Coveney. Cowslip, Mrs Humby.
Sir Felix Friendly, Mr Gattie. Compton, Mr Field. Eugene, Mr Newcombe.
Chicane, Mr W. Johnson. Lingo, Mr Harley. John, Mr Coveney.
Thomas, Mr Bishop. Stump, Mr V. Webster. Cudden, Mr Coates.

To-morrow, The Road to Ruin; The Widow Bewitched; The Review; and Monsieur Tonson.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

JEAN QUI PLEURE ET JEAN QUI RIT.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. SEVRIN et BRAZIER.

Madame Lepiteux, Mme. Baudin. Madame Gilleret, Mlle. St. Ange.
Aurore, Mlle. Jamain.
Jean Lepiteux, M. Potier.
Jean Guilleret, M. Préval. Beausoleil, M. Guenée. Un Facteur, M. Arnaud.

Suivi de

LE CENTENAIRE.

Vaudeville Nouveau en Un Acte, de MM. THEALON et DARTOIS.

Madame Lerond, Mme. Baudin. Isabeau, Mlle. St. Ange.
Philippe Gaillard, M. Potier. Jérome Gaillard, M. Préval.
Pierre Gaillard, M. St. Aubert. Antoine Gaillard, M. Paulin.
Ledru, M. Laporte.

On Finira par

MONS. DESCHALUMEAUX.

Opera Bouffon, en Trois Actes, Paroles de M. AUGUSTE.
Musique de Gaveau.

Madame de Brillon, Mlle. St. Ange. Madame de Villeroux, Mlle. Florval.
M. Deschalumeaux, M. Potier. Le Duc de Villars, M. St. Aubert.
M. de Bellemont, M. Paulin. M. Ducondray, M. Guenée.
Lajeunesse, M. Laporte. Lafleur, M. Alfred. Le Suisse, M. Granville.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Comedy of

THE BENEVOLENT JEW.

[By Mr CUMBERLAND.]

Mrs Ratcliffe, Mrs Vale. Eliza, Miss Scott. Dorcas, Madame Simon.
Mrs Goodison, Miss Nicol.
Sheva, Mr Elliston. Sir Stephen Bertram, Mr D. Pitt. Frederick, Mr C. Hill.
Charles Ratcliffe, Mr Osbaldiston.
Jabal, Mr Vale. Saunders, Mr Almar. Waiter, Mr Lee.

After which, a Nautical Drama, entitled

BLACK-EY'D SUSAN! OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

The Overture and Music selected from Dibdin's Songs, arranged and adapted by Mr Blewitt.

Black-Ey'd Susan, Miss Scott. Dolly Mayflower, Mrs Vale.
Admiral, Mr Gough. Captain Crosstree, Mr Honner. Doggrass, Mr D. Pitt.
Gnatbrain, Mr Vale. Lieutenant Pike, Mr Maitland. Raker, Mr Ransford.
Hatchet, Mr Almar. Jacob Twig, Mr Rogers.
Blue Peter, with the Ballad of 'Black-Ey'd Susan,' Mr Edwin. Quid, Mr Lee.
William, (with a Parody on 'Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman,') Mr C. Hill.
Seaweed, Mr Asbury.

A Double Hornpipe, by Mr C. Hill and Mademoiselle Rosier.

To conclude with the Nautico-Domestic Drama, entitled

THE ROVER'S BRIDE.

[By Mr ALMAR.]

ACT I.—WINTER.

Alice Manners, Miss Scott. Bella Manners, Miss Somerville.
Dame Bellerton, Miss Nicol. Nancy Blackberry, Miss Ellis.
Lawrence Glennon, Mr D. Pitt. Miles Bellerton, Mr C. Hill.
Marmaduke Magog, Mr Vale. Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honner.
Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers.

Between the First and Second Acts a lapse of Five Years is supposed to take place.

ACT II.—SUMMER.

Alice Manners, Miss Scott. Bella, Miss Somerville.
Mary Blackberry, Miss Rumens. Kitty Spiteful, Mrs Rogers.
Captain Glennon, Mr D. Pitt. Barbelot, Mr Almar.
Diedrick Van Voorn, Mr Honner.
Culverdine and Avery, Mr Ransford and Mr Lee. Marmaduke Magog, Mr Vale.
Bobby Blackberry, Mr Rogers. Bluff Laconic, Mr C. Hill.
Master Marmaduke Magog, jun. Master Carberry.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.

Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lejeune.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Azim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.

The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

After which, a Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

FALSE AND CONSTANT.

Constance, Mrs Waylett, who will sing her Popular Ballads, 'Away to the Mountain's Brow,' and 'Come dwell with me.'
Arabelle, Mrs Evans. Susan, Miss Andrews.
Major Fitzcannon, Mr Hammerton. Mr Fairport, Mr Munroe.
Harry Severton, Mr Marshall. Charles Trueman, Mr Spencer. Robert, Mr Davies.
Mr Standish, Mr Porteus. And Sir Gerrge Darewell, Mr Green.

To conclude with the Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled

MY FRIEND FROM TOWN; OR, THE ELECTION.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Ralph, Mr Davies. Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacet, Mr G. Smith.
Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Battle of Waterloo.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Canonbury Tower—English Paganini—The Devil at Dunmow.

THEATRE SANS SOUCI, LEICESTER SQUARE.—The Faithful Irishman—Jocko—Roland for an Oliver.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The Youthful Days of William the Fourth—And other Entertainments.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

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Nº 253.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1831.

HORTICULTURE AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.*

'God Almighty first planted a garden (says Bacon) and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works; and a man shall ever see, that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; *as if gardening were the greater perfection.*' And as philosophy has become diffused (the highest state of 'civility and elegancy' to which humanity can attain) we find horticulture claiming an almost universal interest, both on account of its graceful as well as useful qualities. Here, in the work before us, we find the chemist and the natural philosopher bringing his stock of science and practical experience in aid of that primitive and most benign of all arts, the tilling of the earth and culture of vegetation. Here is another 'sign of the times;' another proof of the scoffed at 'march of intellect.' Till the opening of the 19th century, who ever thought of blending disquisitions upon the phenomena of nature, as connected with the rearing and management of flowers and vegetables, for the instruction of the working gardener? Such however will be found in the present work, and accomplished too in a clear, manly, and copious style. Here are the most pains-taking and satisfactory explanations of the most modern improvements, and approved methods of bringing to luxuriant perfection the various tribes of vegetables, esculent as well as ornamental; and grafted on to these practical instructions, are luminous remarks upon, and examinations of the wonderful natural agents that unceasingly urge their complicated machinery in perfecting those graceful results.

To quote from a publication of this character at such length as to give the reader an idea of the *practical* value of the work (and large extracts only would suffice for that purpose) would occupy more space than our small periodical can afford: for the benefit of the mere practical horticulturist, however, we would refer to a specimen of the *useful* in the book, by recommending the author's instructions for the cultivation of that nutritious exotic the Indian corn; and to the lover of natural philosophy we would recommend an attention to his curious theory, and ingenious corroborations respecting electricity, as being the *primum mobile* of animated nature.

Upon referring to the former article—the culture of Indian corn—we cannot forbear quoting the author's concluding observation. His opinion is of value, for he has cultivated the vegetable, and patiently weighed the advantages and disadvantages attending it.

'Speaking,' he says, 'as an individual, from what I have witnessed, I should be happy in this time of severe distress, to see the experiment brought to a decisive trial during the year 1830. I wish the great landowners could be induced, severally, to devote a few of their surplus acres to the express object of relieving the wants of the necessitous labourer; and with the proviso that each man, able and willing to work, should crop one acre, or half an acre at the least, with Indian corn, according to a set of simple rules, which might be printed and distributed among the workmen. The crop, when ripe, to be at the entire disposal of the cultivator to sell or consume it at his pleasure. I am inclined to believe that the results, in less than a twelvemonth from the present time, would be the complete establishment of the grain as an article worthy of universal cultivation,—a manifest reduction in the price of pork-meat and poultry,—a great abatement in the poors' rate,—and finally, what to the good and benevolent would prove the best of all results, the grateful blessing of multitudes who now are "ready to perish," and "have no helper."'

The following appears to us an original observation upon the influence exerted by the great fountain of light and heat.

'*Sun's Influence upon the Animal Creation.*—The influence which the sun exerts upon the human frame and the animal creation in general, is strikingly coincident with that which it exerts upon plants and vegetables. Medical men of observation, particularly those who devote their attention to the symptoms arising from a deranged state of the organs of digestion, cannot fail to remark the characteristic expression of the countenance, which indicates the sensation of a peculiar debility, experienced at, or rather before *noon*, and for some succeeding hours. Many dispeptic persons, particularly those of weak and irritable nervous construction, are well aware of a prostration of mental and bodily strength, which can scarcely have any other origin than that of some powerful external cause acting through the medium of the nervous system, and which, at times, induces a complete alteration in a man's views and intentions; insomuch as to render him a different or distinct being to himself, in his own internal feelings, at some hours of the day, from what he is at others. Persons, even in comparatively sound health, experience the effect which is regularly produced by the influence of the sun during a few of the midday hours:—it is not mere lassitude occasioned by *heat*; it is not debility from indisposition; but a relaxation, or privation of energy; and a disinclination to exertion of any kind, as remarkable for the peculiarity of their attendant sensations, as for the periodical regularity of their recurrence and abatement.

'They, indeed, who constantly enjoy a high and robust state of health may not be able fully to appreciate the truth of these remarks; nevertheless, they may readily ascertain the general fact, that about the hours alluded to, there is a quietude throughout nature; and, in man, an abatement of that hilarious buoyancy of spirits which is experienced by the healthy, during the early morning, and again in the evening.

'Many who are intimately acquainted with the *habits of animals*,—as, for instance, coachmen and travellers, who have continual opportunities of observing the actions and habits of horses, may remark a quietude, or even languor, which is not apparent in the early and later hours of the day. Some horses almost invariably indicate, when on a journey, an absolute debility during the afternoon; but they rally, and regain spirit and vigor in the evening. Other horses may not manifest any great degree of languor or debility; yet, though they may not appear to suffer, they evince but little of that fire and high spirit which they possessed in the morning, and recover with the return of evening. These effects are not by any means confined to hot or moist seasons: they are produced as well during the frost of winter, as during the high temperature of summer. The foregoing are a few only of the multitude of facts which might be adduced, and which have led me to conclude, that all electrical phœnomena depend upon the action of the sun's rays; they do not indeed demonstrate that these rays create electricity, but they afford evidence of *a power in constant operation* throughout nature, producing effects which seem to point to remote consequences that have hitherto been but little suspected. These effects, if viewed in connexion with the phœnomena of the earth's magnetism and electricity, and with those ascribed to gravitation, display a grandeur of simplicity which tends to satisfy the mind, that there is indeed *one great exciting principle*, to the influence of which the phœnomena of nature may be ultimately referred.'

And that 'great existing principle,' the author believes to be ELECTRICITY; the 'theory' of which he proceeds to explain at a considerable length.

Unless we are mistaken, the work may be purchased in shilling parts, each part containing requisite instructions for performing the duties of the month. The book is cheap too as well as intrinsically valuable, for it is bulky, and the page is spacious and crowded. It is the very work for an *amateur* horticulturist, who moreover possesses an enquiring mind into the secret operations of nature. Such a one may confide in our recommendation, for *we know* the author to be practised in the craft he describes, while as a chemist and general experimental philosopher, he is worthy to sit with nobles of the science.

* *The Domestic Gardener's Manuel; being an Introduction to Gardening. To which is added a concise Naturalist's Kalendar, and English Botanist's Companion, or Catalogue of British Plants, in the monthly order of their flowering. By a Practical Horticulturist.* Whittaker, Treacher, and Co.

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RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.

[A Correspondent, who has the best means of knowing what he writes about, has favoured us with the following particulars respecting the rank and native condition of this interesting individual.]

Many questions are asked about the rank of this personage in his native country, and many absurd notions are prevalent on the subject. *Rajah* is a title of nobility among the Hindoos, and generally applied to the *Raj*, or ruler of a district; as, for example, the Rajah of Burdwan, who still retains that title, though no political power is attached to it. The distinguished traveller now in this country derives his importance, as far as mere rank is concerned, from his high caste, combined with the antiquity and respectability of his family in Burdwan, where he was born. He traces his ancestors back, by a register in his possession duly kept, for 800 years in a direct line; and he is of the very highest caste of Brahmins. The title of Rajah was conferred on him very recently by the unhappy Sovereign of Delhi, on the occasion of his becoming his agent, to represent to the British Government in England the grievance which that ill-fated Monarch has sustained, and is sustaining, from the East India Company, by the infraction of a solemn treaty; but the best claims of Rajah Rammohun Roy to that universal homage which he is receiving, are his high character for honour and patriotism, his enlightened views, his great talents, and his varied attainments. The term *Rajah*, it may be observed, like *King* and *Lord* among ourselves, is a name as well as a title; and the Rajah's adopted son, whom he has brought home with him, to be educated here, bears this name and no other; though he is often called, in the public prints, Rajah *Baba*. Baba is only 'child,' or 'boy,' added in a familiar way, as a term of endearment. It may be as well also to notice another prevalent error, as to the Rajah's quality. Many suppose that because he is a Brahmin, he is necessarily of the order of the Priesthood; but this is a great mistake. The Priests are all Brahmins—but so far from Brahmins being all Priests, of the millions who compose that class, comparatively few are of the sacred order; although at the first institution of castes it was otherwise, the whole Hindoo population being divided into four great castes, which have since branched out into innumerable divisions and sub-divisions. When the Brahmins or Priests were prohibited from marrying until they were 40 years old, that they might not increase and multiply too fast. Brahmins now engage in many secular occupations not at all connected with the Priesthood; as bankers, merchants, writers or clerks, &c.; although there are of course many employments in which they cannot engage without degradation, and loss of caste, with the exception of the illustrious profession of *milkman*, the cow being sacred among the Hindoos.

Having mentioned the adopted son of the Rajah, it may perhaps convey information to many of our readers to add, that the Hindoo laws of inheritance recognize the right of adoption, and the adopted have equal rights to the property of the adopter with his own children. The adopted son of the Rajah is a native youth, who was left with him when very young by a gentleman of the Bengal civil service who died; and as the best mode of protecting him, the Rajah adopted him; although he has left in India children of his own, one grown up and married, and the other a very handsome boy, about fourteen years old, who speaks the English language fluently, and whose manners and carriage are remarkable for their combination of dignity and agreeableness.

In short, let the reader fancy a newly-made *lord*, of a very old family, and distinguished character, going from England to India, and taking with him a young gentleman of the *name* of Lord, whom he has adopted; and he will have a just idea of the light in which these highly respectable foreigners are regarded at the court of Delhi.

A HERMITAGE.

[The stanzas of Spenser are sometimes as complete in themselves, and as charming, as little cabinet pictures.]

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro. A little wide
There was an holy chapel edified,
Wherein the Hermit duly went to say
His holy things, each morn and eventide.
Thereby a christal stream did softly play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

Spenser.

MUSIC.

We were invited yesterday to hear a private rehearsal on the flute of a Monsieur Bucher, who, we understand, has newly arrived in this country—at all events he has not performed in public. The most cherished accomplishments on the flute, viz. the getting over the largest multitude of notes, and of making the most rapid steeple-hunting leaps in the shortest given time, have, we confess, no charms for us. These exhibitions, though admirable as proofs of practised labour and industry, do not appear to accord with the genius of the instrument, which is that of sustained tone and tender expression. Monsieur Bucher, however, lays claim to a merit beyond the mere playing of rapid passages. He has a clear and pure tone, and delicate and tasteful expression. In two pieces with variations that we heard him perform, we were much pleased with his style of giving the theme, and at the same time are unwilling to withhold the credit due to him for the neatness and precision with which he finished some extremely difficult passages in a few of the variations. The gratification we experienced in his performance was in a considerable degree disturbed by the manner in which he was accompanied on the piano-forte. We never witnessed a more perfect display of unenviable confidence with savage execution.

INSECURITY OF PROPERTY.

The Marquis keeps, to shew us what our sin does,
The gaping horror of his broken windows.
He keeps moreover, by the self-same token,
Riches untold, and a wise head unbroken.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— It is announced that Mr Kean will play at the Coburg on Monday, for the benefit of Mr Davidge.

— One of the Judges was lately drawn for the Militia; and, strange to say, though practising barristers are exempt, Judges are not, and his Lordship, therefore, was obliged to provide a substitute.

Nothing in Common.—A French nobleman, who was a member of the Academy, was discussing something with a learned man who was not a member,—'For the rest,' said the nobleman, irritated, 'what is there, Sir, in common between you and me?'—'Nothing, my Lord,' replied the commoner; 'for you are an academician, and I am a man of letters.'

Barons of England.—Henry VII, after his success at Bosworth, could only summon 28 Barons to his first Parliament; Henry VIII summoned 36 to his first Parliament; in 1830 the House of Peers consisted of 380 individuals, all Barons. The descent of 13 Peers can be traced to the 11th century, that of 10 to the 12th, 12 to the 13th, 13 to the 14th, 10 to the 15th, 37 to the 16th, 31 to the 17th, and 2 to the 18th; and 37 whose genealogies cannot be traced with accuracy.

Ruling Passion.—It is recorded of a celebrated courtier, that when he was dying, his face, in consequence of the pain he suffered, underwent many distortions; on which he apologised to a visitor, hoping that the agony he was enduring might be allowed to excuse him for exciting unpleasant sensations by the unavoidable disfigurement of his countenance.

— At the present Exhibition of Pictures at Paris there are not less than 40 subjects taken from the works of Sir Walter Scott. The *Voleur* adds, that at no former exhibition were so many shewn.

March of Intellect.—A few days since a dandy witness, whose personal appearance, including his mustachios, bespoke him as having reached the top round in the ladder of modern refinement, being called upon to give a character to a plaintiff, described him as being 'the most usefullest man' in the whole establishment—the witness himself turning out to be nothing more or less than a journeyman, at 30*s.* a week.

— Madame de Rossi, *ci-devant* Mademoiselle Sontag, who is giving concerts at the Hague, is about to appear as an author. The manuscript of her 'Travelling Sketches' has been purchased by the bookseller Hartmann, for eight or nine thousand francs.—*Le Globe.*

— A wag observed, that the *Bills of Mortality*, presented to the King at the Levee on Wednesday, should have been intrusted to the care of Admiral *Coffin*.

Notice Extraordinary.—The following advertisement was once posted up in a country tavern by the preceptor of the village academy:—'Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding an ass belonging to Mr —— up and down the academy stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he is determined to *shoot* this said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding it at the time to take care of himself, lest, by some unfortunate mistake, he should shoot the *wrong one*.' Mr —— was never troubled again by the racing of Jack up and down stairs.—*New York Evening Journal.*

A Witty Butcher.—During the late election at Stamford, a violent Tory went into the shop of a Whig butcher. 'What is your pleasure?' demanded the knight of the cleaver.—'I want a calf's head,' was the reply. The butcher, having two, inquired of his Tory customer which he would prefer—a Tory one or a Whig one?—'A Tory one, to be sure,' rejoined the purchaser.—'Very well, Sir, I'll send it home for you.'—When the cook proceeded to dress it, the *brains* were missing, and the master was speedily made acquainted with the circumstance, when he returned to the butcher's, and indignantly inquired of him what had become of them.—'Are you not aware, Sir,' replied *cleaver*, 'that Tory heads do not contain brains? And did you not choose a Tory calf's head in preference to a Whig one?'

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— Why is the death of General Diebitsch likely to create a universal sensation?—Because it will be felt from Pole to Pole.

MRS RENAUD, FORMERLY MRS POWELL.—An evening paper announces that this actress, who some years ago was celebrated for her personal attractions, and had besides considerable reputation as an actress, is now, in her advanced age, suffering under the combined evils of ill-health and indigence. It is to the credit of the theatrical profession that they are never backward to serve the unfortunate of their brethren and sisters; and accordingly we are not surprised to find that this lady is likely to have a benefit, on Tuesday or Wednesday next, at Covent Garden Theatre, Mr Charles Kemble having proposed that the theatre shall be devoted to her on one of those evenings. Mr Kean, with his usual alacrity, has offered his services; and in this instance, no less than others, he will no doubt have many imitators.

PLAYING AT MINOR THEATRES.—The example of Mr Kean, in playing at a London minor theatre, finds followers among other actors who have hitherto appeared only at the large houses. Mr Sinclair, we observe, is engaged at the Pavilion Theatre for a limited number of nights, and Mr Anderson is announced at the Cobourg. Both these gentlemen, according to the usage on such occasions, when dignity is supposed to condescend, are engaged only for a limited number of nights, but probably with no intention of confining themselves very strictly to the limits of their first engagement. They who have been said to 'live to please' are keen-sighted enough to see that the public of the present day can recognise merit where they at one time would have been blind to it; and they very wisely infer that they will not eventually lose in public estimation by falling in with the spirit of the times. The minor theatres do not yet possess the means of giving full effect to the genuine drama, but they have improved greatly of late years, and there is no reason to doubt that they will go on improving.

INCITEMENTS TO EARLY RISING.

Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, while the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away,

Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

COVENT-GARDEN.—The Carnival at Naples—Napoleon Buonaparte.
HAYMARKET.—The Widow Bewitched—The Way To Keep Him—The Intrigue—The Agreeable Surprise.
FRENCH PLAYS.—Jean Qui Pleure et Jean Qui Rit—Le Centenaire—Mons. Deschalumeaux.

KING'S THEATRE.

[*Notice of PAGANINI concluded, from Thursday.*]

OUR wizard's *Allegro Maestoso* was succeeded by an '*Adagio Flebile con Sentimento*,'—a composition with a very 'particular fellow' of a title, by which we are to understand a strain of pathos amounting to the lachrymose, and disclosing a deep perception of the delicacy of that matter. If we are inclined to doubt the perfection of Signor PAGANINI'S playing it would be upon this point. He has a great deal more feeling than is usually shewn by players of extreme execution: his supplication in particular is admirable; he is fervent and imploring: you would think his violin *was on its knees*: the very first note he draws, in movements of this character, is the fullest, the gravest, the most forcible, and the most impassioned we ever heard; it is wonderfully in earnest. And yet, though there is a feeling of this kind throughout, and we never heard notes so touching accompanied with such admirable execution, we cannot help thinking, that we miss, both in the style and the composition, that perfection of simplicity, and of unconsciousness of everything but the object of its passion or admiration, which is perhaps incompatible with these exhibitions of art. It is difficult to avoid speaking of ultra-refinements of playing, like those of PAGANINI, except in terms of ultra-refinement. What we mean to say is, that with all his feeling, we think that science and force are still the predominant qualities of his playing, and that his 'sentiment' is of a less profound cast than he takes it for. It is evident enough that he supplicates; it is evident that he implores; it is plain that he holds a long and fervent argument, extremely to the purpose; but supposing, for the sake of a ground to go upon, that he is entreating a mistress, or remonstrating with fate for depriving him of some friend, he sets about it, we should say, still more obviously than deeply, or at all events endangers the simplicity and truth of the sentiment by the literality of the address. If he is to be supposed making love, we should say that he did it with more fervour of the senses than entireness of heart. In short, it is easier to doubt the perfection of his sensibility than of his skill. His '*Andantino Gaio*' that followed, might be reckoned, in a similar spirit of comparison, defective of *gaiety*. There was gaiety in it, but by no means in proportion to the skill and the quaintness. In the quaint and fantastic, his mastery is equal to his execution. His performances the other night concluded with a *Dance of Witches*; and here he left nothing to desire. The author of the music in *Macbeth* would have hugged him for it. Levity, gravity, the homely, the supernatural, the odd, the graceful, figured in strange combination; and every now and then a voice was heard as of some fearful old beldam venting herself in a strain of feeble mystery, at once humorous and alarming. You imagined a pale old woman, dancing and whining, with a sort of ghastly affectation of the ridiculous.

Signor PAGANINI'S exploits on the 'single string' have been already described. Suffice it to say, that it was as marvellous the other night as ever, and that his single string beats other men's whole instrument. It has been said, that some portions of the phenomenon are not without *trick*; that is to say, that all which he does is not done by legitimate bowing. It is thought he must use some legerdemain. We have only to say to this, that if he does so, a man of his consummate skill has a right to do it, if he encreases the effect; because we are to suppose it done, not out of his own poverty, but the instrument's. At least, doing what he does do, the rest may be allowed him as a privilege. It was a trick in REMBRANDT to lay a positive *relief* of paint on some of his pictures,—as in the crust of jewellery over the altar-piece, in the picture of the 'Woman taken Adultery:'—but REMBRANDT is allowed to do what we should have refused to a less man, because his conceptions (if anything could) warranted the indulgence.

Upon the whole, our experience of the playing of this wonderful person has not only added to our stock of extraordinary and delightful recollections, but it has done our memories another great good, in opening afresh the world of ancient Greek music, and convincing us of the truth of all that is said of its marvellous effects. To hear PAGANINI, and to see him playing on that bit of wood with a bit of catgut, is to convince us that the Greeks might really have done the wonders attributed to them with their shells and their quills. We always thought it unaccountable that PLATO, and PLUTARCH, and others, could have written the extraordinary things they have done respecting the mysteries of the musical art, and the transports occasioned by the lyrical feats of their countrymen, and that the Greeks all the while should have been the infants in music which the self-love of modern art has been too willing to suppose. Scriblerus's performance in the balcony is still a good joke; but from this moment our faith is confirmed in the wonders recorded of Æolic and Doric modulations; and we owe gratitude to PAGANINI, if only for confirming it, and doubling the pleasure with which we read of the Timotheuses and Terpanders. What if he is but a poor player to the least of them? For now that we see what such instruments can do, there is no knowing how much they can do beyond it.

But even after what we have heard, how are we to endure hereafter our old violins and their players? How can we consent to hear them? How crude they will sound, how uninformed, how like a cheat! When the Italian goes away, violin-playing goes with him, unless some disciple of his should arise among us and detain a semblance of his instrument As it is, the most masterly performers, hitherto so accounted, must consent to begin again, and be little boys in his school. ☞

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THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, compressed in One Act, intitled

L'ITALIANA IN ALGIERI.

[By ROSSINI.]

Elvira, wife of Mustapha - - - Madame Castelli.
Zulma, confidant of Elvira - - - Madame Feliani.
Isabella, an Italian lady - - - Madame Raimbaux.
Mustapha, Bey of Algiers - - - Signor Santini.
Haly, Captain of the Algerine Corsairs - - Signor Deville.
Lindoro, a young Italian favourite of Mustapha - Signor Rubini.
Thaddeus, companion of Isabella - - Signor Lablache.

After which, an Opera Buffa, compressed into One Act, intitled

LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA.

[By GNECCO.]

Corilla Tortorini, Prima Donna for the Opera Seria — Madame Pasta.
Violante Pescarelli, Seconda Donna - - Madame Castelli.
Frederico Mordeute, Prima Tenore - - Signor Curioni.
Companone, Maestro and Composer of the Music of the Piece - - - - - Signor Lablache.
Don Grilletto Pasticci, Poet, and Author of the Drama — Signor Santini.
Fastidio Trivella, Impressario (Manager) - Signor Deville.
Fischetto, Prompter, Copyist, and Director of the Chorus (Opera Seria) - - - Signor De Angeli.

To conclude with

A FAVOURITE BALLET.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

The Tragedy of

FAZIO.

[By Mr MILMAN.]

Marchesa Aldabella, Miss Taylor. Clara, Miss Phillips. Bianca, Miss F. Kemble.
Giraldi Fazio, Mr Warde. Duke of Florence, Mr Egerton.
Bartolo, Mr Blanchard. Philario, Mr Henry. Falsetto, Mr Parry.
Gonsalvo, Mr Baker.

To conclude with a Grand Historical and Military Spectacle, in Five Parts, called

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The Music composed and arranged by Messrs. Piccini, Amédée, and G. Stansbury.
Victoria, Miss Taylor.
Buonaparte, Mr Warde. Dugommier, Mr Bartley. Duroc, Mr G. Stansbury.
Junot, Mr Duruset. Hubert, Mr G. Bennett. Vincent, Mr Wrench.
Louis, Mr G. Penson. Cabri, Mr Meadows. Doppet, Mr Collett.
Part 1.—The Camp before Toulon. 1793.
Part 2.—Passage of Mount St Bernard. May 1800.
Part 3.—The Palace of Schöenbrunn (Vienna). May, 1809.
Part 4.—Montereau (in France). 1814.
Part 5.—Fontainebleau Palace. April, 1814.

On Monday, Romeo and Juliet; Napoleon Buonaparte.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

A Comic Piece, in One Act, called

THE WIDOW BEWITCHED; OR, LOVE AT FAULT.

[By Mr P. FARREN.]

The Principal Characters: Miss Sidney,
Mr W. Farren, Mr Vining, Mr Webster, Mr Coveney.

After which, the Comedy of

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

[By HOLCROFT.]

The Widow Warren, Mrs Glover. Sophia, Miss Sidney.
Mrs Ledger, Mrs Coveney. Milliner, Miss Barnett. Mantua-maker, Mrs Lodge.
Jenny, Mrs Tayleure. Maid, Mrs W. Johnson.
Old Dornton, Mr W. Farren. Harry Dornton, Mr Vining. Mr Sulky, Mr Gattie.
Mr Silky, Mr Webster. Goldfinch, Mr Harley. Milford, Mr Brindal.
Mr Smith, Mr Coveney. Hosier, Mr W. Johnson. Sheriff's Officer, Mr Field.
Jacob, Mr J. Cooper. Hatter, Mr Moore. Furrier, Mr Bishop.
Marker, Mr V. Webster. Waiter, Mr Lodge. Footman, Mr Coates.

To which will be added, the Musical Farce of

THE REVIEW; OR, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.

[By COLMAN, the Younger.]

Grace Gaylove, Mrs Humby. Lucy, Mrs T. Hill. Martha, Mrs W. Johnson.
Phœbe Whitehorn, Miss J. Scott.
Caleb Quotem, Mr Harley. Mr Deputy Bull, Mr Gattie.
Captain Beaugard, Mr Brindal. Looney Mactwolter, Mr H. Wallack.
John Lump, Mr Webster. Charles Williams, Mr Newcombe.
Serjeant, Mr Coveney. Dubbs, Mr Bishop.

To conclude with the Farce of

MONSIEUR TONSON.

[By Mr MONCRIEFF.]

Adolphine de Courcy, Miss J. Scott. Madame Bellegarde, Mrs Tayleure.
Mrs Thompson, Mrs Coveney.
Monsieur Morbleu, M. Gattie. Tom King, Mr Brindal.
Mr Thompson, Mr W. Johnson. Jack Ardourly, Mr Bartlett.
Nap, Mr Webster. Rusty, Mr J. Cooper. Useful, Mr Mullency.
Trap, Mr Bishop. Wantem, Mr Field. Fip, Mr Coveney.
Snap, Mr V. Webster. Servant, Mr Coates.

On Monday, The Beggar's Opera; Who Wants A Guinea; Love, Law, and Physic.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

NEW COMIC ANNUAL,

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.
PART I.—In which Mr Mathews will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'
PART II.—'The Omnibus,' Scena, Tim Wasp. And 'Harlowe Bush Fair.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID,

In which Mr YATES will sustain Nine Characters.

SURREY THEATRE.

An Historical Musical Drama, entitled

THE BEGGAR OF CRIPPLEGATE.

Marian, Miss Somerville, in which she will introduce 'Tell me my heart.'
Millicent, Miss Vincent. Mother Milldoll, Mrs Rogers. Alison, Miss Perry.
Annot, Miss Nicol. Kate, Miss Rumens.
Henry VIII, Mr D. Pitt. Godfrey Osgood, Mr Gough.
Vincent Lorimer, Mr Honner. Sir Piers Maltravers, Mr Almar.
The Beggar of Cripplegate, Mr C. Hill. Barnaby, Mr Williams.
Cocke Lorell, Mr Vale. Father Ignatius, Mr Ransford. Fabian, Mr Asbury.
Valentine, Mr Rogers. Wynkin Cross-eye, Mr Webb. Ambrose, Mr Young.

The celebrated Tarantella, from 'Masaniello,' by Mademoiselle Rosier and Master Saunders.

After which, the Play of

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

Floranthe, Miss Somerville. Zorayda, Miss Scott. Agnes, Mrs Vale.
Octavian, Mr Osbaldiston. Bulcazin Muley, Mr D. Pitt.
Count Virolet, Mr Honner. Killmalloch, Mr Young. Sadi, Mr Vale.
Lopo Tocho, Mr Williams. Ganem, Mr Almar. Perequillo, Mr T. Hill.
Roque, Mr Gough. Old Man, Mr Hobbs. Yusif, Mr Webb.
Muleteer, Mr Asbury. Boy, Miss Ellis.
Muleteers (with a Glee) Messrs Ransford, Maitland, and Tully.

To conclude with a Romantic Melo-Drama, in Three Acts, called

BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

[By Mr D. W. JERROLD.]

The Music by Mr Blewitt.

Bridget, Miss Vincent. Earl Moreland, Mr D. Pitt.
Nicholas, Mr Vale. Martin, Mr Gough. Bampfylde Moore Carew, Mr C. Hill.
Albert, Mr Maitland. De Leon, Mr Webb. Walter, Mr Young.
Planxty, Mr Osbaldiston. Judge, Mr Lee. Officer, Mr Almar.
Coleman, Mr Nelson. Escott, Mr Hobbs. Willie M'Dougal, Mr Asbury.
First Gipsey, Mr Tully. Second Gipsey, Mr Rogers. Third Gipsey, Mr T. Hill.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.
Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lejeune.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Azim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

After which, a Comic Piece, in Two Acts, called

FALSE AND CONSTANT.

Constance, Mrs Waylett, who will sing her Popular Ballads, 'Away to the Mountain's Brow,' and 'Come dwell with me.'
Arabelle, Mrs Evans. Susan, Miss Andrews.
Major Fitzcannon, Mr Hammerton. Mr Fairport, Mr Munroe.
Harry Severton, Mr Marshall. Charles Trueman, Mr Spencer. Robert, Mr Davies.
Mr Standish, Mr Porteus. And Sir George Darewell, Mr Green.

To conclude with the Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled

MY FRIEND FROM TOWN; OR, THE ELECTION.

[By Mr LUNN.]

Louisa, Miss Dix. Kitty, Miss Andrews. Margery, Miss Brothers.
Mr Pindarus Pump, Mr Wilkinson. Mr Woodville, Mr Spencer.
Alderman Progwell, Mr Munroe. Mr Addleton, Mr Porteus.
Ralph, Mr Davies. Chevy, Mr G. Lejeune. Jacet, Mr G. Smith.
Sir Omnibus Dabble, Mr Green.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—The Battle of Waterloo.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Canonbury Tower—English Paganini—The Devil at Dunmow.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET.—Turkish Troops—Pigmy Ponies—Unrivalled Leaps—Quang Coelis—Clown's Dandyzette—King of Italy—Lubin and Annette Six New Characters, by Mr J. Cooke—Roman and Venetian Statues—The Enchanted Ladder—Cupid and Zephyr—The Brentford Election.

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N°. 254.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1831.

INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF POLAND.*

We do not remember to have been more interested in any historical work, than in the one before us. History is for the most part a doubtful and a dull business, compared with other kind of reading. We learn to suspect the facts; we find multitudes of them not worth telling; and we become tired and provoked at being obliged to attend on the movements of a series of barbarous or vulgar persons, who under the titles of generals and kings have unaccountably swayed the destinies of nations. We long to have new histories, of a kind hitherto unknown;—to see ages designated after their great men, and not after any pretender who happened to be at the head of a court;—we begin to consider history, hitherto so called, as noth ing but a record of the inexperience and childhood of mankind, its drum and trumpet state, and squabbling with the neighbouring schoo-l-ground.

The Polish history, God knows, has enough of these puerilities; but still there is a novelty throughout it, compared with that of other countries. The elective nature of its monarchy at different periods; the singular condition of its nobility, who formed a kind of nation within a nation, on horseback; the extremes of meanness and dignity to be found in the characters of the sovereigns; its multitudes of commercial Jews, and the religious *toleration* to which they gave rise; the large scale upon which so small a nation has acted, and now acts again; the very face of the country, which is described as being so flat, that 'a balloon might pass over almost the whole of it, at the height of twenty toises, without coming in contact with any obstruction;' the physical superiority of the natives over the people surrounding them, not unconnected, perhaps, with some curious circumstances in their moral condition; the very peculiarity of costume, noble and picturesque, which they retained long after other nations had agreed to dress alike; the extraordinary adventures of some of their kings; and above all, the romantic events of late times, beginning with the appearance of Kosciusko, and promising to terminate in a manner worthy of his memory,—present a mass of interest, distinct from what is afforded by the records of any other people, and not the less striking from being compressed by the paucity of its annals into a smaller compass. This is, at least, the impression made by the volume before us. The author is the reverse of an ostentatious writer, and appears dull in the setting out, but he rises with his subject by the force of an unaffected sympathy and generous good sense; and we heartily recommend his volume to the reader. It has the marks of truth in it at every step, and yet is as entertaining as a romance. The amusement of the book commences at about page twenty, with an account of the anti-Penelope example set by the Polish women, during a seven years expedition of their husbands into Russia; and it continues throughout. At page twenty-five, is a pleasant trait of an ambassador, who was sent by one of the Polish kings to the Emperor Henry V, with overtures of peace:—

'Henry is said to have received him very haughtily, and given him to understand that the Poles must not expect any peace from him, unless they submitted to his conditions and became tributary. At the same time, runs the story, he led him to histreasury, to exhibit his wealth; and pointing to the gold, told him there were the weapons with which he would reduce the Poles to subjection. To this the ambassador made no answer, but taking a ring from his finger, threw it into the heap, saying with a smile, "Here is something to augment the store." Henry is said to have answered with equal coolness, shutting the coffer, "*Habdank*; I thank you." . . A battle ensued in which the Germans were completely routed.'

Here follows an anecdote of Casimir the Just, the most amiable of the Polish Kings. His only fault seems to have been, that like some other princes of his stamp, he rather too literally deserved the title of 'Father of his People:'—

'He was one day at play and won all the money of one of his nobility, who, incensed at his ill-fortune, suddenly struck the prince a blow on the ear, in the heat of his uncontrolled passion. He fled immediately from justice; but, being pursued and overtaken, was condemned to lose his head. The generous Casimir determined otherwise. "I am not surprised," said he, "at the gentleman's conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself on fortune, no wonder he should attack her favourite in me." After these generous words he revoked the sentence, returned the nobleman his money, and declared that he alone was faulty, as he encouraged by his example a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of the people.'—P. 31.

The author has presented us with an interesting account of the origin and polity of the Cossacks (see page 68); but we hasten to give his narrative of one of the most striking events in modern history, the raising of the siege of Vienna by the famous John Sobieski. Sobieski was one of the elected monarchs of Poland, and not a mere soldier, though his reputation is founded on his military genius. For a great man, however, and an elected prince, he partook of the defects of his time and his rank; and as he was of a temperament, which seems accompanied in Poland with more of the heroical character than is commonly found with it, he had a wife much younger than himself, who contrived to diminish his reputation. His reign upon the whole had the reverse effect upon Poland from what might have been expected of it. However, let us indulge ourselves in laying before the reader the greatness of a great man; and leave his faults to be seen in the book:—

'Leopold, Emperor of Germany and King of Hungary, had driven his Hungarian subjects to revolt by his infringement on their national liberties. The noted Tekeli, one of the principal nobles of that oppressed country, was their leader; and they then entered into an alliance with the Turks. Mahomet sent notice to Leopold, that the Hungarians were now the allies and subjects of the Porte, and that all the Austrian troops must be withdrawn from Hungary, unless he chose to be considered the infringer of the peace. Leopold earnestly begged the aid of the Poles, but Sobieski seemed at first disinclined to assist the proud and tyrannical emperor. But he next turned to a more favourable listener in the queen. Several reasons made the proposal agreeable to her; she was piqued with Louis XIV, for his neglect of her family, and was glad to thwart him in his attempts to subject Leopold to Turkish invasion; besides, the emperor promised to marry the arch-duchess to her son, and to ensure the succession to the Polish crown in her family. Sobieski could not withstand Mary's artifices; and perhaps he was in fact glad of the opportunity to break a lance with the Turks. But a trifle almost deprived the Emperor of this invaluable ally. John refused to sign the treaty unless the Emperor styled him His Majesty, which for a long time he obstinately refused. This demand was, without doubt, made at the instigation of Mary, who was piqued because Louis would not give her husband that title. Leopold was at last obliged, though reluctantly, to yield assent, and John Sobieski became his ally.

'Louis in the meantime had not been idle in attempting to counteract these designs. His ambassador succeeded in attaching a strong party to his interest, but the vigilance of Sobieski frustrated the plan, and the French ambassador, nettled at his defeat, returned to amuse and deceive Louis with telling him that the Polish king was grown too fat and gouty to be able to make a single campaign. In a few weeks, however, all Europe was told a different story.' . . . . . .

'In the beginning of May 1683, the Moslem army set out on its march. The troops amounted to nearly 300,000 men, but above two-thirds of them were Hungarians and Tartars They were well provided with ammunition, and had more than three hundred pieces of artillery. Their general was Kara Mustapha, the grand vizier, who was invested with plenary power by the Sultan.

'The Duke of Lorraine, Leopold's brother-in-law, who had been one of Sobieski's competitors for the Polish crown, commanded the imperial troops, who barely mustered 37,000 men.

'The vizier marched his army from Belgrade, along th e western side of the Danube, and proceeded almost without a blow to Vienna. The Emperor became now as timid and crouching in his adversity as he had been proud and overbearing in his prosperity. The haughty Leopold was to be seen running away before the Tartars from town to town, an edifying picture of humiliated tyranny. To

* *The History of Poland, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By James Fletcher, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge. With a Narrative of the Recent Events, obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman.* 8vo. pp. 428. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

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add to his troubles, the Empress, who accompanied him, was then pregnant, and even in this state she was obliged, one night during their retreat, to sleep in a wood on a bundle of straw. This was a time for the bleak night-winds to teach Leopold that monition, "take physic, Pomp." Behind him he could see the farms and cottages of his poor subjects in flames, of which his tyrannical pride was the incendiary, as conscience, no doubt, too plainly told him. But though he was the cause of all these troubles, he did not hazard a hair of his head to remove them, but left his capital to defend itself against the immense host of Turks pouring down upon it.

'It was on the 8th of July that the Turkish artillery began to play on the walls, and the Austrians to tremble for the result.' . .

'The Duke of Lorraine sent repeated messages to Sobieski to beg him to bring speedy succour; but the Polish troops could not be assembled till towards the end of August, and even then they amounted to only 24,000 men. Before Sobieski began his march, he received a letter from the Emperor, which shews how adversity can lower the pride of little minds. 'We are convinced,' said Leopold, 'that by reason of the vast distance of your army, it is absolutely impossible for it to come time enough to contribute to the preservation of a place which is in the most imminent danger. It is not your troops, *Sire*, that we expect, but *your Majesty's* own presence, being fully persuaded that if your royal presence will vouchsafe to appear at the head of our forces, though less numerous than those of the enemy, your name alone, which is so justly dreaded by them, will make their defeat certain.

'The Queen accompanied him to the frontiers, and the following letter, which he wrote to her on the day after their parting, will make us more intimately acquainted with the champion of Vienna:—

'"ONLY JOY OF MY SOUL, CHARMING AND BELOVED MARIETTE! —I have passed a very bad night here. One of my arms is numbed; I have also suffered great pain in the spine of my back. I shall have an attack of rheumatism after this.

'"Dupont has given me still more pain; he returned from you at nine in the evening, and has told me that the violent agitation you feel may probably affect your health. I beg you, my dear soul, to compose yourself, and submit to the will of God. He will deign to grant me his guardian angels, and allow me to return to my friends safe and sound."

'Thus Sobieski, fifty-four years old, and in such a state of health, so weak and debilitated as to be obliged to be almost lifted on his horse, was the only man whom the empire could look to for aid.' . .

'The Polish forces marched along the banks of the Danube without any resistance, and were joined there by the Duke of Lorraine, and some other German forces, hastening to the rescue of Vienna.' . . . . . .

'As the Polish army crossed the bridge, they were particularly admired for the fineness of their horses, their uniform, and general appearance, but one battalion seemed a sad exception, being very badly accoutred. One of the generals expressed his opinion to the King, that it was a disgrace to the rest, but Sobieski thought otherwise. "Look at it well," said he, as it was passing the bridge; "it is an invincible body, that has sworn never to wear any clothes but what it takes from the enemy. In the last war they were all clad in the Turkish manner."

'The Turks offered not the least opposition to the Poles as they crossed the bridge, and all the Imperial troops were safely assembled on the western side of the Danube by the 7th of September and amounted to about 70,000 men.

'They could hear from Tuln the roar of the Turkish cannon. Vienna was, in fact, reduced almost to its last gasp. Most of the garrison were either killed or wounded, and disease was making even greater ravages than the enemy's balls. "The grave continued open without ever closing its mouth." As early as the 22nd of August, the officers had estimated that they could not withstand a general attack three days. If the Vizier had pursued his advantage, Vienna must have fallen into his hands. But it was his object to avoid taking it by storm, in which case the plunder would be carried off by the soldiers, whereas, if he could oblige it to surrender, he might appropriate the spoil to his own use. So careless was he too in his confidence, that he had not yet ascertained that the Poles had arrived, till they were in his immediate vicinity, and when the news was afterwards brought to him, that the King of Poland was advancing, "The King of Poland!" said he laughing, "I know indeed that he has sent Lubomirski with a few squadrons." ' . . .

'On the 11th of September, they reached Mount Calemberg, the last which separated them from the Turks. "From this hill," says Sobieski's biographer, "they were presented with one of the finest and most dreadful prospects of the greatness of human power; an immense plain and all the islands of the Danube covered with pavilions, whose magnificence seemed rather calculated for an encampment of pleasure than the hardships of war; an innumerable multitude of horses, camels, and buffaloes; 200,000 men all in motion; swarms of Tartars dispersed along the foot of the mountain in their usual confusion; the fire of the besiegers incessant and terrible, and that of the besieged such as they could contrive to make; in fine, a great city, distinguishable only by the tops of the steeples and the fire and smoke that covered it."—But Sobieski was not imposed on by this formidable sight.—"This man," said he, "is badly encamped: he knows nothing of war; we shall certainly beat him." The eagle eye of the experienced warrior was not mistaken.' . . . . . .

'Sunday, the 12th of September 1683, was the important day, "big with the fate" of Leopold, that was to decide whether the Turkish crescent was to wave on the turrets of Vienna.' . . . . .

'At eight in the morning there was some warm skirmishing; at eleven the Christian army was drawn up in array on the plain, and Kara Mustapha came to command his troops in person. He was stationed in the centre, and Sobieski occupied the same situation in his army.

'It was nearly five in the evening, and the engagement had only been partial, for Sobieski's infantry had not come up, and the vizier was to be seen under a superb crimson tent, quietly sipping coffee, while the King of Poland was before him. At length the infantry arrived, and Sobieski ordered them to sieze an eminence which commanded the vizier's position. The promptitude and gallantry with which this manœuvre was executed, decided the fate of the day. Kara Mustapha, taken by surprise at this unexpected attack, ordered all his infantry to his right wing, and the movement put all the line in confusion. The king cried out that they were lost men; he ordered the Duke of Lorraine to attack the centre, which was now exposed and weakened, while he himself made his way through the confused Turks, straight for the vizier's tent. He was instantly recognized by the streamers which adorned the lances of his guard. "By Allah!" exclaimed the Cham of the Tartars, "the king is with them!" An eclipse of the moon added to the consternation of the superstitious Moslems. At this moment, the Polish cavalry made a grand charge, and at the same time the Duke of Lorraine with his troops, added to the confusion; and the route of the Turks became general. The vizier in vain tried to rally them. "And you," said he, to the Cham of the Tartars, who passed him among the fugitives, "cannot you help me?"—"I know the King of Poland," was the answer. "I told you if we had to deal with him, all we could do would be to run away. Look at the sky; see if God is not against us." The immense Turkish army was wholly broken up, and Vienna was saved.' . . . . . .

'On the following day John made his entrance into Vienna. The breach made by the Turks, and through which they expected to march to the destruction of the city, was the road which admitted its deliverer. The citizens received him with undisguised expressions of gratitude; and even the stern warrior, Sobieski, shed a tear or two of joy at receiving the thanks and acclamations of the victims whom he had rescued from destruction. "Never," said he, "did the crown yield me pleasure like this!" The people could not help comparing him to their own disgraceful sovereign, and exclaiming, "Ah, why is not this our master?" With difficulty could the stern looks of the emperor's officers check these natural expressions of feeling. But Sobieski did not arrogate to himself only the glory of the victory; he went to the cathedral to return thanks, and began to sing the *Te Deum* himself. A sermon was afterwards delivered, and the preacher, in the taste of that age of conceits and far fetched puerilities, chose the following text for the occasion:—"*There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.*" . . .

'But the low-minded Leopold, who had descended to such adulation and entreaty when danger threatened, could not bear to witness the triumph of his deliverer. Every report of the cannon, which announced a fresh tribute of applause to Sobieski, fell like a reproach on his ears. He lingered on his journey on the banks of the Danube, unwilling to add by his presence to the honour of his rival and his own shame. "It was the weakness of the councils that you had a share in," said he, turning spitefully to one of his ministers, "that occasions me this disgrace."

'Leopold's weak mind sunk under the burden of such a favour, and envy and spleen, together with a sense of his own littleness, would not allow him to magnify his benefactor and the object of his jealousy with expressions of his gratitude. "A man who reminds one of a favour, cancels it," says a pithy aphorist; and to this we might add, that he who receives a kindness ungraciously doubles the obligation. But not so thought the emperor. In this moment, when the heart should pour forth its gratitude, he was deferring the evil day by disgraceful quibbles about the ceremony with which he was to receive Sobieski. He enquired whether an elective king ever had an interview with an emperor, and how he was received. "Receive him," said the Duke of Lorraine, who had been one of Sobieski's unsuccessful competitors for the Polish crown; "receive him with open arms, since he has preserved the empire." *The emperor, however, refused to give his benefactor the right hand*, and John was too goodnatured and unceremonious to urge this point of unmeaning and trumpery etiquette. At length it was agreed that the interview should take place on horseback in the open plain, and that they should remain facing each other, which would not allow much punctilio in the mode of salutation.

'At the appointed hour John Sobieski rode up to the emperor, in the same armour which he had worn in the defence of Vienna, and accosted him with the ease of conscious but unassuming rank. The emperor, on the contrary, was very distant and ceremonious, and began to recount in a very ungracious manner the services the Germans had rendered the Poles, at different periods. At length he wrung from his lips the word *gratitude* for the deliverance of Vienna, at which Sobieski merely remarked, "Brother, I am glad I have done you that small service." The young Polish prince, James, came up at this moment, and his father presented him to Leopold, with these words, "This is a prince whom I am educating for the service of Christendom." The emperor merely nodded, although this was the young man whom he had promised to make his son-in-law. One of the Polish Palatines stepping forward to

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kiss the emperor's boot, was checked by Sobieski, exclaiming, "Palatine, no meanness." The interview was then at an end.'

Leopold was a right emperor of the modern German sort,—a puppet made up of punctilio, who sat looking down upon men of virtue and genius, as a wooden idol does upon all who come near it.

In the works of the Italian poet Filicaia, are some fine odes addressed to Sobieski on his deliverance of Vienna.

[To be continued.]

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

A PRIZE AND A BLANK.—Dennis Currie, a poor Irish orange-seller, as we are informed by the *N. Y. Constellation*, last week drew a prize of 5,000 dollars; and the day after his wife presented him, as he said, with "*three* twins, partly *boys* and partly girls; fine sprightly childer."—*New York Paper.*

— The name of Diebitsch, as we lately observed, signifies in his native language 'thievish.' On his death the command of the Russian army was, it appears, assumed by another German, whose name is Toll, which, in the same language, means 'mad.' It is to be wished that the non-success of General *Mad* may at least equal that of his predecessor, General *Thief*.

— The Chinese, when going on voyages, provide themselves with a very simple means of preservation in the event of a shipwreck. This consists of four spars joined together so as to form a square hollow frame, which being put below the arms, easily supports a person floating in the sea.

— When the cholera raged in China, the city of Pekin is said to have owed its comparative exemption from it to the firmness of the Emperor, who, on one occasion, is reported to have said to those about him, 'Do not suppose the disease is more powerful than yourselves; the pusillanimous alone die of it.'—In addition to courage, which no doubt has its good effects, we would beg to remind our countrymen in the dirtier districts of the metropolis, that *cleanliness* is a great anti-contagionist.

— It would be as well if those who have the management of such matters would bear in mind, that watering the streets, and rendering them a mass of mud, are two very different things. The mud may make it very pleasant for those who ride in carriages; but, as regards pedestrians, we can assure the gentlemen in question it is quite another affair.

REPRESENTATIVES IN PARLIAMENT.—In the Saxon times, each borough sent but one Deputy; yet the number was considerable—for any town or village that chose to send one was at liberty: but the King's purpose was better served by having two Deputies only from places under his influence. The Barons also took care that those dependent on them should send Deputies also; whilst the independent boroughs sent none, although their right to do so was not then disputed. Such was the origin of that partiality in the representation so much complained of.

POPULAR PASTIMES IN GERMANY.—I was taken this morning to a public garden in the vicinity, where the "merry and wise" congregate during these solstitial days. It was a lively scene;—all were welcome that came, and all that came were apparently happy. There were cool shady arbours for the over-heated or contemplative, green mazes for the restless to tire themselves in, and delightful seats to receive them when weary. There was smooth velvet turf for the waltzers, wine for the *herrschaft*, flowers and confections for the ladies, beer and tobacco for the *bourschaft*, music which kept the waltzers in a perpetual wirl, and gave them an additional pair of wings; with a right merry holiday to all.—*Dr Beattie's German Courts.*

POETRY AND PASTRY.—A pastry-cook, who, in addition to his ordinary vocation, sometimes tried his hand at a comic opera, read one to the Abbé Lattaignant, entitled 'La Galette' (The Muffin). The Abbé, smiling, advised him to put it again into the oven. The verse-stricken pastry-cook did not relish this advice, and begged to say that a certain eminent professor, whom he had served these twenty years, had told him that 'it was full of salt.'—'Oh! I see how it is,' said Lattaignant; 'you give this professor credit, don't you?'—'Indeed do I,' replied the pastry-cook; 'and at this very moment he owes me six hundred francs for patties.'—'There is the point,' continued Lattaignant; 'do you but find fault with him for not paying you, and he will find fault with you for meddling with operas.'—[This anecdote (from the French) falls in with the prejudices, in some respects justly entertained, against those who deviate from their regular calling; and yet the fault is but a venial one, and is moreover sometimes justified by success; witness the example of a contemporary, who unites in himself the apparently incompatible characters of author, alderman, and pastry-cook, respectable in the two former, and in the last it is not safe to trust one's self to speak of him, at least in a paragraph, so delicious is the flavour which his 'works' leave on the palate even of one's memory. But the Common Council and the men of wealth and taste in the city speak his praises, and give him puff for puff; and the little boys, forgetting the tartness of his name, at the very name of his tarts, with one voice cry '*Birch* for ever!']

CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

A drop of rain fell on a glowing iron;
It hiss'd and was no more.
Another fell into a fragrant flower;
And glitter'd long as dew.
A third dropp'd just within a muscle shell,
And there became a pearl.
Son, fancy not that friendship with the bad,
With the indifferent, or with the good,
Can be all one to thee.

Historic Survey of German Poetry. Vol. III, p. 33.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—L'Italiana in Algieri—La Prova d'Un Opera Seria—A Favorite Ballet.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Fazio—Napoleon Buonaparte.

HAYMARKET.—The Widow Bewitched—The Road to Ruin—The Review—Monsieur Tonson.

KING'S THEATRE.

A CELEBRATED composer has published a piece of music entitled 'Recollections of PAGANINI.' We do not wonder that those who have heard this wonderful performer try to recall him to their minds, both for their own sakes and those of their friends. We find ourselves repeatedly called upon to say something about him, and every time seem to recollect something new. These reminiscences have induced us to add a word or two to our former articles.

Singular and complicated as the compositions of PAGANINI are, he sometimes plays from memory; perhaps always, when the composition is one that he repeats often. For the music-book before him proves nothing. There is nothing very extraordinary in this: but it is curious to observe, with what masterly precision he gives the cue to the orchestra, how exact to the time his memory is, and with what instantaneous and easy nicety he takes up, as it were, the whole of the weight of the accompaniments on the tip of his bow, and hangs it on the right peg. The official conductor at the piano-forte seems to sit staring in pure wonder; and the people that crowd behind the musicians on either side the stage, turn round to one another with lifted hands and smiles of astonishment. All the orchestra appear mechanical, and he the soul standing in front.

When the transports of the audience have produced a dead silence, PAGANINI seems to take advantage of it to introduce his marvels of delicate execution, and passages *sui generis*. It is then that he treats us with his distant warblings of birds, and those singular showers of little distinct notes, as if he sprinkled one's ears in play. However, there is no playfulness in his face. He looks so grave, that we begin to see nothing but grave mystery in his performance; a fancy which is increased by his own little intervals of silence, as if he were preparing his charm like a sorcerer. Now he comes down with his flashing harmonies,—and then is silent. He then gives us some of his showers,—and is again silent. Then, when the listening is at its height, and everybody is sitting in breathless expectation, he touches the minutest of notes *in alto*, and comes rapidly *whispering* to us all down his violin in the most extraordinary of chromatic passages, as if some wonderful nightingale were making experiments upon its voice, and knew that the neighbourhood were enchanted.

He seems to have few of the affected gestures and attitudes of other players. His position, when he begins, is admired as being highly *comme il faut*, and like a man who knows how to plant himself to his violin; but his manner is generally simple. He now and then indulges his conscious mastery, at the termination of a favourite passage, by thrusting his bow beyond the instrument, and chucking the note, as it were, up into the air; as though he had delivered something worthy of its reception.

But as an instance of what we doubted respecting the profundity of his 'sentiment,' we may observe, that the *tender* mode in which he thought fit to play the German 'God save the King,' ('God preserve the Emperor Francis,') appeared to us altogether a mistake. This composition of HAYDN'S is surely a point of severe and simple playing, and not a subject for whining and chromatics. The style in which PAGANINI gave it the other night was rather what we should have expected from some unthinking *shewer-off* than a great master. It should have been affectionate, but only in such a way as to be compatible with a Hymn, and with the modesty of a religious petition;—fervent, cathedral, deferential, yet at the same time self-collected; conscious of a presence, before which there is to be no unseemly weakness or overweeningness. Yet to those who were aware of the nature of

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the subject, and recollected the words, PAGANINI's chromatical, fond, and effeminate manner of playing it resembled a caricature of some morbid loyalist, who had got maudlin with the Emperor's wine, and must needs go sighing and dying through the National Hymn.—Here was a deficiency in that judgment which implies the very deepest taste, or the perfection of the sense of truth.

☞

'THE SCHOOLMASTER' WANTED.—The following note was lately received by the Overseers of Hoghton, from a person holding a similar situation in a neighbouring township:—

'May 1st 1831

'To the Overseer Houtton

'Thos King younees Sun Lieng Ded in his house Ples hee his not able to in tair the bodey as Nother Not Likely to leeve long. Please to a Seast him at this Time and give mee noe trouble.'

Another.—In one of the principal streets in this town may be seen a sign-board, over a door, with the following inscription painted upon it in conspicuous characters:—

'W—— A—— Maker of Decoction from Herbs And Roots for the use of Swellings Gatherings Cuts Burns Scolds & Likewise Old Sore fore Eyes Films Taken off the sight of Man horse and Beast also Canker or Scurvy in the Gums Jaundice Drinks for the use of Coffs Colds, &C.'—*Blackburn Gazette.*

ETIQUETTE.—A respectable *bourgeois* having waited upon Marshal Count Torrano, to complain of the number of soldiers who were quartered upon him, the Count, who was no German, called his interpreter. The honest burgess, however, conscious that he could talk, and talk well too, declined the friendly intervention; and drawing himself up square in front of the Count, with a low and reiterated bow, addressed him with '*Ihr Eelenz.*' The Count returned the bow, repeating the salutation,—'Ihr Eelenz.'—Surprised at the honour thus suddenly accorded him, the sagacious client fancied he must have mistaken the title, and, therefore, with a still lower bow, resumed, '*Monseigneur!*'—'*Monseigneur,*' said the Count, interrupting him in a more serious tone,—'We'll stop at that, if you please, lest, in the excess of our mutual compliments, we arrive at "Your Majesty."' The shopkeeper was nonplussed and embarrassed, which the Count perceiving, enquired, 'What is your name, my friend?'—'Spanckenberg,' answered the man of ceremony. 'Good!' said the Count, 'and mine is Torrano. Now, Spanckenberg, what is your business with Torrano?'—*Dr Beattie's German Courts.*

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

SHAKSPEARE's Tragedy of

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet, Miss Fanny Kemble.
Lady Capulet, Mrs Lovell. Nurse, Mrs Gibbs.
Romeo, Mr John Mason. Prince Escalus, Mr Henry.
Paris, Mr Parry. Montague, Mr Turnour. Capulet, Mr Egerton.
Benvolio, Mr Holl. Tybalt, Mr Baker. Mercutio, Mr C. Kemble.
Friar Lawrence, Mr Evans. Friar John, Mr Mears.
Apothecary, Mr Meadows.
Page, Miss Fortescue. Balthazar, Mr Irwin. Abram, Mr Heath.
Samson, Mr Fuller. Gregory, Mr Norris. Peter, Mr Keeley.

In Act I. A Masquerade and Dance.
In Act V. The Funeral Procession of Juliet, and a Solemn Dirge.

Previous to the Tragedy, Mozart's Overture to 'Zauberflöte.

To conclude with the Melo-drama of

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

[By Mr POCOCK.]
The Music by Mr Bishop.
Clandine, Mrs Vining. Ravina, Mrs Lovell. Laurette, Miss P. Horton.
Grindoff, Mr Farley. Count Friberg, Mr Parry.
Karl, Mr Blanchard. Lothair, Mr Duruset. Kelmar, Mr Evans
Kreutz, Master Watson. Riber and Golotz, Messrs Henry and Mears.
Zingra, Mr Norris. Lindorf, Mr Sherriff. Coburg, Mr S. Tett.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The Opera of

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

[By GAY.]
Polly, Miss Wells. Lucy, Mrs Humby. Jenny Diver, Mrs W. Johnson.
Sukey Tawdry, Miss Barnett. Mrs Peachum, Mrs Tayleure.
Peachum, Mr W. Farren. Lockit, Mr Gattie.
Captain Macheath, Mr B. Taylor.
Filch, Mr Webster. Mat o'the Mint, Mr Field. Ben Budge, Mr Newcombe.
Jemmy Twitcher, Mr Bartlett. Wat Dreary, Mr Lodge.
Crook Fingered Jack, Mr Bishop. Harry Paddington, Mr V. Webster.
In Act III. A Hornpipe in Fetters, by Mr V. Webster.

After which, the Comedy of

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

[By COLMAN the Elder, and GARRICK.]
Mrs Heidelberg, Mrs Glover. Miss Sterling, Mrs W. Clifford.
Fanny, Mrs Ashton. Chambermaid, Mrs Coveney.
Trusty, Mrs W. Johnson. Betty, Mrs Tayleure.
Lord Ogleby, Mr W. Farren. Lovewell, Mr Cooper. Sterling, Mr Gattie.
Sir John Melville, Mr Brindal. Brush, Mr Vining.
Canton, Mr Webster. Serjeant Flower, Mr W. Johnson.
Truman, Mr V. Webster. Traverse, Mr Coveney.

To conclude with the Farce of

LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC.

Mrs Hillary, Mrs T. Hill. Laura, Miss J. Scott. Maid, Mrs Coveney.
Doctor Camphor, Mr Gattie. Flexible, Mr Vining.
Lubin Log, Mr Harley. Captain Danvers, Mr Brindal.
John Brown, Mr Mulleney. Andrew, Mr Webster. Coachman, Mr Coveney.

To-morrow, As You Like It; A Friend at Court; and Animal Magnetism.

FRENCH PLAYS, THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

LE CI-DEVANT JEUNE HOMME.

Comédie en Un Acte, en Prose, de M. MERLE.
Madame de Blainville, Mlle. St. Ange.
Florville, M. Pelissié. Floricour, M. Paulin. M. Sombreuil, M. Préval.
La Branche, M. Laporte. Grugeon, M. Gamard.
Usurier, M. Guenée. M. Carrick, M. Arnaud.

Suivie de

LES SUITES D'UN MARIAGE DE RAISON.

Vaudeville Nouveau en Un Acte, de MM. CARTOIS et L'HERIE.
Suzette, Mlle. Irma. Madame Pinchon, Mlle. St. Ange.
Bertrand, M. Pélissie. Le Général Comte de Brémont, M. St. Aubert.
Edouard, M. Alfred. Pinchon, M. Laporte. Michel, M. Arnaud.

Suivi de

WERTHER.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, du Théatre des Variétés.
Charlotte, Madame Préval.
Werther, M. Potier. Volmar, M. Alfred. Albert, M. Cloup.
Fritz, M. Gamard. Loustick, M. Guenée.

On Finira par

LES ANGLAISES POUR RIRE.

Vaudeville en Un Acte, de MM. SEVRIN et DUMERSAN.
Aspasie, Mlle. St. Ange. Goton, Mme. Gamard.
M. Menu, M. Potier. M. Coclet, M. Laporte. M. Copeau, M. Cloup.
M. Fusin, M. Gamard.

SURREY THEATRE.

A Drama, founded on SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

KING RICHARD III.

Queen, Miss Scott. Lady Anne, Miss Vincent. Duchess of York, Madame Simon.
King Henry VI., Mr Gough. Prince of Wales, Miss Ellis.
Duke of York, Master Frank Carbery. Duke of Buckingham, Mr Honner.
Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Mr Elton.
Duke of Norfolk, Mr Maitland. Tressel, Mr C. Hill.
Earl of Richmond, Mr D. Pitt. Earl of Oxford, Mr Ransford.
Lord Stanley, Mr Almar. Lord Mayor, Mr Webb.
Sir William Catesby, Mr Rogers. Sir Richard Ratcliffe, Mr Lee.
Sir Robert Brackenbury, Mr Asbury. Sir William Brandon, Mr Tully.
Sir James Tyrell, Mr Hobbs. Sir James Blunt, Mr Collier.

To conclude with the Grand Romantic Drama, entitled

ONE O'CLOCK.

[By G. LEWIS.]
Clotilda, Madame Simon. Una, Miss Vincent. Paulina, Mrs Vale.
Hardyknute, Mr C. Hill. Leolyn, Miss Ellis.
Guelpho, Mr Williams. Oswy, Mr Maitland. Willikind, Mr Vale.
Rolf, Mr Ransford. Karl, Mr Young. Rupert, Mr Tully.
Minstrel, Mr Collier.
Incidental Characters.—Auriol, Miss Nicol.
Sangrida, Mr Asbury. Hacho, Mr Almar.
The Shades of Ruric and Alexina, Mr Hobbs and Miss Runnens.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

For the Benefit of Mr Bennett.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

[By Mr HAINES.]
The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.
Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Lejeune.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Azim, Mr E. Seguin. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hasan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

After which, the Farcical Interlude called

FREAKS AND FOLLIES.

Ellen, Miss Andrews.
Sir William Franklin, Mr Munroe. Ned Franklin, Mr Forester.
Doctor Growl, Mr Porteus. Captain Rowland, Mr Spencer.
Chouse, Mr G. Smith. Tom Trippit, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with the Burletta of

MIDAS.

[By KANE O'HARA.]
Immortals—Juno, Miss Wells. Venus, Miss Forster.
Minerva, Miss Berresford. Hebe, Miss Haton. Cupid, Mlle. Josephine.
The Graces, Miss Ward, Miss Gilbert, and Miss Bennett.
Jupiter, Mr Spencer. Mercury, Mr Davies. Bacchus, Mr Young.
Pan, Mr G. Smith. Mars, Mr Willing.
Apollo, Mrs Waylett.
Mortals—Mysis, Mrs Garrick. Nysa, Miss Weston. Daphne, Miss Dix.
Justice Midas, Mr Marshall. Demætus, Mr G. Lejeune.
Sileno, Mr Bennett.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET. — Indian Hunter — Hare-bell — Black Sicilian Pony—Tight Rope—Lilliputian Bacchus—Leaping—Animated Architecture—Inebriated Soldier—Amazon's Victory—Feats of Riding—Reaper—Brentford Election.

COBURG THEATRE.—Richard III—Napoleon of Humble Life—The White Fairy.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE. — Lear of Private Life—The Youthful Days of William IVth—Richard Turpin.

GARRICK THEATRE.—The Barber of Seville—Matrimony—No Song No Supper.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—Variety of Entertainments.

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Nº. 255.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1831.

THE MARRIED CRUSOE. *

THE volumes before us detail the adventures of a young married couple who, though shipwrecked, and for a long period cut off from all intercourse with the world, appear to be, as the hero himself expresses it, the peculiar care of providence. The proceedings of this happy pair, seem a sort of playing at Crusoe, in the manner of a party of gentlefolks making a gipsying excursion;—everything being so ordered that there shall be no inconvenience. Sir Edward and his lady have a ship's cargo at hand, which supplies almost everything they can desire. The islands harbour neither serpents nor beasts of prey. Animals run into their dog's mouth, whenever they are in want of fresh meat; they set the seeds of the fruit they eat, and everything thrives under their hands. They build a log-house, which, though slightly put together, withstands tremendous storms; and when they begin to find that they have too much work on their hands, Fortune sends them a supply of servants. She leads them into a cavern, too, where they find great treasure in gold and silver; and, as this would be of little use to them in a desert island, a smuggling vessel soon makes its appearance, which, being unarmed, and chased by a Spanish brig, is saved, and the latter put to flight, by three guns fired from a rock. The young couple make a short voyage in the vessel of the smuggler, who, though a man of bad character, and greedy of gain, makes no endeavour to obtain possession of any of the chests of gold which he knows to be on board. The travellers return with artisans, sailors, negroes, &c.—and their dependants, of whatever sex, age, or country, are all honest, faithful, industrious, peaceable, and under their auspices become pious.

The book is one which we might expect to find in an old country mansion among the literary treasures of a great-grand-mother. It seems to have been written by some good-natured person, who had an affection for the children of his fancy, and could not bear to see anything go wrong with them. So important do their smallest actions appear to him, that they cannot eat an orange or a pumpkin, but he thinks it necessary to tell us that they planted the seeds, and gave the rind to the goats;—and this he repeats upon every several occasion. We can hardly persuade ourselves that it could have been written less than a century ago; its age only, and the country education of the principal characters, can account for the prosing sort of piety, and the formality of speech, observable in every page. If the hero wishes to say a kind thing to his wife, he sets about it like a country beau paying a compliment to his partner at a race-ball; every expression of feeling is worked up into a set speech. Sir Edward and his wife are good genuine human beings, but all their habits seem to partake of a certain constraint, as though they wore a moral bag-wig and hoop. There is, throughout the work, a good nature and consideration for the comfort of others, which excites our interest, and, in some degree, reconciles us to the endless repetition of the minute occurrences of every passing day. We should like to go out a Crusoeing in this pleasant fashion exceedingly. Nobody is ill, nobody is unhappy; letters are continually arriving from friends in England; friends come out themselves to join them;—in short they are not only intended to be 'very happy after;' but everybody is happy in these wonderful islands, for several succeeding years. When at last, they have secured a doctor for the colony a little illness follows of course; and to keep him in practice, a few Spanish prisoners are taken, ready wounded to his hands. So little experience of sorrow have our islanders, for a long period, that the news of the Queen of England's death, is felt as a deep affliction, We give the author's own words:—

'On the 10th of February 1738, we received the melancholy intelligence of the death of our most excellent and most amiable queen, which was communicated by a letter to my dear wife from Lady Sundon. I will not attempt to describe the affliction this information occasioned. It was a day of sorrow I never can forget.'

Lady Seaward's notions of the tender sensibilities of her majesty, are singularly simple and unsophisticated; so considerate is she of the royal feelings, that she is earnest to conceal the fact that a few Germans, settled, by the Queen's desire, in the Seaward Islands, did, upon some extraordinary occasion, actually get tipsy, and quarrel:—

'My beloved wife was exceedingly distressed at this affair. She felt that the Queen's honour was sullied by the conduct of her countrymen; and she feared that they might hereafter prove a source of disquietude to the settlement, and of repeated vexations to me. I said everything in my power to assure her that I considered the act as the result of barbarous ignorance, and not of a rebellious or vicious spirit; and that I already forgave it, although an appearance of displeasure would be required, and measures must be taken to prevent the recurrence of such an offence again.—"You are always kind and good," returned my dear Eliza, "and I believe all you say; but still such an act leaves a stain behind it that can never be completely removed; and I should be doubly grieved, if anything so disgraceful to her people were ever to come to the ears of the Queen. I think," continued she, "in looking into my own mind, it is for her Majesty, rather than for those ignorant boors, that I feel so sharply."

Sovereigns would, indeed, be in a pitiable condition, if their honour were stained and their hearts afflicted by every act of intemperance in their subjects. We must suppose, too, that a German princess would be too well accustomed to such excesses in her countrymen, to be very greatly shocked at the occurrence of an occasional quarrel. We might as well imagine our present King tearing his hair, because two English sailors had had a boxing-match on the coast of Caramania. And another curious instance of simplicity, is the easy familiarity with which our pious friends keep their religiou sengagements;—quite in mercantile fashion. They lay it down as a principle that a seventh part of their time is due to Heaven, and this time is to be paid in prayer, and abstinence from every kind of work. The six days passed in a constant succession of good and kind actions, in zealous endeavours to promote the happiness of those dependent upon them, are considered less acceptable to God than the one day spent in alternate prayer and idleness. If by any chance the debt of time is not duly paid on the sabbath, account must be kept of the deficiency until some other day has been substituted:

'In consultation with Mr Rowley (the clergyman) I determined to borrow the Lord's day, and work, as our need was pressing; and dedicate an early day, in lieu, to fasting and prayer, which we might hope in mercy would be accepted.'

We can imagine young readers perusing these volumes with great delight,—and certainly not without benefit. Humanity, generosity, truth, and a straightforward line of conduct under all circumstances, are inculcated in every page. The affectionate and entire confidence of the husband and wife, and their mutual reliance upon each other on all occasions, are beautifully pourtrayed; the characters are natural, and sufficiently interesting to carry us with them to the end, though we sometimes complain of their tediousness by the way. We get somewhat fatigued with continual planting, and building, and fishing, and following each individual in his or her frequent removal from one residence to another; and occasionally we turn over the pages to see how far we have yet to go;—but we do go to the end, page after page,—as we might eat unripe mulberries;—they are a little hard, and rather harsh, but upon the whole, we rather like them than not, especially as we now and then meet with a sweet one,

* *Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck and Consequent Discovery of Certain Islands in the Carribean Sea: with a Detail of Many Extraordinary and Highly Interesting Events in his Life, from the Year* 1733 *to* 1749, *as Written in his own Diary.* Edited by Miss Jane Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. Longman.

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INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF POLAND.*

[Continued from Yesterday.]

THE reign of Sobieski was disgraced by the trial and execution of Lysinski, a Lithuanian nobleman, for atheism. The King did not cause the trial, but he did not interfere to prevent it:—

'Lysinski,' says Mr Fletcher, 'was in fact a religious and benevolent man, but sufficiently intelligent to ridicule some of the current superstitions. He was unfortunately rich, and that was the principal witness against him. The ground of accusation was a note made on a book which had been written by a stupid German, to prove the existence of a Deity. The reasoning was inconclusive; which Lysinski observing, wrote on the margin, *Ergo non est Deus.* He was tried by some bigotted Catholic Bishops, and found guilty, "not only of having denied the existence of a God, but the doctrine of the Trinity, and the divine maternity of the Virgin Mary."

'Zaluski was one of those villains who were concerned in the torment, an office which even the most degraded systems of theology have allotted to *devils.* We will let him condemn himself out of his own mouth. "The convict was led to the scaffold," he says, "where the executioner first, with a red hot iron, tore his tongue and his mouth, *with which he had been cruel towards God;* then they burnt his hands, instruments of the abominable production, at a slow fire. The sacrilegious paper was thrown into the flames—himself last: that monster of his age, that deicide, was cast into the flames of expiation, if such a crime could be atoned."—P. 141.

The author has a just perception of the character of the famous Charles XII of Sweden, one of those common-place men, who by dint of a little excess of physical energy, have been allowed to obtain reputation by dint of war and bloodshed. Charles, at one time, dictated a king to Poland. He had an interview with the ex-King, Augustus of Saxony:—

The Swede was arrayed as usual, 'in his military uniform, a coarse, blue coat with gilt buttons and jack-boots. The conversation, as may be imagined, was not very lively; they were not so friendly disposed to each other, as to chat without reserve. Besides, Charles was no talker, and most likely his taciturnity was a cover for his want of information. The only subject he started for the amusement of Augustus was his jack-boots. These, he gravely assured him, had never been off his legs for six years, except when he lay down. That men who can find nothing to talk about but jack-boots should rule the destinies of millions!'—P. 161.

The death of Charles XII restored Augustus to the throne, and exiled Stanislaus, who on his part was restored on the death of Augustus, but again driven out by the ascendancy of the Russians, and finally settled in France, where he became beloved for his good sense and benevolence. His daughter had married Louis XV The celebrated Chevalier de Boufflers, the French wit, who received his Christian name from him, was of his little court.

'The goodness of this prince's heart was exhibited,' says Mr Fletcher, 'in numberless instances; but none is more striking than his treatment of the children of the very Augustus who had deprived him of his throne, and driven him from his country. When Frederic the Great overran Saxony, in 1756, the elector, calculating on the generosity of Stanislaus, absolutely confided his children to his protection. "Heaven," said the warm-hearted and forgiving philosopher, "no doubt drove me from my country that I might be able to afford you an asylum in misfortune; it is sweet to me to be able to revenge myself by kindness to you. You shall not be mere visitors in my court, and until the day when you embrace your father, I, my friends, I will supply his place." This excellent man lived to the age of eighty-nine; but the extreme part of this long life was embittered by the death of his grandson, the dauphin, a promising youth, with whose education immense labour and care had been taken, and who profited from his advantages. About six weeks after this sad event, the venerable old king accidentally set fire to his clothes, and was so seriously burnt before assistance could be afforded to him, that he soon after died, on Feb. 23, 1766.'—P. 179.

Augustus III, the successor of Augustus of Saxony, was a dull prince, who, agreeably to the singularity of the Polish annals, continued to be a strange one nevertheless; and he had a dull proud minister, who was as odd:—

'Augustus devoted himself solely to the amusements of society and hunting; he imitated his father's luxurious magnificence, but it was more from habit than taste: he ruined himself by extravagance, without having any inclination for it, and in collecting pictures, without having any taste for them. He was a moral, "good sort of man;" and though strikingly handsome, continued inviolably faithful to his wife, the ugliest princess of the age. A habit of familiarity, rendered Count Bruhl his favourite and prime-minister. This servile minister made it his whole business to please the King, and enter into his amusements. But to others he was the proudest of men, and though his master was simple and unostentatious, he affected the very extreme of magnificence and pomp. In the midst of all the proud feelings of his heart, there lurked a servile superstition, which made him one of the most abject of creatures. This he studiously kept a secret, however, till one day two visitors, entering his private apartment hastily, saw with surprise the proud and pompous minister on his knees, with his face to the ground before an illuminated table. Bruhl rising hastily from his kneeling position, as if ashamed of being detected, said to them, "After having served my temporal master all day, I must give some few moments to eternity."—P. 181.

What a religion! To be proud, servile, and worldly all day, and then to endeavour to *cant* the Divine Being a few minutes before going to bed! The religion of bad men is always a bad religion. As they think others no better than themselves, they naturally think not much better of the creator of others; and as they like to be cringed to, they pay God the compliment of thinking he is of their taste, and that he would *spite* them if they did not *attend his levee!*

The bad government of Bruhl, and the factious intrigues of the Polish nobility, conspired, with the quarrels of the neighbouring powers, to put an end to the reign of the Saxon family; and the upshot was, that as Russia had now become the dictatress of this divided country, Catherine put one of her lovers upon the throne. This was Count Poniatowski, a handsome young dandy libertine, not unamiable nor without a tincture of letters, but not very wise Mr Fletcher treats the character of Poniatowski with great contempt. We know not his authority for all that he has said of him, but as he is no ungenerous historian, the effect is greatly to Poniatowski's disadvantage; and this puppet of royalty will probably cut a much worse figure hereafter in the memory of English readers, than he has done hitherto.

'Poniatowski,' says our author, 'was one of those men who *could* be almost anything and are absolutely nothing; he was one of those characters which nature draws out in a neutral tint of light and shade, ready to take any colour, but which she sends into the world without any. He had pride, but it was not pride of intellect, rank, or spirit; ambition, but it was a mere craving after he knew not what, which was as much satiated by fulsome approval of a doggrel sonnet as the proudest success of important schemes; a kind of philanthropy, but it was a mere love of his species, and did not assume either of those definite characters, patriotism, friendship, or charity; warmth of heart, which as it was not associated with the feelings and affections of any particular object, had no gratification but sensual passion.

'Such was the state of Poniatowski's mind and character when Sir Charles Williams, the English ambassador, arrived at Warsaw. Some similarity of feeling and disposition led to an acquaintance between these two young men, which grew into firm friendship, and, as may be supposed, did not much tend to renovate the youthful and pliant Pole's principles. Under the care of this dissolute friend, Poniatowski took a butterfly tour through foreign countries, sipping, as he skimmed along, only the froth of society. He made a short sojourn at Paris, that city of gaiety, so congenial to his habits, while Williams proceeded to discharge his diplomatic duties in England. The young Pole was quite intoxicated with the pleasures of the French capital; gamed, intrigued, made love, and swore eternal affection to every woman he met. So unguarded was he, and so favourably were his addresses received, that thirty ladies are said to have encountered each other one day in his country house, to lay claim to their gay deceiver. His finances could not bear the extravagant drafts which his pleasures and gaming drew upon them, so that he was involved in debt, and the harpies of the law laid their unhallowed hands on the embryo king. From this dilemma he was delivered by one of his female friends, and then made the best of his way to Engiand to join Williams. The only fruits of his visit to Paris were an experience in the wiles of captivating the female heart, and an affectation of kingly deportment which he studied in Louis XV. The former of these acquirements, as will be seen, gained him the throne, and the latter taught him how to fill it.

'Williams was now appointed ambassador to Petersburgh, and the Czartoriski gladly seized his offer to take Poniatowski to Russia as his secretary. The wily diplomatist threw his young friend in the way of Catherine, who was then only grand duchess, and whose heart was opened to any attachment, by the contempt she had for her husband, Peter. Williams contrived to let them have a private interview in the English Consul's house, where Catherine went on foot, and alone, in a Russian winter's night. Poniatowski was young, handsome, and fascinating, well experienced in the arts of winning womans' affections, and bold enough to seize the decisive moment of victory. What a different language did love now speak to that which Catherine had been accustomed to hear! Instead of the course jests of a Russian boor, she now listened to the witty and voluptuous seductions of French elegance; and if the former could find the way to her heart, what resistance was to be now expected? The Pole's blandishments this night falsified the dogma that love "has no great influence on the sum of life," for while they won a woman's affections they gained a crown which contained within its circumference, the destinies of millions, and the Sway of Poland.'—P. 190.

* *The History of Poland, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By James Fletcher, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge. With a Narrative of the Recent Events, obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman,* 8vo. pp. 428. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

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Poniatowski, however, did not obtain the crown without an anxious interval of hope and fear, during which he was recalled to Poland, and, according to Mr Fletcher, was in the habit of *weeping*:—

'The Poles in general, or at least all those who did not expect any advantage from the enslavement of their country, would not allow themselves to imagine that Poniatowski, one of Catherine's kept men, could ever wear the Polish crown, and wished their hero Branicki to accept it, in full confidence that he would restore its tarnished lustre. But although age had not chilled Branicki's patriotism, it had curbed his spirit of enterprise, and he felt that even if he were elected he should be king only of half his people.

'Count Oginski, who had married Michael Czartoriski's daughter, was another and powerful rival to Poniatowski. He went to Petersburgh in the hope of subverting his relative's interest with Catherine, and even Orloff exclaimed in full court, when he saw him, "This is the man who ought to be king, and not a poor player like Poniatowski." But the Empress was resolute, and when she was told one day that her lover's grandfather had been a dependant of the Sapiehas, she coloured at the word, but exclaimed imperiously, "Had he been so himself, I wish him to be king, and he shall be!" —P. 205.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— On balancing the accounts of the late season at Drury Lane Theatre, the Management finds itself loser to the amount of nearly 4,000*l.*

MINOR THEATRES.—We intend shortly to visit the Cobourg, the Garrick, the Pavilion, and the rest of the theatres which have lately started up, and are exerting themselves so laudably to diffuse cheerfulness and rational amusement throughout the metropolis. At the Garrick Theatre in Goodman's Fields, the bills announce, as engaged, Mr Hunt, late of Covent Garden, and Mr Latham and Miss Phillips, of Drury Lane Theatres.

— He that tempts me to drink beyond my measure, civilly invites me to a fever.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

PICKING THE PARLIAMENT'S POCKETS, OR THE TABLES TURNED.—The newspapers inform us, than no less than seventeen pickpockets, busily engaged in their vocation, were apprehended near the Houses of Parliament, on the occasion of his Majesty's visit there on Tuesday.

A CLEVER MAN.—In the list of insolvents whose petitions are advertised to be heard at York, on Tuesday next, we find the name of 'Michael Bell,' who is described as late of Stone-gate, in the parish of St Michael-le-Belfrey, in the city of York, *milliner, dress-maker,* and *journeyman joiner!*—*Leeds Intelligencer.*

A HINT TO FATHERS.—George Brown, of Colstoun, fl. cir. 1611, and m. Jean Haye, daughter of Lord Yester, ancestor of the Marquis of Tweedale. The dowry of this lady consisted of the famous 'Colstoun pear,' which Hugh de Gifford, of Yester, who died in 1267, her remote ancestor, famous for his necromantic powers, was supposed to have invested with the extraordinary virtue of securing for the family who might possess it, unfailing prosperity. This Palladium is preserved at Colstoun, with the care due to so singular an heir loom, which, regardless of the superstition, must be esteemed a very wonderful vegetable curiosity, having existed more than five centuries.—*Burke's Dictionary of the Peerage.*

DIGNITY *v.* PROPRIETY.—Boileau recommends poets to have recourse to severe critics rather than to indulgent friends to enlighten them upon the faults of their works. The recommendation is excellent; but it should be recollected, that though there are many good critics, there are still more who are ridiculous and trifling.—A young man went to consult Danchet upon a poem which commenced thus:—

Maison qui renferme mon aimable maîtresse.
(House which encloses my amiable mistress).

At these words Danchet interrupted the reader to tell him that the word house is not sufficiently dignified for poetry.—'But, Sir'——'No, that renders your verse too mean; rather put *palace.*'—'Allow me to'——'It is of no use! I tell you to put *palace.*'—'But really, Sir'——'Well, there it is, people come for advice, and when they get it they will not follow it.'—'Alas, Sir,' exclaimed the young man, impatiently, 'I cannot put *palace,* since my mistress is in the hospital.'

HUMMING.—'*Music Mad.*—London is swarming with Musicians, till it is humming all over like a bee-hive. Ries has come, in order to conduct a new oratorio of his at Dublin; Hummel is going to try his luck at Manchester; what the celebrated Field, from Petersburg, is come for, we have not yet been able to learn; and there are fifty more, at least, all ready to rival Paganini, and delight John Bull.'—*Literary Gazette.*—[There is something of a *hum* in the above paragraph. We are mightily at a loss to know how Ries, by conducting a new oratorio of his at Dublin, or how Hummel, going to try his luck at Manchester, can fill London with humming. If the paragraph were not from the *Literary Gazette,* we should look upon it as a bit of a bull.]—*Atlas.*—And why not from them?

SINGULAR WILL AND FUNERAL.—Among curious wills, that of Louis Cartusius, a Judge of Padua, deserves to be mentioned. Here are some of the principal articles:—1st. I forbid my house being hung with black after my death; and I desire that all those who attend my funeral may be dressed in green.—2d. I require that there be collected all the violins, all the flutes, and all the drums in the city, in order that they may accompany me to my last home.—3d. I name for my heir the person who shall laugh most at my interment.—Never did funeral present a more singular appearance. There were all the relations of the deceased striving to laugh, with as much sincerity as, under the usual circumstances, they would have endeavoured to cry.—The will was disputed by a near relative, as the production of a madman: but the lawyer who was retained to defend it, maintained that a judge could never be charged with madness, and upon this conclusive reasoning the will was pronounced valid.

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Rrmeo and Juliet—Miller and His Men.
HAYMARKET.—The Beggar's Opera—The Clandestine Marriage—Love, Law, and Physic.
FRENCH PLAYS.—Le Ci-Devant Jeune Homme—Les Suites D'Un Mariage de Raison—Werther—Les Anglaises pour Rire.

HAYMARKET.

THE sterling wit, and delightful airs of *The Beggar's Opera,* are in themselves a sufficient inducement to allure a play-goer to the theatre; but when to these are added the probability of hearing a successful *debutante* in *Polly,* the temptation is too strong to be resisted. Miss WELLS, whose first appearance in *Susanna,* in the *Marriage of Figaro,* we noticed last week, appeared in this favourite character last night, and with the success that might have been anticipated from her previous performances. The character of *Susanna* gave occasion chiefly for the display of her talents in songs of a lively character; in *Polly* she had opportunities of shewing how beautifully she could accommodate her style to the soothing and tender. We may mention particularly the beautiful air commencing 'Can love be controlled by advice,' and the still more affecting lines, 'Oh ponder well;' and again, in the air, 'How now, saucy jade,' her transition to gentle remonstrance, when, appealing to *Macheath,* she says, 'how can *you* see me made the scoff, &c.' was a fine exemplification of the effect which can be added to a sweet melody by correct feeling in the performer. 'But he so teaz'd me,' we thought was given too briefly, and with less than her usual care; but the following air, 'I'm like a ship,' lighted up her face with the joyousness which so well becomes it, and her voice poured forth its richest tones in accordance with it. She was warmly encored. From the compass of her voice, there is no doubt that she could, if she pleased, astonish by lengthened flourishes and accumulated ornaments, but she shews her good taste in leaving the effect of simple airs undiminished by such injudicious, but, to some, enticing vagaries. In her countenance, particularly when uplifted, there is a very pleasant resemblance to Miss STEPHENS, which would be without alloy if it did not remind us that that charming vocalist has forsaken us. Of Mr B. TAYLOR'S *Macheath* we cannot say much. He appears to us to have more taste and judgment than natural powers to give those excellent qualities their due effect. His voice is not without sweetness at times, but there is generally an approach to huskiness about it which deprives it of efficient expression. His acting wants vigour; there is nothing of the mixture of 'port wine and brandy,' which, according to the late Mr Hazlitt, ought to make up the character of the bold captain. Mrs HUMBY makes as good a *Lucy* as the stage could furnish just now; her abrupt angular style of acting falls in well with such parts as this, in which the demands on sensibility are not of a nature or degree to find so smart an actress at fault. Mr WEBSTER played *Filch,* which we were surprised at, considering that HARLEY belongs to the company.

[Omitted yesterday.]

HOLCROFT'S comedy of *The Road to Ruin* was performed here on Saturday to a full house. There was nothing novel in the cast of the characters, with the exception of Miss SIDNEY in the part of *Sophia,* on which we have little to say. She is a lively girl, and plays accordingly with a good deal of spirit; but there is withal too much that is obviously artificial. *Sophia* is a kind-hearted, unsophisticated creature, moved by impulse more than by reflection, and every indication of art is out of keeping with her character. We wish, for the credit of her taste and judgment, to say nothing of the injury she will do her health, that Miss SIDNEY would not lace so tightly. FARREN'S *Old Dornton* is a clever performance; not equal, we think, to several of his that we could mention, nor in some points to that of some of his predecessors in the same character; but on the whole a correct, and not a coldly correct, representation of the good banker, who is always struggling between his irritability and his natural affections. GATTIE'S *Sulky* is a judicious fulfilment of the author's intentions, but the latter has made the character

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unnecessarily abrupt and repulsive. WEBSTER, in *Silky*, looked the old usurer to perfection; nobody could expect to borrow of him, under 50 per cent. We saw this actor last week play the boyish character of *Zekiel Homespun*, in the *Heir at Law*, in a very natural and effective manner, and were struck last night with his facility in adapting himself to the decrepitude of old age. We do not like the character of *Goldfinch* in this play; it is a specimen, fresh from the turf perhaps, of vulgarity and bad habits, with no other relief than a witless vivacity, further marred by the continual iteration of a stupid cant phrase. HARLEY did not reconcile us to it by his manner of performing it, though we cannot charge it with any striking faults. He was most effective in the imitation parts, which he made very like reality. Mrs GLOVER played the *Widow Warren* with a happy mixture of heartlessness and vivacity. The manner in which she recovered from the distress in which she appeared to be plunged at the loss of *Harry Dornton*, by the arrival of *Goldfinch* still at her service as a husband, was a piece of genuine comedy. VINING entered into the part of *Harry Dornton* with great spirit, and evinced, in the more pathetic parts, the feelings becoming an erring but repentant son.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

About the sweet bag of the bee
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vow'd to ask the Gods:
Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,
And, taking from them each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.
Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kiss'd and wip'd their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them. *Herrick.*

THIS EVENING.

KING'S THEATRE.

An Opera Buffa, compressed into One Act, intitled

L'ITALIANA IN ALGIERI.

[By ROSSINI.]

Elvira, wife of Mustapha	Madame Castelli.
Zulma, confidant of Elvira	Madame Felissi.
Isabella, an Italian lady	Madame Raimbaux.
Mustapha, Bey of Algiers	Signor Santini.
Haly, Captain of the Algerine Corsaires	Signor Deville.
Lindoro, a young Italian favourite of Mustapha	Signor Rubini.
Thaddeus, companion of Isabella	Signor Lablache.

After which, an Opera Buffa, compressed into One Act, intitled

LA PROVA D'UN OPERA SERIA.

[By GNECCO.]

Corilla Tortorini, Prima Donna for the Opera Seria	Madame Pasta.
Violante Pescarelli, Seconda Donna	Madame Castelli.
Frederico Mordente, Prima Tenore	Signor Curioni.
Companone, Maestro and Composer of the Music of the Piece	Signor Lablache.
Don Grilletto Pasticci, Poet, and Author of the Drama	Signor Santini.
Fastidia Trivella, Impressaria (Manager)	Signor Deville.
Fischetto, Prompter, Copyist, and Director of the Chorus (Opera Seria)	Signor De Angeli.

After which, the New Grand Ballet, founded on Sir WALTER SCOTT'S Novel of

KENILWORTH.

[By M. DESHAYES.]

The Music by Signor Costa.

The Principal Characters by Mlle. Brocard, Mlle. Proche, Mlle. Kaniel, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Zoe Beaupré.
M. Lefebvre, M. Emile. M. Simon, M. Antoni, and M. Vernfra.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

SHAKSPEARE'S Comedy of

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Hymen, Mrs T. Hill. Rosalind, Miss Taylor.
Celia, Mrs Ashton. Phœbe, Miss J. Scott. Audrey, Mrs Humby.
The Duke, Mr H. Wallack. Duke Frederic, Mr Coveney.
Amiens, Mr Bianchi Taylor. Jaques, Mr Cooper. Le Beau, Mr Bartlett.
Oliver, Mr Brindal. Orlando, Mr Vining.
Adam, Mr Mulleney. Touchstone, Mr Harley. Corin, Mr Gattie.
Jacques de Bois, Mr W. Johnson. Sylvius, Mr Newcombe.
William, Mr J. Cooper. Louis, Mr Coates. Charles, Mr V. Webster.
Eustace, Mr Lodge. Foresters, Messrs Huckel, Field, Moore, and Bishop.

After which, a Comedy in Two Acts, called

A FRIEND AT COURT.

Principal Characters—Miss Taylor, Mrs Faucit,
Mr W. Farren, Mr Cooper, Mr Vining, and Mr Brindal.

To conclude with the Farce of

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

[By Mrs INCHBALD.]

Constance, Mrs T. Hill. Lisette, Mrs Humby.
Doctor, Mr W. Farren. The Marquis, Mr Vining. Jeffery, Mr J. Cooper.
La Fleur, Mr Harley. Picard, Mr Coveney. François, Mr Coates.

To-morrow, The Rivals; Rosina; and other Entertainments.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.

NEW COMIC ANNUAL,

In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.

PART I.—In which Mr Mathews will introduce the following Songs:—'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'

PART II.—'The Omnibus,' Scena, Tim Wasp. And 'Harlowe Bush Fair.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called

YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.

In which Mr YATES will sustain Nine Characters.

SURREY THEATRE.

The Drama, in Five Acts, intitled

VIRGINIUS.

[By Mr KNOWLES.]

Virginia, Miss Vincent. Servia, Miss Scott.
Appius Claudius, Mr D. Pitt. Caius Claudius, Mr Honner. Marcus, Mr Almar.
Virginius, Mr Osbaldiston. Dentatus, Mr J. Dawson.
Icilius, Mr C. Hill. Numitorius, Mr Gough. Lucius, Mr Lee. Titus, Mr Webb.
Servius, Mr Rogers. Cneius, Mr Maitland. Publius, Mr Asbury.
The Minuet de la Cour and Gavot de Vestris, by Mlle. Rosier and Miss L. Slade.

After which the Interlude of

"SWING."

[By Mr BARNETT.]

Lucy, Miss Vincent. Landlady, Miss Rumens.
Daniel Roper, Mr Vale. Timothy Sidewing, Mr C. Hill. Jokely, Mr Honner.
Justice, Mr Gough. Jorum, Mr Webb. Frank, Mr Rogers.
Constable, Mr Asbury. Prompter, Mr Emden.

To which will be added, the Melo-Drama of

THE BRIGAND.

[By Mr PLANCHE.]

Rosara, Miss Vincent. Viletta, Madame Simon.
Bianchi Gavotti, Mr D. Pitt. Count Crimani, Mr Lee.
Firmin, Mr Maitland. Albert, Mr Honner.
Renardo, Mr Webb. Fabian, Mr Rogers.
Fernando Spogliati, Mr Osbaldiston.
Carlotti, Mr Almar. Bulbi, Mr Young. Matakti, Mr Asbury. Alberdi, Mr Tully
Spoletti, Mr Collier. Falari, Mr Hobbs. Yaldi, Mr Boulanger.

The whole to conclude with the laughable Burletta, entitled

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

Little Pickle, with the Original Songs and a Sailor's Hornpipe, Miss Laura Slade.
Miss Pickle, Mme Simon. Maria, Miss Nicol,
Margery, Mrs Rogers. Susan, Miss Rumens.
Old Pickle, Mr D. Pitt. John, Mr Rogers. Thomas, Mr Tully. Tag, Mr Vale.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.
Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Hammerton.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Azim, Mr G. Lejeune. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

After which, the Farcical Interlude called

FREAKS AND FOLLIES.

Ellen, Miss Andrews.
Sir William Franklin, Mr Munroe. Ned Franklin, Mr Forester.
Doctor Growl, Mr Porteus. Captain Rowland, Mr Spencer.
Chouse, Mr G. Smith. Tom Trippit, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with the Burletta of

MIDAS.

[By KANE O'HARA.]

Immortals—Juno, Miss Wells. Venus, Miss Forster.
Minerva, Miss Berresford. Hebe, Miss Haton. Cupid, Mlle. Josephine.
The Graces, Miss Ward, Miss Gilbert, and Miss Bennett.
Jupiter, Mr Spencer. Mercury, Mr Davies. Bacchus, Mr Young.
Pan, Mr G. Smith. Mars, Mr Willing.
Apollo, Mrs Waylett, who will sing the following favourite Songs:—'Be by your friends advised,' 'Pray Goody,' 'Come where the aspens quiver,' 'Lovely Nymph,' and 'Kate Kearney.'
Mortals—Mysis, Mrs Garrick. Nysa, Miss Weston. Daphne, Miss Dix.
Justice Midas, Mr Marshall. Demætus, Mr G. Lejeune.
Sileno, Mr Bennett.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Battle of Waterloo.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET. — Indian Hunter — Hare-bell — Black Sicilian Pony—Tight Rope—Lilliputian Bacchus—Leaping—Animated Architecture—Inebriated Soldier—Amazon's Victory—Feats of Riding—Reaper—Brentford Election.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE. — Lear of Private Life—The Youthful Days of William IVth—Richard Turpin.

GARRICK THEATRE.—The Barber of Seville—Matrimony—No Song No Supper.

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N° 256.] [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1831.

INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF POLAND.*

[Concluded.]

In consequence of the struggle of foreign interests in Poland, and the selfish factions of the aristocracy, Catherine was enabled to force her lover on the throne by dint of her soldiers' bayonets; yet she had no sooner done it, than she seemed to care nothing about him:—

'Her jealousy had been roused by rumours of his gallantries, and her good sense most probably saw through the shewy disguise of his imbecility, and began to be ashamed of her former admiration. With so little satisfaction did she receive the news of his election from Count Oginski; that she said coolly, "I congratulate you on it," and withdrew. . . . .—The Coronation took place on the 25th of November, and, as if to observe a consistent opposition to the laws, it was performed at Warsaw instead of Cracow. Stanislaus, ashamed of the Polish costume, which he would in fact have only disgraced, refused to sacrifice his long black curls to appear with his head cropped, as was customary, dressed himself in a theatrical style, with a helmet, and presented himself in this garb to receive the sacred unction, amidst the sneers of his subjects.'—P. 211.

The spirit of caricature that marks the passage in Italics in the following extract, makes us receive Mr Fletcher's contemptuous phraseology with caution. It is a good passage for a squib, but hardly fit for a history:—

'Stanislaus (Poniatowski) bore his honours as might be expected; frivolity, shew, and extravagance now exhibited themselves under royal protection. He pretended to turn his attention to military matters, and raised several regiments; but he ordered the cadets to wear such immense helmets, and such high plumes, that a gust of wind blew down his young army. The Count, however, sometimes made his camelion character assume the shew of a stern moralist, on shewy follies and extravagance, and on this account we can readily believe an anecdote told by Solignec. He one day went to pay the voyvode of Kiow a visit, and saw among the company a nobleman very conspicuous by the costliness and sumptuousness of his dress. The king had the impertinence to ask him why he was decked out so finely, and was answered that it was a token of respect to his Majesty. "*You are mistaken.*" said Stanislaus, with disgusting affectation, "*a Pole ought to be distinguished only by courage and talent.*"—P. 213.

Our lady's-man was for affecting sovereign independence; and with the view of marrying an archduchess, proposed to Catherine to enter into alliance with Austria, the mortal enemy of Frederick of Prussia. Frederick discovered the plot, and exclaimed with contemptuous anger, '*I'll break his head* with his crown.'

The Infamous Partition of Poland (for it ought never to be mentioned without that epithet) took place in the reign of Poniatowski. Feeble, voluptuous, hampered with Russian influence, not wishing ill, but too fond of his ease to wish the best, he was just the fit prince to behold it. The causes and motives of this imprudent measure are strongly disputed to this day. Surely the popular instinct understands it well, and nobody would have doubted them an instant, but the half-foolish and half-witted refinements of those who are gifted with the title of politicians. Poland was divided in itself: Russia had got a great hold on it: Austria was jealous of Russia, and as ambitious; Prussia was in the like predicament towards the others; the management of Poland was troublesome to them; and accordingly they agreed to gratify their jealousy, their ambition, and their convenience, by dividing among them the object of their disputes. The pretences of right, of reprisal, &c. do notdeserve a notice. There were three different partitions, or growths of partition, all infamous. The first left the king with a domain to rule over, the second left him less, the third nothing. In the course of their robberies, the Allied Powers had become exasperated by the rise of the French Revolution, and by the appearance of a host of real patriots in Poland, headed by the immortal Kosciusko; and at the same time the other Princes of Europe had begun to hate the name of public virtue, and to feel solely for themselves. England to her shame, had not interposed, because she was carrying on an unjust and tyrannical war against her American Colonies; a mistake, during which she was little inclined to hear of patriotism and peoples' rights. The success of kings then, was their misery afterwards: and the success of the 'Holy Alliance' is found not to have guaranteed their good fortune since, for patriotism is now stronger than ever, and Poland is conquering.

* *The History of Poland, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By James Fletcher, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge. With a Narrative of the Recent Events, obtained from a Polish Patriot Nobleman.* 8vo. pp. 428. Cochrane and Pickersgill.

KOSCIUSKO.

Kosciusko became first known to history in the war that preceded the second partition. On one occasion, the division under his command withstood an enemy three times their number, and after much slaughter made an honourable retreat. From this day the Poles marked him out as a great leader; and when the intrigues of the Aristocracy, and the weakness of the King, left the only real affairs of the country in the hands of the patriots, he became their head, and was declared Generalissimo and Dictator.

'His power was absolute: he had the command of the armies, and the regulation of all affairs, political and civil. He was commissioned, however, to appoint a national council, the choice being left to his own will. He was also empowered to nominate a successor, but he was to be subordinate to the national council.

'Never before,' says Mr Fletcher, 'was confidence so fully and so scrupulously reposed by a nation in a single individual, and never were expectations better grounded than in the present instance. Thaddeus Kosciusko was born of a noble but not very illustrious Lithuanian family, and was early initiated in the science of war at the military school of Warsaw. In his youth his affections were firmly engaged to a young lady, the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania, but it was his fate to see his love crossed, and his inamorato married to another, Prince Lubornirski. He then went to France, and on his return applied to Stanislaus for a military appointment, but was refused because he was a favourite of Adam Czartoryski's, whom Stanislaus hated. Kosciusko sought to dispel his disappointment in the labours of war. The British colonies of America were then throwing off the yoke of their unnatural mother country—their cause was that of justice and liberty, and one dear to the heart of a young proud-spirited Pole. Our young hero served in the patriotic ranks of Gates and Washington, and was appointed aide-de-camp to the latter great general. When the glorious struggle in the new world was crowned with success, he returned to his own country, where he found an equally glorious field for his exertions.'—P. 327.

It is delightful to see Kosciusko issuing out of the same voluntary fires of experience and the love of liberty as Lafayette, and serving in the ranks of Washington! Good and great men help to make others. Washington, in the plains of America, was fighting the future battles of France and Poland: the old generals of the latter countries were his ensigns and his aides-de-camp.

It is not our intention to go through the particulars of Kosciusko's campaigns. We must refer for those to the book. Our object is to lay before our readers the *morale* of his history; and therefore it will be sufficient to say, that no man behaved better than he did, either as a general or a statesman. It was not only in one battle, that he fought against multitudes. It was his custom. The invaders were astonished at seeing a man with a comparative handful of followers, armed with the first things that came to hand, perpetually re-appearing in different quarters, sometimes retreating like a wounded lion, sometimes overthrowing them with a bloody slaughter, at all times apparently invincible, even when vanquished. And nothing could be more just than his civil government. He repressed abuses; he would have no injustice, even against the cruel enemy; he acted always upon the noblest and purest principles, the only real strength of a good cause: and he shewed in his own person and manners the modesty and tranquillity of it. Count Oginski, one of his fellow-patriots, in giving a narrative of his interview with him in his camp near Warsaw, where he was awaiting the Russians and Prussians, found him sleeping upon straw. He dined with almost equal simplicity:—

'We passed,' says the Count, 'from Kosciusko's tent to a table prepared under some trees. The frugal repast which we made

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here, among about a dozen guests, will never be effaced from my memory. The presence of this great man, who has excited the admiration of all Europe; who was the terror of his enemies and the idol of the nation; who, raised to the rank of generalissimo, had no ambition but to serve his country and fight for it; who always preserved an unassuming, affable, and mild demeanour; who never wore any distinguishing mark of the supreme authority with which he was invested; who was contented with a surtout of coarse grey cloth, and whose table was as plainly furnished as that of a subaltern officer; could not fail to awaken in me every sentiment of esteem, admiration and veneration, which I have sincerely felt for him at every period of my life.'—P. 335.

The enemy failed before Warsaw; and had the other nobles been as noble as this great man, and felt as truly in the cause of freedom, all might have gone well; but he was one of that advanced guard of martyrs, who of necessity make their appearance when their example is of more future than immediate value; and for a time, numbers and iniquity prevailed.

Suwarrow, the Empress of Russia's fanatical slaughter-man, had arrived in Poland at the head of an immense multitude, to overpower the little bands of patriots. He had laid open the road to Warsaw by a defeat of one of them; and Poland hastened to fight another Russian general, before Suwarrow and he should effect a junction.

'The 10th of October (1794) was the decisive day; Kosciusko attacked Fersen, near Macieiowice. The battle was bloody and fatal to the patriots; victory was wavering, and Poninski, who was expected every minute with a reinforcement, not arriving, Kosciusko, at the head of his principal officers, made a grand charge into the midst of the enemy. He fell covered with wounds, and all his companions were killed or taken prisoners. His inseparable friend, the amiable poet, Niemcewicz, was among the latter number. The great man lay senseless among the dead; but at length he was recognized, notwithstanding the plainness of his uniform, and was found still breathing. His name even now commanded respect from the Cossacks, some of whom had been going to plunder him, they immediately formed a litter with their lances to carry him to their general, who ordered his wounds to be dressed, and treated him with the respect he merited. As soon as he was able to travel, he was conveyed to Petersburgh, where Catherine condemned this noble patriot to end his days in prison. Clemency, indeed, was not to be expected from a woman who had murdered her husband.

'Such was the termination of Kosciusko's glorious career. The news of his captivity spread like lightning to Warsaw, and every one received it as the announcement of the country's fall. It may appear incredible," says Count Oginski, "but I can attest what I have seen, and what a number of witnesses can certify with me, that many women miscarried at the tidings; many invalids were seized with burning fevers; some fell into fits of madness which never afterwards left them; and men and women were seen in the streets ringing their hands, beating their heads against the walls, and exclaiming in tones of despair, "Kosciusko is no more; the country is lost!" '— P. 340.

The poet may well have exclaimed, in his fine line, that

'Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell.'

Suwarrow, having effected his junction with Fersen, proceeded to Warsaw, which, after dreadful work in the suburb of Praga, capitulated. The garrison in Praga was composed of the flower of the Polish army, now of no avail, since Kosciusko was gone.

'Eight thousand Poles perished sword in hand, and the Russians having set fire to the bridge, cut of the retreat of the inhabitants. Above 12,000 townspeople, old men, women, and children, were murdered in cold blood, and to fill the measure of the iniquity and barbarity, the Russians fired the place in four different parts, and in a few hours the whole of Praga, inhabitants as well as houses, was a heap of ashes.

'The council finding that Warsaw could not be defended any longer, capitulated on the 6th of November; many of the soldiers were obliged to lay down their arms, and the Russian troops entered the city. The authors of the revolution, the generals and soldiers who refused to disarm, had quitted Warsaw, but being pursued by Fersen, many were killed or dispersed, and the rest surrendered on the 18th.

'All the patriots of consequence, who fell into the hands of the Russians, were immured in the prisons of Petersburgh, or sent to Siberia. Ignatius Potocki, Mostowski, Kapustas, and Kalinski, were among the captives. Their treatment, however, was not so cruel as it has been frequently represented; Kosciusko's prison, for instance, was a comfortable suite of rooms, where he beguiled his time with reading and drawing; Potocki was equally well lodged, and amused himself with gazing at the passers by from his windows. This was not, indeed, an exact observance of the article of capitulation, "We promise a general amnesty for all that is passed," but it was the very acme of honour, compared with the general tenor of Russia's conduct towards Poland.'—P. 342.

The third infamous partition now took place. Kosciusko remained in prison till the death of Catherine, and then came to England on his way to America. The King accepted a Russian pension, and on the death of the same empress, went to Petersburg, 'where he ended,' says the historian, 'his unhappy and dishonourable life.'

While the immortal Pole was in durance, we learn from Peter Pindar's works, that he became acquainted with the writings of that facetious person, and expressed himself much pleased with them; which Peter, after his style of self-gratulation, justly makes a boast of. George III was no friend to the Poles, or to Washington; and Kosciusko perhaps was not disagreeably surprised to find at what a low pitch that monarch's understanding was rated by the satirist.

A passage was extracted the other day, in this paper, from the preface to Miss Porter's new edition of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' describing the appearance of Kosciusko, as seen by her brother then in England. Dr Warner, in his 'Literary Recollections,' not long since published, has given the following account of an interview with him at Bristol, which Mr Fletcher quotes in the work before us:—

'I never contemplated,' says the Doctor, 'a more interesting human figure than Kosciusko stretched upon his couch. His wounds were still unhealed, and he was unable to sit upright. He appeared to be a small man, spare and delicate. A black silk bandage, crossed his fair and high, but somewhat wrinkled, forehead. Beneath it, his dark eagle eye sent forth a stream of light, that indicated the steady flame of patriotism which still burned within his soul; unquenched by disaster and wounds, weakness, poverty, and exile. Contrasted with its brightness was the paleness of his countenence, and the wan cast of every feature. He spoke very tolerable English, though in a low and feeble tone; but his conversation, replete with fine sense, lively remark, and sagacious answers, evinced a noble understanding, and a cultivated mind. On rising to depart, I offered him my hand; he took it. My eyes filled with tears; and he gave it a warm grasp. I muttered something about "brighter prospects and happier days!" He faintly smiled and said, (they were his last words to me), "Ah, Sir, he who devotes himself for his country, must not look for his reward on this side the grave." '—P. 355.

The public have been made familiar with the appearance of Kosciusko on his couch, by several prints of him in that condition, one of those from a picture by the late Mr West. We have heard Mrs West describe with enthusiasm the effect which the sight of him had upon her, and the additional grace thrown upon it by the entrance of the late Duke of Bedford into the room, in all the bloom of his rank and good looks. This was Francis, Duke of Bedford, whose statue is in the square. He approached Kosciusko, she said, with all the deference of a courtier, and bending towards him as he reclined, took his hand and kissed it.

'And what did you think of his Grace, when he did that?' asked a gentleman.

'Think!' cried the enthusiastic old lady; 'I felt in love with him.'

But no anecdote of this great man is more touching than the one related by Miss Williams, in her account of the events that took place in France after Napoleon's downfall. From England Kosciusko went to America, and afterwards to France, whence he finally removed to Switzerland, where he died in 1817, 'fuller,' says Miss Porter, 'of glory than of years.' During the occupation of France by the allied troops, some Polish soldiers, in their search after forage, had come upon the grounds of a farm, the fences of which they were treating with little ceremony. The occupant of the farm came forward, and remonstrated. They laughed at him, and persisted; but finding themselves more sternly rebuked, and in their own language, they began to consider the man. Suddenly, astonishment seizes upon some of the older ones: they gaze, they colour, the tears came into their eyes; and the word 'Kosciusko' bursting from them, the next moment the soldiers are on the ground, prostrating themselves, and kissing the stranger's feet.

This is one of the most affecting anecdotes we ever met with.

Kosciusko's inaction, covered as he was with wounds, and conscious that his example could not die, became almost as glorious to him as the greatest days of his strength; nor did fortune refuse him the satisfaction of being able to continue the proofs of his patriotism in the most triumphant manner. He refused to fight either for Napoleon or the Allies: he would not lend Napoleon his name; he had wedded himself to the cause of truth and liberty, and he knew that it was the business of a genuine humanist to set mankind an example of perseverance. He would pave the way neither for Napoleon into Russia, nor for *Constantine into Poland*. He knew that real regeneration accompanied neither of them, and that a principle maintained in adversity was better in the long run than a cause made equivocal in success.

Events are bearing him out. Kosciusko may again be considered as fighting in Poland. If the Poles had the superstition of old Spain, they would see him leading them to battle, in his shroud.

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Mr Fletcher has carried his history up to the very latest period, and gives some extraordinary accounts of the brutality of Constantine, which we shall extract in another Number. He thinks that if the Poles succeed, they will confer the crown on Prince Czartorisky, a descendant of the ancient dynasty of the Jagellons, and, according to our author, a good man. We are glad of his goodness, and think it likely enough that the Poles will choose a king, because, in spite of all that the world has suffered from them, kings as well as nations are still to be considered when people choose a government, otherwise we should have had at least two republics close at hand to us by this time: but we confess that if it were not for William IV, we should have become sick of the very name of king, and ashamed of any set of men who could seriously think of setting one up, while they could have a cheaper, a more rational, and a more truth-telling government. ☞

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

— A concert will take place at the Palace this evening, for the purpose of introducing Signor Paganini to the King and Queen.

PAGANINI.—A series of concerts are to be given at Covent Garden Theatre, for the purpose of gratifying the numerous persons who have been hitherto disappointed of the opportunity to hear and see the wonder-working Paganini. For this purpose the theatre, it is stated, will be re opened, after it shall have closed for the regular season, on Thursday next.—*Atlas.*

COMPLIMENT TO A LADY.—In the beautiful tale of Aucassin et Nicolette, there is a passage strongly expressive of the contempt entertained by the knights and minstrels for the monks and clergy. The Viscount (Beaucaire, Nicolette's master) represents to Aucassin the great joys of heaven and pains of hell; to which Aucassin replies by ridiculing the idea of this paradise, which he considers to be the abode of none but filthy monks, priests, and hermits. He further declares his resolution of going to the devil, with whom, he says, "he is sure of finding good company—kings, valiant knights and faithful esquires, minstrels and jugglers, and above all, his Nicolette."—*Romantic Poetry of the Italians.*

REMARKABLE ANTICIPATION *in a work published in* 1795.—'The conviction is now becoming universal, that nothing but a Constitutional Reform, in which the rights of each class of citizens may be defined with precision, and protected by adequate regulations, against all arbitrary encroachments, can preserve every other country from similar scenes (those of the French Revolution). The magical illusions with which nations have hitherto been deceived, can be managed only in a mist. Reason has a length dispelled it. All the social institutions must be now submitted to her revisal. *The growth of a civilization more diffusive must be favoured.* The superfluous laws and superannuated establishments of the barbarous ages must be carefully removed. They cannot long be held up even by force. Violent means, besides their being no less odious than unjust, help indeed for the moment, but in reality accelerate the dreadful catastrophe they are intended to prevent. It is obvious, therefore, that nothing remains but the sooner the better to resolve upon doing what ought to have been done long age. A new constitution to be arbitrated between convened deputies of the people and the powers established, a constitution founded on universal justice and the nature of civil society, is the infallible, easy, and single remedy to remove all the curable evils of political community, to restore the greatest possible harmony between sovereign and subject, and to settle the welfare of states upon a solid and irreversable foundation.'—*Juno.* 'Thy proposal has much of my approbation. *I do not see why monarchs should hesitate to set about this important work with pleasure, and of their own accord.*'—Wieland's Dialogues of the Gods

PRAISE OF MIRTH.

'Tis Mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes;
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle.

NIGHT.

Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echoes; Satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance,
Only the curling stream soft chidings kept;
And little gales, that from the green leaf swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisperings stirr'd,
As loth to waken any singing bird. *Browne's Pastorals.*

Merciful God! how horrible is night
Upon the plains of Aztlan! there the shout
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms,
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,
In one wild uproar and continuous din,
Shake the still air; while overhead the moon,
Regardless of the stir of this low world,
Holds on her heavenly way. *Southey's Madoc.*

THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

KING'S THEATRE.—L'Italiana in Algieri—La Prova d'Un Opera Seria—Kenilworth.

HAYMARKET.—As You Like It—A Friend at Court—Animal Magnetism.

HAYMARKET.

A NEW Comedy in two acts, entitled *A Friend at Court*, was last night produced at this theatre. The scene is laid at Cassel, and the plot, as nearly as we can recollect it, is as follows:—Adolph Graffenthorpe, an officer in the German service, at his death left a daughter *Emma* (Miss TAYLOR) unprovided for, but recommended to the protection of his brother, the *Baron Von Ludwig* (Mr COOPER) at whose mansion she was accordingly received. He had another brother, *Conrad Graffenthorpe* (Mr FARREN) who, for marrying a tradesman's daughter, had been disinherited by their father, had engaged in trade, and by his industry had become very opulent. This brother's residence was Odessa; between him and the Baron there was a total cessation of intercourse, owing greatly to the arrogant spirit of the Baroness (Mrs FAUCIT), who abhorred everything (except conduct) that was not noble. At the commencement of the piece we find *Hebert* (Mr BRINDAL) the son of *Conrad Graffenthorpe*, in the house of the Baron; his father soon after arrives, and we learn that the youth had left his father's house clandestinely to pursue a love project, and that he is actually the Secretary of the Baron, and the admirer of *Emma*. *Conrad* determines not to make himself known to his brother, whom he had not seen for twenty years, but to represent himself as the father of *Hebert*, a merchant of Lubeck, named *Schrieber*. Under this character he watches the proceedings of the family. His rough manners offend them; the Baron, however, willingly entertains him, on learning that he is immensely rich; for his own extravagance, and the loss of court favour, have reduced him to the contrary condition. To relieve himself from his embarrassments, he is intriguing for a place at court, in which he is assisted by a court fly, *Count Florelli* (Mr VINING), who informs him, that for four thousand ducats the place he desires may be procured. This sum they propose to borrow of the new guest, and they get his promise. In the mean time *Conrad* sees his niece, and is delighted with her simplicity and warm-heartedness. He does not make himself known as her uncle, but he gathers from her that a great change has recently taken place in her treatment. At first she had been treated as a dependant; now she is flattered and studied, the place of maid of honour has been procured for her at the court of the Elector, and she is that very night to accompany the Baron and his lady to a court ball. *Conrad* is indignant at her former treatment, for he had himself remitted his brother forty thousand florins for her use; and with regard to the sudden change he takes means to discover the cause. It was this. Prince *Carl*, the son of the Elector, had, under a feigned name, been visiting the Baron; he had been struck with the beauty of *Emma*, and was desirous of getting her into his power, by attaching her to the court. *Florelli* had been his agent to effect this purpose, and the Baron and Baroness (ignorant of his real intention) had very readily acquiesced in opening the door to court favour. All this *Conrad* discovers by his own interest at court. He takes the opportunity of revealing the whole matter to *Emma*, just as she is full dressed and in extacy at the prospect of going to the ball. He asks her what she will do? She at once takes off her ornaments, and addresses a letter to the Electress, resigning her appointment. The Baron and Baroness enter, and are in amazement. *Conrad* is suspected to be an impostor, but all is uncertainty. He enters, and in his assumed character of *Schrieber*, pretends to have a letter from *Conrad*, requesting him to demand payment from the Baron of the 40,000 florins. The Baron is at first indignant, and pretends that the money is safe, and is reserved for *Emma* at her marriage. *Conrad* no longer conceals his knowledge of the Baron's ruined circumstances, tells him of the plot against *Emma*, and how he frustrated it; but that she was still to go to court and to give her

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hand to a man of wealth and family. The Baron is struck with dismay; and appears to feel the folly of his past conduct. *Conrad* then reveals himself, points to *Hebert*, the nephew, as *Emma's* bridegroom; becomes reconciled to his proud brother, whom he promises to assist far beyond his desires, and hands to the *Count Florelli* a letter from the Elector, banishing him from his dominions. This is the termination of the piece. The reader will have seen, that though called a comedy, the piece is of a serious nature. We have left ourselves little room for remark. There is some novelty in the plot, and the interest is well sustained, and increases as the piece proceeds. The dialogue, although occasionally a little inflated in language, is made the medium of many laudable sentiments; court dependency and practices are spoken of with due contempt, and the short-sighted policy of the worldling is made to appear more evident by contrast with the unostentatious conduct of the honest man. Of the acting we must confine ourselves to saying that it was generally excellent. FARREN's part was an arduous one, for its length, and in a masterly style did he perform it; and it is only the necessity of bringing this notice to a close, which prevents us from dilating on it, and on the acting of Miss TAYLOR and Messrs VINING and COOPER. The applause was unanimous and enthusiastic.

ROMANTIC STORY.—At Rome there was a brazen statue, extending the fore-finger of the right hand; and on its forehead was written *Strike here*. Being suspected to conceal a treasure, it had received many bruises from the credulous and ignorant, in their endeavours to open it. At length Gerbert unriddled the mystery. At noonday observing the reflection of the fore-finger on the ground, he marked the spot. At night he came to the place, with a page carrying a lamp. There, by a magical operation he opened a wide passage in the earth; through which they both descended and came to a vast palace. The walls, the beams, and the whole structure were of gold: they saw golden images of knights playing at chess, with a king and queen of gold at a banquet, with numerous attendants in gold, and cups of immense size and value. In a recess was a carbuncle, whose lustre illuminated the whole palace; opposite to which stood a figure with a bended bow. As they attempted to touch some of the rich furniture, all the golden images seemed to rush upon them. Gerbert was too wise to attempt this a second time: but the page was bold enough to snatch from the table a golden knife of exquisite workmanship. At that moment all the golden images rose up with a dreadful noise, the figure with the bow shot at the carbuncle; and a total darkness ensued. The page then replaced the knife; otherwise, they both would have suffered a cruel death.—*Translated by Warton, out of William of Malmsbury.*

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The Comedy of

THE RIVALS.

[By SHERIDAN.]

Mrs Malaprop, Mrs Glover. Julia, Miss Taylor. Lydia Languish, Mrs Humby.
Lucy, Mrs T. Hill. Maid, Mrs W. Johnson.
Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr W. Farren. Captain Absolute, Mr Vining.
Faulkland, Mr Cooper. Acres, Mr Harley.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mr H. Wallack. Fag, Mr Coveney.
David, Mr J. Cooper. Coachman, Mr W. Johnson.

After which, a Comedy in Two Acts, called

A FRIEND AT COURT.

Principal Characters—Miss Taylor, Mrs Faucit,
Mr W. Farren, Mr Cooper, Mr Vining, and Mr Brindal.

To conclude with the Musical Entertainment of

ROSINA.

[By Mrs BROOKE.]

Rosina, Miss Land. Phœbe, Mrs Humby. Dorcas, Mrs Tayleure.
Belville, Mr B. Taylor. Captain Belville, Mr Huckel. William, Mrs T. Hill.
Rustic, Mr Field. 1st Irishman, Mr H. Wallack. 2nd Irishman, Mr Bishop.

To-morrow, Clari; Fish Out of Water; Popping the Question; and A Friend at Court.

FRENCH PLAYS,
THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

On commencera à Sept Heures et demie, par

LE CHIFFONNIER: OU, LE PHILOSOPHE NOCTURNE.

Vaudeville Nouveau en Cinq petits Actes, par MM. THEAULON et ETIENNE.
Madame de Verseuil, Mlle. Jamain. Madame Gerval, Mme. Baudin.
Céline, Mademoiselle Florval.
Chiffonnier, M. Potier.
Ernest d'Arleville, M. Alfred. Alfred, M. Paulin. M. Gripefort, M. Préval.
M. Chapoulard, M. Cloup. Un Garde du Commerce, M. Guenée.
Un Valet, M. Granville.

Suivi de

KETTLY! OU, LE RETOUR EN SUISSE.

Comédie Vaudeville en Un Acte, de M. DUVERT.
Kettly, Mlle. Irma. Madame Werner, Mme. Baudin.
Frantz, M. Préval. Rutly, M. Gamard. M. de Senneville, M. Alfred.
Henry, M. Arnaud.

On Finira par

MONS. DESCHALUMEAUX.

Opera Bouffon en Trois Actes, Paroles de M. AUGUSTE.
Musique de Gaveau.
Madame de Brillon, Mlle. St. Ange. Madame de Villeroux, Mlle. Florval.
M. Deschalumeaux, M. Potier. Le Duc de Villars, M. St. Aubert.
M. de Bellemont, M. Paulin. M. Ducondray, M. Guenée.
Lajeunesse, M. Laporte. Lafleur, M. Alfred. Le Suisse, M. Granville.

GINGER BEER,

Of a superior quality, warranted to keep, in half-pint bottles, 1*s.* 9*d.* per dozen.
ÆRATED LEMONADE, a cooling and refreshing beverage, 1*s.* 9*d.* per dozen.
SEIDLITZ GINGER BEER, a slight and pleasant aperient, 4*s.* 6*d.* per dozen, stamps included.
TONIC GINGER BEER, an agreeable preparation of sulphate of quinine, useful in many cases, where, from weakness of stomach, it might not agree, in any other form, 5*s.* 6*d.* stamps included.
WHITE SPRUCE BEER, 1*s.* 9*d.* per dozen.
SUPER-CARBONATED SALINE DRAUGHTS, an extremely useful and agreeable domestic febrifuge, 4*s.* 6*d.* per dozen, stamps included.
Prepared and sold by T. KENT, (Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Manufacturer of Domestic Chemical Preparations, 5 Borough Road, near the Obelisk.)
Mr KENT has no intention of making a secret of the composition of any of the medical preparations, and rests his claim to the patronage of the public, simply on the accuracy with which a medical and chemical education enables him to prepare them.
Orders and letters, post paid, will receive immediate attention.

SURREY THEATRE.

For the Benefit of Mr Edwin.

MASSINGER's Play, entitled

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Lady Allworth, Miss Scott. Margaret, Miss Vincent.
Froth, Miss Nicol. Tabitha, Miss Rumens, Abigail, Miss Jordan.
Sir Giles Overreach, Mr Elton.
Lord Lovel, Mr Gough. Wellborn, Mr C. Hill. Allworth, Mr Honner.
Justice Greedy, Mr Vale. Marrall, Mr D. Pitt. Tapwell, Mr Hobbs.
Order, Mr Lee. Amble, Mr Rogers. Vintner, Mr Collier.
Watchall, Mr Maitland. Furnace, Mr Webb. Welldo, Mr Young.
Tailor, Mr Asbury.

After which, the FESTIVAL of APOLLO.

To conclude with the Opera of

ROB ROY.

[Adapted by Mr POCOCK.]

Diana Vernon, Miss Somerville, in which she will sing 'The banners of blue,' and 'He's what they ca' a bonnie lad.'
Helen Macgregor, Madame Simon.
Mattie, Mrs Vale. Jean M'Alpine, Miss Rumens. Martha, Miss Nicol.
Rob Roy, Mr Osbaldiston. Sir Frederick Vernon, Mr Gough.
Rashleigh Osbaldistone, Mr D. Pitt. Francis Osbaldistone, Mr Edwin, in which he will sing 'My love is like the red red rose,' 'Auld lang syne,' 'The lass o' Gowrie,' and the Duets, 'Though I leave thee now in sorrow,' and 'Forlorn and broken hearted,' with Miss Somerville.
Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Mr Vale. Owen, Mr Young.
Major Galbraith, Mr Ransford. Capt. Thornton, Mr Almar.
Dougal, Mr Asbury. M'Stewart, Mr Lee. Saunders Wylie, Mr Webb.
Andrew, Mr Rogers. Hamish, Mlle. Rosier. Robert, Mr C. Pitt.
Allan, Mr Tully. M'Vittie, Mr Hobbs.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled

THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.

[By Mr HAINES.]

The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.
Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Hammerton.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Azim, Mr G. Lejeune. Almorrad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

After which, the Farcical Interlude called

FREAKS AND FOLLIES.

Ellen, Miss Andrews.
Sir William Franklin, Mr Munroe. Ned Franklin, Mr Forester.
Doctor Growl, Mr Porteus. Captain Rowland, Mr Spencer.
Chouse, Mr G. Smith. Tom Trippit, Mr Wilkinson.

To conclude with the Burletta of

MIDAS.

[By KANE O'HARA.]

Immortals—Juno, Miss Wells. Venus, Miss Forster.
Minerva, Miss Berresford. Hebe, Miss Haton. Cupid, Mlle. Josephine.
The Graces, Miss Ward, Miss Gilbert, and Miss Bennett.
Jupiter, Mr Spencer. Mercury, Mr Davies. Bacchus, Mr Young.
Pan, Mr G. Smith. Mars, Mr Willing.
Apollo, Mrs Waylett, who will sing the following favourite Songs:—'Be by your friends advised,' 'Pray Goody,' 'Come where the aspens quiver,' 'Lovely Nymph,' and 'Kate Kearney.'
Mortals—Mysis, Mrs Garrick. Nysa, Miss Weston. Daphne, Miss Dix.
Justice Midas, Mr Marshall. Demætus, Mr G. Lejeune.
Sileno, Mr Bennett.

COBOURG THEATRE.

SHAKSPEARE's Tragedy of

MACBETH.

Macbeth, Mr Kean.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Battle of Waterloo.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—Jane Shore—The Youthful Days of William IV—Mine of Rubies.

GARRICK THEATRE.—The Barber of Seville—Matrimony—No Song No Supper.

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THE TATLER.

A DAILY PAPER OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1831.

The Newsvenders who serve this Paper will be good enough to go for it henceforward to No. 26, Brydges street, opposite York street, *a few doors from* Drury Lane Theatre; *where premises are taken for its exclusive publication.*

A FEW MORE WORDS RESPECTING POLAND AND KOSCIUSKO.

In consequence of omitting to mark a passage in our manuscript, for the printer to put in Italics, the third paragraph in our yesterday's first article referred to what it did not intend, and must have left a strange mystification in the reader's mind. The passage alluded to was the caricature description of Stanislaus' 'young army,' who wore such high plumes, that the wind blew them down.

In saying that Kosciusko 'refused to fight either for Napoleon or the Allies,' we omitted to observe, that his noble nature at one time thought it had found something corresponding to it in the character of the Emperor Alexander; that he wrote him a letter requesting him to declare a general amnesty for his countrymen, to make all the serfs free on their returning home, and to become sovereign of an independent kingdom in Poland. He concluded with expressing a wish he could have preceded him thither. He even honoured Alexander by asking a favour of him for a friend. The imperial male-coquet of virtue answered the patriot's letter in good holiday terms, granting all his requests. But this unequal intercourse did not last long. Kosciusko wrote the Emperor, who was at Vienna, another letter a year afterwards (June 1815) in which he reminded him of certain 'magnanimous promises.' To this no answer was returned; and Kosciusko expressing to Prince Adam Czartorisky his prophetic anticipations of what afterwards took place, retired to Soleure in Switzerland, where he died on the 16th of October 1817. His remains were taken to Poland (we are not told when), and deposited in the cathedral of Cracow, in the same chapel with those of Sobieski.

We find it difficult to tear ourselves from this subject of Poland and Kosciusko. The misfortunes of this fine country arose from its horde of aristocracy, who were too few to constitute a nation of themselves, and too numerous to behave well either to king or people. Their kings, their people, and themselves, consequently became at the mercy of their neighbours, and thus they have been struggling for centuries, till dreadful experience and the general diffusion of knowledge have taught them better, and rendered their cause one of the noblest under the sun.

It has been thought by some, that this very virtue of Kosciusko was an injury to his cause. His mildness, according to Mr Fletcher, has been reckoned among the causes 'which, in the first instance, enervated the confederacy: but perhaps,' continues the historian, 'more is to be imputed to his emancipating the serfs, and enrolling them among his troops,—a step which was *obstinately* and selfishly opposed by many of the rich nobles.'—This does not look like a wrong mildness on the part of the man who could persevere against the obstinacy; but the latter looks very like the old Polish error,—the 'first cause' of whatever enervation was to be found among a brave people. The mildness complained of in Kosciusko most likely consisted in his not treating the people under his command as these nobles would have treated them. What then? Would they have done any better? Did they ever do *half so well as he did?* If they had even conquered, *would their success have been of a kind to excel the future benefits of his very failure?* We doubt it; and we will state the reasons for our donbt.

In the first place, they would have taken the opportunity of playing the part of a little 'Holy Alliance,' and tightened the bonds of their serfs; which would have done no good to the 'many' in the first instance, and as little to the 'few' in the long-run. Who would have sympathized with them in their next war? And how could they have escaped wars or convulsions, as the rest of the world became wiser?

Secondly, what good has any victory done when it has been on the side of the few? or for how long a period has its effects lasted, since a knowledge of the interests of the many has come up? Have even its gainers benefited? Have they become happier, or wealthier, or more popular men? Has the world benefited, except in the unintended neutralization of some worse evil, and the exhibition of an example the reverse of what was designed? Where is Napoleon? What was the final happiness of Lord Liverpool, or Lord Castlereagh, or the Bourbons, and what will posterity think of them? What has the Duke of Wellington got by fighting for a wrong principle, but an universal sense on the part of the community that it was a *wrong* one, and that he is nothing but a mistaken soldier, hopeless of getting into power again? The laurels of mistaken conquest fade, or turn to poison.

On the other hand, the laurels of a genuine principle revive after defeat and death, and rejoice the nations with their loveliness. Kosciusko's virtues are at this moment fighting and triumphing in Poland: and the world, with louder and louder lips, is every day blessing his name. What are Napoleon's principles doing? and who wants them? The utmost that his friends can do for him, is to doubt what they were. Kosciusko failed, in the immediate worldly sense. 'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.' But are they wiser *for the next generation?* Are they wiser for their own real tranquillity? Kosciusko's failure neither made him an unhappy old man, nor has ~~hindered his cause from raising its glorious head.~~ What was the cause of a man like Frederick the Second, and what sort of an account has Zimmerman his physician given of *his* old age? He was one of the most successful 'children of this world,' and he became a peevish old man, mistrusting everybody, enjoying nothing, and finding no better relief to his splendid misery, than a hot supper, which tormented him till he got his next! Kosciusko, it is true, was laid prostrate with wounds, was pale, feeble, often in a state of great suffering: but he had still a kind answer for everybody; the sweetness of his character had left a honied drop at the bottom of his cup; the homage that came about him was full of love, and he knew it to be so. Even had he been miserable, this would have been a comparative nothing, for such men do not set out with the intention of living for themselves. They are sacrifices for the many, and they know it: though upon this very account, it is impossible that they should not experience some relief of mind, unless they become a mass of disease, or their faculties are disturbed. In a word, the very miseries of such men are something;—the greatest successes of the others end in worse than nothing.

The remainder of the history of Poland is soon told. Alexander would have done her as much good as he thought compatible with his despotism; Napoleon would have done her as much good as he thought compatible with *his*. The world wanted neither; and a monster of cruelty having been *luckily* placed over Poland, she has thrown him off with indignation and loathing, and is at length in the clear way to be free. Opinion has grown powerful on the right side; and this, and her arm together, will do the work. ☞

ENORMITIES OF THE GRAND-DUKE CONSTANTINE.

'This personage, who has played so conspicuous a part in the affairs of Poland, is worthy of something more than a mere passing notice. Though possessed of very considerable talents, he is, in fact, an untamed tiger, giving way on all occasions to the most violent paroxysms of temper. He has a deep sense of the rights of his order, and holds the feelings of every other class of human beings as absolutely nought. So soon, therefore, as he found that his imperial brother was no longer the liberal patron of constitutional rights, he gave the most unrestrained license to his capricious and violent injustice. A few instances are better than general assertion:—A most opulent and respectable man named Woloski, the principal brewer of Warsaw, had, through some of his people, without his own knowledge, hired as a servant in his establishment a

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Russian deserter. The defendant was detected, and proof of innocence on the part of his employer being disallowed, the Grand Duke, by his individual decree, ordered this respectable individual to be fettered, and in that condition he was compelled to work with a wheelbarrow in the public streets. His daughter, an amiable young lady, ventured to appeal to the mercy of the Grand Duke in behalf of her parent, and the unmanly monster kicked her down stairs, using at the same time the most abusive language. In the same way, he caused two Polish officers to be seized in the dead of night, and without trial, or even accusation, sent them to Russia. Some of the publishers of Warsaw having incurred his displeasure, he sent soldiers in the middle of the night to break up the presses and destroy the types. Taxes were levelled without consulting the Diet; and when a distinguished member, Niemoyewski, protested against such proceedings, he was arrested and sent to his country house under the charge of Cossacks, who kept him there for ten years, notwithstanding the most urgent affairs that required his attention elsewhere. The students too, especially at Wilna, were persecuted and harassed by a most notorious person, named Nowozilzoff, who succeeded Prince Adam Czertoryski, as a curator of the universities. This fit tool in Constantine's hands displayed on every occasion the most atrocious rapacity, and an entire absence of common humanity. One of the richest inhabitants of Lithuania had been arrested at the instance of this modern Sejanus; but 15,000 ducats, or 7,000*l.* sterling, effected his liberation. His most infamous act, if it be possible to give any pre-eminence in acts almost pre-eminently wicked, was performed on the following occasion:—A boy of nine years, a son of Count Plater, had in the playfulness of childhood, written in chalk on one of the forms, "The 3rd of May for ever!" that being the day of Kosciusko's constitution. The fact was discovered by some of the innumerable spies, employed even among these infants, to Nowozilzoff, who instituted an enquiry among the boys. Not one would betray poor Plater: they were all ordered to be flogged with the utmost severity. The unhappy offender declared that he had written the offensive words. The Grand Duke condemned him to be a soldier for life, incapable of advancement in the army; and when his mother threw herself before his carriage to implore forgiveness for her wretched child, he spurned her like a dog with his foot!

'Every one possessed of the means naturally fled from such unheard-of tyranny, and, among others, a highly accomplished gentleman, who sought refuge in London. Constantine sent an emissary after him, in the foolish belief that he could carry him off. The emissary soon discovered the folly of his errand, and returned, to the great chagrin of his master.

'Shaving the heads of ladies who displeased him was a common occurrence, and, on one occasion, four soldiers were severely punished because they abstained from carrying such an order into effect, as they found it impossible to do so without using personal violence. Tarring and feathering the shaved heads of the offenders was also a favourite recreation of the commander-in-chief, whose delight it was to witness these barbarities.

'This career of oppression and cruelty on one occasion met with a reproof, and the manner in which it was received is too illustrative of the Grand Duke's character not to be recorded. Among other subjects of his oppressiou was a Polish officer of rank, who was confined in a foul dungeon placed under a common sewer. There the unhappy man was wasting away, in a noisome and pestilential atmosphere. This happened to reach the ears of one of those men who do honour to their high calling,—a bold, intrepid priest, who considered himself bound, as the minister of a benevolent Deity, to interpose, and if possible to soften the obdurate heart of the tyrant. By the mere accident of receiving permission from the Grand Duke Michael, he was admitted to Constantine's presence. He stated the object of his visit, firmly but respectfully. The Grand Duke stormed,—the priest declared that, undeterred by menaces, he would fulfil what he deemed a paramount duty. Astonished at this, the Grand Duke sprang out of the window, declaring that there was a madman within. The priest was conveyed to a convent, where he was confined; but his interference effected no relief to the individual he sought to serve, nor did he obtain any general relaxation.'
—*Fletcher's History of Poland*, p. 403.

SURGEONS AND PHYSICIANS.*

Mr Alcock, in a course of lectures delivered in the Autumn of 1828, endeavours to impress upon the minds of his pupils the necessity of attention to those common diseases and minor operations, which, from their very frequency or apparent simplicity, are apt to be lightly passed over. He shews that in the mere operation of bleeding, many accidents may arise, from want of sufficient knowledge in the operation; that they actually do happen much more frequently than is supposed, and sometimes end in death, of which he gives some instances. He laments that very many diseases are treated according to settled rule, without reference to the peculiar habit of body, circumstances of the case, &c.:—

'It has been, unfortunately for medical science, too much the custom to consider diseases as if they were specific entities, and having assigned to each a name, to prescribe, as it were, for the *name* of the disease, according to the dogmas or hypotheses of systematic writers, rather than to investigate, with any attempt to attain philosophical precision, what are the parts of the animal machine which actually suffer, and in what manner or degree they suffer; what are the causes which tend to keep up the actual derangement of the suffering parts; what are the rational indications of treatment; and by what means such indications may be most effectually fulfilled. The adaptation of those names from time to time, to the varied changes which actually occur in the progress of disease, is as essential to the welfare of the patient, as was the first appropriate use of them.'

Mr Alcock gives some examples of cases in which the supervention of another, during the progress of the primary disease, has rendered the most accurate investigation doubly important. He very sensibly recommends the young practitioner to acquire every possible information of the state of his patient, *past* as well as present, before he attempts to determine upon the nature of the disease. We are not prepared to say how far Mr Alcock's recommendation to have at hand a printed list of the questions to be put to the patient, would be likely to benefit the medical practitioner, or to inspire confidence. In one instance, in which he himself practised this plan, we understand that it produced an impression not very desirable; though we confess that *nothing has more astonished us in medical practice, than the total omission of enquiries respecting the previous habits of the patient, his diet, hours, &c.*; and we think that the list ought invariably to be in the practitioner's head, whatever objections there may be to his carrying it in his hand. This point deserves special inculcation; and Mr Alcock merits the thanks of patients for what he has done towards it.

Our author dwells at some length upon the defective education of students in the medical profession, and shews very clearly, not only that the elementary part of education should be precisely the same for the physician and surgeon, but that both should continue to pursue the same studies; that the same knowledge of anatomy, of disease, and of medical treatment, is required in both, but that the latter has the greater occasion for manual dexterity. It is therefore no more than just that a surgeon, if properly qualified for his profession, should take the higher rank, as compared with the physician; but it would seem reasonable that the general practitioner, if not higher, should at least be on a level with the surgeon. That he is not so, tells as plainly as it can be told, that the general practitioner is but imperfectly qualified, either in a medical or surgical point of view. We have heard it affirmed by an eminent surgeon, that no man could excel in either department who was not competent to both, and that it was much to be regretted that surgery and medicine had ever been considered as distinct professions. A man who is qualified to perform surgical operations thinks himself a competent surgeon,—forgetting that he should also know when such operations should or should not be performed, and be able to decide upon the treatment of the patient, both before and after.

'The pure surgeon,' says Mr Alcock, 'too frequently despises the knowledge of medicine, without which a surgeon cannot safely be trusted, and many are the unfortunate instances in which the mere performance of a dangerous operation has been skilfully effected, yet the patient has died in consequence of the want of medical skill in the after treatment.'

It is well known that many have suffered painful operations which might have been spared them, had the surgeon in attendance possessed a competent knowledge of medicine. The same remark extends to oculists, &c. &c. Many a disease of the eye has been cured by medical treatment, which a mere oculist, unskilled in medicine, would not have hesitated to operate upon; and nothing can be more evident to any person of common sense, than that all students in medicine or surgery, whatever department they may intend to practise in, should pursue the same course of education generally, perfecting their knowledge at last, with a yet more attentive study of the department itself. Mr Alcock laments, in a passing glance, that the examination of students is verbal only, not practical. This is a subject which demands more consideration. Surely no measure should be neglected, that could tend to ensure to every one allowed to prastice the profession, such a degree of knowledge as should enable him to do so, without danger to the public. A man who persists in exercising a profession which affects the lives and comforts of his fellow-beings, and which repeated failures may have convinced him he has not sufficiently studied, can hope neither to acquire reputation, nor to enjoy peace of mind;—much less can he aspire to that power of alleviating pain and of diffusing happiness around him, which some eminent practitioners have arrived at. We might cite numerous instances, but will con-

* *Lectures on Practical and Medical Surgery. By Thomas Alcock, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c.* pp. 302. Burgess and Hill.

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tent ourselves with the mention of one, and that one a foreigner, M. Parée, who was so high in public estimation, as to render his presence or absence a question of national importance. The passage is quoted by our author from Mr John Bell:—

'When all the noblesse of France were shut up in Mentz, which was besieged by Charles the Fifth in person, at the head of 100,000 men, they sent a sort of embassy to the king their master, beseeching him to send Parée to them. An Italian captain, for a great reward, introduced him into the city. They instantly sent at midnight to awaken the prince who commanded the city, with the good news of his arrival. The governor begged of him that he would go next day, and shew himself upon the breach. He was received with shouts of triumph; Mentz was then the bulwark of France; and it has always been ascribed to the presence of this single man (so perfect was their confidence in him) that they kept the city till the gallant army which lay around it perished beneath its walls.'

Mr Alcock's style is deficient in perspicuity. He sometimes occupies a page, with matter that might have been conveyed in half a dozen lines; so that we cannot follow him without effort. This is unfortunate, because, in lectures addressed to youth, the attention, if not compelled, should at least be led gently onward. In the verbal delivery of these lectures, the most zealous student might have some difficulty in keeping pace with the lecturer. In some particular passages, where, perhaps, the subject is more than usually interesting to him, he is clear and forcible enough; and the more valuable and judicious the instruction given, the more we should wish to see this power extend itself throughout the volume.

A FORMER FAMINE IN IRELAND.—DEATH OF SPENSER THE POET.

Warton, in his 'Observations on the Fairy Queen,' alludes 'to the massacres committed upon the people of Munster in Ireland, after the rebellion,' and quotes from Spenser's 'State of Ireland' the following passage:—'Out of every corner of the woodes and glennes they came creeping forth upon their handes, for their legs could not bear them: they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghostes crying out of their graves; they eat the dead carrions—happy were they could they find them—yea, and one another soon after; insomuch as the very carcases they spared not to scrape out of their graves. And if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrockes, there they flocked as to a feast, for the time, yet not able to continue there withal; that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast.' Warton continues—'Spenser himself died in Ireland, in the most wretched condition, amid the desolations of this rebellion; as appears from the following curious anecdote in Drummond, who has left us the heads of a conversation between himself and Ben Jonson:—'Ben Jonson told me that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish in Desmond's rebellion; his house and a little child of his burnt, and he and his wife narrowly escaped; that he afterwards died in King street [Dublin] by absolute want of bread; and that he refused twenty pieces sent him by the Earl of Essex, and gave this answer to the person who brought them, "That he was sure he had no time to spend them."' Camden informs us that Spenser was in Ireland when the rebellion broke out under Tyrone, 1598, but that being plundered of his fortune, he was obliged to return into England, where he died that same or the next year. Camden adds, [that he was buried in the Abbey of Westminster, with due solemnities, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. If Drummond's account be true, it is most probable that the Earl, whose benefaction came too late to be of any use, ordered his body to be conveyed into England, where it was interred as Camden relates. It must be owned that Jonson's account, in Drummond, is very circumstantial, and that it is probable Jonson was curious enough to collect authentic information on so interesting a subject. At least his profession and connexions better qualified him to come at the truth. Perhaps he was one of the poets who held up Spenser's pall.

POETRY.

CHAUCER'S KNIGHT

(Going to St Thomas's Shrine at Canterbury with the other Pilgrims.)

[In the passages that we propose to extract out of this great Poet from time to time, the spelling will be modernized, and the lines (with all humility) new framed on occasion; so as to accommodate general readers, and warrant the insertion where obsoleteness of language might otherwise be complained of.]

At mortal battles had he been fifteen,
And foughten for the faith at Tramisene;
And evermore he bore a sovereign price;
And though that he was worthy, he was wise,
And of his port as meek as is a maid:
His tongue no villany had ever said
In all his life to any the least wight:
He was a very perfect, gentle knight.
As to his horse, 'twas good, but nothing gay;
His doublet was of fustian, strong and grey,
All smutted with his iron habergeon,
Which he but lately morn and noon had on,
For newly had this Knight come over sea,
And to the shrine betook him soberly.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

CHANGES OF A TWELVEMONTH.—The great days of July have come back again. . . . . On casting a glance back at the last year, what an immense alteration do we not see in all human affairs! Truly may we say that

'We look and see the face of things all changed.'

A little year ago, and George IV ruled in England and Hanover—Charles X in France—Pius VIII in Rome—Charles Felix in Sardinia—Francis Janvier in Naples—Anthony in Saxony—Pedro in Brazil—Charles in Brunswick—William had the kingdom of the Netherlands—Nicholas was undisputed autocrat of Poland. Where are they now?—in the grave—in exile—or shorn of their dominions. And yet the revolution has not much more than begun. A New Spirit has been unchained, and he hovers over the world whether for good or for evil. We have had no comet shaking its horrid hair above us, but earthly portents of direr kind, with fear of change, are perplexing monarchs.

'Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
How happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.' *Fraser's Magazine for July.*

GHOSTS.—One argument to prove that the common relations of *ghosts* and *spectres* are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by any more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.—*Pope.*

ST DUNSTAN AND THE ÆOLIAN HARP.—St Dunstan is said to have been a good musician, painter, and graver; and to have amused himself with joining, turning, and smithery; in the last of which he was supposed to be employed, when he seized the devil by the nose with a red-hot pair of tongs. A man, says Granger, of so many accomplishments, might well be looked on as a magician in his days. He was accused as such to King Athelstan, for that he made his harp not only to have motion, but to make music of itself.

St Dunstan's harp, fast by the wall,
Upon a pin did hang-a,
The harp itself, withly and all,
Untouch'd by hand did twang a.

By this it would be supposed he had found out the Æolian Harp; and as he was banished the court for it, it is no wonder if the invention died with him.

WORTH OBSERVING.—That metaphysico-republican illuminism, which had pervaded and survived the French revolution, was preserved and propagated by secret oaths, signs, and symbols, through the armies of Napoleon, and threatened his political despotism more than once. It spread rapidly, and exploded through various conspiracies, on the restoration of the Bourbons in France; communicated itself, in the general contact of armies and nations, in the general peace, even among the officers of the Russian army; and disturbed the latter days of the Emperor Alexander; produced the constitutional movements of 1820, and the revolution of 1830; exists still, and will continue to exist, "active and unquenchable as the Greek Fire."—*Life and Reign of George the Fourth.*

STOCK AND THE FUNDS.—Money lent to the government of a country, or invested in the funds of a chartered trading company, and which is usually divided into shares of a determinate size, is called Stock; because it is fixed and not repaid, but brings forth fruits under the name of interest, or dividends. These shares, or Stock, which have the name of Government Stock, East India Stock, Bank of England Stock, &c. are transferable at pleasure; and the sales and purchase are managed for the parties by Stock-brokers. The sales are often merely nominal; and form a species of wagering as to the value of the Stock at some future day. This is called gambling in the funds, or Stock-jobbing, and the gamblers are Stock-jobbers. In the slang of Change-alley, where these operations are carried on, the nominal buyers of Stock on time (for it is the difference of value between the times of purchase and delivery only that is paid) are called Bulls, and the sellers Bears.—The money thus borrowed and denominated Stocks, forms the capital or funds of a trading company,—the foundation on which their trade is raised; but, as is the case with governments, when the money is expended, and nothing except the acknowledgment of the debt remains, the interest of which is paid from the taxes, it is rather a misnomer to call these government acknowledgments, Funds; yet such is the language. The lenders are called Fundholders; and this borrowing is called the Funding System. A portion of the taxes paid annually into the hands of certain persons called Commissioners, to be appropriated by them towards the reduction of the debt of the government, forms, or should form, the Sinking Fund.—*Booth's Analytical Dictionary.*

LIPS AND EYES.

In Celia's face a question did arise
Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes:
"We," said the Eyes, "send forth those pointed darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."
"From us," replied the Lips; "proceed those blisses
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses."
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did pour
Of liquid oriental pearls a shower.
Whereat the Lips, moved with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlocked their pearly treasure,
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face. CAREW.

AN ARBOUR.

And over him art, stryving to compayre
With nature, did an arber greene dispred
Framed of wanton yvie, flowing fayre
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His prickling arms, entrayled with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when myld Zephyrus amongst them blew
Did breath out bounteous fields, and painted colours shew.
SPENSER.

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THE PLAY-GOER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

HAYMARKET.—The Rivals—A Friend at Court—Rosina.
FRENCH PLAYS.—Le Chiffonnier—Kettly—Mons. Deschalumeaux.

HAYMARKET.

LATE HOURS AT THEATRES.—The performances at this theatre are protracted to so late an hour, that the play-bills mislead, in their daily announcement of '*This evening* will be performed,' &c. The truth is, that out of the four pieces which are frequently announced for one evening, the fourth is of necessity played on the following morning; and a correct statement of the fact would enable people to judge whether it was worth their while to make themselves unwell, and unfit for their usual occupations the next day, for the sake of the pleasure held out to them. For a time, it may be supposed that the amount of pleasure is in proportion to the accumulation of pleasurable materials; but experience, in all kinds of enjoyments, proves that beyond a certain point satiety commences, and that the next step is disinclination, and a resolution to abstain from sweets that have such bitter effects. In the time of SHAKSPEARE, we learn from Mr COLLINS's interesting Book, stage performances commenced at three o'clock, and lasted two or three hours. Now, we not only commence at an hour which precludes the possibility of enjoying pleasant conversation afterwards on the subject of the pieces we may have seen, but by consuming double the time in a heated theatre, we expose ourselves to colds and other inconveniences, and at the best, convert amusement into positive fatigue. Proprietors of theatres, whose avowed object it is to derive profit from their establishments, may be excusable in continuing the present system, if they find it answer their purpose; but we doubt if it does so. For if the foregoing considerations are of any weight, it may be fairly assumed, that though a little additional money may occasionally be drawn into the till, less is received in the whole season. Proprietors should consider the matter in this way; and if they found reason to believe that *the public* would be better satisfied with shorter performances, they could have no doubt of the good effects of an alteration in many other respects;—the nightly expenses of the theatres would of course be considerably diminished, and the health and comfort of all parties concerned in them very materially promoted. The saving of expense would be itself an augmentation of the profits of the concern; but these might be still further increased, by judiciously expending the money so saved, in improving the general efficiency of the company engaged, and thereby ensuring, more uniformly than at present, that most gratifying of spectacles in the eyes of theatrical proprietors—a full house.

THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

The Opera of
CLARI.
[By Mr HOWARD PAYNE.]
Clari, Miss Taylor.
Fidalma, Mrs Faucit. Vespina, Mrs Humby. Ninetta, Mrs T. Hill.
The Duke Vivaldi, Mr Brindal. Rolamo, Mr Cooper.
Jocoso, Mr Webster. Claudio, Mr Huckel. Stephano, Mr Field.
Nicolo, Mr W. Johnson. Nimpedo, Mr J. Cooper. Geronio, Mr Bishop.
Pietro, Mr V. Webster. Giulio, Mr Coates. Page, Master Reed.
Characters in the Episode.—Wife of Pelgrino, Mrs W. Clifford.
Leoda, Miss J. Scott. Nobleman, Mr Bartlett. Pelgrino, Mr Melleney.

After which, a Comedy in Two Acts, called
A FRIEND AT COURT.
Principal Characters—Miss Taylor, Mrs Faucit,
Mr W. Farren, Mr Cooper, Mr Vining, and Mr Brindal.

To which will be added, a Comic Piece, in One Act, called
POPPING THE QUESTION.
[By Mr J. B. BUCKSTONE.]
Miss Biffin, Mrs Glover. Bobbin, Mrs Humby. Ellen Murray, Miss J. Scott.
Miss Winterblossom, Mrs Tayleure.
Mr Primrose, Mr W. Farren. Henry Thornton, Mr Bartlett.

To conclude with the Musical Farce of
THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.
Laura, Miss Wells. Cowslip, Mrs Humby. Mrs Cheshire, Mrs Tayleure.
Fringe, Mrs Coveney. Sir Felix Friendly, Mr Gattie.
Lingo, Mr Harley. Compton, Mr Field. Eugene, Mr Newcombe.
Chicane, Mr W. Johnson. John, Mr Coveney.
Thomas, Mr Bishop. Stump, Mr V. Webster. Cudden, Mr Coates.

To-morrow, The Road to Ruin; Peeping Tom; and A Friend at Court.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

Messrs MATHEWS and YATES AT HOME.
NEW COMIC ANNUAL,
In Two Parts, embellished with New Designs, and Humorous Cuts.
PART I.—In which Mr Mathews will introduce the following Songs:—
'London Exhibitions, 1830-31' and 'Armagh Assizes.'
PART II.—'The Omnibus,' Scena, Tim Wasp. And 'Harlowe Bush Fair.'

After which, a New Monopolylogue Entertainment, in One Act, called
YATES IN ITALY; OR, THE HANDSOME BARMAID.
In which Mr YATES will sustain Nine Characters.

SURREY THEATRE.

For the Benefit of Mademoiselle Rosier.
The Romantic Drama, entitled
THE BRIGAND.
Rosara, Miss Vincent. Viletta, Mme. Simon.
Governor of Rome, Mr D. Pitt. Firmin, Mr Maitland.
Albert, Mr Honner. Renardo, Mr Webb. Fabian, Mr Rogers.
Fernando Spogliati, Mr Osbaldiston.
In the course of the Piece, an Allemande, by Miss Vincent, Mlle. Rosier, and Mr Osbaldiston.

After which, the favorite Serio-Comic Pantomime, intitled
DON JUAN.
Donna Anna, Miss Nicol. Bride, Miss Ellis.
Fisherwomen, Mrs Vale and Miss Rumens.
Don Juan, Mlle. Rosier. Scaramouch, Mr S. F. Amherst.
Don Guzman, Mr D. Pitt. Don Fernando, Mr Edwin. Bridegroom, Mr T. Hill.
Fishermen, Mr Asbury and Mr Lee.
In Act II. The Minuet de la Cour et Gavotte de Vestris, by Mlle. Rosier and Miss Laura Slade.

In the course of the Evening, a Variety of Singing and Dancing.

To conclude with the Melo-Drama of
THE FOREST OF BONDY.
Dame Gertrude, Mme. Simon. Ursula, Miss Vincent.
The Seneschal, Mr Almar. General Gontran, Mr Gough.
Chevalier Macaire, Mr D. Pitt. Aubri di Mont Didier, Mr Asbury.
Bertrand, Mr Vale. Eloi, Mlle. Rosier.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A New Grand Operatic Drama, in Two Acts, entitled
THE RUSSIAN CAPTIVE.
[By Mr HAINES.]
The Overture and the whole of the Music by the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.
Russians—Katherine, Miss Dix. Captain Werstoff, Mr Hammerton.
Ultzi, Mr Davies. Hans Splitzic, Mr G. Smith. Count Zingerod, Mr Keppell.
Turks.—Omar El Azim, Mr G. Lejeune. Almorad, Mr Spencer.
Hassan Ali, Mr Bedford. Selim, Mr Bennett.
Bulgarians.—Myra, Mrs Waylett. Andreas Walberg, Mr Marshall.
Michael Rostopf, Mr Wilkinson. Rodolf, Mr Green.
The Concerted Music, by Mrs Garrick, Misses Brothers, Forster, Berresford, Messrs Willing, Barnett, Young, and Jones.
The Dances by Miss Ward, &c.

After which, a New Musical Comedietta, in Two Acts, entitled
LOVE AND MYSTERY.
The Overture and Music by Mr A. Lee.
Celeste de Montmorency, Mrs Waylett. Eloisa, Miss Dix.
Juana, Miss Andrews.
Colonel de Liason, Mr Green. Don Rimarez, Mr Munroe.
Phelim O'Donaghue, Mr Hammerton. Philip Philpotts, Mr Marshall.
Don Carlos, Mr Keppell.

To conclude with the Burletta of
MIDAS.
[By KANE O'HARA.]
Immortals—Juno, Miss Wells. Venus, Miss Forster.
Minerva, Miss Berresford. Hebe, Miss Hatton. Cupid, Mlle. Josephine.
The Graces, Miss Ward, Miss Gilbert, and Miss Bennett.
Jupiter, Mr Spencer. Mercury, Mr Davies. Bacchus, Mr Young.
Pan, Mr G. Smith. Mars, Mr Willing.
Apollo, Mrs Waylett, who will sing the following favourite Songs:—'Be by your friends advised,' 'Pray Goody,' 'Come where the aspens quiver,' 'Lovely Nymph,' and 'Kate Kearney.'
Mortals—Mysis, Mrs Garrick. Nysa, Miss Weston. Daphne, Miss Dix.
Justice Midas, Mr Marshall. Demetus, Mr G. Lejeune.
Sileno, Mr Bennett.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Mazeppa—Rope Dancers—Ducrow's Scenes in the Circle—Battle of Waterloo.

COOKE'S EQUESTRIAN CIRCUS, GREAT WINDMILL ST. HAYMARKET. — Equestrian Education—Lubin and Annette — Knights Crusaders — Chinese Enchanter—The Sicilian Pony—Pigmy Ponies—Hare-bell—The Drunken Hussar—Countess of Lilliput—Enchanted Ladder—The Protean Nondescript—Shaw, the Life Guardsman—Bucephalus—Fire King.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Devil at Dunmow—Canonbury Tower—British Paganini—Powder for Peeping.

ROYAL PAVILION THEATRE.—The Fire Raiser—And other Entertainments.

GARRICK THEATRE.—The Slave—Sandy and Jenny—The Padlock.

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